HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH NATION

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FROM UNION OF SCOTS AND PICTS, A.D. 843,
TO DEATH OF ALEXANDER III., A.D. 1286.

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CHAPTER I.

A.D. 843—860.

UNION OF THE SCOTS AND PICTS—REIGN OF KENNETH MACALPIN.

The middle of the ninth century saw the Scots and Picts united under the scepter of Kenneth, the son of Alpin. The advent of this union was long deferred: it was at least consummated in A.D. 843; but even then it received no enthusiastic welcome from those to whom, as might have been foreseen, it brought great increase of power and prestige. The idea of mixing their blood to form one nation, and uniting their arms to establish one central throne, and so taking pledges for the maintenance of peace at home, and the acquisition of influence abroad, however meritorious it seems to us, does not appear to have approved itself to the two races that inhabited the one country of Caledonia. They entertained this idea only when it came to be forced upon them by the stern lessons of the battlefield—a school in which it would seem the education of infant nations must begin.

This union was preceded and prepared by a series of great battles. The question at issue in these fierce conflicts was, to which of the two nationalities, the Scots or the Picts, shall the supremacy belong, and by consequence the right to govern the kingdom? The wars waged to determine this point ended in a supreme trial of strength on the banks of the Tay near Scone.[1]

The engagement was a desperate one. Seven times the Picts assailed, and seven times were they driven back. Their king, Bred, fell in battle, and his armour, afterwards presented to Kenneth MacAlpin, was sent by him to hung up at Icolmkil.[2]

From that bloody field the Scots and Picts emerged one nation. Supremacy, which had been the object aimed at by the combatants till now, was abandoned for the more practical and wiser policy of union. Battle had swept away one of the two thrones which had hitherto borne sway in Caledonia, and the one throne left standing was that of the prince

whose progenitor, Aidan, Columba had made to sit on the *Lia-Fail,* or Stone of Destiny, and anointed as the first really independent sovereign of the Scots.

The Picts closed their distinctive historic career when they lost this battle. They were by much the earlier inhabitants of the country, and doubtless regarded the Scots as a new people. The Picts or Caledonians, if not the first, were among the first races that found their way to Caledonia after its plains and mountains had looked up from the waters of the Flood. Yet this ancient people were content to lose name and record in the annals of a race whose arrival in the mountains of Argyllshire dated only five centuries back. The award of battle had decreed that they elder should serve the younger, and to that award they bowed. Not Pictish blood lone, nor Scottish blood alone, but the two streams commingled, were to form the one blood which was to inspire the valour and fight the battles of the future. Scotland had made a great stride forward, and it was a happy omen for the future career of the united people that in making this new start they put the help into the hands of that race in whose hearts glowed the faith of Columba.

We refuse to credit the legends which say that battle was succeeded by massacre, and that the glory of victory was dimmed and the fame of the victors tarnished by the utter and cruel extermination of the vanquished people. It is true, no doubt, that from about this time the Picts disappear, or nearly so, from the page of history. Some historians have been able to find no solution of this mystery, save in the supposition that they were swept from off the face of their country by the unsparing and unpitying sword of the victorious Scot. "The extermination of the Picts." Says Fordun, "was total and final; not only were their kings and leaders destroyed, but their race and generation, and even their language failed."[3] This is too ready and obvious a solution of the problem to be the true one. It is inherently most improbable. If the Scots of that day were guilty of a crime so enormous, they had sat for three centuries to little purpose, verily, at the feet of the Columba and his successors. The deed would have been as impolitic as it would have been cruel. The hour was near when a foe, which their fathers had not known, fierce as the vultures of the land from which he came, was to invade their country. Already the piratical fleets of the Norsemen were beginning to be seen on their coasts.

The Scots, in these circumstances, could have committed no more deplorable error than stamp out a valour which might on a future day do them good service on the battlefield. When the invader should be crowding, horde on horde, into their land, and the clash of swords rose loud, how sorely would the Scots miss those stalwart Caledonian warriors, who, if not locked in the sleep of death, would have contended by their side for a common country, and chased the Norse marauder to his galley.

Besides, it must be taken into account that massacre in the circumstances would have swept off a full half of the population of Scotland, and left the surface of the country to a large extent unoccupied. Yet we are not conscious of any diminution of the population in the times subsequent to the victory of Kenneth MacAlpin. Scotland is as full of men as before. It has no lack of warriors to fight its battles. Whence come these armies? Not merely from the narrow territories of the Scots in the western boarder, but from the less mountainous and more thickly peopled districts on the east and north, the very regions which, on the supposition of massacre, had been converted into a desert. How came these parts to be again so quickly populated? Did the Scots, by some marvellously rapid process of increase, fill in the short time the empty land? Or did new races spring from the ashes of the slain to repair the ravages of the sword? These considerations make the theory we are discussing wholly untenable, and force us to the conclusion, which is certainly by much the more agreeable alternative, even, that the Picts, although the more numerous people, loyally accepted the award of the battle, and putting the good of country before the considerations of race, permitted the sword, which had already shed quite enough of flood, to be sheathed, and the wounds of their country to be closed.

It is deserving of our notice, moreover, that the monarch under whom we see the united races beginning their career as the one Scottish nation, was the son of that King Alpin, whose bloody head had been affixed as a trophy of the Pictish arms to the gates of Abernethy. The dishonour put upon the father was wiped out when the son entered these same gates in triumph to fill the throne of an united people, and stretch his sceptre from west to east across the entire country, and from the banks of the Forth to the great ocean stream that rolls between the promontory

of Cape Wrath and the precipices of the Orkneys.

It is not always that unions accomplished on the battlefield are lasting. It sometimes happens that when the pressure of the sword is removed the old rivalries and enmities break out afresh, and the nationalities united for a moment again fall asunder, to be parted, it may be more widely than before. It was not so, however, in the union affected between the Scots and the Picts on the battlefield on the Tay. Nor is it far to seek for the causes that gave the union permanency. In the veins of Kenneth MacAlpin there flowed the blood of both races. A Scot by the father's side, and a Pict by the mother's, both people had a share in him. Moreover, he enjoyed the prestige of having been crowned on the *Lia-Fail*. With that stone were linked the traditions of dominion and rule. These traditions stretched back to the remote times of the Irish monarchs, who were said to have received consecration upon it. What is more, this stone was supposed to possess the mysterious power of imparting a peculiar sacredness and a kingly virtue to the man who was crowned upon it. It had been the privilege of no Pictish monarch to take his seat on that venerable stone. That honour was reserved for the kings of the Scottish nation alone. In our days the ceremony, though still practised, does not count for much; but in that age it was the better half of the coronation. Where that stone was there was the legitimate sovereign, and there was the rock of the kingdom, in the popular belief at least.

There was another and mightier element of cohesion in the union of which we speak, than either the blood that flowed in the veins of Kenneth MacAlpin, or the virtue of the august chair in which his coronation had taken place. The two peoples were by this time of one faith. When the northern Picts were converted from Druidism to Christianity by Columba, the way was opened for their becoming one with the nation of which the great missionary as a Dalriadan Scot was a member. Columba was the true apostle of union. Pict and Scot had sat together in the school of Iona. Pict and Scot had gone forth together in the same missionary band to evangelise in the fields of France and Germany; and if they could be members of the same church organisation, and sit at the same eucharistic table, surely they could meet in the same national Council, and pay their homage at the foot of the same throne. After all it was the Rock of Iona rather than the Stone at Scone that was the bond of union between the

Scots and Picts.

The work of the sword at an end, the labours of the legislator must now begin. This second task, we may well imagine, was even harder than the first. During the fierce struggle for supremacy which had been going on during the previous reigns, many disorders had grown up, doubtless, which called loudly for correction. There had been a loosening of the bonds of society all over the land. In the Highlands especially the clans had enjoyed a larger than usual measure of license, and were not to be easily broken into orderly and settled courses. Yet the attempt must needs be made. The time was favourable, for the throne was stronger than it had ever before been, and around it was now a united nation. And Kenneth, the chroniclers say, did not let slip the opportunity that offered, but devoted the later half of his reign to reforming the laws, repressing and punishing crime, and improving the administration of justice, than which no greater boon could he have conferred upon a people whose latent forces, which waited the great occasions of the future, would amply repay all the pains it might cost to discipline and regulate them.

In all ages the glory of the legislator has been held by the wise to surpass that of the conqueror. A code of enlightened jurisprudence is worth more than a hundred victories on the battlefield; though it may sometimes happen that the rough work of the sword must prepare the way for the quiet and patient labours of legislation. The old chroniclers credit Kenneth with being the author of a body of laws which they dignify by the name of the "Code MacAlpin." The exploits of Kenneth on the battlefield are well authenticated, we can speak only hesitatingly of his labours in the Cabinet. Without attributing to him the work and fame of a great or original legislator, we may concede, nevertheless, that before descending into the tomb he made it his study to leave behind him some monument of his juridical industry and wisdom. Kenneth could hardly avoid, one should think, making some rude essay towards framing laws for the altered circumstances of the now united nation, embodying what was best and wisest in the forms and administration of both peoples.

Of the laws of Scotland before the days of Kenneth we are altogether ignorant. They are said to have been composed by Ethfin, "son to Eugene with the crooked nose," and that is all we know about them. But our

ignorance is no proof that there was no code in Scotland till Kenneth came to the throne. "Wherever society exists," says Mr. Cosmo Innes, "life and the person must be protected. Wherever there is property there must be rules for its preservation and transmission. Accordingly in the most ancient vestiges of the written law of Scotland we find constant references to a still earlier common law." The laws relating to land must have been simple indeed, for in those days no one had any personal right in the soil; it was the property of the tribe. But as the people lived by the land, and the staple industry was agriculture, there must have been laws regulating and defining the extent to which the individual members of the tribe might use that soil which was the common property of all. The first approximation to the creation of the individual right in the soil, so far as we can perceive, was the grants made to the Columban monasteries. When a Columban Brotherhood was established in a district, a certain amount of land was gifted to it by the King or the Mormaer. The brethren were to cultivate the portion assigned them with their own hands or those of their converts. The monastic glebe was both a means of subsistence to the monastery, and a model farm which served to stimulate and guide the rural industry of the neighbouring population. They dotted the land with Christian nations *in miniature*, exhibiting to the surrounding pagan population the whole economy of Christian civilised life. These grants created no individual rights in the soil. The lands were the property of the Columbites, not as individuals but as a community. Still, as set apart from the tribal territory, and held by a distinct tenure, they were an approximation to the system of personal holdings, which afterwards came into use.

The jurisprudence of Ireland was more advanced than that of Scotland. Its political and social arrangements were settled at an earlier period. And what so likely as that the Scots, when they came across to Argyll, brought with them some of the Irish codes. Ireland was their mother country. They turned to it for their models in framing both Church and State. Columba worked on the same lines in evangelising Scotland which Patrick adopted when, a century before, he crossed the sea to spread the light of Christianity in Ireland. We are safe, therefore, in assuming that the "Code MacAlpin" had its first beginning on the other side of the Irish channel. These beginnings were the foundation on which Kenneth built when, resting from his wars, he set to work to legislate for the

united nation. Whatever in these ancient codes was adapted to the new circumstances of his subjects he would preserve; what was lacking in them his own wisdom would supply; and in this way doubtless the code that bears his name came into existence. Only part of it is his; much of it was in being before he began his legislative labours, and much has been added since. The code is the composition of no one man, nor the production of any one age. It reflects the image of various ages.

The spirit of the "MacAlpin Code" and the justice of its enactments may be best shown by a few examples.

"I. That in every shire of the kingdom there should be a judge, for deciding of controversies, well seen in the laws; and that their sons should be brought up in the study of the laws. . . . .III. He that is convicted of theft shall be hanged; and he that is guilty of slaughter, beheaded. IV. Any woman convicted of a capital crime, shall be either drowned or buried alive. V. He that blasphemes God, or speaks disrespectfully of his saints, of his king, or of his chieftains, shall have his tongue cut out. IV. He that makes a lie to his neighbour's prejudice, shall forfeit his sword, and be excluded from the company of all honest men. VII. All persons suspected of any crime, shall suffer the inquest of seven wise and judicious men, or of any number of persons above that, provided the number be odd. . . . IX. All vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and other idle persons, that may, and do not, gain their livelihood by some honest calling, shall be burnt upon the cheek, and whiped with rods. . . . .XIV. He that is injurious to his father, by any member of his body, shall have that member cut off, then hanged, and remain unburied above ground. . . . XVI. All witches, jugglers, and others that have any paction with the devil, shall be burnt alive. XVII. No seed shall be sown till it be first well cleansed from all noxious grains. XVIII. He who suffers his land to be overrun with poisonous and hurtful weeds, shall pay, for the first fault, an ox to the common good; for the second, ten; and for the third, he shall be forfaulted of his lands. XIX. If you find your comrade and friend killed in the field, bury him; but if he be an enemy, you are not bound to do it. XX. If any beast be found straying in the fields, restore him, either to the owner, the Tocioderach, or, searcher after thieves, or to the priest of the parish; and whoever keeps him up for three days, shall be punished as a thief. . . . .XXIII. If your neighbour's kine fall a fighting with yours, and if any of them happen to be killed, if it be not known whose cow it was that did

it, the homyl-cow (or the cow that wants horns) shall be blamed for it; and the owner of that cow shall be answerable for his neighbour's damage."

There was surely some occult reason for this law. Why the blame should be laid on the cow which nature had made incapable of committing the offence we cannot even conjecture, unless it were that by way of compensating for her want of horns the cow had received a double dose of quarrelsomeness and pugnacity. The laws that follow are without doubt the product of the times subsequent to the reign of Malcolm Canmore. No Columban missionary needed the protection which they provide for the person and life of ecclesiastics. The Columbite Father could journey from north to south without the slightest risk of injury or insult. The reverence entertained for his character and office was a more effectual defence than any enactment could be. But when these laws had birth it is obvious that the state of matters had changed. They are a confession that the clergy were unpopular, that the Roman rites were liable to be contemned and scoffed at, and that the Columban feeling, whatever may be thought of this way of expressing it, still strongly pervaded the Scottish people.

"XXVII. Altars, churches, oratories, images of saints, chapels, priests, and all ecclesiastical persons, shall be held in veneration. XXXVIII. Festival and solemn days fasts, vigils, and all other ceremonies instituted by the church, shall be punctually observed. XXIX. He who injures a churchman, either by word or deed, shall be punished with death. XXX. All sepulchres shall be held in great veneration, and a cross put upon them, that they may not be trampled. Upon. XXXI. The place where any man is killed or buried, shall be untilled seven years. XXXII. Every man shall be buried according to his quality. If he be a nobleman and has done great actions for the commonwealth, he shall be buried after this manner: Two horsemen shall pass before him to the church; the first mounted upon a white horse, clothed in the defunct's best apparel, and bearing his armour; the other shall be upon a black horse, in a mourning apparel; and when the corpse is to be interred, he who is in mourning apparel shall turn his back to the altar, and lamentably bewail the death of his master; and then return the same way that he came: the other shall offer his horse and armour to the priest; and then inter the corpse with

all the rites and ceremonies of the church." [4]

The bulk of these enactments embody an admirable wisdom. Some of them are obviously borrowed from the great Hebrew lawgivers, with whose code the Columban teachers were, of course, familiar. The enactment which doomed the spot where innocent blood had been shed to lie for seven years untouched by the plough, was well fitted to deepen in the popular mind the abhorrence of murder. Waving with rank and noxious weeds, it warned the wayfarer not to pollute himself by treading on so accursed a spot. Touching the statute against witchcraft, we shudder when we think that for this imaginary crime the terrible doom of burning was awarded and inflicted. But before charging our ancestors with cruelty, it may be well to reflect that up to the beginning or middle of last century, the highest judicial tribunal in Scotland held witchcraft to be a crime, and burned the poor unhappy creatures convicted of it at the stake.

So far this relic of the legislation of early days. Success in arms may be a glory, or it may be an infamy. Whether it is the one or the other, depends altogether on the use which the victory is put. But the work of the legislator can hardly be other than beneficial, and therefore glorious. The man who establishes a great and righteous principle, and embodies it in law, is greater than the man who wins a hundred battles. He has done a work for all time. What the sword of one conqueror has set up, the sword of another casts down; but a Truth once established can never be lost. Even should the Gates of Error war against it they cannot overthrow it. It has become the possession of the race, and it goes down the ages ruling and blessing mankind.

The measures of Kenneth at this crisis were admirably adapted to make the two nations coalesce, and give stability to the throne by which henceforward they were to be ruled. The old seat of the Scottish kings was amid the Argyllshire mountains. This was by much too remote for the now enlarged kingdom of Alban. Its continuance there would have weakened the central authority, created impediments to justice, and delayed intelligence when, it might be, the safety of the kingdom depended on its quick transmission. Accordingly Kenneth established his capital at Forteviot, an the valley of the Earn. The spot was about equally distant from both seas. It lay between the Highlands and the

Lowlands. The Tay afforded ready access to the ocean. The watchers on the Red Head could espy the Norseman, and quickly notify his approach in the royal palace of Forteviot; and what perhaps was not the least of the considerations that weighed with Kenneth in fixing here the seat of his government, was that the site was within the Pictish dominions, and the residence of the king among them would naturally help to conciliate this brave and ancient race, still smarting from defeat, to the rule of the new dynasty.

The ecclesiastical capital, too, Kenneth removed to an inland and central position. The Rock amid the western seas, so long the headquarters of Scottish Christianity, was exchanged for a little valley in the southern Grampians, enclosed by woody crags, and watered by the Tay. Kenneth ordained that at Dunkeld should be the seat of the Scottish primacy (851). To impart to the second Iona something of the sanctity and prestige of the first, which the Vikings had made utterly desolate, Kenneth brought hither the relics of Columba.[5] What was of better augury for the renown of his new cathedral and the prosperity of his enlarged dominions, he transported across Drumalban the Columban clergy whose ancestors Nectan had driven out of his kingdom a century and a half before because they refused to conform to the Roman customs. These religious teachers he defused through the Pictish territory, planting many of them in the places from which their fathers had been expelled. By this tolerant measure he did an act of reparation for a great wrong, and strengthened his own influence among his Pictish subject.

One other symbol of authority and rule remained to be brought out and put conspicuously before the nation. This was the *Lia-Fail*, or *Fatale Chayre* as the Scots styled it. With the reverence due to so venerable a symbol of dominion, this stone was brought to Scone, that the kings of Scotland might receive consecration upon it, and possess that mysterious and awful sanctity which, in popular belief, belonged to monarchs who had sat in this august seat. These three, the Throne, the Primacy, and the Stone of Consecration, were grouped at the centre of the kingdom, and within the Pictish territory, that the new subjects of Kenneth might feel that the union was complete, and that the Scottish monarchy had crossed Drumalban, not to make a transitory stay, but to find a seat of permanent abode.

After these labours the Scottish nation and its monarch enjoyed a few years of peace. We see the good king living tranquil days in his palace of Forteviot, in the quiet valley which the Earn waters, and the heights of Dupplin on the one hand, and the swellings of the Ochils on the other so sweetly embosom. On the west, the long vista guides the eye to where Drumalban rears its summits and looks down on the two nations which it no longer divides. We read, indeed, of some raids of the King Kenneth in his latter years into the country of the Saxons beyond the Forth, for that river was still the southern boundary of Alban.[6] But the record of these incursions is so doubtful, and their bearing, even granting they took place, on the Scottish affairs is so insignificant, that they hardly deserve historic mention. Kenneth reigned sixteen years after the union of the two nations. He had served his country equally by his valour in the field and his wisdom in the closet. He died in 860 in his palace at Forteviot. His mortal malady was fistula.

The tidings that King Kenneth was dead would fly far and fast over Scotland, and wherever they came they would awaken sincere and profound sorrow. There was mourning in Dalriada, which, sixteen years before, had seen the son of the slaughtered Alpin descend its mountains to begin that campaign which had ended in a union that decreed that there should no more be battle between Scot and Pict. There was mourning in Pictavia, which, though compelled to bow to the sword of Kenneth, had found that his sceptre was just and equitable. There was mourning amid the wild hills of the north onward to the strand of Caithness, for the clans had learned that the monarch who reigned in the halls of Forteviot was not a conqueror but a father. And now come his obsequies. What a multitude gathers at the royal gates of Forteviot! Mormaer and Toiseach, with their respective clans, from the Pentland to the Forth, are there, including warriors who aforetime, it may be, had mustered to fight against the man whose dust they are now carrying in profound grief to the grave. The vast procession is marshalled, and proceeds with slow and stately march, along the valley westward. The pilbroch flings out its wail of woe, summoning dwellers in hamlet and glen to join the funeral cortege and swell the numbers of this great mourning. The procession wends its way between lakes and mountains which have since become classic, though then they were unsung by bard

or poet. Many days the march continues, for the way is long to the royal sepulchres amid the western seas. At last the desolate and lonely isle is reached. Iona is still the proudest fane in Europe, despite that the Vikings have ravaged it with fire and sword, and left it nothing but its indestructible name. The greatest of the Scottish kings, and even monarchs of other lands, leave it as their dying request to be taken to Iona, and buried in the Isle which the memory of Columba like a mighty presence still overshadows. We see the funeral part arrive at Port na Churraich; they pass along the "Street of the Dead."[6] and they deposit the remains of Kenneth in the burial place of the kings who have sat on the stone of destiny. They leave him there, the thunder of the Atlantic singing his requiem, for psalm and chant have ceased amid the fallen shrines of Iona.

ENDNOTES

1. See ante, vol. i. 360.
2. The Chronicle of Huntingdon says that "in his twelfth year Kenneth encountered the Picts seven times in one day, and having destroyed many, confirmed the kingdom to himself." –*Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 209.
3. "Sic quidem non solum reges et duces gentis illius deletis sunt, sed etiam stirps et genus adeo cum idiomatis siu lingua defecisse legitur."—Scoti Chron., Lib. iv. Buchanan limits the extirpation of the Picts to those who remained in arms against Kenneth after the great battle which gave him the crown. This would gain all the ends of the conqueror, and we may safely conclude that this was the whole extent of the slaughter.
4. The Macalpin Laws.—The authenticity of these laws has occasioned come controversy. They are given in Boece (Lib. x.). From Boece they have passed into Wilkins' *Concilia* (i. 179, 180). Innes was at first a supporter of their authenticity, but afterwards changed his opinion so far as regards the form in which they are given by Boece. They are rejected as the work of Kenneth MacAlpin by Pinkerton (*Enquiry*), Hailes (*Historical Memorials*), and Chalmers (*Caledonia*). The more probable opinion is that stated in the text, even, that this code is the production of several ages, Kenneth adding what was required by his own times and the circumstances of his nation.
5. Septimo anno regni sui relequias Sancti Columbae transportavit ad

ecclesiam quam construxit.—*Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 8.
6. Portions of this road, by which the royal dead were conveyed from Port na Churraich to the place of sepulture, exist at this day.

CHAPTER II.

A.D. 860—877.

DONALD—CONSTANTINE—FIRST BATTLE WITH THE DANES.

The good king Kenneth has gone to his grave, and the light would seem to have departed with him. No sooner is he laid in the tomb than the shadow of an eclipse falls upon the historic landscape, and for some time we travel onwards in comparative darkness. Several successive reigns pass away before we can see distinctly what is passing on the soil of Scotland. The chroniclers who narrate the transactions of these dark centuries—and they are the darkest of Scottish history—were not eye-witnesses of what they record; they gleaned their information from a variety of traditional and monumental sources, and however painstaking and truth loving they may have been, it was impossible for them to avoid being at times wrong in their conclusions, and mistaken as to their facts.[1] We are all the more sensible of the darkness in which we find ourselves from its contrast to the clear light that irradiated our country a few centuries previous, and which makes the times it brightened, though in reality far more remote, seem to us much more near.

Great events bring their own light with them, and write their own history. This is especially true of events which have the *spiritual* for their basis, and which summon into action the souls rather than the bodies of men. Such epoch has an electric brilliancy which keeps it above the horizon despite ages of intervening darkness. How distinct and palpable is still the Scotland of the sixth and seventh centuries! We follow as vividly the voyage of Columba across the Irish Sea to the shores of Iona, as if we had sailed with him in the osier-ribbed vessel which carried him across. We watch from day to day the rising walls of that humble edifice within which he is to gather the youth of many lands, and there train them in a theology drawn from the pure fountains of Holy Scripture. We become his companions when he goes forth on his missionary tour among the Picts, and see him roll aside the darkness of Druidism from the north of Scotland, and revive the dying lamp of the faith in the Lowlands. Our interest in his labours grows as his work draws nigh its completion, and we see Scotland dotted with Columban brotherhoods, schools of

Christian knowledge, and centuries of Christian industry and art. We are parted from the men who accomplished this great work by thirteen centuries, yet we think of them as they had been our contemporaries, and had only recently rested from their labours.

But with the death of Kenneth MacAlpin, or rather with the decay of the Columban age, there comes a great change. Scotland hardly looks the same country as when Columba stood at the head of its scholars and Kenneth MacAlpin lead its armies. It has receded into the far distance, and we stand gazing into a haze. Scotland, it is true, does not lack kings. Kenneth MacAlpin has successors who have sat upon the *Lia-Fail* at Scone, but they pass before us like phantoms. Nor does Scotland lack warriors; at least it does not lack battles. The land rings incessantly with the clash of arms. But if the sword is busy, we fear the plough rests. The acres under tillage diminish instead of multiplying, and fields which had been redeemed from the wilderness by the skilful and diligent husbandry of men who had learned their agriculture as well as their Christianity from the elders of Iona, fell back again into the desert and become covered with bracken, while the wild boar, dislodged from his covert, comes back to his old haunt and lies in wait for the traveller. The lamp has waxed dim, and its flame sunk low in the schools of learning and in the sanctuaries of religion. We hear of armies crossing the Tweed to fight for the doubtful possession of Northumbria, and extend the Scottish dominions to the banks of the Tyne, or even the Humber, but hardly do we hear of missionary bands in their homespun woollen garments and sandals of cowhide, setting forth, as aforetime, from the Scottish shore to carry the name of Scot and the faith of Culdee to countries afar off.

The moment was critical. All that had been won—and much had been won—was on the point of being lost. Scotland had begun to work its way back to its former condition of divided and warring nationalities. So would it have appeared to an onlooker. But no; Pict and Scot must not part company. If they would fulfil their destiny they must contend side by side on the same battlefield, and feel the purifying and elevating influence of a great common cause, prosecuted through toil, through painful sacrifices, through disheartening reverses, till, borne to victory, it has been crowned with complete achievement. It is not the success

that comes with a rush, but the success that comes as the fruit of slow, patient, and persistent labours and conflicts that anneals, hardens, and at last perfects nations destined to rise to a first place, and to render the highest services to mankind. It is on such a process that Scotland is about to be taken. It is to be put upon the anvil and kept on it for seven generations, till Pict and Scot shall not only have mingled their blood but fused their souls, and for the narrow aims of Clan substituted the wider and nobler aspirations of Nation.

Even before Kenneth was laid in the sepulcharal vaults of Iona, the Scots had warning that the clouds were gathering, and were sure to break in storm. They had seen what the sea could bring forth. Ships of ominous build, swift as the eagle, and as greedy of prey, had once and again appeared off their coast, and sent a thrill of terror along the seaboard. These unwelcome visitors would retreat, and after disappearing in the blue main would suddenly return, as if they took pleasure in tormenting their destined victims before pouncing upon them. To come and see and go back would not always suit the purpose of these plundering sea-kings. One day they would strike. Already they had swooped upon the extreme northwestern parts, and struck their cruel talons into the quivering land. Iona gone, its monks slaughtered, and its building blackened with fire, remained the monument of their visit. There were the "hammers" which by long-continued and terrible blows were to weld into homogeneity and consistency the rugged and unruly mass of humanity that occupied Scotland.

The first to take his seat on the Stone of Scone and assume the government of the kingdom after Kenneth MacAlpin was his brother Donald. Had the nation forgotten the services of the father, seeing they pass by the son and place the brother on the vacant throne? No, Scotland is not unmindful of what it owes to Kenneth MacAlpin; but in those days the succession to the crown was regulated by what is known as the law of Tanistry. This was a wise law in times so unsettled as those of which we write, and must have largely helped to steady the nation. When it happened that a monarch died leaving a son to succeed him who was of tender years, it was held unwise to put the sceptre into his hands. The vigour of manhood was needed to cope with the saucy and turbulent chieftains of the then Scotland, and in the hands of a child the sceptre

would have run great risk of being contemned. On the death of a monarch, therefore, his nearest collateral relative, or that one of the royal family who was deemed fittest for the office, was selected, and the son meanwhile had to wait till years had given him experience, and the death of the reigning king had opened his way to the throne.[2]

As regards the prince now on the Scottish throne, nearly all we can say of him is that he wore the crown for four years. He stands too far off in point of time, and he is seen through too thick a haze to permit us to take his measure. Historians have given us two different and opposite portraits of King Donald, painted him, probably, as they wished him to have been, rather as he really was, for they had hardly any better means of judging of his true character than we have. Boece and Buchanan represent him as given up to all sorts of vicious indulgences, as governed entirely by low flatterers, and as neglecting the business of the state, and wasting his own time and the public revenue on "hunters, hawkers and parasites". The scandals of the court came at last to such a head that the discontented chieftains among the Picts thought that the time had come for asserting their independence and restoring their ancient monarchy. With this view they formed an alliance with the Saxons of England, assuring them that the northern kingdom was ready to drop into their arms would they only unite their forces with theirs in the effort to wrest the ancient Pictland from the Scottish sway. The Saxons marched northward as far as the Forth. Had the raid succeeded it is probable that the Saxons would have kept the country themselves, and left the mutinous and treacherous Picts to find a kingdom where they could. Happily the arms of Donald prevailed, and Scotland remained the united nation which Kenneth had made it.

In Donald, as the old chroniclers have striven to reproduce him from the mists of a remote time, we have, as we have said, a picture with two totally unlike sides. On the side which we have been contemplating there is shown us a profligate prince and a kingdom falling in pieces. Turn the obverse. We are startled by the grand image that now meets us. The voluptuary and trifler is gone, and in his room is a prince, temperate, brave, patriotic, sustaining the state by his energy and virtues. So have Fordun and Winton, both of whom wrote before Boece, represented Donald. They tell us, too, that not only was he careful to preserve the

splendid heritage of a united people which his brother had left him, but that he was studious to keep war at a distance by cultivating friendship with neighbouring kings. We make no attempt to reconcile these two widely divergent accounts. We see in them the proof that the real Donald is not known, and now never can be known. In a question of this sort it is the earliest authorities who are held to speak with the greater weight, seeing they stand nearest the sources of information; and as it is the earlier chroniclers that give us the more favourable portrait of Donald, he is entitled to the presumption thence arising in his favour. Donald closed his short reign of four years —too short if he was the virtuous prince which some believed him to have been, but too long if he was the monster of vice which others say he was—in the year 864. The rock in the western seas received his ashes.

On the death of Donald the succession returned to the direct line. We now see Constantine, the son of Kenneth MacAlpin, assuming the crown. The memories of the great father lend prestige to the throne of the son, and give authority to his sceptre. And, verily, there was need of all the vigour which could possibly be infused into the government of the kingdom, for the hour was near when Scotland would have to sustain a severer strain than any to which it had been subjected since the days of the Romans. The tempest which had rolled up from England in the previous reign, and which had discharged itself on the southern shores of the Forth, was a summer blast compared with the hailstorms which were gathering in the countries on the other side of the North Sea. The battle with the Norseman was now to begin in deadly earnest. A few premonitory blows, sharp and quick, had the Viking dealt on the borders of the country, but now he was to assemble all his hordes, and come against the land like a cloud, and strike at the heart of the kingdom. For two centuries to come the kings of Scotland would have other things to think of than the wine cup and the boar hunt, and the Scots would do well to reserve their blood for worthier conflicts than a raid into Northumbria.

Before the great battle opened Constantine found that he had a little war on his hands at home. The district of Lochaber suddenly burst into flames. This provincial conflagration had been kindled by a Highlander named MacEwan, whom Constantine had appointed to be governor of the

district. The ambition of this man was not to be bounded by the narrow confine of his Highland principality. He had higher aims than he could find scope for in Lochaber. A number of discontented men, who too doubtless thought that their great merits had been overlooked, gathered round him and offered him their help in his attempt on the throne. Constantine had timely notice of the tempest that was brewing amid the mountains of Lochaber, and without giving it time to burst, he crossed the hills and appeared on the scene of the disturbance. MacEwan, who did not dream that his treason had travelled as far as the valley of the Earn, and was known in the Palace of Fort-Teviot, was surprised to find himself face to face with his sovereign. His followers dispersing, left their leader to enjoy alone whatever promotion Constantine might be pleased to confer upon him. That promotion was such as his services deserved. He was hanged before the Castle of Dunstafnage, which he had made his headquarters, and the rebellion expired.

After this appeared a portent of even worse augury which struck alarm into the heart of both king and people. The tempest this time came not from the land but from the sea. The Danes had landed on the coast of Fife, and had already begun their bloody work. The tidings of what had happened sent a shock through the whole kingdom. Contrary to their usual custom the invaders had made their descent on the eastern coast, where they were not looked for, and as the Scotland of that age had no army of observation, their landing was unopposed. They held no parley with the natives, they offered no terms of submission, but unsheathing their swords, they began at once to hew their way into the interior of the kingdom. Their course lay along the fertile vale of the Leven, and its green beauty under their feet quickly changed into ghastly red. The cruel Dane was merciful to none, but his heaviest vengeance fell upon the ministers of the Christian Church. A considerable number of ecclesiastics is said to have made good their escape to the Isle of May, but their persecutors followed them thither, and remorselessly butchering them, converted the little isle into a horrible shambles. Possibly the Danes deemed their slaughter a pleasing sacrifice to their god Odin, for paganism in all its forms is a cruel and bloodthirsty thing.

King Constantine, assembling his army, marched to stay the torrent of Scottish blood which the Danish sword had set flowing. He found the

Danish host divided into two bodies, and led by Hungan and Hubba, the two brothers of the Danish king. One corps was robbing and slaughtering along the left bank of the Leven, and the other was engaged with equal ardour in that to them most congenial work of the right bank of the same stream. Constantine led his soldiers against the Danish force on the left. Recent rains had swollen the Leven, and the Danes on the other side did not tempt the angry flood by crossing over to the assistance of their comrades. Left alone with the Scottish army they were utterly routed, and Constantine inflicted a severe chastisement upon them, cutting them off almost to a man.

When the Danes on the right side of the river saw how complete was the victory of the Scots they fell back before them, and resolved to make their final stand in the neighbourhood of their ships. Their fleet lay at anchor in Balcombie Bay, in the eastern extremity of Fife, two miles beyond the town of Crail. A sweet and peaceful scene is this spot, seen under its normal conditions. The blue sea, the bright sandy beach, the vast crescent of rocks and shingle, steep and lofty, that sweeps round it a full mile in circuit, lying moreover, in the bosom of a far mightier bay of which the southern arm finds its termination in the promontory of St. Abbs, and the northern in the precipices of the Red Head, make a fine a piece of coast scenery as is almost anywhere to be held. Yet dire was the carnage that day enacted on this usually quiet and secluded spot.

The Danes strengthened their position by drawing round the bay atop, a bristling barricade of rocks and stones, with which the spot plentifully supplied them. They dug entrenchments on the level plain outside their bulwark, which further strengthened their camp. Immediately beneath, in the bay—they might almost drop a pebble upon their decks,—were moored their galleys, ready to carry them across the sea, if the day should go against them, and they lived to go back to the country whence they had come. The Danes fought for life, the Scots for country, and both with fury and desperation. The battlefield was the open plain above the bay, in our day an expanse of rich corn fields, all the richer, doubtless, from the blood that then so abundantly watered it. The hottest of the strife would rage at the barrier of boulders thrown up to break the onset of the Scots. It was the object of the latter to drive the Danes over their own rampart, and roll them down the slope into the sea; but the invaders

made good their footing on the level ground, and forcing back the body of their assailants, escaped the destruction that yawned in their rear. The slain lay all about, and the blood of Scot and Dane trickling down in the same stream dyed the waters of the bay, and gave terrible intimation to those in charge of the galleys of the desperate character of the struggle that was going on shore.

The good fortune of Constantine did not attend him in this second battle. This was owing to no lack of spirit or bravery on his part, but grew out of the fret and discontent that continued to smoulder in the Pictish mind against the sway of the Scottish sceptre.

A contingent of Picts is said to have left the field while the battle was going on, and their desertion disheartening their comrades, turned the scale in the fortunes of the day. When the battle had ended, Scotland was without a king. As Constantine was fighting bravely in the midst of his fast falling ranks, he was surrounded by the Danes, seized and dragged to a cave in the rocks, and there beheaded. Ten thousand Scots are said to have perished in that battle. Of the Danes the slain would be even more numerous, for the entire force on the left of the Leven was cut in pieces in the first battle, and considering how desperately the second was contested, the Danish dead in it would count at least man for man with the Scots. The Danes sought no closer acquaintance with Scotland meanwhile. Making their way to their ships, they set sail, leaving behind them a land over which rose the wail of widow and orphan, to be answered back by an equally loud and bitter cry from the homes to which they were hastening, as soon as they should have arrived there with the doleful tidings they were carrying thither.[3]

The body of the king was found next day. A sorrowing nation carried it to Iona, and laid it in the sepulchres of the Scottish kings. It was only twenty years since the funeral procession of Kenneth MacAlpin had been seen moving along the same tract, in greater pomp, it may be, but not in profounder grief. The father had died on the bed of peace, the son had gone down in the storm of battle, and now rest together in the sacred quiet of the little isle. Constantine had reigned fourteen years, dying in A.D. 877.[4]

Such was the first burst of the great storm. The clouds had rolled away for the moment, but they would return, not once, nor twice, but many times in years to come. Henceforward the Scottish peasant must plough his fields and reap his harvests with the terror of the Dane hanging over him. At any moment this flock of Norse vultures might rise out of the sea, and swoop down upon his land and make it their prey. He must be watchful, and sober, and provident. He must care for the interests of his country, and know that his individual security and defence lay not in the strength of his clan, but in the strength of his nation; in the unity and power of all its clans, near and remote. He must cease to seek occasions of quarrelling, lest, haply, the common enemy should come suddenly and finding him fighting with his neighbour, should have an easy victory over both.

The Danes of that day were the most powerful of the German nations. Their narrow territory, overstocked with inhabitants, was continually in labour to relieve itself by sending forth new swarms of piratical adventurers. Its youth, hardy and martial, were always ready to embark in any enterprise that offered them the chance of waging battle and of gathering spoil. They had been born to slay or to be slain, and better not to have lived than to live and not to have mingled in the carnage of the battlefield. Their welcome at the gates of Valhalla, and their place among its heroes, would, they knew, be in strict accordance with their prowess in war and the enemies they had slaughtered. Such was their ethical creed. They troubled themselves with no questions of casuistry touching the rights of the inhabitants of a country marked out for invasion. All lands were theirs if only their sword could give them possession. If it was a Christian land, it belonged, without dispute, to the people of Odin, and nothing could be more pleasing to this deity than that his worshippers should take possession of it, and consecrate it by the erection of his altars. Such were the people that hung upon the flank of the Scotland of the ninth and following century.

It is after a different fashion that the overcrowded or hungry populations of our day go about the business of seeking out and occupying new settlements. Crossing the sea with his wife and little ones, the emigrant sets to work with his axe, felling not men but trees, and having cleared a space in the primeval forest, he sets up his homestead, and begins

those operations of spade or plough which soon teach the earth around his humble log-house to wave with cornfields or blossom with orchards. But so prosaic a mode of finding for himself a new home was little to the taste of the emigrant of the ninth century. The country that could be won without battle was scarce worth possessing. The claimant of new territories in that age crossed the main in a galley blazoned with emblems of terror: the prow the head of horrid dragon, and the stern the twisted tail of venomous snake. The earth grew red at his approach. The invaded region was cleared out with the sword, and its new occupant set himself down on the gory soil.

This fate had already been meted out to South Britain. Descending on it with the swift and destructive force of one of their own hailstorms, the Anglo-Saxons made the country their own. They cleared out the inhabitants with the summary agencies of fire and sword, and driving a few miserable remnants of the population into the corners of the land, they gave to the country a new race and a new name. They called it Anglo-land. A similar fate had been allotted to Scotland by the Dane. Its ancient people were to be hewn down. Some few might be spared to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the conqueror, but the Dane was to be its lord and master. Its ancient name was to be blotted out: the sanctuaries of the Culdee were to be razed and the shrines of Thor set up in their room. It was this tremendous possibility that made the two nationalities coalesce. They were fused in the fire. Every battle with the Dane, every heap of slain which his sword piled up, and every shipload of booty which he carried across the sea, only helped to strengthen their cohesion and fan their patriotism. The question was no longer whether shall Scot or Pict take precedence in the government of the realm? The question now had come to be, shall either of the two be suffered to rule it, or indeed to exist in it? Shall the name of Caledonia cease from the mouths of men, and shall the country in all time coming be known as Duneland?

ENDNOTES

1. When Malcolm Canmore died (l093), Scotland had no written history of any sort. The school of Iona in the sixth and seventh centuries had produced a numerous class of expert and elegant penmen and copyists,

who furnished their countrymen with transcripts of the Scriptures, commentaries, and books for Divine service. Scottish civil history has its first beginnings in the charters granted to Abbeys. The oldest charter extant is by King Duncan (1095) to the monks of Durham. Then follows a charter by David I. *The Chronicle of Mailross*, written in the Abbey of Melrose in the thirteenth century, is, says Mr. Cosmo Innes, "the most ancient Scotch writing of the nature of continuous history that is now extant." State papers begin in the reign of Alexander III., or later half of the thirteenth century. Next comes the *Poem of the Bruce*, the Scotch Odyssey by John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen (1375-1395). Then follows Andrew Wyntoun (1420), Prior of Lochleven. His history has little value as a poem, but is very valuable as a chronicle. In the end of the fourteenth century, John Fordun laid the foundation of Scottish history in his *Scoti-Chronicon*. Hector Boece wrote in 1533. His work is in classic Scotch prose.

2. Johannis Major, *Historia Britannioe*, Lib. iii. cap. ii. p. 90 Edin., 1740.

3. We have great faith in the traditions of a country, if they are natural, and are corroborated by some monumental evidence, and are not tainted by the element of miracle. The chronicler with his pen may put any number of legends he pleases on his page, but nothing but the event itself can write its story on the face of a country, so as to take hold of the belief of its inhabitants and be handed down by them. Of this battle we have still living traditions in that party of the country. The inhabitants of the east of Fife point out the cave amid the rocks of Balcombie Bay in which Constantine was murdered, and the trenches and embankments of the Danes at the head of the bay are still traceable, after the lapse of a thousand years. They are styled by the country people the Danes' dykes. See also Johannis Major, *Historia Majoris Britannioe*, Lib. iii. cap. ii. p. 90. 1740.

4. Dr. Skene (*Celtic Scotland*, i. 327), guiding himself by the Ulster Annals and the Chronicle of the Picts, relates this campaign differently. He finds that the Danes had been driven from Dublin by the Norwegians; that they crossed to Alban, and entered the country by the valleys watered by the Forth and the Teith; that they fought a battle with the Scots at Dollar; that they drove the Scottish army before them to the northeastern extremity of Fife, where the great battle was fought in which Constantine lost his life. There are, however, very great difficulties in their ships. On

arriving, and beginning their march through the whole breadth of the country, what did they do with their fleet? They could only send it round the north of Scotland by the Pentland, to wait the arrival of the army on the east coast. Considering the hazard of a march through a country whose whole population was hostile, were not the Danes more likely to accompany their ships, and make their assault in unbroken force on the east coast, whence, if they were beaten, they had an open road to their own country? It is extremely unlikely that the expelled colony of Danes should have been able to drive the Scots before them across the entire island, and that the Scots should make a stand only when they had no alternative but fight or be driven into the sea. These improbabilities are so great that we may venture to say they never took place

CHAPTER III.

A.D. 877—889.

ETH—GRIG—PICTISH PERSECUTION OF COLUMBAN CHURCH—TOLERATION.

When Scotland looked up from the battlefield of Crail there appeared on every side nothing but disaster and apparent ruin. The throne empty, the flower of the army fallen on the field, and the adhesion of the Picts become doubtful, the Union appeared to be in greater peril than at any time since the great battle on the banks of the Tay, which brought the Scots and Picts together in one nation. But the dynasty of Fergus is not to end here; the little country must gather up its strength and repair its losses before the Danes have time to return and strike a second blow.

The first care of the Scots was to select one to fill the vacant throne. The choice of the nation fell on Eth or Aodh,, the brother of Constantine. This prince had been present in the recent battle, and when the king fell he rallied the broken ranks and led them off the field. Of all his exploits this only has come down to us. He is known as Eth of the Swift Foot, from an abnormal nimbleness of limb which enabled him to outstrip all his fellows. John Major calls him an Asahel, and tells us that no one could keep pace with him in running.[1] Of Eth, as of all the Scottish monarchs of the time, very different portraits have been drawn. It were vain to plunge into the darkness of the ninth century in search of the real Eth. He is gone from us for ever, but we have no proof that he conspicuously possessed the talents fitting him for governing in the unsettled and unhappy times in which it fell to his lot to occupy the throne. A brief year summed up the period of his reign, and "Swift Foot" was carried to Iona.

While events of great importance are passed over as unworthy of record, the early chroniclers often detain us with occurrences of no significance whatever, especially if they have about them as much of the marvellous as to make them pass for prodigies. If we may credit these writers, the earth, the sea, and the air were, in those ages, continually sending forth supernatural omens to warn or to terrify men. During the reign of Eth a

shoal of the fish called "sea monks" appeared on the coast. These denizens of the deep had their name from the resemblance they bore to the cowled fraternity whose habitat is the land. They looked like an army of monks immersed in the waves and struggling to reach the shore. The peasantry who regarded them as the certain prognosticators of disaster, beheld their approach with alarm if not with horror. There was no need surely to send a shoal of sea-monks to foretell calamities which were already palpably embodied in the war galleys of the Danes, in the graves at Balcombie Bay, and the sounds of grief that still echoed in castle and cottage throughout Scotland.

With the next reign came better complexioned times. The deep wound Scotland had received in the battlefield of Crail began to be healed. We now find Grig, or, as he is sometimes termed Gregory, on the throne. The lineage of this man cannot be certainly traced. The presumption is that he was outside the royal line, or at best but distantly related to it, and that he opened his way to the crown by his ambition and talents, favoured by the distractions of the time. He stood up amongst the kings of Scotland as Cromwell at a later day stood up among the monarchs of England, to show that men not "born in the purple" may nevertheless possess the gift of governing, and that nations are not shut up to accept a foolish or a wicked prince as their master simply because he happens to be sprung of a family which has given kings to them aforetime. The vigour and firmness of Gregory steadied a reeling state, and brought back to the throne the prestige it had lost during the previous reign. He had won his high position over not a few rivals, but he knew how to conquer enemies by pardoning them. The first act of his administration was to issue an indemnity to all who had been in arms against him. An act of grace which augured well for his future reign.

The reign of Gregory has been made famous by a law passed by him in favour of the ministers of religion . It is recorded of him in the "Pictish Chronicle," and in the "Register of the Monastery of St. Andrews," both ancient documents of the highest authority, that "he was the first who gave freedom to the Scottish Church which had been in bondage till that time, according to the rule and custom of the Picts."[2] The church of those days is kept very much out of sight. The old chroniclers, so full of talk on other things, are very reticent on this subject. Columba and Iona

would seem to have fallen out of their memory. But there come in the course of their narrations incidental statements which are a lifting of the veil, and which give us a momentary glimpse of the position of churchmen and the state of religion. This is one of those incidental statements. It is brief but pregnant, and warrants one or two not unimportant conclusions.

First of all, it is noteworthy that this is the first time that we meet in history the term the "Scottish Church." This alone is of great significance. We have not yet met the name "Scotland" as applied to the whole country. It is still Alban. The church takes precedence of the country, and we read of the "Scottish Church" before we read of the "Scottish Kingdom." There can be no question that the "church" which we here see Gregory liberating from Pictish thraldom was the church of which the Columban clergy were the ministers. There was as yet no foreign priesthood in the country. There were, it is true, a few propagandist missionaries and itinerant monks in the land doing business for Rome, but their proselytising labours were confined mostly to the court of princes or the monastery of the abbot, where they strove to insinuate themselves into confidence by an affectation of a sanctity which they did not possess, and all the while scheming to supplant the clergy of the nation by accusing them of practising a worship of barbarous rites, and throwing ridicule upon them as wearing the tonsure of Simon Magus. They were shut out, however, from carrying on any great scheme of propagandism among the people by their ignorance of the tongue of the country. No ecclesiastical body at this hour in Scotland had any pretensions to the status of a church, save that spiritual organization which had its cradle in the Scotch colony of Dalriada, its centre in the Scotch school of Iona, and which from that centre had spread itself over the Scottish land. This church had all along been served mostly by Scotsmen in both its home and foreign field, and when this little sentence lifts the veil in the end of the ninth century it is seen still existing in its corporate condition, and receiving royal recognition as the National Church of Scotland.

It may be that neither trunk nor bough are so robust and vigorous as they were in the sixth and seventh centuries, but there stands the old tree still, and there around it are the Scottish people, and in this royal edict we see room made for its spreading itself more widely abroad. We may

venture to infer further that the "Church of Scotland" of that age enjoyed a measure of liberty among the Scots which was denied it among the Picts. The bondage in which the "Scottish Church" is here seen to be held is spoken of as a bondage distinctively Pictish. Whatever may have been the nature of that bondage, which it is not easy to conjecture from so brief a statement, it would seem to have been restricted to Pictland, and unknown in the territory of the Scots, where a more liberal treatment was adopted toward the clergy.

It may throw a little light on this matter if we recall an occurrence that had taken place among the Picts a century and a half before the days of Gregory, the first liberator of the Scottish Church. Nectan was at that time on the Pictish throne (A.D. 717). There came to Nectan's court certain missionaries, "ecclesiastical touters," from the South, who cried up the Roman rites in general, and mightily extolled in particular the tonsure of Roman and her Easter celebration, and as loudly decried all the usages of the Scottish Church. "The rites of your clergy," said these strangers to the Pictish monarch, "have no efficacy in them, and are displeased to the Deity. Your priests have no true tonsure and no true Easter. The courses they follow are contrary to the universal Church; we come to lead you and your people into the right path, that you may no longer offend God and hazard your salvation by the observance of a barbarous ritual." These words had all the more influence with Nectan that they were fortified by a letter from Abbot Ceolfrid of Jarrow, Northumbria, who was of great repute as a canonist and churchman, and to whom King Nectan had previously written on the subject, for he had begun to weary of the simple Columban rites, and to long for the more ornate ceremonies and the more pompous worship of Rome, with which he desired to ally himself. It required, therefore, no elaborate argument to make a convert of a man who was already more than half convinced. Having tasted the new wine of Rome, the juice of the vine of Iona had lost its relish for him. The new, said Nectan, is better than the old.

The historian Bede has given a minute and graphic description of the scene, and in doing so he is narrating what took place in his own day. The letter of Abbot Ceolfrid is addressed in as magniloquent terms as if the monk had been writing to a great Eastern potentate instead of a

Pictish king. The inscription runs: "To the most excellent Lord and most glorious King Naiton." "This letter," says Bede, "having been read in the presence of King Naiton, and many others of the most learned men, and carefully interpreted into his own language by those who could understand it, he is said to have much rejoiced at the exhortation, in so much that, rising from the midst of his great men who sat about him, he knelt on the ground, giving thanks to God that he had been found worthy to receive such a present from the land of the Angles, and, said he, 'I knew indeed before that this was the true celebration of Easter; but now I so fully know the reason for the observance of this time that I seem convinced that I knew very little of it before. Therefore I publicly declare and protest to you who are here present, that I will for ever continually preserve this time of Easter, together with all my nation; and I do decree that this tonsure, which we have heard is most reasonable, shall be received by all the clergy of my kingdom.' Accordingly he immediately performed by his regal authority what he had said. For the cycles of nineteen years were by public command sent through all the provinces of the Picts to be transcribed, learnt, and observed, the erroneous revolutions of eighty-four years being everywhere obliterated. All the ministers of the altar and the monks adopted the coronal tonsure; and the nation being thus reformed, rejoiced as being newly placed under the direction of Peter, the most blessed prince of the Apostles, and made secure under his protection."[3]

Bede drops the curtain while the scene is at its best, the king praising and giving thanks, and the nobles and people joining their acclamations with their sovereign over this great religious reformation! A whole clergy had been transformed into orthodox by a few "clips" of the scissors fetched from Rome. The festivals of the Church had been placed on the sound and solid basis of a reformed calendar; and a kingdom, aforetime blighted and mocked with heretical and barbarous rites, and ministered to by priests with the horrid tonsure of Simon Magus, had become enriched and fructified by ordinances full of efficacy and mystic grace, and served by priests without doubt holy, seeing they have "holiness" written upon their heads by the scissors which have imprinted upon them the orthodox tonsure. Well might Pictavia rejoice! It has opened a new epoch! And well might "the most excellent Lord and most glorious King Naiton" rejoice, seeing he has found—what has he found?—that

Word which maketh wise unto salvation? That Word which a king of old made a lamp to his feet? That Word which has showed to nations the road to greatness?—no! "the most excellent Lord and glorious King Naiton" has found—a rectified Easter Calendar!

There is another side to this bright picture. Voices not altogether in unison are heard to mingle with this chorus of national rejoicing. Whence come these discordant sounds? These are the protests of certain recalcitrant members of the Columban clergy who refuse to submit their heads to be shorn after this new and strange fashion. It matters not, we can hear them urge, whether the head to be tonsured after this mode of after that, or whether it be tonsured at all. Ours is not a gospel of tonsure one way or other. Columba did not cross the sea and institute his brotherhood at Iona merely to initiate Scotland into the mystery of the tonsure. The truth of our doctrine and the efficacy of our sacraments do not lie in the peculiar tonsure of the man who dispenses them. That were to make Christianity a system of childish mimicry or of wicked jugglery. Nor does the power of the eucharist to edify depend on its being solemnised on a particular day. It is the grand fact of the Resurrection that gives the Christian festival its sublime significance. Tonsure or no tonsure is therefore noting to us. But it is everything it is to submit our heads to have imprinted upon them the badge of subjection to Rome. That were to renounce the faith of our fathers. It were to arraign and condemn Columba and the elders of Iona as having been in error all along, and guilty of schism in living separate from Rome, and following rebelliously the precepts of Scripture when they ought to have submitted to the councils of the Church. Know therefore, O King, that we will not obey our command nor receive your tonsure.

This was conduct truly faithful and magnanimous. It shows that the spirit of Columba still lived in the Scottish Church, and that the people of Scotland, instructed by pastors who could intelligently and firmly sacrifice status and emolument at the shrine of truth, had not so far degenerated as the silence of the monkish historians of after days would make us think. There must yet have been no inconsiderable amount of piety and Christian knowledge in Scotland.

But to Nectan these pleadings were addressed in vain. He was so filled

with the adulation of Abbot Ceolfrid and the flatteries of the missionaries of Rome that he had no ear to listen to the remonstrances of his own clergy. He could ill brook the slight on his authority which their courageous resolution implied, and was but the more sent on carrying out his "reformation." Accordingly, as Bede informs us, "he prayed to have architects sent him to build a church in his nation after the Roman manner, promising to dedicate the same in honour of the blessed Peter, the prince of the Apostles, and that he and all his people would always follow the custom of the Holy Roman Apostolic Church, as far as they could ascertain the same in consequence of their remoteness from the Roman language and nation." [4] He followed this up by immediate steps for completing the revolution in his church and kingdom by sending messengers throughout his dominions to have the Easter tables altered from the cycle of eighty-four to the cycle of nineteen years, and the festival kept in accordance with the new reckoning; and further, the messengers were commanded to see that all the ministers of religion had their heads shorn after the Roman fashion, and if any one refused to conform he was to be told that there was no longer place for him in the dominions of King Nectan. We do not know how many, but there is reason to conclude that a very great number of the Columban clergy refused compliance, and had to go into exile. They were hospitably received by their brethren on the Scottish side of Drumalban.

In this occurrence we see the "Scottish Church" in the Pictish dominions passing into bondage. She must submit henceforth to the royal will, and do the royal bidding in the matter of the tonsure and Easter. It is probable that these two things were only the beginnings of the servitude in which the clergy were kept by the Pictish kings. It is of the nature of such bondage to grow. The men who had so far yielded, rather than go into exile with their brethren, would have to yield still farther, and have other burdens imposed upon them. Possibly secular exactions were in time added to their ecclesiastical and spiritual sacrifices and disqualifications. Burdens would be laid on their estates as well as on their consciences. It had been customary to exempt their lands from the imposts and taxes of the State: these immunities they would no longer enjoy. Possibly they were spoiled of their lands altogether. And now for a century and more the Columban clergy had been subject to this servitude in the Pictish dominions.

When we know what the bondage was, we can the better conjecture the kind and extent of the extent of the liberty which King Gregory gave the "Scottish Church." In the decree of Nectan we have the "law and custom" of the Pictish monarchy in ecclesiastical affairs. It enjoined, under heavy penalities, the Roman observance. It was this that drove the Columban clergy across the Drumalban, and not the secular burdens and imposts which possibly were added afterwards. The latter they could have submitted to with a good conscience, although they might have accounted them unjust and oppressive; but the first, the Roman observance to wit, touched the conscience, and left them no alternative but to leave their country. Here then, in the revocation of Nectan's edict even, must the liberation of the "Scottish Church" begin. This was the part of the "servitude" that pressed on the soul. Release from the burdens and exactions of a secular kind which may have been laid on their lands, and which would be exigible by the King or the Mormaer, would follow in due course; but first, release must come to the conscience, and that could be given only by revoking Nectan's decree, and leaving the Columbites at liberty to resume the customs of their ancient Church. That this decree was revoked, and the ancient liberty of worship restored to the Columban clergy, we have undoubted proof. Two hundred years afterwards, when the Columban pastors met in conference with Queen Margaret and her bishops, the charge against them was that they practised barbarous rites, and neither in the matter of the tonsure nor the matter of the eucharist did they conform to the laws of Rome. No more satisfactory evidence could we have of the liberty which Gregory gave the Scottish Church, and the use she made of it. It gave her two hundred years more of her ancient discipline and worship.

This tyrannical measure recoiled on Nectan and his kingdom. It created a rupture between the Picts and Scots, which issued in long and bloody wars betwixt the two races. The conversion of the Pictish nations by Columba was followed by an instant sheathing of the sword; and now for a century and a half, hardly had there been battle between Pict and Scot. No mightier proof can we have of the power of Christianity to bind nations in amity and banish war, than in a country like the Scotland of that day, and between two such nations as the Picts and Scots, there should have been a peace of more than a century's duration. Yet such is

the fact. The two nations were drawing together, and the union between them would have come without fighting and bloodshed, had not the bigotry of Nectan rekindled the old fires, and made it impossible that the two races should unite till first it had been shown in a series of terrific and bloody contests which of the two was the stronger on the battlefield. Nor is this all. It is probable that Nectan's policy cost the Picts the sovereignty of Scotland. They were the more numerous, and in some respects the more powerful of the two nations: and had the union come by peaceable means, the Picts undoubtedly would have given kings to the throne and their name to the country, but when they forced the matter to the decision of arms, they found that the injustice and cruelty of Nectan to the Columban Church weighed upon their sword and turned its edge in the day of battle. They fought with the valour of their race, they shed their blood in torrents, but they failed to win the kingdom, and their name perished.

King Nectan and his line disappear, but the church of Columba which he has chased out of his dominions comes back to dwell again in the old land. One of the first measures of Kenneth MacAlpin after ascending the throne of the united kingdom was, as we have seen, to recall the Columban clergy and place them in the old ecclesiastical foundations left vacant by the expulsion of their fathers. Another half century passes, and the Columban church obtains another enlargement under King Gregory, and now, after having been plucked up and cast out of the Pictish territory, we see her again taking root and flourishing in the enjoyment of her ancient privileges and liberties. Historians have been little observant of this fact, and certainly little observant of its lesson, but it is full of instruction, It adds another to the many examples in history of the truth of Beza's saying, not yet uttered, that "the church is an anvil which has worn out many a hammer." Nectan struck with all his force, but when dying in the cowl of a monk he saw doubtless that the blow had effected little, and had he lived longer he would have seen that it had missed the anvil and struck his own throne. These well-authenticated facts make the silence of the monkish chroniclers of the tenth century regarding the condition of the Columban church a matter of less moment. We are independent of their testimony; for here have we great historic monuments which assure us that the church of Columba had not passed out of existence, as their silence would among lead one

to conclude, but, on the contrary, that it remained rooted in the land as an independent organisation, maintaining divine service according to the simple formula of Columba; that it lived on into the darkness of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, keeping alive the Christian knowledge of the Scottish people, of whose successive generations it was the instructor, in short, that it was the sheet anchor of the country staying it in the midst of the furious tempests that burst upon it, now from the mountains of the north, now from the Danes beyond the sea, and now from the Saxons of England.

ENDNOTES

1. *Historia Britannioe*, Lib. iii. cap. ii. p. 90.
2. "Hic primus dedit libertatem Ecclesiae Scoticanae, qui sub servitude erat usque ad illud tempus, ex constitutione et more Pictorum."—*Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 151.
3. Bede, *Hist. Eccl.*, Lib. v. c. xxi.
4. Bede, *Hist. Eccl.*, Lib. v. c. xxi.

CHAPTER IV.

A.D. 878—889.

GREGORY OF SCOTLAND AND ALFRED OF ENGLAND—NORSEMEN—THE FADING COLUMBAN LAMP.

We fail to discover in succeeding Pictish sovereigns that excess of proselytising zeal which turned King Nectan into a persecutor. We read of no second act of bigotry similar to that which disgraced his reign. His successors on the throne could hardly fail to see that Nectan had committed a great error. The proofs of this were but too visible. He had created a great void at the heart of his kingdom. He had weakened the moral power and endangered the civil order of the nation; he had kindled the flames of war after they had been extinct for a century and a half; in fine, he had brought revolution on himself, and been fain in the end of his days to seek the shelter of a convent, and after having worn a crown, die in a monk's cowl.

These evil consequences had followed the tyrannical act which the Pictish king, influenced by the flattery of Abbot Ceolfrid, and the persuasions of the Roman missionaries, and impelled moreover by his own fanatical zeal, had been driven to commit. His successors, warned by his example, would learn not to be enamoured of Roman novelties, or open their ear to readily to monkish counsellors. Still, though they saw Nectan's error, they might not be in a position to rectify it. To revoke the edict and recall those whom it had driven into banishment might not now be in their power. They had a war on their hands with the Scots, which demanded all their attention. While that war lasted it would not be a wise policy to recall the Columban clergy. They were mostly Scotch, and might have difficulty in maintaining the attitude of neutrals during hostilities. They would at least be liable to be suspected of secretly favouring the triumph of the Scotch arms. The correction of Nectan's error must lie over for the present. And hence it was that, although there is no evidence that the Roman innovations meanwhile made much progress beyond the court of Nectan, or found favour with the Pictish people, farther than the royal edict might compel them to an outward uniformity in the Easter celebration, the return of the Columban clergy

to the Pictish dominions did not take place untill the war between the two races had ended in their union into one nation. The return of the Columbites, as we have seen, was under Kenneth Macalpin: their full restoration to their ancient liberties was half a century later in the reign of King Grig, or Gregory, to whom we now return.

The strong hand of Gregory on the helm, Scotland began again to make headway (883). It had stood still, or gone back, during the troubled but, happily, short reign of the "Swift Food," whose policy had nothing of the progressive quality with which nature had so largely endowed his limbs. While he sat on the throne the gloom kept thickening above the country, but with the new ruler there came a new dawn. Gregory had opened his reign with a measure of good augury, and not less of wise policy" for it is not necessary to support that in relaxing the bonds of the Columban clergy he was actuated solely by religious considerations. He had respect, no doubt, to the benefit which himself and his nation would reap from this act of justice. If, as is strongly suspected, his title to the throne was doubtful, he did well to make sure that so influential a body as the Columbites should be on his side and in favour of his government.

Having by one and the same act enlarged the liberties of the "Scottish Church," and strengthened his own throne, Gregory addressed himself to the task of correcting the disorders in which the defeat at Crail and the reign of "Swift Foot" had involved the kingdom. A portion of the Pictish nation had brought their loyalty into suspicion. Their behaviour in the late disastrous battle had been equivocal. Their treachery or cowardice was believed to have led to the loss of the day, and the many calamities that followed thereon. Gregory did not choose that so grave a dereliction of duty on so critical an occasion should go without chastisement. Since the battle other circumstances had come to light which tended still farther to strengthen the doubt entertained respecting the thorough devotion of a section of the Picts to the cause of the union. The Danes, on quitting the country after the battle of Crail, left this part of the coast in the possession of the Picts. This looked like keeping open the door for the return of the enemy. Gregory could not permit the keys of his kingdom to be in the hands of men who were disaffected to his government, and who seemed not unwilling to sacrifice the union between the two races provided they recovered thereby their standing as

a separate and independent nation. He drove this body of disaffected Picts out of Fife across the Forth. He pursued them through the Lothians to Berwick, in which they shut themselves up, and were Gregory made them captive, the citizens having opened their gates to him.

These successes at home would seem to have tempted the Scottish monarch to venture on exploits outside his own kingdom. Instead of returning within the limits of Alban, which were already considerably overpassed, he led his army farther into Northumbria. These parts were then much infested by the Danes. When repulsed from the coast of Scotland they not infrequently turned their galleys in the direction of England, and overspreading the northern counties, then almost defenceless, they gathered no end of spoil, and shed very much blood. Gregory doubtless reckoned that if he could clear out these invaders from the northern counties of England the chance was so much the less of having to fight them on the soil of Scotland. As an acknowledgment of the services Gregory had rendered them by ridding them, for the time at least, of these troublesome visitors, the petty sovereigns which then ruled in England, seem to have given him some sort of authority or dominion over the border counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland, happy to commit their defence against foreign invasion to the sword of Gregory.

The Scottish monarch is described as pursuing his triumphant career further west. We next find him with his army in Strathclyde. The Britons of the Kingdom of Cumbria had offended by appropriating a narrow strip of Scottish territory which lay on the northern banks of the Clyde, and which included that famous rock (Dumbarton) at the foot of which the great apostle of Ireland had passed his youth. The stolen territory was all the more likely to have interest to the man who had "Given liberty to the Scottish Church," inasmuch as it was the birthplace of that great Scotsman who had been the founder of the "Scottish Church," first by Christianizing Ireland, and in the next place by putting the evangelical torch into the hands of Columba that he might carry it across and light with its sacred flame the dark land of Caledonia. Having rescued this hallowed spot, for such doubtless it was to Gregory, and have chastised the Britons for appropriating it, it was given back to Scotland.

Not yet had Gregory finished his victorious course, if we are to believe his Scotch chroniclers. He next crossed to Ireland, where he is said to have waged a campaign with great glory, quelling an insurrection which had broken out against the King of Dublin, an ally of Gregory's, and restoring him to his throne. It must be added, however, that the record of these wars is somewhat dubious, and we despatch them with brevity. The English and Irish chroniclers are silent respecting them. We hear of them only from Fordun and other Scotch historians. That, however, is no sufficient reason for regarding them as altogether apocryphal. The "Registry of the Priory of St. Andrews" says expressly "that Gregory conquered Ireland and the greater part of England,"[1] by which we understand it to be meant that his conquests in these two countries were extensive, and had a decisive effect on the governments of both kingdoms. Those who maintain that these campaigns were never waged, and that their record is illusory, defend their allegation by saying that Gregory was a munificent patron of the church, and that the monks of St. Andrews, to show their gratitude, carved out this brilliant career for the Scottish king, and exalted him to the rank of a hero. But it does not appear that Gregory surpassed other Scotch kings of his age in the gifts he bestowed on churchmen, his one well known act of grace excepted. Besides, the benefactions of Gregory were bestowed in the end of the ninth century, whereas his apotheosis as a great warrior, which it is insinuated was done in recompence of his liberality to the church, did not take place till the middle of the thirteenth century, the Registry of St. Andrews having been written in 1251. It is truly refreshing to find the gratitude of the monks remaining fresh and green after four centuries. Seldom is it found that the sense of obligation to be benefactors is so deep and lasting on the part of corporate bodies whether lay or cleric, as to call forth warm expressions of thanks centuries after the authors of these good gifts have exchanged their thrones for their stone coffins. Long before this wreath was placed on his tomb by the monks of St. Andrews, Gregory was nothing more than a handful of ashes.

In that age it was difficult to keep England and Scotland apart, so as that their affairs should not intermingle. The same terrible people from beyond the sea were the enemies of both, and made their hostile descent now on the coast of the one country and now on the coast of the other. This drew England and Scotland together, and helped to maintain the peace between

them. If so be the Danish hordes were driven back, and their galleys chased off the coast, it mattered little whether the feat had been achieved by Scotch or by English valour, since both countries shared in nearly equal measure in the benefits of the victory. So did it happen in this instance. Gregory on arriving in Northumbria, whither his pursuit of the fleeing Picts had led him found the Danes, under their leader Hardnute, laying waste the country and slaughtering the inhabitants. The England of that day was miserably distracted and torn. The Danes were inflicting upon the Saxons all the horrors which the Saxons had inflicted on the Britons at a former epoch. The throne of Wessex was filled by one of the bravest and wisest princes of his age, nevertheless a great part of the reign of Alfred was passed on the battlefield to prevent his dominions being overrun and devastated by these northern marauders. Occupied with these greater cares, the remote Northumbria was left largely to take care of itself. It was here that the barbarian leader and his merciless followers were now ravaging. Although he found them on English soil, Gregory not the less recognised in Hardnute and his warriors the enemies of his own country, and gladly seized the opportunity now offered him of avenging upon them in Northumbria the injuries they had inflicted upon his nation in Fife. If a brother sovereign should be the first to reap advantage from the success of his arms, this consideration, so far from making the Scottish king hold back, made him only the more eager to effect the expulsion of the Danes. Gregory inflicted such a slaughter upon them that it broke their power in the north of England, and delivered the petty sovereigns that then ruled in that land, as well as the great prince of Wessex, from their terror. The bonds of amity between the two nations and their rulers were strengthened by this interchange of friendly acts. The bloody fields of the borderland were effaced from the memories of men by the bloodier fields of the Dane. Northumberland was placed under the suzerainty, if not the formal sovereignty, of the man whose sword had redeemed it from the spoiler. Alfred appears to have felt no alarm at the nearer approach of the Scottish border to his own dominions. What stronger defence could he have on his northern frontier than the arms of Gregory? He rightly judged, doubtless, that ruled by him Northumbria would be a protecting wall to himself against the tempests from the German Sea. And as regards the Anglo-Saxons now professedly Christian, how much more preferable, as allies and neighbors, were the Scots to the Danes, in whom the wolfish instincts of paganism were yet

unbroken and rampant. The Saxons of the north of England, says Fordun, "thought it better willingly to submit to the Catholic Scots, though enemies, than unwillingly to the Pagan infidels."

In the dark sky of the ninth century there is seen a star of pure and brilliant radiance, on which we love to fix our eyes. We cannot come within the proximity of its orbit without pausing to admire and speak of it. In no age would a creation so lovely have failed to attract and fascinate our gaze, but shining out amid the clouds and tempests of this age, we hail it with wonder and delight. Alfred, Prince of Wessex, exhibited the rare union of the scholar, the legislator, the warrior, and the patriot. To these he would have added, had his days been longer, the Christian reformer. Such, indeed, he was, but only in limited measure, for hardly had he begun to develop his enlightened plans for the reformation of his realm when the grave closed over him, and with Alfred went down into the tomb the hopes of England for four centuries. Till the days of Wyckliffe there came no second dawn to Christendom.

Few princes—not one in an hundred—have had the inestimable privilege of the same training and discipline through which Alfred passed. The range of his education extended far beyond the science and philosophy of his day. His instruction in the liberal arts was not overlooked: not only was he a patron of men of letters, he himself cultivated letters, and the success with which he did so is seen in his translation of the *Pastoral* of Gregory I. and Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*. But to these accomplishments Alfred added a higher wisdom than that of the schools. His great qualities were rooted in a piety which was drawn from the Sacred Writings, rather than from the precepts and traditions of churchmen. Moreover, Adversity had taken him to school, and for some terrible years that stern instructress made him give good heed to her lessons. At one time the Danes had well nigh wrested his kingdom from him. He was obliged to flee in disguise and hire himself out as a cowherd. In the quiet of the woods and fields thoughts would arise which had not come into his mind amid courts and armies. When he recovered his throne and had rest from war, these thoughts bore fruit. He gave himself to the work of establishing order, promoting industry, cultivating commerce, and extending the maritime powers of England. His son and Grandson, Edward and Athelstan, followed in their father's steps, and

these three princes were among the first to show the world that the road to fame is open to the man of peace not less than to the man of the sword. In the successful voyages of Other and Ulfstan into the then unknown northern seas, the English nation under Alfred early displayed their natural bent, and gave prognostication of what they were destined to accomplish in the field of discovery in after ages.[2]

But these were not the highest of the labors of Alfred. He panted above all things to effect a religious reform of his realm. What instrumentality did Alfred employ for effecting his grand purpose? Did he send to Rome for instructors? Did he multiply his "celebrations"? A dogma, till then unheard of, was just beginning to be broached by Paschasius Radbertus in France, that in the eucharist the communicant receives the literal flesh and blood of Christ for his eternal life. Shall Alfred illuminate his realm with this new gospel? What England needed was not more mystery, but more light. The darkness was thick enough already, and there was no need to turn twilight into midnight by promulgating the Cimmerian dogma of transubstantiation.

Alfred took up his position on ground which no churchman of his century had courage to occupy. Turning away from priest and sacrament he went to the Word of God. He conceived the great idea of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular of the Saxon people. He assembled a select body of learned men at his court, and set them to the work of translating the Bible: he put his own hand to the work, so much was his heart set upon it, and like Columba, he was engaged in translating the Psalms at the time of his death.[3]

Alfred stands at the head of the noble army of Bible translators. It is a higher glory than his fifty battles by land and sea. The work in which he led the way can know no termination till the Word of Life has been translated into the tongue of every people on earth, and its light has shone round and round the globe.

It would be interesting to know the personal relations that subsisted between Gregory and Alfred. If the character of the first approximated the portrait which the Scottish chroniclers have left of him, these two princes must have been drawn to one another by a warmer sentiment

than mere conventional friendship. Both, we are permitted to believe, were magnanimous, princely, and patriotic; and it is interesting to see two such men occupying contemporaneously the thrones of Scotland and England. Alfred was surrounded by men who loved and admired him, and who have painted him in colours that remain fresh to this day. We are sure we see the true likeness of the great English prince of the ninth century. His Scottish contemporary enjoyed no such advantage, and we are not certain that we have the real features of Gregory. But it corroborates what has been transmitted to us concerning him to know that, like Alfred, he aimed at effecting a religious reform, more or less extensive. For no other interpretation can we put upon the statement that Gregory gave freedom to the Scottish Church which till his time had been kept bondage among the Picts.

During the century and a half going before, great deadness, doubtless, overspread the east and north of Scotland, the ancient territory of the Picts. The Columban Church in those parts had been all but rooted out. The Sabbath services in many places had ceased; and where they were still continued it was with great inefficiency and coldness by the poor substitutes which had been found for the expelled Columbites; men from the north of England, were the influence of Rome was now dominant, or monks from the houses of Adamnan foundation, in which, as in the case of Adamnan himself, the spirit of the Roman Egbert was struggling with the spirit of Columba for the mastery. The schools had been closed, and the instruction of the youth was neglected. There is no evidence to show that the Roman ideas and customs had infected the people to any great extent. It was religious apathy and Pictish coercion, rather than Papal propagandism that weighed upon the land. In the old days when Columba directed the evangelisation of Scotland from Iona, no royal will circumscribed his plans or fettered the steps of the missionaries he sent forth. The land was before them, and they might go whither they would and kindle their light at all the great centres. They did so, and in a generation or two the country was dotted with evangelical beacon-fires, and the Aryan darkness of the Druid was dispelled. This was a freedom of action which had been unknown to the Columban Church in Pictland for a century and a half. The consequence was that, denied the liberty of evangelistic enterprise, the inclination to enter upon it departed. The Columban Church in Pictland lay down and sunk into slumber,

hoped would happen as the result of this debate, rather than affirming what he knew to be the fact. It is perfectly known to us, and could not but be known to Bishop Turgot, had he taken any pains to inform himself, that the Scottish Culdees, in many instances at least, still kept their eucharist after the "barbarous" formula of their church, and did so for two hundred years after all the persons who figure in this conference had gone to their graves.

Let us illustrate this point by a side light. The Irish Culdees of the twelfth century are painted in even more odious colours than the Scots of the eleventh, and it helps us to determine what weight to attach to the charges against the latter to find that the former are accused of being plunged in the same barbarity and impiety with the Scots, simply because they preferred the apostolic usages of the primitive church to the Roman inventions of later times. St. Bernard, speaking of the Reformation set on foot by Malachy when he became Bishop of Connor, says, "Then this man of God felt that he was appointed not over men but over beasts. Never before had he met with men in such barbarity; never before had he found men so stubborn against morals, so deadly to rites, so impious against faith, so savage to laws, so stiff-necked against discipline; Christians in name, pagans in reality. Not one could be found who would pay tithes or first-fruits; make confessions; ask for penances, or give them; or contract lawful marriages. What was the champion of God now to do? . . . At length, however, the fierceness yields, the barbarism begins to give way; savage rites are done away, and the Roman rites are introduced; the usages of the church are everywhere received, the sacraments are duly celebrated, confessions are made, concubinage disappears; and in short all things are so changed for the better that, today, we may well say of that nation, ‘Those which in time past were not a people are now the people of God.’ " [15] This is conclusive as regards the barbarity of which the Scotch and Irish churches of that age were accused. That barbarity consisted in their scriptural simplicity. Their accusers, who saw nothing barbarous in transubstantiation, with all that is implied in it. Were shocked to see the Supper administered in the simple elements of bread and wine. In their eyes no barbarism was equal to this.

This conference in the royal palace of Dunfermline was emphatically

the "hour of temptation" to Scotland and her Church. Whether shall the faith of Iona or the authority of Rome henceforth govern the land? Shall Scotland forget her past? Shall she say that Columba was an impostor? That the glory of Iona was an illusion and a mockery, and that only now had the true light risen upon the Scots? This was the question to which Scotland was invited to return an answer in the royal chamber at Dunfermline. All that royal authority, queenly blandishment, ecclesiastical prestige, and trained dialect skill could do to overawe the Culdee pastors and influence their decision was done. To abide by Iona was to incur the frown of power, and invite a future dark with persecution. To go over to Rome was to open the road to preferment and honour. The temptation in Eden seemed to have renewed itself in the conference chamber of Dunfermline. The Culdees had been led, as it were, into a garden in which grew all manner of fruits pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste of ambitious ecclesiastics. They were shown in prospect, dignities, titles, princedoms, bishoprics, emoluments, in short, all the golden fruits which adorn the trees that flourish on the Seven Hills, and drink of the waters of the Tiber. What fascination and enchantment must the goodly show now summoned up before their eyes have possessed for these unsophisticated pastors, "these dwellers beyond the bounds of the habitable world!" They were invited to pluck and eat, and were assured that in the day that they did so, their eyes would be opened and they would understand all mysteries and be replenished with celestial potencies and heavenly graces. The Temptress was a queen. We see her hold out the golden apple. Will the Culdees accept it? When the curtain falls on the scene, the religion of Rome is seen to be that of the Scottish court, but not as yet that of the Scottish nation.

Endnotes

1. *Life of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland*, by Turgot, Bishop of St Andrew's, translated from the Latin by William Forbes-Leith, S.J., p. 61. Edinburgh, 1884.
2. Turgot's *Life of St Margaret*, p. 61.
3. Ibid. p. 63.
4. Turgot's *Life of St. Margaret*, p. 44. Letter of Lanfranc to Queen Margaret, *Migne Patres Latini*, Saec. xi. col. 549.
5. Turgot's *Life of Margaret*, p. 44.

6. Turgot's *Life of St. Margaret*, p. 45.
7. Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, Part I., chap. vii. P. 175. Lond., 1672.
8. Turgot's *Life of St Margaret*, pp. 49, 50.
9. *Hist. Eccl*., Lib. vi., c. 8. See also Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, Part I., chap. vii.
10. Turgot's *Life of St. Margaret*, p. 57.
11. Alcuin, Epist., 26. *Usher citante*.
12. Bernard's *Life of Malachy*, c. 8.
13. Sedul. On Romans, chap. i. Quod donum quidem sit, non tamen spirituale, ut nupitae.
14. Turgot's *Life of St Margaret*, p. 48.
15. Bernard's *s*, chap. viii

CHAPTER XIV.

GLIMPSES OF THE COLUMBAN CHURCH IN THE MIDDLE AGES—EASTER CONTROVERSY—FALL OF IONA.

To trace a continuity of action and influence on the part of the Church of Columban from the days of its founder to the period of the Reformation is a labour specially inviting, but it is one the difficulty of which is at least equal to its interest. The traces which that Church has left in the written records of the land in which it flourished and which it redeemed from barbarism are faint, and sometimes they are not even discernible. It is invasion and war that come to the front, and the religion of the early Scotland falls into the background. The expert and industrious scribes which flourished in the sixth and two following centuries do not appear to have occupied themselves much with contemporary history. They did not foresee, or if they foresaw they did not take means to satisfy, the intense desire their sons of a later would feel to know what sort of country Scotland was in respect of its church ordinances and its family religion ten or twelve centuries before they opened their eyes upon it. These men were too busy transcribing copies of the word of God for the instruction of their flocks and the evangelisation of their nation—for every monastery had its scriptorium—to devote much time to what did not bear upon the great and special work of their day. And when the time came that the places of the Columban scribes were taken by another and very different class of penmen—who knew little of Columba, and did not care to remember the benefits he had conferred on Scotland—the past was permitted to drop out of the minds of men. Hence it has come to pass that from the end of the eleventh century till the opening of the sixteenth ecclesiastical Scotland, that is, in the Columban and evangelical sense, is comparatively a blank.

Still it does not admit of a moment's doubt that the great Missionary Institute planted by Columba in the middle of the sixth century (563), and which we find spoken of for the first time in the reign of King Gregory (about 880) as the "Scottish Church," kept its footing in the land, in the midst of rebellious mormaers and ravaging Vikings, alleviating the miseries it could not prevent, and from its hidden seat at the foundation of the Scottish nationality, sending forth from century to

century a perennial stream of civilising influence, which did more to cement the nation into one, than either the union of its blood, or the union of its arms, and which to its individual men was a purifying faith in life, and a sure hope in death; whether it chanced that their last moments were passed on the bed of peace, or, as too often happened, on the field of battle. As we traverse the centuries that intervene between the union of the Picts and Scots and the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and again those that divide the reign of Malcolm from that of James V., we light at intervals on the historic traces of the ancient Scottish church, and find her, whether existing in an organised form, as during the first of the two periods we have mentioned, or broken into little communities, and simply tolerated, as during the second period, still resting on her old foundations, and maintaining undeviatingly an attitude of protest against Rome. Shut up in the cloisters of St. Andrews and Lochleven, or in places more remote and obscure, stript of lands and made pensionaries on the royal bounty, these solitary Columbites nevertheless refused to be folded in the church which Queen Margaret had set up, and which had its head on the Seven Hills. They, on the contrary, gloried to trace up their descent to that venerable church which had its cradle in Iona. Let us construct the historic line so far as the meagre materials at our service put it in our power to do so.

The golden age of the Columban Church in Scotland extends from the middle of the sixth to the end of the seventh century. These one hundred and fifty years were eminently the formative period of the Scottish nation. They put that ineffaceable stamp upon its character and destinies which the following centuries only helped to develop or to deepen, and which the nation still retains. The events that made that period famous were notable indeed. They were the founding of the great mission school of Iona; the establishment of the national independence of the Scots; the conversion of the northern Picts to Christianity; and the planting of branch houses of the Columbite Institute throughout the country so as to effect a permeation, more or less complete, of the whole land with civilising and Christianising influences. There is perhaps no period of equal duration in our country's history that witnesses so immense and so beneficial a change in its condition as this century and a half saw effected upon it. It found the Scots in comparative barbarism, it left them in the enjoyment of the light of letters and the higher blessings of religion.

Moreover, it fired its sons with a zeal which sent them forth in crowds into distant lands to spread the knowledge of the Word of God and the fame of that country which was doing so much to circulate it among the nations of northern Europe. With such brightness shone the early day of the Church of Iona.

The first ebb in the fortunes of that Church took place under the presidency of Adamnan. Adamnan was essentially a superstitious man. We owe him thanks for his "Life of Columba;" we should have owed him still warmer thanks had he shown himself as anxious to maintain pure and undefiled the theology of Iona as he was to publish the fame of its founder. Adamnan paid a visit to Northumbria at a time when the Romanism of Canterbury and the Evangelism of Iona were contending with each other for the mastery in that part of Britain. Predisposed thereto, Adamnan caught the foreign infection, and returning to his island monastery, he sought to persuade his brother "elders" to remit somewhat of their singularity, and to conform to certain usages which he had seen in the south, and which had not a little caught his fancy. These customs were of no great moment in themselves, but they derived importance from the fact that they were universally regarded as symbols of vassalage to the Roman See. Adamnan not only failed to induce his brethren to surrender their independence by adopting these new and foreign customs; he awakened in them such mistrust of his sincerity, and such irritation against himself, that he deemed it prudent to withdraw from the monastery, although their abbot, and retired to Ireland. From this event dates the downfall of Iona.

With the opening of the eighth century comes marked decadence in the Columban Church. Calamity after calamity in rapid succession now came upon Iona, and an Institution which had filled Northern Europe with its disciples and its fame was in no long time morally defunct, and its buildings a blackened ruin. First the unity of its family was broken by internal dissensions and heart-burnings. This was the legacy left them by Adamnan. Three years after Adamnan’s death (704) we find for the first time two abbots presiding over Iona. One Ducadh by name, was a descendant of Conall Gulban, the tribe to which Columba belonged. The other was from a line with which the founder of the abbacy had no connection, and in which till now no abbot had arisen. We cannot explain

this on any other supposition than that of a schism in Iona, occasioned by the attempt of Adamnan to introduce Roman customs into the brotherhood. There were plainly two parties, each with an abbot at its head: a Romanising party, and a party that still adhered to the old traditions of their church, that is to the rule and theology of Columba. This dual government continued till Iona finally fell.

The next calamitous event in the history of the Columban Church was the perversion of Nectan or Naiton, King of the Picts, in the year 710. Naiton, enlightened by letters sent him by the Abbot of Jarrow, Northumbria, saw that he and his nation had been in grievous error on the question of Easter. They had all along been celebrating the festival of our Lord's resurrection on the wrong day. He saw, too, that this great national transgression was aggravated by the heterodox tonsure in use among his clergy. They shaved their heads as Columba and his brethren had shorn theirs, that is from ear to ear across the forehead, and not on the crown, as Rome exacted of her priests. The monarch issued immediate orders for a reformation on both points. In his dominions Easter must not be celebrated save according to the Roman reckoning, nor must cleric be seen with head shorn otherwise than after the Roman pattern. So did Naiton command. The decree had this good effect: it brought out the fidelity and the courage of the Columban pastors in the region of the Picts. The compliance required of were not difficult: these might even with some show of reason be held to be of small significance, they involved no abandonment of any principle of creed, only a change of outward rite. The northern clergy might have sheltered themselves under the example of Adamnan, who had prevailed on some of the brethren in the parent institution of Iona to fall in with these customs. They might say we may surely do at the bidding of our king what these others have done at the bidding of their abbot. But no, the Pictish clergy took a different and much more serious view of the matter. They regarded compliance with the royal decree as an abandonment of their ancient traditions, and a surrender of the position they had occupied as protesters against a church which was becoming arrogant in proportion as she was becoming corrupt, and they resolved, rather than be guilty of conduct so unworthy and dishonourable, to brave the penalty of disobeying the royal command. That penalty was expulsion from the dominions of Naiton. The whole body of the northern clergy were driven across Drumalban

by the king, and took up their abode in the territories of the Scots. [1]

No details are given us of this great exodus. Our historians do not seem to have discovered its importance, and they have dismissed it with a simple mention of the bare fact. It appears to us, on the contrary, to let in a flood of light on the state of the Scottish church and nation in the eighth century. It is one of the most significant, as it is undoubtedly one of the noblest epochs in the history of our early church. We witness with admiring surprise and profound thankfulness this grand sacrifice to conscience. We read in it a strength of a principle, a devotion to duty, and a readiness to do battle for the cause of truth, which attest the continued presence in the Church of Columba of a vigorous life, and a spirit of martyrdom. And farther, we can reason from the disinterestedness and devotion of the pastors to the piety and knowledge of the flocks which they fed. In the humble huts of the common people, whatever the lives led in the hall of mormaer, there must have been many beautiful examples of piety and virtue.

Though no details have been given, we can imagine the privations, the sacrifices, and the suffering which were necessarily attendant on an enforced banishment on a scale so large. The monastic fabrics—the houses, chapels, schools, which the first Columbite pastors who settle in these parts had reared with their own hands, the fields around their establishments reclaimed from the desert by their diligent cultivation, the youth who had grown up under their eye, and whom they had instructed in a knowledge of letters, the flocks whom they tenderly loved, the graveyards were those whom they had led into the way of life slept in hope of a better resurrection, from all these the persecuting edict of King Naiton forcibly parted them. The pain of leaving so many loved objects was followed by the hardships incident to forming new settlements in a distant and less hospitable part of the country. The more we reflect on what we now see taking place in Scotland, the more we are convinced that the Church of Columba was still a power in the land, and had yet some centuries of usefulness before it. A church capable of such an act of heroism deserved the love and doubtless received the reverence of the population.

The arrival of the northern Columbite exiles amid the western mountains

of the Scots must have helped to strengthen the hands of those who in the territories lying to the west of Drumalban were seeking to stand on "the old paths." But their exodus must have sadly tended to the spiritual impoverishment of the northern and eastern portions of Scotland. We are not told to whom the deserted flocks turned for instruction after their pastors were driven across Drumalban. Possibly Naiton sent them clerics whose heads were shorn after the approved fashion if their qualifications were but slender. He might find such among the southern Picts, where Adamnan had founded some monasteries on a laxer basis, and where it is to be presumed his influence and spirit were more felt than in the territory of the northern Picts, which was the chief seat of the oldest Columban houses. The lands which had belonged to the exiled clergy would be seized by laymen, and their spiritual duties would be assigned to clerics who had conformed. This was what had taken place in a previous case of expulsion, but on a smaller scale. When the missionaries of Iona were expelled from Lindisferne, about eighty years before, their temporal possessions were appropriated by laymen who thrust in ignorant and immoral priests in their room, and the consequence was, as Bede informs us, an outbreak of frightful disorders in the abbey and convents of Northumbria. [2] If we had a Bede among the northern Picts to tell us what happened after the expulsion of the Columban clergy, in all probability we should have had the sad picture of Northumbria presented to us over again. We should have read of the ignorance and immorality, the careless shepherds and the famished flocks, which began henceforth to overspread Pictavia.

This we know, the civil confusions and troubles were immediately consequent upon the expatriation of the clergy by Naiton. There had been peace between Pict and Scot for a century. The sword was sheathed when the conversion of the northern Picts by Columba made the two nations of one faith. But now came "war in the gates;" fierce battles began again to rage between Pict and Scot, and the strife went on till the union of the two nations took place, when the sword was again returned to its scabbard, and the descendants of the Columban clergy who had been driven out by Naiton were invited to recross Drumalban, and resume their functions in what had been Pictavia, but was now Scotland,

We must turn for a few moments to another matter. The controversy

respecting Easter is one of the more famous in ecclesiastical history. It was eminently one of the battlegrounds between the Eastern and Western Churches in the early centuries. The controversy reached Scotland in the eighth century, having been brought hither by the Romanizers from Canterbury, who wished to impose their mode of celebration upon the Columban clergy. It was the door by which the followers of Columba would enter the great Western Church. But as the majority of the Columbites had no desire to be included in the pale, or to have any close connection with the Roman bishop, they declined compliance with a rite which was universally interpreted as a badge of Roman servitude. The controversy was therefore as hotly waged almost in Scotland as in the churches of Asia and Europe. It is necessary we should understand a little of the merits of this question.

All Christians commemorate the resurrection of our Lord when they observe the Sabbath or first day of the week as a day of sacred rest and holy worship. Many Christians account that, in the observance of the weekly Sabbath, they discharge all the obligations laid upon them in this matter in the New Testament. But since the second century the Church, in addition to this weekly celebration, has commemorated the resurrection of our Lord in a grand annual festival, after the example of the Jews, who kept their Passover once a year, in commemoration of their birth as a nation in their deliverance from Egyptians bondage. It was judged decorous that this festival should be observed by all Christian churches throughout the world on the same day. It was at this point that division and strife entered. The Eastern Church kept Easter on the same day on which the Jews had celebrated the Passover; that is, they kept it on the fourteenth day of the first moon after the vernal equinox, even though that day should be an ordinary weekday. The Western Church, on the other hand, observed Easter on a Sabbath, or first day of the week, that being the day on which our Lord rose, and never on a weekday. The first Sabbath after the fourteenth day of the vernal or paschal moon was the day of Western observance. The Eastern Church pleaded the example of the Jews, who kept the Passover only on the fourteenth of the month Nisan, but the Western Church refused the authority of that example, and denounced the oriental Christians for celebrating the resurrection on what they deemed the wrong day, as almost a heinous offenders as if they had denied the fact of the resurrection altogether.

Conferences were held between the Eastern and Western Churches, embassies were exchanged, excommunications were threatened, but the scandal of two different celebrations was not removed. The war went on till Constantine ascended the throne, and got a decree passed in the Council of Nice, ordaining that henceforth Easter should be observed East and West only on Sabbath, or first day of the week. [3]

Even yet perfect conformity was not attained. A new point emerged, which continued for some centuries to agitate all Christendom, and baffle all attempts to find a basis of adjustment. The authority of the Council of Nice could not control the laws that regulate the "times and seasons," and make the work in harmony with their decree. It required no great knowledge of the motions of the heavenly bodies to perceive that only once in a long cycle of years would the anniversary of our Lord's resurrection fall on precisely the same day; and unless the "time" of Easter was made moveable, according to a rule, in exact correspondence with the planetary laws, Christians, whether in the East or in the West, could not have the satisfaction of thinking that oftener than once or twice in their lifetime it was in their power to celebrate Easter on the true day, and enjoy the fulness of its orthodox benefits. It might happen to them to be right once in a cycle of nineteen years, or once in a cycle of eighty-four years, but more they dared not hope for. How was the rule to be determined by which the churches were to walk? What cycle of years must elapse before the Easter full moon would fall on the same day?

The astronomical science at the service of the age was hardly sufficient to enable the men of that time to answer this question. Nevertheless, repeated attempts were made to discover a cycle which should remove all discrepancies and unite the Church East and West in a grand celebration that should remove for ever this scandal. The Church of Rome thought she had discovered the basis of correct paschal celebration in a cycle of eight-four years. She followed this computation down to the sixth century. She found, however, after this long observance, that after all she was in error. The moons would not revolve according to her canon as they ought and would have done had her canon been infallibly accurate. But it was not infallibly accurate. The council which decreed the infallibility was as yet thirteen centuries below the horizon. The celebrations of the Eastern and Western Churches were not harmonised,

nor the war between them ended. Victor of Aquitane next approached the problem. He made trial of his skill in reconciling the Roman and Alexandrine methods of computation. He came nearer the mark than any of his predecessors, but even his canon of the paschal moons did not extinguish all discrepancies, nor reconcile the two churches. A solution, however, was not despaired of. In the year 567 Dionysius the Less drew up a paschal table on the basis of a nineteen years' cycle, which had the merit of extinguishing all inaccuracies and discrepancies. It was accepted by Rome and the churches of the East, and from this time the war languished and finally expired, and now was seen the imposing spectacle of all Christians throughout the world keeping the festival of Easter on the same day, and bearing united testimony the great fact of the Resurrection of our Lord—the cornerstone of Christianity.

But there were certain benighted or obstinate men in the heretical North who still clung to their old customs, and walked contrary in this matter to the universal Church. The Scots had received their Christianity from the East, and along with it the "time" of Easter celebration. They were Quartodecimans, as the phrase was, that is, Fourteenth-day men. Their practices corresponded with the Paschal table of Anatolius, Bishop of Laodicea in Syria, who had, in the year 277, drawn up a canon on the basis of the nineteen years cycle in which the 19th March was considered as the vernal equinox.[4] But this displeased that Church which now called herself the "mother and mistress of all Churches." She could not tolerate the slightest deviation from her own practice, and accordingly sent, as we have seen, her agents to the Scots, with her "scissors" in the one hand, and her "paschal tables" in the other, to impose upon them uniformity. Possible the Columban clergy would not have offered any very stout resistance to either the new "tonsure" or the new "Easter" had it not been for the sense which Rome put upon these matters. They were the symbols of submission, and therefore the "elders" of the Scots would not permit Rome to shear their heads, or to dictate to them in the matter of Easter. They had been free till now, and they would maintain their freedom. The battle between Iona and Rome had come to centre here. These were the two articles of the rising or falling of the Columban Church. We have seen Colman, whom Bede acknowledges to have been "a great bishop, and an eloquent preacher," demit his office as abbot of

Lindisferne, and his brother evangelists quit their mission fields in Northumbria rather than submit to these compromising customs. Rome followed them into their own country only to meet a like rebuff. When she issued her commands through King Naiton, we have seen the Pictish clergy rise up in a body and leave their country rather than own Rome as their mistress. When Adaman sought to draw the elders of Iona into these new paths, they at once repudiated his proposals, and disowned him as their abbot. When Egbert in 717 visited Iona on a like errand, hiding his dishonest purpose under a great show of sanctity, he prevailed, it is true, on the inmates of the monastery who had come to fill the places once occupied by worthier men, to conform to the Roman Easter, and, in two years after, to receive the coronal or Roman tonsure. Thus the paschal tables and the scissors of the Pope triumphed in the parent institution, but the victory here was of small account.

The sceptre had departed from Iona before these degenerate "elders" did obeisance to the Roman Bishop. Iona was no longer the guiding and governing power it had been in the sixth and seventh centuries. The real Iona—the life, the piety, the independence which the symbolic term "Iona" expressed—had passed over to the daughter institutions on the mainland, which stood upright when the parent institution fell. Iona was now a house divided against itself; it had two abbots, as Romes at time had two popes. The din of dissension was oftener heard within it than the chant of psalm. It sought to serve two masters by mingling the traditions of Columba with the customs of the Pope. It dragged out an unhonoured existence till the end of the century. Its abbots followed each other rapidly to the grave. Popish historians have toiled to discover and record their names. It is a fruitless labour in which we shall not follow them. Scotland owes these men nothing, and is willing to forget them. While the parent institution had become like a tree whose sap is dried up and whose leaf is withered, the branches that had shot out from it in its flourishing age were spreading wide and far over the kingdoms. In what land of northern Europe were the Culdee missionaries at that time not to be met with? Iona, the true Iona, was not the monastery, or the island, or the little company of "elders' now wearing the Roman tonsure; it was the great army of preachers who were traversing France, and Germany, and the Rhine provinces, and invading even Italy, and maintaining a great and successful war against the pagan darkness from

which certain of these countries had not yet emerged, as also against the papal darkness which was creeping over others. In giving this army of evangelists to Christendom, what a mighty service had Iona rendered to the world! For this end had Iona been raised up. Its work was now accomplished. Corruption had now seized upon the parent stock; and if it had become unsightly, and leafless, and had ceased to produce, who that remembered Columba, and the "elders" of Iona's golden age, but would have said, "Let that defunct institution be removed from the sight of men." That fiat went forth to cut down the barren tree. Across the sea came the Viking to execute this sentence. He did so in cruel fashion as his manner was.

In 795 the Danes fell upon Iona and devastated it. In 802 their hordes returned, and it was burned to the ground. It was the original wooden monastery which Columba and his twelve companions had reared on their first arrival in the island that was now given to the flames. Four years later (806) the Danes paid Iona another visit and dealt it its final blow.[5] On this occasion its whole community was put to the sword, and Abbot Cellach alone escaped to tell the people of Ireland that the famous monastery of Columba was fallen, was fallen, and now was nothing more than a heap of ashes.

Endnotes

1. *Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 74; A.D. 717. Expulsio familiae Ie trans dorsum Britanniae a Nectono reg. Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. Pp. 117, 178.
2. Bede, *Hist.*, i. 195.
3. Socrates, *Hist. Eccl.*, i. 9; Eusebius, *Vita Const.*, iii. 17.
4. Bellesheim's *History of the Catholic Church of Scotland*, vol. i. 135 Edin., 1887.
5. *Annals of Ulster*, Ann. 806. "Familia Iae Occiasa est a gentibus."

CHAPTER XV.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE CHAIR OF COLUMBA—THE ONE BISHOP OF ALBAN—A GREAT TEMPEST IN WHICH SCOTLAND DOES NOT SINK.

Iona has fallen, and yet Iona lives and flourishes. The great evangelical work inaugurated by Columba goes on despite the defection of the fathers of the monastery, and the devastation accomplished by the fire and sword of the Danes. The power of the latter to destroy extends no farther than to the material fabric of Iona; they have no power over the grand missionary spirit which the fabric enshrined. That spirit is not tied to this or to any spot of earth. If it shall continue to linger round the grave of Columba, and haunt the scene of his earthly footsteps, it will by and by become a fetish, and draw men into the debasing worship of material objects and dead men's bones. It is better that it should be set free from temples and tombs, that it may be able to put forth its mighty expansive force, and show that its power is wholly spiritual, and not dependent upon any man however holy, or any spot of earth however sacred. The tendency of the age was to connect holiness with certain men and certain things. That tendency was growing stronger every century. The fire and sword of the Dane came to counteract that tendency. The remedy was a drastic but a much needed one, though we fear it was but little appreciated by the men of that day.

We have come to the ninth century, but we have not come to the close of the career of the Columban Church. Her footprints are still distinctly traceable. She is still a powerful organisation, despite the troops of Romanisers which from across the Tweed are invading the country and laying siege to Iona. At home we see her struggling to maintain her ancient independence and preserve the scriptural faith of her people in the face of hostile edicts and of many painful sacrifices. On the continent of Europe we behold her putting forth still mightier efforts, as if resolved by her foreign conquests to compensate for the losses and defeats she is beginning to experience at home. We see her spreading the light over vast areas, combating the darkness all round, civilising barbarous tribes, permitting neither the inhospitable plain nor the stormy ocean to turn back her steps, and pushing on into the lands of the Viking, and taking

revenge for his many bloody raids into her own native country by enriching the lands under his sway with the blessings of the gospel.

This untiring and hopeful energy on the part of the Columban Church has been certified to us by many concurring testimonies. No small portion of the evidence that attests the continued action of the Columban Church has been supplied by Rome herself, and it is perhaps not the least convincing and conclusive portion of it. Against what society is it that the Rome of that day enacts her decrees and fulminates her excommunications? It is not against the Church of Columba, with her missionaries and her customs so diverse from that of Rome? Either Rome imposed upon the men of that day when she directed her councils to promulgate these edicts, or she now imposes upon us when she would have us believe that at the period when the edicts were concocted and fulminated the Columban Church had sunk into significance and was just passing from the stage. If, as has of late been repeatedly and boldly asserted, it was a fact that the Columban Church by this time had the locks of her strength shorn, and was giving signs of speedily disappearing from view altogether, would Rome have given herself so much concern and trouble about her? Would she not have seen that her true policy was to permit her great rival and antagonist to quit the field without observation, and pass out of the remembrance of the world? Her fears would not permit the Roman Church to maintain this prudent silence. She must be perpetually thundering against the Columbites, repudiating the orders of their clergy, denying the efficacy of their sacraments, and by this course of procedure drawing deep and broad the line of distinction and separation between herself, so genuinely apostolic, and this body which followed perverse customs and was cut off from Peter. Do we not find Rome expelling them from the kingdoms where she was dominant, in short, taking every means in her power to make it plain that she was sensible of the life and vigour that still existed in the Church of Columba, and that, while affecting to despise, she in reality hated that church as a rival, and dreaded her as a foe. This attitude on the part of Rome towards the Columban Church is sufficient proof of its continued organization and influence. It is an attitude of antagonism in both doctrine and rite. Rome distinctly tells her northern rival, "Your faith is not my faith, nor is your worship my worship."

It was a long way from the shores of Iona in the western sea to Chalons-sur-Saone in France. But long as the way was, it was often trodden by the foot of Culdee missionary. We have this fact under the hand of a council of Romish ecclesiastics which met in the city in the year 813. Among other matters the question of the orders of the Scottish missionaries came up for discussion. The decision of the council was that these orders were invalid on the ground that they had no metropolitan, and that it was unknown through whom their orders had been derived. The council had no assurance of their having come through a Roman channel, and they could recognise no other as apostolic.

It would seem at first sight as if a council sitting at Chalons-sur-Saone went out of its way to deal with this matter. Yet a moment's reflection will show that the question was one that deeply concerned its members. The Culdee evangelists had, for nearly two centuries, been busily at work in France. They had planted stations on the banks of the Clain beside Poitiers, and now they had appeared on the banks of the Saone, and were making numerous conversions. It was this that alarmed the fathers now assembled in the city which is washed by the Saone. Their flocks were in danger, and they could not do less than warn them against the heretical doctrines and spurious sacraments of the men on whose heads had never come the hands of Roman Bishop nor the scissors of Roman pontiff. [1]

We meet a like occurrence three years later. In 816 a council of Anglo-Saxon bishops was held at Celcyth, south of the Humber. The English council follows in the wake of the French one. They repudiate the orders of the Scottish clergy, and interdict them from administering the sacraments or performing any priestly act in England. [2] The Columban clergy were just as willing to claim relationship with the Romans as the Roman ecclesiastics were to own connection with the Columbans. This mutual antipathy came out in rather a curious way at an earlier period. In 604, Bishops Laurentius, Mellitus, and Justus were deputed by the Pope to visit Britain. They expected to find there a people that walked in the ways of the universal Church. On arriving in England, however, they were mortified to discover that the Britons did not come up to the expectations they had formed of them. But they comforted themselves with the thought that they would find the Scots, who had a high repute

for sanctity, more observant of the Roman customs. They found, on the contrary, as we learn from Bede, that they had made a second and greater mistake.[3] The missionary from Iona, Daganus, would not eat at the same table with the Pope's bishops, nor sit in the same apartment with them. The farther northward they journeyed the stronger they found this mutual repugnance and aversion, and the broader the separation between the disciples of Iona and the partisans of Rome. The instinct of both parties kept them apart. They refused to amalgamate.

Even in the thick darkness that shrouds Scotland at the beginning of the ninth century, the Church of Columba does not pass wholly out of sight. We feel her influence and action even when we cannot see her. We have seen how the Columban clergy were expelled from the dominions of the Picts in the previous century, for refusing obedience to King Naiton's decree enjoining upon them conformity to Rome. Subsequent events show that their expulsion was resented by the people, and that the measure was unpopular. A few years after, King Naiton was driven from his throne. We have a yet more decisive proof that the hearts of the people went with their religious instructors, now sent into banishment, and that they continued to cherish the hope of their recall. When Kenneth Macalpin ascended the throne of the united nation, one of his first acts was to bring back the Columban pastors—that is, the descendants of the men who had been driven out—and restore them to their old position in the Pictish territories. The policy of Kenneth was dictated obviously by the hope of strengthening himself with his new subjects. He appears also to have taken steps to revive the Columban houses in Lothian, originally founded by evangelists from Iona, but latterly fallen into decay owing partly to the wars with England, and partly to the ascendancy of the Roman Church in Northumbria.[4] We see in these measures a tribute to the influence of the Church of Columba, and a proof that it was still a power in the country.

The removal of the chair of Columba (850) from Iona to Dunkeld within the territories of the Picts has also its significance. Kenneth decreed that there should be the centre of the Church for the whole Kingdom. The spot was well chosen, lying midway between the eastern and western boundaries of his kingdom. Some relics of Columba were brought hither at the same time to give prestige and sanctity to what Popish writers

love to call the "Primatial See" of Scotland. It was easier translating the relics than the spirit of Columba to the newly-founded primacy, and it was easier to give a high-sounding name to this chair than to invest it with the spiritual power it possessed when it stood at Iona and was filled by Columba. The Abbot exercised from Dunkeld the same titular presidency which Columba had held at Iona, but without his moral dignity, which was now irretrievably departed from the Scottish abbots. At Dunkeld the chair of Columba was not far from the royal residence. Why were the kings of Alban so desirous of having the chair of the great founder of the Scottish church in close proximity with their throne and capital? Obviously because they felt that the veneration in which the memory of Columba was still held by the Scottish people made is a support to their power. They found the Columban Church the mainstay of their throne.

The chair—the term is a figure—was continued only a short time at Dunkeld. In the reign of Constantine, the son of Kenneth, who succeeded to the throne in 863, it was removed to Abernethy. Its establishment here shed a brief gleam upon this ancient seat of Pictish royalty. Even yet it had not found a permanent resting-place. Before the century was out it underwent a third removal. We now behold the chair or Columba, somewhat damaged, we fear, in prestige by these frequent translations, established at St. Andrews. This place had acquired, even at this early day, a sort of mysterious importance, which made it stand out from the other cities of Scotland. The line of its ecclesiastical history, as one attempts to trace it up, becomes lost in a haze of fable and wonder which monkish legends have thrown around it. This made it a fitting site for a chair which depended for its influence and authority more on the memories of the men who had sat in it aforetime than upon any substantial powers and jurisdictions which were lodged in it now. Both Wyntoun and Bower tell us that Cellach was the first to occupy it on its removal to St. Andrews. He sat in it under the title of *Epscop Alban*, or Bishop of Alban. Beside him other bishop there was not in Scotland. We shall return to Alban's one bishop immediately.

The Alban of King Constantine and Bishop Cellach was comprehended between the Forth and the Spey. These two rivers formed the boundaries of Scotland at the opening of the tenth century. As respects the region

on the south of the Forth, it was shifted about and passed from master to master by the ever-changing tide of war. Now it was subjected by the kings of Alban, and now it was dominated by the monarchs of Northumbria or of Wessex, the inhabitants meanwhile enduring painful vicissitudes and intolerable miseries. In the reign of Indulf (954-962), as we have already said, Edinburgh and the district between the Forth and the Avon were permanently joined to Scotland. In 1018 came the great victory of the Scots over the Northumbrians. The battle took place, as already noted, at Carham-on-the-Tweed. The slaughter was immense; the Northumbrian army was all but annihilated, a disaster of which a terrible presage had been given to the men of Northumbria by a comet which appeared for thirty nights in their sky. The effect of that great battle was the surrender to Malcolm, King of Alban, of the whole region south to the Tweed, which now became the southern boundary of the Scottish kingdom.

We turn to the North. The Spey was there the boundary of the kingdom of Alban in the tenth century. In the region beyond, that is in Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, the Norwegian Viking was master. The full rights of sovereignty, however, were never conceded to him, for the kings of Alban had always claimed these provinces as dependencies, and when their arms were strong, disputed possession with the Norwegians. In Orkney and Shetland reigned Sigurd "the Stout." There the power of the kings of Norway was more firmly established than on the mainland where their government was more an assertion of dominion over the native mormaers than a substantial sovereignty.

The Norwegian and Danish irruption swept round Cape Wrath and descended along the coast. The invaders established their dominion over the islands in the western sea, and the chain of their possessions extended as far south as to include the isle of Man, over which, however, they were able to exercise only an intermittent sovereignty. Thus it came to pass that Scotland was begirt on the north and on the west with a Norwegian zone, and only by being ever on the alert and ready for battle, was it able to preserve the body of its territory intact and its throne independent. But the little kingdom did not fare worse in this respect than other and greater nations. The tenth century was universally a time of commotion and change. The fever of invasion and conquest which

five centuries before had precipitated the Goths upon the Roman Empire, appeared to have broken out anew, and was stirring the nations in the East and in the North into frightful tumult and savage war. The Saracens in countless hordes had burst into the south of Europe, and their victorious arms had conquered Spain, overrun the south of France, and were threatening even Italy. At the other extremity of the Continent, the Danes and Norwegians, less cultured in art than their contemporary warriors from the deserts of Arabia, but not less expert in war, were spreading terror and conquest over the northern kingdoms, and restoring the reign of barbarism and desolation. The kingdoms of the earth had become like the ocean when the great winds are abroad. In the midst of that raging sea was Alban in which Columba had lit his lamp, and in which it still burned, but though sore buffeted by the tempest, it was not submerged in its stormy billows. Other countries had their religion changed, the line of their kings cut off, and their population swept away, or so largely mixed with a foreign element as to be a new people; the Angles, the Saxons, and the Danes had conquered England; the Norman commanded in France, and the Moor was master in Spain, but Scotland retained its old Church, its old kings, and its old inhabitants.

Endnotes

1. Wilkins, *Concilia*, i. 170. "Incertum est nobis unde et an ab aliquo ordinenter. *Vide* Scottish Nation," vol. ii. 338, 339.
2. Labbe, *Concilia*, vii. 1281.
3. Bede, *Hist. Eccles.*, ii. 4.
4. Bellesheim, *History of the Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 215.

CHAPTER XVI.

EPOCHS OF REVIVAL IN COLUMBAN CHURCH.

We resume our brief sketch of the Columban Church during the pre-reformation ages. By the opening of the tenth century, King Constantine had established the ecclesiastical presidency, or if the reader prefer it, the "Primatial See," at St. Andrews. Cellach, as we have seen was "EPOSCOP" of Alban. [1] He was president, or abbot, or bishop of the Scottish Church; for it matters little by which of these titles we designate the occupant of that ecclesiastical post. He held the same rank and authority at St. Andrews which Columba did at Iona, only with vastly diminished prestige and influence. The writers of an earlier day would have styled him "abbot"; but those of whose lot it fell to chronicle the events of these times were beginning to be more familiar with the lofty Roman designations than with the humble Columban appellatives, and they speak of him as "bishop." What doubtless helped to bring about this change of title was that by this time the temporal possessions of the abbacies were being usurped by laymen, who assumed along with the title of abbot, leaving the alternative title of presbyter or bishop to the ecclesiastic who performed the spiritual duties of the abbacy. Cellach stood alone as president or bishop of Alban, for as yet there was no hierarchy in the country, nor for two hundred years after. A Roman pall had not been seen north of the Tweed, although in 638 that badge of episcopal authority had been sent by Honorius I. to Paulinus of York. We are not told who consecrated the "Bishop of Alban." Certainly Cellach's consecration did not come from Rome, for the Romans repudiated the orders of the Scottish clergy. The "Presbyters of Iona" ordained Aidan, Finan, and Colman, who were sent to evangelise in Northumbria, and who are spoken of by Bede as "bishops." May not the Presbyters or Culdees of St. Andrews have consecrated Cellach? The author of the "History of the Catholic Church of Scotland" makes an important admission when he tells us that, "if the consecration was canonically performed, three bishops must have assisted at it." [2] In those days when there was but on bishop in Scotland, it would not be easy to bring together three bishops in one place, unless indeed they were such bishops as were the evangelists we have named above to whom Bede gives the title of bishop, though no hands but those of the "elders of

Iona" had been laid upon their head.[3]

If we shall grant this, the difficulty involved in Cellach's consecration vanishes. Neither Bede or Bellesheim can pronounce the supposition inadmissible or even improbable, for in the Church of Rome, as in the Presbyterian Church, *Presbyter and Bishop* are on a level, inasmuch as both are comprehended in the same "order." The Church of Rome adheres in this point to the pattern shown to her in the New Testament when she makes her highest church officer the presbyter. The Pope himself is of the "order" of presbyter. It is a remarkable fact, not often adverted to, that in the Church of Rome there are seven orders of clergy, or church-officers, and the highest of these seven orders is the presbyter. So is it in the Roman Church to this day. The presbyter had been made to develop or branch out into several grades or ranks which take precedence the one of the other, but all are comprehended in the same order, and that order is the PRESBYTER. When we think how Rome professes to reverence the primitive constitution of the Church, and claims to follow it, we are entitled to hold this admission her part as a presumption at least in favour of the presbyter as the highest church-officer in New Testament times.

In noting the glimpses obtained of the Columban Church as we pass on in our historic survey we marked, as specially significant, the recall of the Columban clergy by Kenneth Macalpin, and their reestablishment in the eastern parts of Scotland and also in the Lothians. This we must regard as a national acknowledgment that the fathers of the men whom we now see brought back had suffered wrong when King Naiton, a century before, had driven them out of his dominions. It also warrants the conclusion that the conformist clergy, who remained in Pictland when their more faithful brethren took their departure, despite the influence of the court in their favour, had made but small way in the affections of the people. Their Roman tonsure, in the eyes of their flocks, was the ignominious badge of their servitude to a foreign master, and the heart of the nation still turned to the exiles beyond Drumalban as the true sons and servants of that Church which, in the days of Columba, had led their fathers out of the darkness of Druidism. The light, they remembered, had first shone upon them, not from Rome but from Iona.

The next noteworthy event in the history of the Columban Church is the enlargement of its liberties under King Gregory. The loss of the Church's purity has ever been accompanied by the loss of her liberty. The experience of the Columban Church under Naiton formed no exception to this rule. While the Pope shaved the heads of its clergy, the King taxed their lands. The first demanded spiritual homage, the latter imposed feudal burdens, and exacted lay-services. King Grig appears to have lifted off this heavy yoke, and at the same time enlarged, doubtless, their ecclesiastical immunities and freedom of action. Thus they found escape from the "Pictish bondage" in which Naiton had been the first to shut them up, and in which his successors, following his example, had retained them. This change in their position must have greatly reinvigorated them in spirit; it would fall like a dew upon their dead bones, and we can imagine with what activity and zeal they now gave themselves to the work of restoring to Scotland the aspect it had worn in better times, but which had been sorely defaced during the degenerate days which had of late passed over the country.

If we may reason from our experience in later times, part of the "bondage" in which the Pictish rulers held the Church was the interdiction of her councils. Those whose policy it has been to cripple or to overthrow the Church have commonly begun by denying to her pastors the liberty of meeting together for the purpose of holding mutual consultation, and taking combined action. The precedent of this policy is probably as old as King Naiton's days. If so, this restriction would come to an end with the rest of the Pictish thraldom. Accordingly, the next event which fixes our eye in this rapid survey of the fortunes of the Columban Church is the assembling in council of the clergy and laity of the Scottish Church on the Mote Hill at Scone. That this was a truly national gathering does not admit of doubt, for the highest civil and ecclesiastical authorities lent it their sanction. The King and Bishop were there.

We have already given considerable space to this Council, but it comes again before us as one of the revival epochs of the Columban Church. A "General Assembly" like this was truly a phenomenon in the tenth century. What we see on the Mote Hill is no assemblage of individual men, no gathering of clan or tribe in obedience to the summons of chief or mormaer. It is an organised body, conscious of inherent powers to

meet and deliberate and act. The source whence these powers spring is the "Faith" which is the common possession of the nation. This is the constituent principle of the council: it is this which has given it being, and the object of its meeting is the re-exhibition, in some form or other, of that Faith. Lord Hailes was of opinion that the Council met to compile and emit a "Confession of Faith." There is nothing improbable in this. Only, if such a manifesto was issued, it would not be a lengthy and systematic document like those known to the age of the Reformation, but a brief, simple, and elementary compend such as were common in the days of the primitive Church. The very holding of the Council, with its three days' discussion, was itself a national Confession of Faith. It would turn the mind of the people to the subject, and when the members returned to their homes they would publish in city and glen what had been said and done on the Mote Hill of Scone.

Between King Constantine and Malcolm Canmore there is an interval of about an hundred and fifty years. The Dane on the north and the Saxon on the south kept Alban during that period full of distractions. If battle ceased at the one extremity of the kingdom, it was sure to break out at the other. The sons of the soil were drafted away to fight on distant battlefields, and we fear that the warlike virtues rather than the Christian graces were the object of cultivation in those days. As the famous gathering on the Mote Hill receded into the distance, and the names and orations of its members became only a tradition, an ebb would set in the spiritual impulse which it had originated, and the Christian life would decline. It does not surprise us, therefore, that the Scottish Church passes out of view till the "Big head" ascends the throne, when it comes in sight once more, and is seen standing on its defence before Queen Margaret and the theologians of Lanfranc in the palace of Dunfermline. The silence of the Romish annalists, who have sung loud peans over the perversion of the little community in Iona, justifies us in saying that no great secession to the Romish Church had taken place meanwhile, and that the great bulk of the Columban clergy continued faithful to their ancient creed. The scandal their forms of worship gave to Queen Margaret, accustomed from her youth to the imposing ceremonials of Canterbury, and the accusations she brought against them, appear to us a tribute to their fidelity and constancy.

Nor does it appear that Queen Margaret gained any great victory as the result of this conference. Bishop Turgot, it is true, tells us that the Columban pastors answered nothing, by which we understand the bishop to mean, that they answered nothing which he could recognise as an answer to Margaret's arguments, or which he judged it prudent to record. He tells us also that from this time the eucharistic customs in Scotland were reformed, that is, in the Roman sense, but we have indubitable evidence that this was not the fact. Margaret's success lay in another direction. She could not convert the nation, or bend the obduracy of its benighted clergy, but she could build a magnificent cathedral, and install under its superb roof the Roman worship with becoming pomp. This she did. And further, she could do much by her zeal and tact, her high character, and her profuse charities, seconded as she was by the power of a husband who was passionately devoted to her, to turn the tide of fashion, which sways in religion as in other things, and bring men over from a church which clothed her clergy in woollen garments, and celebrated her eucharist at wooden tables, to a church that dressed her priests in robes of silk, and celebrated her festivals at marble altars, with the rich accompaniments of gold and silver vessels, of smoking thurifers, and intoned litanies and chants.

Turgot informs us that in the place where Margaret's nuptials were celebrated, that is, in Dunfermline, "she erected a noble church, which she dedicated to the Holy Trinity; and she decorated it with many ornaments, among which not a few of her gifts, which were designed for the most holy service of the altar, consisted of vases of solid and pure gold. She also introduced the crucifix into the Church, having presented one to this church richly ornamented with gold and silver, intermixed with precious stones, and similar crucifix she left to other churches as marks of her piety and devotion, of which the church of St. Andrews affords an instance, where a beautiful crucifix which she there erected is still to be seen." [4]

The transference of the Scottish population in a body from the Columban fold to the Church of Queen Margaret could be accomplished in only one of two ways. The first was a royal edict enjoining conformity in creed and worship, and enforcing it by the sword. Malcolm Canmore was too humane and magnanimous a prince to think of anything so harsh

and tyrannical. And had he attempted it he might have found the summary conversion of a people who had been long under Columban teaching, a task, more difficult even than his ancestor Kenneth MacAlpin found the subjugation of the Picts and their union with the Scots. The second way was to send preachers of the new faith over the land to persuade the people that Queen Margaret's was the better religion, and that the Columban faith was a worn out creed, which was now abandoned by the whole of Christendom, except by themselves. But where were these preachers to be found? If they wish to make any conversions they must discourse in Gaelic, for the Scots of that day understood no other tongue. To preach in Gaelic was precisely what the missionaries at Margaret's service could not do. King Malcolm could not act as interpreter to a whole nation, although his zeal to second his Queen's wishes for the conversion of the Scots made him willingly undertake this office at the conference in his own palace. Queen Margaret, therefore, was obliged to be content with having inaugurated her project of converting Scotland, leaving it to the slow but sure working of time, to the seductions and blandishments of the Court, to the powerful attractions of a sensuous worship, and to the example and influence of her Saxon followers, which were crowding every day in greater numbers into the country, to complete the change which she had begun, and the issue of which would be to add the land of Columba to the long roll of kingdoms which were already subject to the Papal sceptre.

What a happiness for Margaret to think that she should be the instrument chosen for accomplishing so great a work! What an honour to be the saviour of the country in which she had first set foot as a stranger, and to have her name linked in all time to come with one of the more brilliant triumphs of the faith, and one of the greatest victories of the Church! For such would be the suppression of the great Columban uprising to be accounted at Rome. This were object worthy of the holiest ambition: this were crown meet for the brow of the greatest saint—a crown of such surpassing brightness that, compared with it the crown of Scotland, in Margaret's estimation was but a worthless bauble.

Endnotes

1. "There are two lists of the Bishops of St. Andrews given to us," says Dr. Skene, "one by Bower, who was Abbot of Inchcolm, and the other by Wyntoun, who was Primate of Lochleven. These lists agree, and in both Cellach is given as first Bishop of St Andrews."—*Celtic Scotland*, ii. 324; *Scoti-chronicon*, B. vi. c. 24; Wyntoun, Chron., B. vi. c. 9. In the *Legend of St. Andrew*, it is said of the Bishops of St Andrews—"Sic et nunc quoque in vulgari et commune locutione Ecop Alkban, id est, Episcopi Albaniae appellantur."—*Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 191.
2. Bellesheim, *History of Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 102.
3. Bede, *Hist. Eccles.*, lib. iii. c. 22.
4. *Vita S. Margaretoe*, cap. iv.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CULDEES—THEIR ORIGIN—THEIR FUNCTIONS—THEIR DIFFUSION.

The period we have so rapidly traversed, that is from King Constantine to Malcolm Canmore, was a time of transition to the Columban Church. The monastic arrangement was being superseded by the order of secular clergy. We have already seen that when Columba began the Christianisation of Scotland, he proceeded on the plan of planting, at suitable sites, little colonies, or brotherhoods of trained missionaries, commonly twelve in number, with one to oversee the rest, who received the title of abbot or father. These spots were the basis of evangelistic operations on the surrounding district. That district was their parish or diocese, though as yet there was neither parish or diocese established by law in Scotland. In an unsettled and lawless state of society, as was the condition of Scotland when Columba began his labours in it, it was hardly possible to act on any other plan. Solitary missionaries or pastors were out of the question from the savage assaults to which they would be exposed. But not under a settled government, and with the nation Christanised, the necessity for this mode of operation was at an end. Accordingly the monasteries, as the Columban houses were often termed, are now seen to be in a state of dissolution: the apostolic "twelve" with their abbot, the image of the great Abbot at Iona, are disappearing: the "brotherhoods" are breaking up in many places, and their individual members are going forth to select their spheres of labour according to their own predilections, and as the necessities of the country may appear to them to demand.

Other causes acted along with this one in bringing abut a change of the old Columban arrangements. The religious houses were the first to be attacked when a Viking invasion took place. They owed this distinction, one, of course, which they did not covet, to the idea entertained by the Norsemen that such places contained store of treasure. If the brethren should disperse and live apart, they were not so likely to draw down upon themselves the northern lightnings. Besides, the tendency was growing to adopt the anchorite or solitary life as a higher form of spirituality, and one more acceptable to the Deity. Ever as the evangelic

idea declined and the self-righteous principle gathered strength, asceticism asserted itself. It filled the deserts of Sinai and Egypt in early times with crowds of men whose emaciated and hideous bodies were but the picture of their souls, overrun and defiled with all manner of spiritual maladies and sores. The disease was far from having reached this acute stage in Scotland; still we hear of anchorites seeking out caves by the seashore, or a separate cell in some island, [1]or a retreat in a landward desert, under the idea that in proportion as they were unserviceable to the world and to themselves, they were serviceable to the Church and to God. Another abuse of the times contributed, doubtless, to the dissolution of the Columban establishments. The abbeys waxed in riches till at length they became too great a temptation to be withstood by powerful laymen. They first set covetous eyes upon them, and finally they laid violent hands on the lands of the greater institutions. The powerful abbey of Dunkeld was dealt with in this manner and converted into a lay-earldom, the owner calling himself abbot, but leaving the spiritual duties to be discharged by the prior, while he himself put on a coat of mail and rode into the battlefield, and took his risks of life and limb with other mail-clad mormaers and armed knights.

It is at this period, that is, in the ninth and tenth centuries, that the Culdees prominently make their appearance. Romish writers have laboured hard to invest the rise of the Culdees with mystery, and break them off from the Columban stock, and establish for them an original and independent origin. They present us with a number of minute, curious, and legendary accounts to show how the Culdees arose, and what was their relation to the Church of Columba on the one hand and the Church of Rome on the other. They trace their first origin to the ascetics whom we have seen retiring to caves and solitary places, and there devoting themselves to the service of God in what they accounted the highest form of the religious life. These men were styled *Deicoloe*, that is, God worshippers. This was the name given them on the Continent, where, as we have seen in the course of this history, they proved themselves zealous and successful preachers of the Gospel. In Ireland they were styled *Ceile De*, which signifies *Servants of God*. The name given them in Scotland was Keledei, which has the same signification. These three names are applied to the same people, those even known in our common histories as the Culdees.

An interesting people were these *Ceile De*, and we should like to know the truth about them. Those who have a faith in the legends of the eighth and ninth centuries, speak as if the truth about the Culdees was to be learned only from these traditions. The Culdees, say they, were not the development or continuation of the Columban Church: on the contrary, their rise was the signal for the fall and extinction of that Church. They were a new body, projected through the old ecclesiastical strata of Scotland to the disruption and displacement of the old Columban system. The Culdees, they tell us, at their first appearance, lived separately as anchorites. In course of time they formed themselves into communities of anchorites or hermits. By-and-bye, that is in the ninth century, they were brought under canonical rule, and finally they were engaged as secular canons in conducting the services in the cathedrals. Such, in brief, is their history, as traced by those who regard them as a new order of clerics under the influence of the Roman Church, which superseded the Columban clergy.

The facts on which this theory is based are meagre indeed, and if they did not contain a hidden meaning, which the initiated only can perceive, they could not be accepted as warranting the conclusions drawn from them. The evidence resolves itself into three legends. The first is the legend of St. Servanus or Serf. This legend traces the genealogy of the Culdees through Oleath, son of Eliud, King of Canaan, and his wife Alphia, daughter of a King of Arabia. The worthy couple, long childless, were at last blessed with two sons, to the second of whom was given in baptism the name of Servanus. This Servanus came to Rome, carrying with him such a reputation for sanctity that he was elected pope, and reigned seven years. Vacating the holy seat, for what reason it is not said, the saint travelled through Gaul and England, and finally arrived in Scotland. Here he made the acquaintance of Adamnan Abbot of Iona, who showed him an island in Lochleven finely adapted for the foundation of a new order of monks. So rose the Culdees of Lochleven. It is one of the greatest instances of humility on record, a pope becoming abbot of a Scottish Culdee monastery, and fixing his seat in the island of Lochleven.

Some additional particulars regarding the founder of the Lochleven monastery are given us by Dr. Skene. In his island monastery, we are told, Servanus remained seven years. "Thence he goes about the whole

region of Fife, founding churches everywhere. The other places mentioned in his life in connection with him are the cave at Dysart, on the north shore of the Firth of Fourth, where he had his celebrated discussion with the devil, and where the memory of St. Serf is still held in honour; Tuligbotuan or Tullybothy, Tuligeultrin or Tillicoultry, Alveth and Atheren, now Aithrey, all in the district on the north side of the Forth, extending from Stirling to Alloa. The only other place mentioned is his 'Cella Dunenense.' Or cell at Dunning, in Stratherne, where he slew a dragon with his pastoral staff, in a valley stilled called the Dragon's Den."

"Finally, after many miracles, after divine virtues, after founding many churches, the saint, having given his peace to the brethren, yielded up his spirit in his cell at Dunning, on the first day of the Kalends of July; and his disciples and the people of the province take his body to Cuilenross, and there, with psalms and hymns and canticles, he was honourably buried." [2]

We have another form of this legend in an old Irish document. "In the tract on the mothers of the saints," says Dr. Skene, "which is ascribed to Aengus, the Culdee, in the ninth century, we are told that Alma, the daughter of the King of the Cruithnech, or Picts, was the mother of Serb or Serf, son of Proc, King of Canaan, of Egypt; and he is the venerable old man who possesses Cuilenross, in Stratherne, in the comgells between the Ochil Hills and the Sea of Guidan. . . .The Scotch part of the legend, like that of Bonifacius, is supported by the dedications; all the churches in the places mentioned in connection with him being dedicated to St. Serf. . . .There is in the chartulary of St. Andrews a memorandum of some early charters in the Celtic period, and one of them is a grant by which 'Bride, son of Dergard, who is said by old tradition to have been the last of the Kings of the Picts'—which however he was not—gives the isle of Lochlevine to the omnipotent God, and to Saint Servanus, and to the *Keledei hermits* dwelling there, who are serving and shall serve God in that island. [3]

The second legend gives us, with even more minute detail—in which we shall not follow it—the foundation of St. Andrews, with its monasteries and monks. We learn from it how it came that St. Peter, to

whom King Nectan dedicated his dominions after driving out the Columban clergy, lost his supremacy, and St. Andrew came in his room as the patron saint of Scotland. The legend begins with the crucifixion of St. Andrew at Patras. There his bones rested in the grave till the age of Constantine—that is, two hundred and seventy years. An angel appeared to Regulus, Bishop of Patras, and command him to exhume the relics of the apostle, and set sail with them to a land to be afterwards shown to him. After long voyaging, first among the Greek islands, and afterwards in more northern seas, Regulus came to a place where Hungus, King of the Picts, was about to engage in battle with Athelstan and his Saxons. Before the battle St. Andrew appeared to the Pictish King and promised him victory on condition of his dedicating his dominions to him. In virtue of the intercession of St. Andrew, the arms of Hungus were victorious, and he and the Picts vowed to hold the apostle "in honour forever." This legend, however, does not end here. Three days after the battle, Bishop Regulus is bidden by angels to sail northwards with the apostle's relics, and to build a church at the spot where it should happen to his vessel to be wrecked. "After many wanderings," says Bellesheim, reciting the legend, "they are cast ashore on the eastern coast of Scotland, at a place formerly called Muckross, but not Kyrlimont. Here (where St. Andrews grew up in latter times) Regulus erected a cross which he had brought from Patras; and King Hungus gave the place to God, and St. Andrew, his apostle, as a gift for ever. [4]

It is vain to look for accuracy of date in a legend. The reference to Constantine would fix the translation of the relics of St. Andrew to Scotland not later than the fourth century, but King Hungus did not reign till four hundred years after that date, namely, from 731 to 761. In a dream, the most incongruous and impossible occurrences do not in the least disturb us, or appear at all impossible, and neither ought incongruities and discrepancies to stumble us in a legend. "Some notion of the true date," says Bellesheim, "seems to have been preserved; for we read in one chronicle that in the year 761, 'ye relikis of Sanct Andrew ye Apostel com in Scotland,' a date which corresponds with the last year of the reign of the King Angus (MacFergus) mentioned in the legend. [5]

The legend consists of four parts, or rather four legends, and no little

ingenuity is required to make the four parts hang together, and form one consistent story. According to the third form of the legend, "Bishop Regulus, accompanied by holy men, direct their ships towards the north, and on the eve of St. Michael arrive at the land of the Picts, at a place called Muckros, but now Kylrimont, and his vessel being wrecked, he erects a cross he had brought from Patras, and remains there seven days and nights. . . .King Hungus then went with the holy men to Chilrymont, and, making a circuit round a great part of that place, immolated it to God and St Andrew for the erection of churches and oratories. King Hungus and Bishop Regulus and the rest proceeded round it seven times, Bishop Regulus carrying on his head the relics of St. Andrew, his followers chanting hymns, and King Hungus following on foot, and after him the magnates of the kingdom. . . . King Hungus gave this place, namely Chilrymont, to God and St. Andrew, his apostle, with waters, meadows, fields, pastures, moors, and woods, as a gift for ever, and granted the place with such liberty that its inhabitants should be free, and for ever relieved from the burden of hosting and building castles and bridges and all secular exactions. Bishop Regulus then chanted the Alleluia, that God might protect that place in honour of the apostle, and in token of this freedom, King Hungus took a turf in presence of the Pictish nobles, and laid it on the altar of St Andrew, and offered that same turf upon it." So far the legends relating to Lochleven and St. Andrews; but we are unable to see that they throw any light upon the point at issue, which is: were the Culdees a new order of monks in alliance with the Roman Church, and hostile to the old Columban clergy which they are held to have displaced?

This monkish generation, springing silently up in Scotland, and living as anchorites in seaside caves or landward deserts, were at length brought under canonical rule preparatory to their final end, which was, it is alleged, the subversion of a church whose clergy were neither tonsured after the Roman fashion, nor celebrated Easter according to the Roman reckoning. Of their subjection to rule, we have a highly poetical or symbolical representation. "like the *Deicoloe*, too, the *Ceile De* of Ireland were brought, early in the ninth century, under canonical rule. This important fact is found in the form of legend, in which, however, say the supporters of this theory, the historical germ is easily detected. The Irish annals record, under the year 811: ‘In this year the *Ceile De* came over

the sea with dry feet, without a vessel; and a written roll was given him from heaven, out of which he preached to the Irish, and it was carried upon again when the sermon was finished.'" [7]

The gloss of Bellesheim on this legend is as follows: "The date of the coming of this *Ceile De* was sixty-eight years after Chrodegang drew up his canonical rule; and it was subsequent also to the publication of the letter addressed by a certain *Deicola* to the *Deicoloe* all over the world, and only five years before the Council of Aix-la-Chapelle. The legend above quoted may therefore," says Dr. Bellesheim, "be reasonably interpreted to refer to the introduction into Ireland of the canonical, rule."[8] It may be so. There is a saying that truth dwells at the bottom of a well. This legend may be one of those wells in which the truth is pleased to hide herself, and were we to descend to the bottom of it we would doubtless be rewarded with a clear sight of the mystery. But, verily, the well is deep and its water muddy!

We do not presume to gainsay these venerable authorities. They are oracular voices from out of a very thick darkness, and it becomes us to hold our peace and let them speak. But were we to be allowed just a slight expression of feeling it would be to intimate a wish to have these three legends supplemented by a fourth, in order to make clear some things left dubious and even dark in the first three. On the supposition that the Culdees were friends of Rome who had taken the field against the Columban Church, the history of the four or five following centuries becomes full of enigmas. What, for instance, shall we say of King David I. He was a devoted son of the Church of Rome. No one has questioned his sincere attachment to her, which indeed he placed above suspicion by the benefactions which he showered on that Church in Scotland. One of his royal descendants complainingly remarked of him that he was a "sair sanct to the croun." But it is just as true that he was a "sair sanct" to the Culdees. History attests that he laid a heavy hand upon them, spoiling them of the few earthly goods left them, and in some instances driving them out of their abodes. How are we to explain this on the supposition that both the Culdees and King David were members of the Church of Rome and zealous supporters of her? Was King David acting a double part? Was he with one hand showering wealth upon the Church, and with the other dealing out stripes to some of her best children? If it

should please the Ceile De, who came over the sea with dry feet, without a vessel, in the year 811, to come back, he may perchance bring with him another roll containing a solution of this riddle.

But this is little compared with the difficulty we encounter when we turn our eyes to the continent. There a whole army of Culdee missionaries have gone forth and are taking possession of northern Europe. It is acknowledged by Romanists that the continental Culdees were a branch of the great Culdee family of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. [9] That this great army was Scotic—Scotic in birth, Scotic in dress, and in characteristics, history permits not to be doubted. In proportion as their sphere contracted at home, they turned in increasing numbers to the vast field opened to them beyond seas. In whose name do they wage this war? In that of Rome or in that of Iona? It was their boast that they had sat at the feet of the "elders" of Iona, and they made no secret of their mission, which was to preach the doctrine they had learned in that famous school, and which its founder had drawn from the unpolluted fountain of Holy Scripture. They adhered as closely to the instructions of Columba on the continent, as they had done in England, where, as Bede informs us, they taught "those things only which are contained in the writings of the prophets, evangelists, and apostles, diligently observing the works of piety and purity." [10] Selecting a suitable site, they set themselves down as a brotherhood, and went to work on the plan of Columba, exhibiting to the natives the whole economy of civilised life at the same time that they communicated to them the doctrines of the Christian faith. Their institutions stood out in marked contrast to the Roman confraternities. We have already traced them all over northern Europe, [11] and have seen them kindling the light in the midst of the immemorial darkness, planting centres of civilisation where till then had reigned an ancient and unbroken barbarism, sowing the seeds of knowledge in nations which they found shrouded in gross ignorance, and teaching the idolater to worship "Him who made the seven stars and Orion." This was the work of the Culdees. They claim to be judged by their works. The Rome of our day claims them as her allies. The Rome of their own day made no mistake regarding them. They were not born in her camp: they did not wear her livery" and she showed what she thought of them when she sent her agents with the English pervert Boniface at their head, to chase them from the continent and uproot the institutions they had founded.

What, then, is the truth about the Culdees? It is simply this, that the Church of the Culdees was a continuation of the Church of Columba. The preponderance of proof from history and from all the probabilities of the cases in favour of this proposition is overwhelming, while all attempts to establish the opposite theory are utter failures. It is to be considered that from the first the anchorite system had formed part of the Columban arrangements. It was customary for the brethren at stated seasons to retire to some solitary place, some isle or cave, for rest and meditation. The practice was analogous to the holiday of a modern clergyman. The hard-worked ministers of our cities find it good to become anchorites for a few weeks once a year and rusticate in our highlands or by the seashore. This was what the Columban clergy did, with this difference, that their seclusion was perhaps a little more strict than their successors of the present day deem it requisite to subject themselves to. When in process of time, and by the operation of the various agencies we have already explained, the Columban houses began to be broken up and the brethren dispersed, the number of solitaries or anchorites would be greatly increased. But though they now lived apart and had dwellings of their own, it does not follow that they would abandon the public duties of their office, which were to maintain the worship of God in the churches, and instruct their countrymen. They would rather feel it all the more imperative to keep up the practices of piety and the public acts of devotion. From amongst them little bands of missionaries were continually going forth into the foreign field, and, while caring for it, surely they would not permit the home field to sink into practical heathenism.

In the historic glimpses we obtain of them they are seen acting in this very capacity, that is, keeping up the service of God in the churches. What, then, so probable as that now they began to be known as *Ceile De*, [12] that is, the *servants of God*, all the more so that the name agreed so well with the fact. The church of Dunkeld was founded by Constantine, the son of Fergus, King of the Picts (810-820), that is, about thirty years before the union of the two nations. It is recorded by Alexander Mylne, a canon of that church in 1575, the Constantine placed there "religious men who are popularly called Keledei, otherwise Colidei, that is, God worshippers, who, according to the rite of the Oriental church, had

wives." Their office was to "minister," that is, to conduct the public worship of God; and such also was their function in the "church of St. Regulus, now at St. Andrew." [13] Not at the seats of the principal churches only were the Culdees of Columbites—for we have not met a particle of proof to show that they were different—congregated, but throughout the country there were still small communities of these religious men who maintained Divine service in their localities. In remote parts where there was only a single Culdee living solitarily, the public worship of God would not be permitted to fall into disuse.

Were we to enumerate all the places where Culdee establishments existed the list would be long indeed. Abernethy, Aberbrothoc, Montrose, Arbirlot, Brechin, St. Andrews, Dunfermline, Dull, Dunkeld, Mortlach, Blairgowrie, Ratho, Kinghorn, Lesmahagow, Applecross, Dornoch, Turriff, are a few centres of the Culdee family in Scotland. Around these were grouped smaller communities, too many to be here enumerated, with others now wholly forgotten. There were then no parishes and no tithes in Scotland; how, then, did this large staff of Culdee pastors subsist? By this time the bulk of their original endowments had been appropriated by laymen, and the chief means of subsistence left them were the voluntary offerings of the people. [14]

"The great religious establishments which existed in the middle of the ninth century were still kept up in the beginning of the twelfth, and with the exception of Iona, were all seats of the Culdees." [15] This is a most important admission, coming, as it does, from those who maintain that the Culdees were a new order of monks, different in faith and worship from the old Columban Church. The name Culdee does not appear till the year 800: it then represented, we are led to understand, only a few anchorites. But half a century afterwards the "great religious establishments," with the exception of Iona, "were all seats of the Culdees." How came a few anchorites in so short a space of time to fill the land? How came they to render the Roman doctrine so palatable to a people who had so long sought their spiritual food in the schools of Columba? How came they to plant themselves down on the old foundations of the Columbites, and enter possession of what remained of their lands and heritages? This implies both a civil and an ecclesiastical revolution. Where is the record of such a revolution? And further, how

came the Culdees to be objects of aversion and hatred to the same parties who had disliked and opposed the Church of Columba? Why did Queen Margaret adopt a policy of repression, and her son David I., a policy of extermination towards them? We do not see what rational answer can be given to these questions in accordance with the new theory of the Culdees. That theory has its birth in an earnest and, we do not question, conscientious desire to show that the line of Columba failed, that Iona after all had only a mushroom existence of two centuries, or so, and that Scottish Christianity had its rise not on the bare Rock amid the western storms, but on that imperial mount on which Caesars and Pontiffs have left their proud traces. With that view, however, one authority of no mean order refuses to concur. That authority is history. Her clear verdict is that the Culdees were no new sect of religionists, which had arisen on the soil, or had been imported from abroad; that they were the adherents of the old faith which had entered Scotland at a very early period, which after a time of decay had again shown out in greater brightness than ever in the mission of Columba, but becoming again obscured by Roman innovations had found maintainers of its ancient purity in the Culdees, the true sons of Iona, and the pioneers of the Reformation, the dawn of which they saw afar off, and which, as we shall afterwards show, some few of their number lived to welcome

Endnotes

1. These cells were of stone, without mortar, the walls thick and the roofs dome-shaped. They looked very like large beehives. A cell of this description, the abode most probably of some anchorite in the centuries under review, is still to be seen in Inchcolm, in the Firth of Forth. Anderson, Scotland in Early Christian Times, i. 69.
2. Skene, *Celtic Scotland,* iii. 257.
3. Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 258, 259. *Chron. Picts and Scots*, 201. Registrum Prioratus St. Andreoe, pp. 113-118.
4. Bellesheim, *Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 192.
5. *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*, p. 387; Bellesheim, *Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 196, 197.
6. Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 265, 266.
7. Reeves, *British Culdees*, p. 79.
8. Bellesheim, *Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 187, 188.

9. Bellesheim, *Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 184; Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, ii 252.
10. Bede, *Hist*., iii. 4.
11. *Hist. Scot. Nation*, ii., cap. xxvi., xxvii., xxviii.
12. "In the Gaelic, *Ceile* signifies a servant, hence *Ceile De*, the servants of God, De being the genitive of Dia, God."—Chalmers's *Caledonia*, book iii., p. 134.
13. Mylne, *Vitoe Episcoporum Dunkeldensium*, p. 4 ; Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 276.
14. The existence of Culdee establishments at all these places and at others is authenticated by the oldest existing records, viz., the Old Registry of Aberbrothoc, the Registry of the Priory of St Andrews, Chartulary of Glasgow, Charters of Holyrood, Chartulary of Aberdeen, Register of Dunfermline. See also *Robertson's Scholastic Offices of the Scottish Church*; *Miscellany of the Spalding Club*, vol. v., 73, 74.
15. Grubb, *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, i. 241.

CHAPTER XVIII

A.D. 1069—1093

NORWEGIAN KINGDOM OF ORKNEY—MARGARET REVOLUTIONISES SCOTLAND—DEATH OF MALCOLM AND MARGARET—ESTIMATE OF MARGARET'S CHARACTER AND SERVICES.

We come back to the battles of the sword. Before, however, returning to the church reforms of Queen Margaret, and the war ventures of Malcolm the "Bighead," it may be well to run our eye over the outlying parts of Scotland on the north, and take note of the little bye-drama being transacted there. Orkney and Zetland and the adjacent coasts had for some centuries a history of their own. A variety of causes contributed to separate their fate, for a while, from that of the mainland. In the first place, they lay remote from the center of government, and only at times were they careful to give obedience to the commands which issued from the royal palace of Scone, or of Dunfermline. In the second place, they lay on the highway of the Vikings. When these sea robbers came forth to load their vessels with a miscellaneous booty, consisting of stolen goods and miserable captives, Orkney and Zetland were the first to feel the heavy hand of the plunderers. These islands, moreover, were placed between two hostile powers, who struggled for the possession and mastery of them. They had Alban on the one side and Norway on the other, and they accounted it good policy to submit to the master, whether Scot or Dane, who should prove himself for the time the stronger. The Scottish King was the nearer to them. They were parted from Alban by only the narrow Pentland, whereas Norway was removed from them by the whole breadth of the German Sea. But before the King of the Scots could transport his army by slow and laborious marches over land to the northern extremities of his kingdom, a powerful fleet, manned by fierce warriors, would sweep across from the distant Norway, and the islanders had no alternative except to wage hopeless battle or accept the Norwegian or Danish rule. Thus their allegiance kept oscillating from side to side of the German Ocean. They hung suspended between Alban and Norway, and their existence for two or three centuries was full of vicissitudes and calamities. Even Alban was not at all times equally near to them.

When the Scottish sceptre was weak, Alban would fall back to the Spey, and the Norwegian jarl was master in the intervening lands of Caithness and Sutherland. And when that sceptre again gathered strength, Alban would stretch itself northward to where the great headlands of Caithness look across the waters of the Frith to the bold precipices and cliffs that line the coast of Orkney.

The inhabitants of Orkney and Zetland belonged to the same race with those on the mainland. They were members of the great Caledonian or Pictish family. Their early religion was Druidism, that is, the worship of the sun or Baal. This, which was the universal worship of primeval times, would seem to have spread wider than any other religion since, if we may judge from the fact that it has left its imprints in every land. In the course of its progress it reaches these islands in the northern sea. Their secure situation, their equable climate, and the tractable dispositions of the natives recommended them to the Druid as a suitable centre where he might establish his worship and develop his system. Here he could celebrate his horrid rites and exercise his tyrannical sway without molestation. In this secure retreat, with the tides of the stormy Pentland as a rampart, he could exact his dues and offerings, celebrate his festivals with becoming pomp, and drag as many victims to his bloodstained altars as he chose to immolate or his god demanded. The rude but massy remains of the structures in which the priests of this cruel superstition practised their rites, remain to our day, and attest the strength and splendour in which Druidism flourished in Orkney at an early age.

But light at last broke in, and the cloud which had so long hung above that region was dispelled. The emancipation of these islands from this terrible yoke was one of the first fruits of Columba's labours. When the great missionary visited Brude, king of the northern Picts, in his palace at Inverness, he solicited and obtained from him a promise that he would use his power for the protection of any missionaries from Iona that might visit the Orkneys on a tour of evangelisation. In due time the missionaries were sent, and the result was that the Druid fell before the preaching of the Cross, and the islands became Christian. Their conversion is recorded in the Scandinavian chronicles, and attested by the traditions and memorials which still linger in these parts of this early visit from the fathers of Iona. The missionary zeal of that famous community was

then just opening out into the first vigour of its enthusiasm. Enterprises were being planned to countries more remote, and involving greater perils to those who undertook them, than this expedition to the Orkneys, and it would have been strange, if, while the darkness was being rolled aside from France and Germany, the night should be left to brood over a territory lying only a few days' sail from Iona. The first missionary to visit the Orkneys was Cormac, a companion of Columba. His visit was made about the year 565.

Christian Orkney had risen with Iona and it fell with Iona. Across the sea came the Viking, and the condition of these dwellers in the northern isles was speedily changed for the worse. In his first visits all that the Norseman sought was plunder. In his subsequent ones he aimed at making conquests. Having at last established his dominion on this side the German Sea, the heathen population of the Norwegian and Danish kingdoms flocked across to settle in Orkney and Caithness, and with this mongrel multitude returned the old darkness. It thickened in proportion as the number of the pagan immigrants increased, till at last the Orkneys and the adjoining coasts on the mainland were nearly as much in need of light from Iona as when the first missionaries of Columba visited them. The Norsemen opened their invasions at the beginning of the ninth century in the spoiling of Iona, and they closed them in the middle of the thirteenth at the battle of Largs, where they sustained so decisive a defeat that their power in Scotland was finally broken.

After a century of raids, in which much blood had been shed, and vast numbers of wretched captives carried across the sea, Harold Harfager, King of Norway, at the beginning of the tenth century, appeared with his fleet in the Scottish seas. It was evident that something more than plunder was now meditated. The Norwegian monarch made himself master of the Orkneys. The subjection of the Hebrides followed. Harold Harfager committed his new conquests to the care of his earls, whom he appointed to govern in his name. Remote from the centre of the Norwegian authority, these governors forgot sometimes that they were deputies and vassals, and exercised as despotic a command as if they had been kings. They and their descendants governed the earldom of Orkney for some centuries. Not content with exercising sway over the northern and western isles, they became solicitous of extending their master's possessions or

their own, for it was often difficult to say who was the real king, the monarch or the vassal earl. With this in view they crossed the Pentland Firth, and annexed Caithness and Sutherland to their island earldoms. The Scandinavian sagas say that at one time they extended their sway as far south as the shores of the Moray Firth. But nothing in the Scottish chroniclers gives countenance to this, and we regard it as a fictitious apotheosis of Scandinavian heroes and heroism rather than an accomplished fact to have a place given it in history.

It fared ill with Christianity in northern Scotland during these centuries. The invaders, when they entered the country, and for some time after, were still pagans. Accordingly, the first brunt of their fury fell upon the Christian establishments, which their religion, cruel alike in it instincts and in its policy, taught them to destroy. The Columban churches were razed, the schools connected, with them rooted out, and all that had been won slowly and with labour during the three centuries that had elapsed since Columba's visit to King Brude, in which their conversion had its rise, was in danger of being swept away by this torrent of heathen invasion. Here was a fine opportunity offered the Culdees of proving that they were sprung of the old stock, and still retained something of the zeal and courage which had faced hordes as barbarous, and carried the light into lands yet darker. And they were not wholly wanting to the occasion. While the Norsemen were crossing the Pentland Firth, southward, sword in hand, to slay, the Culdees were on their way northward to cast in the salt of Christianity and heal these waters of desolation at their source. The second evangelisation, however, proceeded slowly as compared with the first, and the Culdee missionaries with great toil would have reaped little fruit if it had not been for an important event which came at this time to second their efforts. This was the conversion of Norway itself to the Christian faith under King Olave Tryggvosson. In the opinion of the Norwegian colonists the fact that their king and nation had embraced Christianity greatly strengthened the argument for its truth, and disposed them to give more heed to the instructions of those who were seeking to win them to what was now the religion of their countrymen on the other side of the German Sea. Moreover, King Olave Tryggvosson sought to spread the Christian faith among his subjects in Orkney and the Hebrides as a means of safeguarding his home dominions. The Norwegian colonists retained in

their new country their old habit of roving and their love of plunder, and would at times cross the sea on a predatory expedition to the mother country. Olave Tryggtvosson wisely judged that if he could make them Christians, he would put an end to these unpleasant visits. He sent missionaries from Norway to take part with the Culdees in their good work in the Orkney Islands, and the work of evangelisation now went more rapidly onwards. By his influence, too, Sigurd the "Stout," one of the more notable of the earls who governed in his name in Orkney, was led to accept Christianity, and, as the result of all these concurring agencies, by the Norwegian settlers in Orkney and the North of Scotland by the end of the ninth and beginning of the tenth century were nominal adherents of the Christian Church. The spiritual change effected on these converts might not go far down, but it would draw after it doubtless many political and social ameliorations, and contribute to mix and finally amalgamate the two peoples.

It were needless to pursue minutely events which were transacted on a provincial stage, and the influence of which was not sensibly felt beyond the narrow limits within which they were done. Sigurd the Stout, whose conversion has just been mentioned, is said by the Scandinavian Sagas to have married a daughter of Malcolm II., King of Scotland. There was born to him, as has been recorded in a former chapter a son, whom he named Thorfin. Sigurd fell in the great battle of Clontarf in Ireland, in 1014. From the death of Sigurd dates the decline and fall of the Norwegian power in Scotland. The province of Caithness was taken possession of by the Scottish crown. The shadowy authority the Norwegians had exercised over Moray and Ross vanished, and the Scottish sceptre was stretched to the Pentland Firth. Caithness was erected into an earldom by Malcolm II., and given to his grandson, Thorfin, who was the founder of the church of Birsay in Orkney.

About this time an event took place which probably attracted little notice at the time, but which had graver issues than have resulted from some great battles. This was the marriage of the eldest daughter of Malcolm II. to Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld. From this marriage sprang a race of kings destined not indeed to extinguish, but to displace or supersede the ancient Church of Scotland for some centuries by the importation of a foreign priesthood, with their rites, ceremonies, and doctrines of foreign

origin. Crinan, to whom we see the Scottish King giving his daughter in marriage, was the prince-abbot of Scotland, as his great predecessor Columba had been the presbyter-abbot of the same land. There was this difference between them however: the duties of the Abbot of Iona lay in the spiritual sphere, those of his successor, the Abbot of Dunkeld, in the military domain. He had taken the sword, and in verification of the warning of the old book, he perished by the sword: for like his predecessor in the chair of Dunkeld, Crinan fell in battle in 1045. He was one of the wealthiest temporal lords in the kingdom. The lands pertaining to the Abbacy of Dunkeld were extensive and fertile, and their value was further enhanced by their position in the centre of the kingdom. To this rich heritage the lay-abbot of Dunkeld had annexed the property of the monastery of Dull, in the districts of Atholl and Argyle. From this marriage sprung Duncan, who was afterwards King of Scotland. From Duncan sprang Malcolm III., the "Big head," who came to the throne after the usurpation of Macbeth. From the marriage of Malcolm Canmore with Margaret of England sprang those kings who gave the finishing touch to the transformation of the Scottish Church, which Malcolm and Margaret had inaugurated, changing it from the Culdee to the Roman type, and transferring its government from the Columban abbots to the chair of the pontiffs.

We return to Malcolm and Margaret. The conference with the Columban pastors in the palace of Dunfermline has ended, and Turgot claims the victory for Margaret. Her reasoning were so convincing, Turgot tells us, and so strongly supported by the testimonies of Scripture and of the fathers, "that no one on the opposite side could say one word against them." [1] That the Columban disputants were silenced we may grant. The odds were sorely against them. These simple men had to bear up against royal rank, trained dialectic skill, and the reputation of saintly character, and their answers may have been less ready and their bearing less courageous than would have been the case had the two sides been more equally matched. But to be silenced is not to be convinced. This undoubtedly they were not. Nor is it true what Turgot affirms, that "giving up their obstinacy and yielding to reason, they willingly consented to adopt all that Margaret recommended." [2] This we know to be the opposite of the fact. The Columban pastors we find long after celebrating their worship as their fathers had done, and clinging as tenaciously as ever to

those "rites" which Turgot denounces as "barbarous," and which he tells us the Columbites now renounced. We find, moreover, David I. fighting the same battle which the bishop says his mother had already won, and which had conclusively settled the matter for all coming time. [3] In truth, so far as we can gather, the conference appears to have yielded little or no immediate fruit. No great measures were adopted in pursuance of it. The introduction of a foreign hierarchy, and the partitioning of the kingdom into dioceses was the work of a subsequent reign. The conference was the turning of the tide, however; it brought great changes ultimately with it, but these came slowly, and after some considerable time.

Finding the Columban pastors obdurate, and their flocks bent on following the perverse ways into which Columba had let them, Margaret changed her tactics. She saw that little was to be gained by holding barren debates with the Columban clergy, and that a more likely means of compassing her end was to show the Scots the beauty and pomp of the Roman worship, assured that they could not possibly resist its fascination. By the advice of Turgot, her confessor, she built a superb church at Dunfermline. [4] Previous to her arrival in Scotland, the churches north of the Forth were constructed of wood or wattles, roofed with reeds. Such sanctuaries in Margaret's eyes were fit for nothing but the "barbarous" rites of the Columbites. A temple of stone did she rear "for an eternal memorial of her name and devotion in the place where her nuptials had been held," says Turgot. "This church," he continues, "she beautified with rich gifts of various kinds, among which, as is well know, were many vessels of pure and solid gold, for the sacred service of the altar. . . .She also placed there a cross of priceless value, bearing the figure of the Saviour, which she had caused to be covered with the purest gold and silver studded with gems, a token, even to the present day, of the earnestness of her faith. . . .Her chamber was never without such objects, those I mean which appertained to the dignity of the divine service. It was, so to say, a workshop of sacred art; copes for the cantors, chasubles, stoles, altar cloths, and other priestly vestments and church ornaments, were always to be seen, either already made of an admirable beauty, or in course of preparation." [5]

In this passage Bishop Turgot unconsciously take stock of Margaret's

piety. It worked by Art, and it brought forth the good fruits of "copes, chasubles, stoles, and altar cloths." He also painted her ideal of worship taken at the highest. Her "ideal" as not borrowed from that book, which, seeing it has the Deity for its author, alone contains the authoritative definition of worship. It is there shown to be severely simple and exclusively spiritual. Worship is not gold and silver in however large a sum. Nor is it art, however skilful and beautiful; nor is it a temple, however superb; nor is it a priest, however gorgeously attired. Worship is the communion of the soul with God, direct, immediate, and without the intervention of earthly priest. And religion is that principle in the heart from which this communion springs. So does the book to which we have referred define worship. This gives it a sublimity that soars far above temple however grand, and priest however mystically robed. To this true and grand conception of worship Queen Margaret had not lifted her mind. She needed a crucifix formed of the wood of the true cross that her faith might lay hold on the Crucified, and an altar of marble, with priests in splendid vestments ministering before it, that her piety might burn and her devotion soar. The patriarchs of an early day worshipped without these accessories; their altar of unhewen stone on the open Palestine plain had little of show, yet the devotions performed there lacked neither faith nor fire. It was not amid magnificent fanes that the zeal was kindled which bore Columban and his disciples over so large a portion of Europe in the execution of their great mission. Queen Margaret had seen the Culdee pastors, in their wattle-built and rush-thatched cells, celebrating their supper at wooden tables; this, said she, is not worship, it is barbarism; she would show them a better way. Summoning her masons, a superb church arose; calling her craftsmen, curiously fashioned vessels of gold and silver were forthcoming; assembling her ladies, it was marvellous in how short a time stores of richly embroidered vestments, meet for priestly shoulders, were fabricated; a staff of priests completed Margaret's preparations for banishing the "barbarous" customs of the Culdees, and replacing them with the elegant services of a church in which it was her wish to fold the Scots.

It is a universal law that when the vital principle in an organism grows weak and begins to decay, the body transfers its vitalities to the surface, and covers itself with new growths. This is an effort to stave off

approaching dissolution. The forest tree, when its root is old and its trunk begins to be rotten, unwilling to yield up its place and disappear from the forest, sends forth with a sudden effort young shoots and branches to hide the rottenness of its stem, or it woos some parasitic plant which clothes it with a greenness not its own. Instead of death, the tree seems to be renewing its youth. The expiring lamp will unexpectedly blaze up, and fill the chamber it is about to leave in darkness with a sudden gleam of light. In obedience to the same law, worn out races, with the sentence of extinction hanging over them, will suddenly burst into an unexpected prolificness, and multiply their numbers in proportion as the constituents of their corporate existence die out. This, too, is an effort of nature to ward off death.

The same law holds good in bodies ecclesiastical. When the inner and vital principle of religion in churches is stricken with incipient decay, there is sure to come an outward efflorescence of ceremonies and rites. This fungus growth, which is so apt to overrun churches which have sunk into spiritual decay, and to give to their withered age the aspect of efflorescent youth, is analogous to the herbage and moss that convert the rotten trunk into a seeming garland, and deceive the eye with an appearance of health while deadly disease is preying upon the plant. A church, vigorous and strong at the core, conscious of inward health and power, is content to abide in the calm path of prescribed duty, and to feed its piety and zeal by the appointed acts of spiritual worship. It eschews spasmodic effort and ostentatious profession. They are felt not to be needed, and therefore are not sought. But when inward decay sets in, then it is that exterior helps and supports are had recourse to. The quiet that is indicative of peace is exchanged for outward bustle and parade. The acceptability of worship to the Deity is believed to be in the ratio of the grandeur of the temple in which it is performed, and the worshippers, unable to transact directly with the skies, are fain to employ the mediation of consecrated altars, apostolically descended priests, and rites of mystic virtue and aesthetic beauty. "The age," say the onlookers, "how pious it is! The Church, how her activity and zeal are awakening!" It is a mistake. What appears a marvellous outburst of religious life is only the vitalities smitten at the heart rushing to the extremities, dying piety concealing its decay under the guise of a fictitious energy. The sun has gone below the horizon, and there comes the afterglow on the

mountains which is the harbinger of the coming darkness.

The last years of Malcolm III. and Queen Margaret were clouded with calamity. We have already traced the story of the terrible wars waged between England and Scotland in the early part of Malcolm's reign. At length a peace was established between the two kingdoms, of which the public signatory was the stone cross on Stanmoor common. That peace remained unbroken while Malcolm was occupied with the ecclesiastical reforms of which his queen had taught him to be enamoured. Meanwhile a great change had taken place in England. William the Conqueror had gone to the grave. He was succeeded on the throne by his son, William Rufus. The new English king had different tastes and pursuits from those of his royal father, and also from those of his brother monarch of Scotland. There is the less likelihood on that account, one should think, of the two sovereigns coming into collision. But no; the master passions of the age, ambition and war, once more assert themselves, and compel the sword to leave its scabbard. The cause of quarrel is obscure. The two border provinces of Cumbria and Lothian were fruitful in misunderstandings; and the pretensions of Edgar Aetheling, Queen Margaret's brother, to the English throne, strained at times the relations between the two kings. Whether the strife grew out of these matters or had its rise in another cause will now never be know. Let it suffice that in the old doomed borderland we find the Scotch and English armies again confronting one another. King Malcolm, with his two sons, Edward and Eadgar, had penetrated into England, and were besieging the Castle of Alnwick. Robert de Mowbray and his men-at-arms rushed suddenly out upon them, and in the onset King Malcolm and his elder son Edward were slain. [6] The Scottish army, dispirited by the fall of the King, broke up in disorder, many falling by the sword, while numbers were drowned in the River Alne, then swollen by the winter rains. Next day the body of Malcolm was found among the slain by two peasants who had visited the field. Placing the royal corpse in a cart, they conveyed it to Tynemouth, and there buried it. It was afterwards disinterred by his son Alexander, and laid beside that of his queen at Dunfermline. Malcolm did not receive sepulture in Iona; as in life, so in death, he was separate from the Church of Columba. He died on the 19th November 1093, having reigned thirty-five years.

Escaping from the battlefield, Eadgar carried to his mother the tidings of the death of her husband and son. Queen Margaret now lay dying in the Castle of Edinburgh. Turgot gives us a very touching account of her last days, as reported to him by the priest whom he had left to minister to her on her deathbed. Margaret, in our judgment, appears at her best when she comes to die. She has now done with fastings and feet-washings, and, as a penitent, turns her eye to the cross, which, let us hope, she saw despite the many obstructions—helps she deemed them—which she had industriously piled upon between her soul and the Saviour. Her earnest simple utterances, her tears, the psalms now so sweet to her, and the promises of Holy Scripture turned by her into prayers, give us a higher idea of her piety, and pourtray more truly her character, we are persuaded, than the high-wrought encomiums of Turgot, in which he claims for Queen Margaret an all but perfect holiness.

Margaret had been ailing for half a year. And now in her sick chamber on the Castle rock, lonely and anxious, she could not help following in imagination her husband and sons to the fateful fields of Northumbria, and picturing to herself what was destined to be but too literally realized. On the fourth day before that on which there came news from the battlefield—the very day on which the king fell—Margaret's forebodings of some near calamity were so strong that she could not refrain from communicating them to her attendants. "Perhaps," she said, "on this very day such a heavy calamity may befall the realm of Scotland as has not been for many ages past." "The disease gained ground, and death was imminent," says Turgot's informer. "Her face had already grown pallid in death, when she directed that I, and the other ministers of the sacred altar along with me, should stand near her and commend her soul to Christ by our psalms. Moreover, she asked that there should be brought to her a cross, called the 'Black Cross,' which she always held in the greatest veneration. . . .When at last it was got out of the chest and brought to her, she received it with reverence, and did her best to embrace it and kiss it. And several times she signed herself with it. Although every part of her body was now growing cold, still as long as the warmth of life throbbed at her heart she continued steadfast in prayer. She repeated the whole of the fiftieth psalm,[7] and placing the cross before her eyes, she held it there with both her hands."

It was at this moment that Eadgar, just arrived from the battle, entered her bedroom. The shock of his message was more, he saw, than the emaciated frame before him could sustain. He forbore to speak it. But Margaret read it in her son's face. "I know it, my boy," she said, with a deep sigh, "I know it." She at once began the prayer in the liturgy of the mass, saying, "Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to the will of the father, through the cooperation of the Holy Ghost, hast by Thy death given life to the world, deliver me," "As she was saying the words 'deliver me,' says the narrator, "her soul was freed from the chains of the body, and departed to Christ, the author of true liberty." [8] She breathed her last on the 16th November 1093, just four days after her husband had fallen in battle on the banks of the Alne, Northumbria. [9]

The morning and the evening of Margaret's life were alike darkened by heavy clouds, between which there shone forth a noon of singular brilliancy. She exhibited amid the strong lights and shadows of her career an admirable equanimity of soul and great stability of character. She was large of heart, capacious of intellect, more studious of the happiness of others than of her own, and wholly devoted to a country on the shore of which she had stepped as a fugitive and exile, when a chivalrous prince took her by the hand, and let her to a seat beside himself on the throne of his realm. She repaid his generous love by her wise counsels, and her efforts to refine and elevate the manners of his court, and improve the dress, and the dwellings, and the trading relations of his subjects.

But if we would form a just estimate of the influence of Margaret for good or for evil on Scotland, we must enlarge our view, and take other considerations into account besides her personal virtues and the ephemeral benefits which sprang out of them. These are "the good," which the poet tells us, is interred with the men's bones, but they may be conjoined with the "evil" that lives after them. The course of a nation may be fatally, although imperceptibly, altered, and only after the lapse of centuries can the nature of the revolution it has undergone be rightly understood, and its disastrous issued duly measured. Margaret and Scotland are an exemplification of this. Had Margaret brought with her a love for the Scriptural Faith and simple worship of the Scots, the nation to its latest age would have called the day blessed on which she set foot on its soil. Unhappily she cherished a deep-seated prejudice against the

Scottish religion, and, believing that she was doing an acceptable service, she strove to supplant it. The revolution she inaugurated was at war with the traditions of the nation, was opposed to the genius of the people, and while it did not make the Scots good Catholics, it made them bad Christians. The system of irrational beliefs which Queen Margaret introduced destroyed intelligence and fettered conscience, and so paved the way for the entrance of feudal slavery by which it was followed, and which flourished in Scotland along with it. It is noteworthy that Roman Catholicism and the feudal system came together. The fundamental principles of the Roman Church, it has been remarked by the historian Robertson, "prepare and break the mind for political servitude, which is the firmest foundation of civil tyranny." [10]

No finer spectacles can we wish to contemplate than Queen Margaret, if we restrict our view to her shining virtues and her heroic austerities. She is seen moving like a being from another sphere in Malcolm's court, meek, gracious, loving and maintaining her steadfast mind alike amid the storms that raged around her in her youth, the splendours that shone upon her in her midday, and the deep, dark shadows that again gathered about her at the close. But we must not sacrifice our judgment at the shrine of sentiment, nor so fix our gaze upon the passing glory of a moment as not to see what comes after. When we turn from Margaret the woman to Margaret the Queen, and trace the working of her policy beyond the brief period of her life onward into the subsequent centuries, we forget the radiant vision in the darkness of the picture that now rises to our view. It is the spectacle of a land overspread by ignorance, of a priesthood wealthy, profligate, and dominant, and a people sunk in the degrading worship of fetishes. Such issue had the changes which were initiated in Scotland by Queen Margaret.

Margaret had added a kingdom to the empire of the Papacy, but an hundred and fifty years passed away before Rome acknowledged the gift. We do not blame her for being so tardy in bestowing her honours where they were so well deserved; we rather view the fact as corroborative in part of what we have ventured to suggest, even, that the changes effected by Margaret were not very perceptible or marked in her own day, and that it was not till a century and a half that Rome was able to estimate the magnitude of the service rendered by the Scottish

Queen. At length in the year 1250, under Pope Innocent IV., Queen Margaret received the honour of canonization. It is for services, not graces, that Rome reserves her highest rewards. Margaret might have been as fair as Helen, or as learned as Hypatia or Olympia Morata; she might have been as pious as the mother of Augustine, or as virtuous as the wife of the Roman Poetus; but unless she had enlarged the bounds of the Papal sway by the addition of a great kingdom, a place among "those who reign in heaven" would never have been assigned her by those whose prerogative it is to say who shall sit on the thrones of the Papal Valhalla.

Endnotes

1. Turgot, *Life of St. Margaret*, p. 51.
2. Turgot, *Life of St Margaret*, p. 52.
3. Ibid., pp. 48, 49.
4. Fordoun says that Malcolm founded the church at Dunfermline long before he founded the cathedral at Durham, which he did in 1093.
5. Turgot, *Life of St. Margaret*, pp. 29, 30.
6. John Major says that a soldier offered him the keys of the castle on the point of a spear, and that Malcolm, approaching incautiously to receive them, was pierced through the eye. Historia de gestis Scotorum, Lib. iii. cap. 8.
7. May not this be a mistake for the fifty-first psalm?
8. Turgot, *Life of St. Margaret*, pp. 75-79.
9. Fordun says Margaret died in Edinburgh "in castro puellarum," according to the Chronicle of Mailross. Wynton says the same in his Origynale Cronikil, placing her death "In-til the Castelle of Edynburgh."
10. Robertson's *History of Scotland*, ii. 183.

CHAPTER XIX

A.D. 1093—1124.

DONALD BANE—KING EADGAR—ALEXANDER I.—ALEXANDER'S BATTLE WITH THE BISHOPS—ALEXANDER'S VOW AND MONASTERY OF INCHCOLM.

There comes what appears another breakdown in the affairs of the Scots. Malcolm Canmore and his queen are dead, and the throne is vacant. The same year (1093) died Fothad, Bishop of St. Andrews, the last of the Columban bishops, leaving vacant the chief ecclesiastical seat of the kingdom. We behold both Church and State in Scotland at this hour without a head; and, what was strange, there could not be got at the moment either monarch for the empty throne, or bishop for the vacant see. This twofold vacancy is surprising when we take into account that Malcolm had left behind him numerous sons, and that Margaret had made it the chief business of her life to place the ecclesiastical arrangements of her kingdom on what she deemed a proper footing. This position of affairs was contrary to every forecast, and not more disappointing than it was dangerous to the peace of the kingdom.

Symptoms are not wanting that the popularity of the reigning family had of late been on the wane, and that the attachment of the nation to the throne was weakening. On the death of the king we expect to see the Scots take the eldest surviving son of Malcolm, Eadgar, conduct him to Scone, and there anoint him as king. Under the existing law Eadgar was the undoubted heir of the crown. So far from doing so, the Scots elected as king the brother of the late monarch, Donald Bane, or Donald the White, the heir under the old but not abrogated law of the royal succession. Donald Bane is said to have seized the throne, but this he could not have done unless there had been a powerful party in the nation in his favour. This we know there was, and we know also that they made it a reason for rejecting the son and choosing the brother of the late king that Malcolm "had corrupted the discipline of their ancestors." [1] By adopting the measures of his queen, Malcolm had given offence to the Columban sentiment of the nation. He had roused a feeling which, though latent during his lifetime, showed itself now that he was dead. Neither

Malcolm's valour nor Margaret's virtues could make the Scots condone the suppression of their ancient church. This policy nearly cost Malcolm's posterity the throne of Scotland. In truth they did lose it for a time; and if they came again to possess it, they owed their recovery of it not to any spontaneous or repentant movement on the part of the nation, but to the interposition of the arms of England.

Apart altogether from considerations of religion, the policy of Malcolm Canmore and his queen was pernicious and destructive. It turned the Scots backward on their steps, and set them moving on a path which for them could have no ending but chaos. It struck at the roots of their unity by destroying that which was preeminently and before all other things the cement and bond of their nation. It effaced those traditions which were a record of great actions already performed, and a perpetual inspiration to still greater achievements in time to comer, traditions which had made grooves for thought and channels for action, and which had stamped on the nation its strong individuality, to lose which would be to lose its manliness; traditions, in fine, which formed the landmarks of the path by which the Scots must advance if their future was to be worthy of their past. Malcolm's policy crushed out all these mounding and inspiring footprints. No wonder that the Scots halted four centuries on their march. But it not Malcolm alone who must bear the blame. The shepherds of the people slumbered at their post. The nation, there is reason to think, had become apathetic, and slumbered on while being enclosed in the net of Rome and the chains of feudal slavery.

The years during which Donald Bane occupied the throne were years of strife and wretchedness. He had reigned only six months when he was expelled from his seat by Duncan, a son of Malcolm by his first marriage. Recovering it after a year. Donald Bane reigned other three years, when he was finally driven from the throne, and Eadgar, the son of Malcolm, got possession of it, partly by armed assistance which his uncle Edgar Aetheling, who still lived, had influence to obtain from the English monarch.

With Eadgar, whom we now see on the throne of Scotland (1097), returned the policy of his father and mother. He encouraged the Saxon and Norman nobles to settle in his kingdom, dowering them with lands,

and placing them in posts of influence. This gave umbrage to his Scottish subjects, as it had done in the days of Malcolm his father, being one of the causes which helped to draw away the hearts of the Scots from his house and dynasty. The measures pursued by father and son refined the manners of the Scots and introduced a change of speech, the Gaelic now beginning to fall into disuse, and the Saxon, that is, the lowland Scotch, to come in its room. These benefits, however, had attendant upon them certain drawbacks which fully counterbalanced them. With the Saxon tongue came Saxon institutions, and exotic plants are seldom so vigorous or so valuable as native growths.

Eadgar was an amiable man, but a weak ruler. He possessed in prominent degree that one of his mother's qualities, which was the least estimable of all her many endowments. He had a superstitious piety. This proved a source of emolument to the monks, and led Eadgar to give himself to the pious and congenial work of the restoration of monasteries, among which was Coldingham, which had been destroyed by the Danes. At the same time he gave the town of Swinton to the monks of St. Cuthbert, and imposed on the men of Coldinghamshire an annual tax of half a mark of silver for each plough. [2] Edgar reigned nine years, and died without issue. We dismiss rapidly those kings in whose breasts an English education and the adoption of an alien faith had corrupted if not extinguished the Scottish heart.

Alexander, another of Margaret's sons, next mounted the throne (1107). Alexander possessed in even more eminent degree than his brother Edgar his mother's characteristic piety, but he did not add thereto, like Edgar, her gracious disposition. His impetuous and savage temper procured for him among his contemporaries the epithet of "fierce." "He was," says Ailred, Abbot of Rivaux, who was his contemporary, "affable and humble to the monks and clergy, but inexpressibly terrible to his other subjects." When the report of his great sanctity reached the Highlands, some young nobles, believing that they had a man of the "cowl" on the throne, thought the occasion fitting for settling their unadjusted quarrels. The immediate result was an outbreak of violence. But they were speedily undeceived by the arrival of Alexander amongst them. A few swift and crushing strokes made these turbulent spirits glad to be at peace with their sovereign, and on terms of good neighbourhood among themselves.

This display of vigour at the opening of his reign procured for himself and his kingdom tranquillity during the rest of his life.

Alexander's energy was now turned into another channel. The exaltation of the church was henceforward the one object to which his labours were devoted. The church, however, which Alexander wished to edify and exalt was not the old church of his ancestors, but the new church which his mother Margaret had set up in Scotland. Nor were his ways of working the old Columban methods, viz., transcribing the Scriptures and circulating them among his subjects; they were the newer modes imported from Rome, which consisted mainly in the intervention of a body of priests, who could open the kingdom of heaven, and bestow grace and salvation on men by rites known only to themselves, or at least efficacious only in their hands. Alexander made every provision for the suitable and honourably maintenance of men whose services were so inestimable. He rebuilt the church of St. Michael at Scone, and planted there a colony of canons regular of St Augustine (1115) known as black canons, which he and his Queen Sibylla, daughter of Henry I. of England had brought from St. Oswald's monastery, near Pontefract. [3] He completed the Abbey of Dunfermline, which his father had begun, and greatly enriched its resources. He gifted, moreover the church of St. Andrews, already wealthy, with the lands of Boar-rink, so called from a dreadful boar, the terror of the neighbourhood, which was said to infest these parts. Winton has described the characteristic ceremony which accompanied the gift. The king's "comely steede of Araby," magnificently accoutred, was led up to the high altar, and his Turkish armour, his shield and his lance of silver were presented to the church. [4] The See of St. Andrews may be said to have ceased by this time to be a Columban institution without having become formally a Roman one. It was in a state of transition, occasioning great uneasiness and trouble to Alexander I. The plan of Romanising the Scottish Church was far from proceeding smoothly; difficulties were springing up at every step. After the death of Bishop Fothad, who, as we have seen, went to his grave in the same year as Malcolm and Margaret, the See of St. Andrews remained vacant for fourteen years. None of the native clergy, it would seem, were willing to accept the dignity, and the chair went abegging. This shows, we think, how far the Columban clergy were from sympathising with the innovations of Queen Margaret, and that the Columban element still

retained considerable strength in the nation. At last Turgot, whom we have already met in the Dunfermline conference, was chosen by Alexander I. to be Bishop of St. Andrews. Turgot was of Saxon descent; his career had been a chequered one, nor did his election to the episcopal chair bring him a more peaceful life, for now the Archbishop of York and King Alexander began quarrelling over his consecration. The Archbishop claimed the right to consecrate as the ecclesiastical superior of Scotland, which, he affirmed, lay within his province of York. The king refused to acknowledge his claim of jurisdiction, and Turgot's consecration stood over form some years. At last an expedient was hit upon. That expedient was the reservation of the rights of both sees, and the consecration was proceeded with. It was now that the first step was taken towards the suppression of the Culdees. To Turgot on his appointment as bishop was given power over all their establishments. "In his days," we read, "the whole rights of the Keledei over the whole kingdom of Scotland passed to the bishopric of St. Andrews." His brief occupancy of the office prevented Turgot using this power, and for some time longer the Culdees were left in the undisturbed possession of their rights and heritages. [5]

Turgot found his new dignity beset with difficulties. Misunderstandings sprang up between him and the king, and, after a year's occupancy of his see, he resigned it, and went back to Durham, where he was content to discharge the office of prior, which he had held before he quitted that abbey to assume the mitre of St. Andrews. He did not long survive his retirement. He died in 1115.[6]

There came another long vacancy in the see of St. Andrews. At last in the year 1120, Alexander turned his eyes to Canterbury in quest of a new bishop, but only to verify the saying that "one may go farther and fare worse." The Scottish monarch believed that now he would be rid of the battle of the two jurisdictions. The nearer See of York had claimed the supremacy of the Scottish Church, but the more distant Canterbury, Alexander thought, would advance no such claim. There was no instance on record of an Archbishop of Canterbury having consecrated a Bishop of St. Andrews, or of having claimed the right of doing so. Accordingly King Alexander wrote to Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury, requesting him to send him a suitable person for his vacant See of Scotland, for the

Bishop of St. Andrews was still the one bishop in Scotland; theoretically it was the primacy of Iona transferred to St. Andrews. On receipt of the letter, Archbishop Ralph dispatched Eadmer, a monk of Canterbury, to the Scottish monarch. Eadmer was a disciple of the great Anselm, and fully shared his master's exalted views of the church's jurisdiction, which had oftener than once brought down upon him the frown of his sovereign, and compelled him to quit the kingdom. On Eadmer's arrival in Scotland, the king soon discovered that he should have to fight the old battle of jurisdiction over again, only in a more acute form. Turgot's pretensions menaced the independence of the Scottish Church, but the pretensions of Eadmer struck at the independence of the Scottish kingdom.

First came the investiture of the new bishop. Eadmer refused to submit to lay investiture, by accepting the ring and crozier from the hands of the king. The dispute was settled by a compromise. The bishop-elect took the ring from the king in token of subjection to Alexander in temporal. The crozier was laid on the altar, and taken thence by Eadmer himself, in token of his independence in spirituals. Next came the question of consecration, which was a still more crucial one. Eadmer insisted on being consecrated by the Archbishop of Canterbury, resting his plea on the allegation that the See of Canterbury held the primacy over the whole of the British Islands. Canterbury had been the See of Augustine, whom the Pope sent to England with full powers, and who in virtue thereof claimed to govern with equal authority on both sides of the Tweed, and to be the spiritual autocrat of the whole island. The Scottish king had penetration to see what this claim amounted to, and the anomalous condition into which it would bring his kingdom. Scotland would present the contradictory spectacle of political independence and ecclesiastical bondage. This state of things would issue in no long time in the destruction of both liberties, and the supremacy of the King of England, as well as of the Archbishop of Canterbury, over the kingdom of Scotland. Although the spirit of his mother was strong in him, Alexander was not prepared to make a concession like this to priestly arrogance.

At an interview one day between the king and the bishop, the matter was abruptly and conclusively brought to an issue. Eadmer was pressing for permission to go to Canterbury and receive consecration at the hands

of Archbishop Ralph. Alexander protested in plain terms that he would never permit the Scottish bishop to be subject to the primate of England. "Not for all Scotland," replied Eadmer, "will I renounce being a monk of Canterbury." "in that case," rejoined the king, "I have gained nothing by applying to Canterbury for a bishop." The haughty monk gave the ring back to the king, from whom he had received it, and laid the crozier on the altar whence he had taken it with his own hand, and quitted the kingdom.

The monk of Canterbury had shaken the dust from his feet and was gone but Alexander's troubles in connection with his bishopric of St. Andrews were not yet at the end. He made two other attempts to fill the vacant see. Fordun has given us two obscure names chosen in succession by the king for the dignity, but in each case the bishop-elect died before consecration. Verily the epithet "fatal" may with more propriety be applied to the "chair" of St. Andrews than to the "stone" of Scone. Death or calamity dogs the steps of all who have to do with it. We have seen King Alexander nominate four men to this spiritual throne, and only one of the four has been able to mount into it, and he for only a single year. A fifth and final attempt does the king make to find a bishop. His choice now fell on the prior of the Augustine monks, which we have seen him establish at Scone. Prior Robert of the Augustines was an Englishman, but, knowing his character and qualifications, the king thought the selection a safe one. He was consecrated in 1124 by the Archbishop of York, the rights of both sees being reserved as in the case of Bishop Turgot.

Considering how much vexation Alexander had with his one Bishop of St. Andrews, we should have thought that he would have been careful not to multiply functionaries which were apt, once installed, to kick against the power that created them. Such, however, was not the inference which the king drew from his experience of the ways of bishops. Instead of diminishing he increased their number. To his one bishopric of St. Andrews he added the dioceses of Mary and Dunkeld. Of the persons appointed to these sees we know nothing besides their names. The northern diocese of Moray was presided over by Gregorius, while Cormac ruled at Dunkeld. We hear of no disputes respecting jurisdiction arising in either diocese, from which we infer that the holders of these Celtic

sees were more subservient to the royal will than the more powerful and less manageable Bishop of St. Andrews.

The reign of Alexander I. was now drawing to its close; still he did not relax, but rather quickened his efforts to realise the programme of ecclesiastical change which his mother had devised but did not live to carry out. To make St. Andrews the Canterbury of Scotland, as Canterbury was the Rome of England, was the object of his devout ambition. He ceased not with edifying diligence to found monasteries, to import foreign monks—the soil of Scotland not being adapted as yet for the rearing of that special product—to collect relics, to provide vestment for the priests, and vessels for the service of the churches. As the result of Alexander's pious and unremitting labours, the land began to be cleansed from the stains which five centuries of Columban heterodoxy had left on it. Morning and night its air was hallowed by the soft chimes of mattins and vespers rising from convent or cell, and floating over wood and hamlet. Its roads began to be sanctified by the holy feet of palmer and pilgrim, shod and unshod; and its streets and rural lanes to be variegated by troops of reverend men, cowled and uncowled, in frock of white, or black, or grey, begirt with rope, and having rosary hung at their girdle, as men who were habitually watchful unto prayer, and ready to respond to any sudden access of the devotional mood which might demand expression, and had all the implements at hand to ban or bless, to sanctify the living or shrive the dying. The long severed land, putting off its Columban weeds and decking itself in Roman attire, was making ready to be received in the next reign into the great Church of the West.

Among the last of the pious labours of Alexander was one undertaken in fulfilment of a vow which he had made in circumstances of great peril. The king was crossing the forth at Queensferry on business of State, when a violent gale sprang up in the south-west and carried his vessel down the firth. The fury of the tempest was such that the king and his attendants gave themselves up for lost. While tossed by the waves, the king made a vow to St. Columba promising the saint, if he should bring him safe to the island of Aemona (Inchcolme), which the sailors were toiling to reach, he would erect there a monument which should be a lasting proof of gratitude to his protector, and a harbour and refuge to

the tempest-tossed and shipwrecked mariners. His prayers were heard, as he believed, for soon to his glad surprise and that of his attendants, Aemona was reached. The king on landing was welcomed by an eremite, who was the sole inhabitant of the island. This man's whole subsistence was the milk of a single cow, and the shellfish picked from the rocks or gathered on the sea shore. These dainties the king and his attendants were content to share with the solitary during the three days the storm kept them prisoners on the island. Such is the story as told by Bower, Abbot of Inchgcolme, who saw a miracle in the storm that led to the founding of the monastery. We may accept the facts without granting the miracle.

After his departure from the island, the pious king did according to his vow. He laid the foundations of a monastery on Aemona, and dedicated it to St. Columba, by whose powerful interposition he had been rescued from perishing in the tempest. He had not the satisfaction, however, of seeing the edifice completed, for he died in the following year (1124), and it fell to the lot of his successor, David I., to carry out the intentions and fulfil the vow of Alexander.[5] No more grateful task could King David I. have had assigned him. The building was prosecuted with diligence. In due course a noble pile graced the rock which had given shelter to Alexander from the waves. A body of Augustinian canons were brought hither and put in possession, and so amply endowed was the monastery with lands in various parts of the kingdom, that there was not the least danger of its inmates ever being reduced to the necessity of going in quest of shellfish to eke out their subsistence, as the solitary had been obliged to do whom the king found on the island when cast upon it by the storm. In the year 1178 the monastery was confirmed by a Bull of Pope Alexander the Third. In his Bull the Pope takes "the church of St. Colme's Inch under our protection, and that of St Peter." There follows a long list of privileges and heritages—lands, churches, tofts, multures, fishing—all of which the Bull of Pope Alexander secures to the monastery in perpetuity.[8]

Scotland's obligations to this monastery are considerable. In the year 1418 we find Walter Bower occupying its chair as abbot, for though at first Inchcolme was a priory, it ultimately became an abbey. Eschewing the pomps and pleasures which his rank as abbot put within his reach.

Bower gave his time to labours which have been fruitful to his country. He was the continuator of Fordun's Scotichronicon, indeed the compiler of the better half of it, a work which is one of the sources of Scottish history. He was a man of true piety, despite the superstitions that flourished all round him. He saw a miracle in the storm which led to the founding of his monastery, but we excuse him when we read his tender and pathetic words. Writing of the year 1385, he says: "In this same year, I, who have composed these sentences, and who throughout the first books am called Scriptor, was born into the world. Oh! That I might ere long leave it in purity. I die daily, seeing every day a part of my life is taken away. I have passed through five of the great periods of man's life; and it seems to me as if the time past of my life had glided away as yesterday; and while I spend this very day I divide it with death."

A yet higher distinction may the Monastery of Inchcolme claim: it gave a martyr to the Reformation. Thomas Forret, better known as the Vicar of Dollar, was one of the canons of Inchcolm. His pure character, his benevolent life, and his tragic fate, have invested his memory with a touching interest. While in the monastery, unlikely as the place was, he lighted on a spring, the waters of which were sweeter than any he had tasted heretofore. The circumstances attending this discovery were far enough from giving promise of any such blissful results as that to which they ultimately led. A dispute had broken out between the canons and the abbot, the former affirming that the latter had fraudulently deprived them of a portion of their daily maintenance. The Foundation Book of the monastery was appealed to. The book was produced, and the canons fell to searching this charter of their rights, not doubting that it would enable them to make good their plea against their abbot. The abbot, however, had the art to wile the book from the canons and to give them instead a volume of Augustine. Forret gave himself diligently to the reading of this book, and found in it what was infinitely more precious to him than if it had made him abbot of Inchcolme and of every monastery in the kingdom to boot. He saw it in the Way of Life, through the obedience and blood of Jesus Christ. Forret sought to communicate to his brother canons a knowledge of his great discovery, that they too might repair to the same fountain and partaker with him of the heavenly joys. The abbot took alarm; he saw the plague of heresy about to break out in his community. The Monastery of Inchcolme, of so ancient and

orthodox a lineage, a school of Lutheranism! Rather the waves should cover it, or was raze it to its foundations, than that the stigma of heresy should be affixed to it. The abbot, however, gave Forret an honourable dismissal. He sent him to serve the landward Church of Dollar, where he might vent his Lutheran notions in the sequestered air of the Ochils without bringing an evil report upon his monastery. The sequel is well known. The Vicar of dollar preached the doctrine of a free justification to his parishioners of the valley of the Devon, and after a brief ministry he sealed his doctrine with his blood at the stake. The glory of the Monastery of Inchcolme, is not that it had a king for its founder, but that it had a Walter Bower in the list of its Abbots, a volume of Augustine in its library, and, last and highest, a Thomas Forret among its canons

Endnotes

1. Buchanan, *Hist. Scot*., Lib. vii. c. 87.
2. National MSS., Part i. p. 5; Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 367.
3. Fordun, *Scotichron*., v. 37.
4. Winton, i. 285, 286.
5. Reeves, *British Culdees*, pg. 36; Stubb's and Haddan's *Councils*, p. 178.
6. Chronica de Mailros, p. 65; Simeon of Durham, p. 208.
7. The researchers of Dr. William Ross in the charters of the Monastery of Inchcolme and Donbibristle MS. Make it undoubted that the monastery was founded by Alexander I. in 1023. "Statements," says Dr. Ross, "are to found in the charters of the Monastery, which point to possessions owed by the canons as far back as the reign of Alexander the First." – *Aberdour and Inchcolme: Being Historical Notices of the Parish and Monastery*.
By the Rev. William Ross, LL.D. Edin., 1885, p. 61. A work which contains much interesting, curious, and original information regarding the Monastery of Inchcolme.
8. Inchcolme was visited and explored by Sir James Simpson. The great physician, it is well known, relieved the strain of professional duty by occasional and successful incursions into the antiquarian field. We find Dr. William Ross saying: "A small building in the garden of the Abbey has lately attracted a good deal of notice, and has even gone through something like restoration, in the belief that it is the identical oratory in

which the Columban eremite worshipped before the monastery was founded. It was through the enlightened antiquarian zeal of Sir James Simpson that this discovery was made. On architectural grounds, some of the highest authorities on such matters have acquiesced in the conclusion come to by Sir James. And on the supposition that they are correct, the little chapel is probably the oldest stone-roofed building in Scotland."—Ross, *Aberdour and Inchcolme: Being Historical Notices of the Parish and Monastery*, p. 58. Edin., 1885.

CHAPTER XX.

A.D. 1124—1139

DAVID I. AND NEW AGE IN EUROPE—DAVID'S PERSONAL QUALITIES AND HABITS—WAR TO RESTORE THE ANGLO-SAXON LINE IN ENGLAND—BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

Alexander dying without issue, David, the youngest of the sons of Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret, ascended the throne (1124). The accession of David synchronises with a great epoch in the history of Europe. For some centuries the ecclesiastical authority had been slowly but steadily gaining upon the civil power, and undermining its foundations. Under the insidious working of the former, the sphere within which kings were to exercise their authority and nations their independence was continually narrowing, and all the while the spiritual was a constantly widening the limits of its jurisdiction, and boldly pushing its arrogant claims to absolute and supreme sovereignty.

These lofty pretensions it based on its higher origin and nature. It was spiritual, and must take precedence of what was temporal; it was from heaven, and must therefore govern, and not be governed by what was merely terrestrial. It claimed, in fact, to be able to produce in writing a divine charter, setting it over the whole of mundane society, and commanding kings and all in authority to be obedient to it. When it found that it could not obtain the submission of men simply by the dogmatic proclamation of this vast prerogative it had recourse to the sword. The prolonged and sanguinary conflict to which this claim gave rise is known in history as "the war of the mitre against the empire." This was waged between the pontiffs of Italy and the emperors of Germany. Nevertheless although these were the two powers immediately concerned, there was not a kingdom in Europe that had not a stake in the controversy, seeing what was aimed at was the subordination of the civil magistracy all over Christendom, and the installation of a spiritual magistracy in its room, with its centre and head at Rome. This was what lay under the claim of the pontiff to the investiture of bishops. It seems plausible and right that the spiritual monarch of Christendom should appoint his spiritual prefects and magistrates throughout all his

dominions, but a moment's reflection will show us that this arrangement lodged the government of Christendom, temporal and spiritual, in one centre, and that centre the papal chair.

This great war had ended in the triumph of the mitre. It is not easy to take in all at once the dimensions of this revolution. It had turned the world upside down. For some centuries to come the *church* and not the *empire* was to be the ruler of the nations. Kings and emperors were to be subject to pontiffs and bishops. The "church" was to have full freedom to display what of power was in her for good or for evil. For this end a large measure of time, as well as power was accorded her. The struggles she had waged had brought her dominion, not for a few years, but for three centuries, and if her fitness to reign was at all what she pretended it to be, how great the happiness in store for the world! The church was to stand at the helm during the currency of these happy centuries. Laymen were to withdraw their unholy hands from the administration of affairs. They did so. Century after century the laity fell more and more into the background, while the ecclesiastical caste came to the front, and blossomed into power and wealth and grandeur and great dominion.

It was just when this revolution had been accomplished, and only a few years after the pontiff to whose daring and genius it was owing, had gone to the tomb that David came to the throne of Scotland. Did he find his northern kingdom untouched by this revolution? Remote from Rome, and the seat of a church which for five centuries had protested against her assumptions, one might have indulged the hope that Scotland had escaped the spirit of change that was abroad. But no; the theocratic element pervaded the air of all Christendom. It had reached the shores of Scotland before David took possession of its throne. Its first entrance was with the monk Egbert, through whom Rome won her first victory in our country, when her emissary prevailed on the elders of Iona to bow their heads and receive her tonsure—a little rite but of vast significance, as are all the rites of Rome. The door thus set ajar was thrown wide open by Queen Margaret. The pope had crept stealthily into the chair of Columba under Egbert, covering the tiara with the cowl. Under Margaret he walked in openly and planted his jurisdiction at the heart of the kingdom, though not without opposition and remonstrance. And last of all came King David to complete the change which his mother had

inaugurated.

Before entering on what was the great event of David's reign, and the great labour of his life, let us contemplate him as a man and as a king. He is undoubtedly one of the best of our early princes. In the long line of our monarchs there are few figures that draw the eye so powerfully to them, or that reward its gaze by imparting so much pleasure. In David some of the best qualities of his mother live over again. As a man he is capable and sagacious. He is healthy in his tastes and amusements. He has sunk nothing of his manhood in the prince: he is courteous in manners, benevolent in disposition; like his mother he cares for the poor, but his compassion and charity do not take the form of those menial personal services in which Margaret so delighted, and which while they made such heavy demands on her time and strength, did but little, we fear, to diminish the pauperism of her husband's dominions. History has no vice of which to accuse him. It records against him no dishonoured friendships, no violated pledges, no desecrated family or social ties. He was unstained by treachery or cowardice. He shunned the enticements of the wine cup, and he kept himself uncontaminated by the baser passions in which too many monarchs have sunk character and manhood.

King David was a lover of justice. So far as he could help it, no one of his subjects should have cause to say that he had been wronged in judgment. He put his own hand to the work. Though one of the most onerous, anxious, and responsible of the functions of royalty, he did not roll over on his judges the entire burden of the administration of the laws. He shared the labour with them, making justice all the sweeter, and it might be the purer, that it came direct from the royal hand. The sentence was the more welcome and the more sacred that the royal mouth had spoken it. And he was a patient and painstaking administrator. We see him sitting at the gates of his palace waiting there to give audience to the humblest subject, and pronounce judgment in the humblest cause. David inherited the Norman passion for the chase. It was absolute exhilaration to him to vault into the saddle on a crisp September morning, and uncoupling hound and falcon, to ride away, followed by his attendants, through forest and moor, in pursuit of hart and roe, and wild boar. At the call of duty, however, he could forego this dearly loved sport. It would happen at times, so says his contemporary and biographer,

Abbot Ailred, when the king was in the saddle and the hawks unloosed for a day's hunting, that there would come a suitor craving audience of him. The gracious sovereign would instantly dismount, lead the applicant into his closet, and patiently listen while he explained and enforced his suit. The steeds were led back to the stable, hound and hawk were returned into the leash, and the hunt which had been arranged and looked forward to with such anticipations of delight was postponed to the first convenient day.

David was monarch of a country abounding in every variety of picturesque scenery, from the dark glen amid the rugged Grampians to the soft open and sunny vales which the Jed or the Dee waters. To him nature opened those sources of quiet but exquisite enjoyment which she locks up from the sensualist and the voluptuary. We infer his appreciation of the beautiful in landscape from his frequent and extensive peregrinations through his dominions. He looked at his kingdom with his own eyes. He investigated the condition of his subjects by contact and converse with them in their dwellings, and the plough, at their handicrafts, or among their flocks and herds. This exercised and extended his powers of observation, and gave him more real knowledge of his subjects in the course of a single journey than he would have acquired in a year from the reports of his officers and justiciars.

While the monarch thus gathered knowledge he at the same time reaped enjoyment. We trace his movements in the numerous charters which he issued, and which show that while there was scarcely any part of his dominions which he did not visit, he was partial to certain spots, and those the most marked by their natural beauty. He paid occasional visits to the Forest Tower at Dunfermline, drawn thither doubtless by the touching memories of his mother rather than by any natural beauty of which the place can boast. Stirling was a favourite residence of the monarch. From the battlements of his castle he could look down on the rich corn lands of the Carse, through which, in silvery mazes, the Forth would be seen stealing quietly onwards to the ocean. While the incessant flickering of light and shade on the Ochils gave a magic beauty to the great bounding wall of the valley. There was one spot within range of David's eye to which he would have turned with even greater interest than was awakened in him by the rich prospect beneath him. But that

spot had then no name, and was wholly undistinguished from the rest of the plain. Yet it was not to be so in years to come. One heroic battle was to kindle that spot, at a future day, into a glory that should fill the world and be a beacon-light to nerve the hero and inspire the patriot for all time—Bannockburn!

Again we find David at Perth, Holding Court on the banks of the Scottish Tiber, in the midst of scenery than which Italy has hardly anything richer or more romantic to show. Anon he moves eastward to Glammis or Forfar, where the greatest of Scottish straths is bounded by the grandest of Scottish mountain chains. Besides this immense plain, nobler hunting field the monarch could nowhere find in Scotland. Where else could hawk spread his wings for a nobler flight, or hound be unleashed for a longer run, or steed career over more boundless amplitude of level plain than in the space between the Grampians and the Sidlaws. Moreover, it abounded in game of all kinds, and David often came to it to pursue the sport for which it was so well adapted, and in which he took so great a delight.

Moving southwards the king would exchange the Grampians for the pastoral Cheviots. We find him at Melrose, at Kelso, at Jedburgh, and other places on the Border. This region had a lyrical sweetness, and softness of scenery which, to one whose tastes were natural and pure, offered a charming contrast to the ruggedness of the northern portions of Scotland. The light of genius in after days was to glorify this region. Ballad and romance were to make it classic and storied. Meanwhile it possessed attractions which perhaps David prized more than these other substantial glories which at a future age were to add their attractions to it. Its parks and forest glades were plentifully stocked with game, and if the sport was good, David did not much concern himself whether it was over common or over classic earth that he chased the roe and hunted the wild boar.

We find King David holding court on the Castle Rock. Edinburgh at that day had taken no high place among the cities of Scotland. Its site was strangely rugged and uneven, and gave no promise of ever becoming the seat of a great and magnificent capital such as it is at this day. Yet these seeming deformities, it would seem, were the very peculiarities

that recommended this site to Art as a fitting stage for her marvels. Amid these rocky ridges and precipices she could display her power, as nowhere else, in overcoming the obstacles of nature, and her skill in converting difficulties into helps, and transforming deformity into beauty and grandeur. And the result has justified her choice. The hills on which, in David's days, were cowered a few tenements mostly of wood, flanked on either side by unsightly and stagnant lochs, and shut in at the eastern extremities by an escarpment of crags, which steep and lofty, frowned over a forest in which, whoever ventured to stray, had to lay his account with a possible encounter with the wild boar, a chance which tradition says once befell David himself, are now the seat of the Scottish metropolis. It is one of Art's grandest triumphs. Here she has given to the world a second Athens, only the second Athena excels the first in that it has a more romantic site, a grander Acropolis, and an Altar in the midst of it on which there is no longer the inscription, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

Before entering on what was the principal work of David's life, and the work most frequently connected with his name, we shall dispatch whatever may be worth narrating in his civil and military career. The passion for war was even stronger in the Norman than the passion for the chase. With David it was the latter passion that was the strongest. But though peace-loving in the main we find him at times on the battlefield. His relationship to the royal family of England drew him into these quarrels. To judge how far these armed interferences of his in the affairs of his neighbours, and which, in one instance at least, drew upon himself defeat and upon his army a terrible destruction, were justifiable or called for, we must pay some attention to his connection with the royal family of the southern kingdom, and the duty which, in David's opinion, that connection imposed upon him. Both David and his sister Matilda were educated in England. His sister became the wife of Henry I. Henry Beauclerk (the scholar), as Hume tells us he was called, from his knowledge of letters. There were born to Henry and Matilda, a son, who was named William, and a daughter who bore her mother's name, Matilda or Maud. Prince William died at the age of eighteen, leaving Maud, the niece of David, heiress presumptive to the throne of England. Maud had been affianced (1110) by her father, though only eight years of age, to the Emperor of Germany, Henry V. On the

death of Henry I. (1131) the empress Maud, now a widow, was left by her father's will the heir of all his dominions. Another claimant to the throne, however, came forward to contest the rights of the princess Maud. This was Stephen, also a kinsman of King David, by his younger daughter Mary, and a grandson of William the conqueror by his daughter, the wife to Eustace, Earl of Boulogne. Stephen had long resided in England, and knowing the disinclination of the Norman nobility to the rule of a woman, he boldly seized the crown, and raising an army he marched northward with great celerity to meet David of Scotland, now in arms in support of the Title of his niece, the Empress Maud. It was natural that he should espouse his side of the quarrel, and his conduct in doing so is all the more free from the imputation of interest or partiality, inasmuch as he was related to Stephen as well as to Maud. He is not to be so easily vindicated from the charges preferred against him on the ground of the barbarities committed by his army on its march into Yorkshire. These massacres and devastations were as impolitic as they were cruel. They enraged the powerful barons of the North of England, and alienated from him Robert de Brus, Walter l'Espec, and many others, who otherwise would have ranged themselves under his standard, and fought for the cause of his niece.

When the two combatants met at Durham neither felt himself prepared to commit the issue of the quarrel all at once to the decision of a battle. A treaty was patched up between the English and Scotch king, in which the chief article agreed on was that Prince Henry, the son of King David, should receive investiture of the earldom of Northumberland. Peace being concluded, Stephen returned to London, and thence passed to Normandy, but failing ultimately to implement the treaty as regarded the investiture of Prince Henry with Northumbria, the war soon again broke out.

We behold the two kings once more at the head of their armies (1138), and the north of England about to be watered with torrents of Scotch and English Blood. On both sides the utmost diligence was shown in raising soldiers, and the utmost celerity in moving them to the spot where terrible battle should decide the quarrel. The Scotch king at the head of twenty-six thousand of his subjects penetrated into Northumbria. The English, disregarded the humane wishes of David, and renewed the old depredations of Northumberland, to the disgust of the barons of

Yorkshire, the former companions-in-arms of the Scottish monarch. The offended nobles went over to the standard of the enemy. The two armies met at Cutton Moor, near Northalerton. Ailred of Rivaux has given us the speeches delivered on both sides before battle was joined. They are wonderful specimens of rhetoric, taking into account the men from whom they came, and the moment at which they were spoken. If we may judge from these addresses, the Norman barons were as distinguished orators as they were redoubtable warriors. Their speeches make pleasant reading in the closet, but we may conclude that they were never spoken on the field.

Let us note the disposition of the two armies. The English force was the smaller in point of numbers, but the richer in those elements which command victory. Its movements were directed by Norman skill, and its soldiers were inspired by Norman valour. The standard, which towered aloft in the middle of the host, added the powerful stimulus of fanaticism to the other incentives to valour and courage. It was so remarkable of its kind that it has given its name to the action fought under it, and which is known as "the Battle of the Standard." It was a tall pole like the mast of a ship, fixed in a moveable car, and bearing atop a large cross, and in the centre of the cross a silver box which enclosed the consecrated wafer. Below the cross the banners of St. Peter of York, of St. John of Beverley, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon, were seen to float. The standard sanctified the host and the cause for which it was in arms, and gave to every soldier assurance that should he fall in battle he would find the gates of Paradise open for his admission. The superiority of his armour furnished him with a more solid ground of confidence. This holy ensign was mainly the device of Thurstan, Archbishop of York, whom age and sickness alone prevented putting on his armour and appearing in the field.

Massed around the standard was a compact body of Norman knights, clad from head to foot in mail. The front rank of the army was composed of the infantry, or men-at-arms. They were flanked on either side by the terrible archers of England. Even should the Scots break through the ranks in the front and pass unscathed through the deadly shower of arrows that awaited them right and left, they had still to encounter the rocklike mass of Norman chivalry at the centre. They must break in pieces that all but impenetrable mass of valour and steel before they could possess

themselves of the standard, and claim the victory.

Behind King David came a numerous but somewhat motley host, variously armed. Hardly was there shire between the Solway and the Spey which had not sent its contingent to this war. The clansmen of the Grampians were there, wielding the claymore, and covered their bodies with the small wickerwork shield which their ancestors had opposed to the Roman sword at the battle of Mons Grampius. There, too, were the men of the Scottish Midlands and the Lothians with spear and cuirass. From the Western Isles came a horde of fighters to confront the foe with their battle-axes. The bowmen of the border counties mustered on that field, as did also the Britons of Cumbria. And there, too, were the fierce Galwegians, brandishing their long pikes, and, like their Pictish ancestors of past ages, disdaining the use of defensive armour, and making valour to be to them for mail. Around the king road a select company of Scottish and Norman knights, the latter the party of Maud, who wore their coats of mail, without, however, any impeachment of their bravery.

Before encountering the enemy, this host of diverse nationalities had a point of honour to settle among themselves. Who shall lead in the assault? The Galwegians clamoured loudly for the honour as their right. The rest of the army objected, for the obvious reason that it was risking too much to oppose unarmed men to the Norman steel. "Let the men-at-arms," said the counsellors of the king, "form the front line." The blood of the Galwegians boiled up higher than ever. "What the better," they scornfully asked, "were the Normans of their mail at Clitherow? Were they not fain to throw away their steel coats and flee before our pikemen?" The controversy was getting hotter every instant, and the king, to avoid a quarrel at a moment so critical, gave, orders that the plan of the battle should be as the Galwegians desired.

They rushed forward, shouting their war cry, "Alban, Alban!" The English front sustained the shock of the levelled pikes, and the moment of greatest danger to them had passed. The terrible mistake of placing unarmed pikemen in the van of battle was now seen when it was too late. The long handle of the weapon they carried was shivered on the iron harness against which it struck, and the hapless owner was left with only a broken staff in his hand at the mercy of the English sword. The ranks behind

pressed forward, but only to have their weapons shivered in their turn, and to stand unarmed like their comrades in the presence of the enemy. The confusion at the front, which was now great, seriously obstructed the advance of the Highlanders and the isles-men. But to stand idle spectators of the bloody fray was more than they were able to do. Unsheathing their claymores and brandishing their battle-axes they rushed forward over the bodies of the fallen pike-men. They made terrible havoc in the English ranks, but when they had hewed their way to the centre of the field their progress was arrested. The Norman knights stood firm. They kept their place around the standard sheathed in steel. They received the onset of the foe on the points of their lances, and the swords and battle-axes of their assailants became unserviceable. The English archers now saw that the moment had come for making their weapon, which already had become the terror of the battlefield, to be felt by the Scots. From both flanks they let fly a shower of yard-cloth shafts which did terrible execution. The position of the Scots was now intolerable. In front of them was a wall of levelled lances, through which they could not break. Above and around them was a cloud of arrows against which their claymores and battle-axes were powerless to defend them. Atlas! That they should ever have been drawn to a field where their blood was to be poured out so freely in a quarrel which concerned them so little!

The fighting had lasted two hours. The numbers who had fallen were about equal on both sides, yet there was no decided indication how the day would go. At this moment, however, a small artifice turned the tide of fortune against the Scots. An English soldier, severing the head from one of the many corpses on the field, held it aloft in token that the King of the Scots had been slain. The northern army was seized with dismay. King David hastily threw up his vizor to show his soldiers that he was still alive and in the midst of them. But the impression produced by the exhibition of the ghastly trophy could not be undone, and the king, judging it useless to prolong the effusion of blood, drew off his men from the field. He retired with rather more than half the army he had brought with him: the rest were to return no more.

The loss of the Battle of the Standard does not appear to have weakened David's power, or lowered his prestige as a great monarch. He retreated, but did not fully, and his retreat was conducted in a style that gave no

encouragement to the English to pursue. In truth David was not more pleased to find himself in his own country than Stephen was to see him out of his. Negotiations were soon thereafter opened between the two sovereigns. Had the Scotch and English monarchs made trial of a conference in the first instance, they might have been spared the necessity of assembling fifty thousand of their subjects in arms, and burying the one half of them on Cutton Moor. In these negotiations David gained, and Stephen conceded, all the objects, one only excepted, which had prompted the former to undertake his expedition into England. Cumberland was recognised, as by ancient right, as under the Scottish sceptre. Henry, the son of King David, a youth of rich promise, but fated to die early, received investiture of Northumberland, as far as the river Tees, and the earldom of Huntingdon. This last princely inheritance came to Henry through his mother, the daughter of Earl Waltheop.

This treaty was concluded in A.D. 1139. Its provisions must have been satisfactory so far to the Scottish king, yet it did not include that on which doubtless he laid greatest stress. It contained no recognition of the right of his niece, the Empress Maud, to the throne of England. William the Norman had been placed on the throne of that kingdom by the battle of Hastings. To reverse the verdict of that field King David had assembled his army, and carried war into England. He thought to expel Stephen, and bring back the old Saxon line of princes. Happily he was unable to effect what wished. With his niece on the English throne, Scotland might have been conquered without the interposition of arms, and the two countries quietly made one, to the grievous and lasting injury of both. Neither country had as yet developed its individuality, and the time was not ripe for the two to take their place by the side of each other as sister kingdoms, equally independent, and mutual workers in the cause of liberty. It is true, no doubt, that the war of independence, with its many bloody fields, would have been averted, had the two crowns now been united, but the higher interests of the world required that they should for some centuries longer, remain separate. Scotland had to be prepared in isolation as a distinct theatre for patriotic and religious achievements of the highest order. As regards England, her sceptre needed a stronger hand to hold it than the Saxon. The strong-minded, self-willed Norman was required to keep in check that ecclesiastical Power which was shooting up into an astuteness and arrogancy which threatened alike

prince and subject. The Saxon would have weakly succumbed to that power, and the vassalage of the English people would have been deeper than it ever became in even the worst times of the Papacy. The Norman refused to have a master in his own dominions, and waged an intermittent war against the Papal assumptions all through till the times of the Reformation. To make way for this valorous race the Saxon princes were removed, and all the efforts of King David, whether on the battlefield or in the council chamber, to effect their restoration, came to nothing. The verdict of the field of Hastings could not be reversed, nor the Norman displaced from the throne to which the great Ruler had called him.

CHAPTER XXI.

KING DAVID'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLICY—ERECTION OF FIVE NEW BISHOPRICS—SUPPRESSION OF THE CULDEES.

The genius of King David did not incline him to the battlefield, yet there were times when he deemed it right to put on armour and appear at the head of armies. On these occasions he bore himself with a chivalry and a valour which showed that had he given himself to the study of war he would have shone in arms. As it was he was accounted the first knight of the age. His more genial sphere was the cabinet, and glad he was when he could dismiss his soldiers to their homes, put off his coat of mail, and retire into his closet, or take his seat at his palace gate, and hear the complaints, and redress the grievances of his subjects. When the last suitor had parted, David would vault into the saddle, gallop off to moorland or forest glade, and forget the cares of state in the excitements of the hunting field.

David's reign would have been one of the happiest and most peaceful in our early annals but for two fondly cherished projects. The one was to restore the Saxon line to the throne of England. This would have made the balance of power in the coming centuries incline to the side of the Papal domination. The Saxon line would have been as clay in the astute hands of the Papal managers. There was more iron in the Norman princes, and the battle between English liberty and priestly domination was in consequence a more equal one. It was a mighty blessing to England that David failed in all his attempts to reverse the verdict of the field of Hastings, by bringing back the exiled family to the throne. The other project on which David's heart was set was to change the religion of Scotland, and substitute the priests of a foreign faith for the native clergy. In this he but too well succeeded.

Many things may be pleaded in excuse of David in adopting a policy the issues of which were so disastrous to his country. He was the son of Queen Margaret. He had been the witness of her austere devotions. With her throne there had been transmitted to him, he doubtless believed, the sacred obligation of taking up and prosecuting her work. That work had been hers, and was therefore holy. He had been educated in England,

and had lived there to the mature age of forty. With Columbia and his Church he could have no sympathy. He had heard the Columbines spoken of as dwellers beyond the bounds of the civilized earth, as intractable men who obstinately clung to barbarous rites, and had no reverence for the mighty name of Rome. Though the religion of the age was weak, its ecclesiasticism was powerful, and was every year becoming more so, and David was not the only monarch who was borne along with the current, believing that in addition to the grandeur of Rome he was adding to the power of Christianity. This helps us to understand, though it does not enable us to justify, a policy which, a few generations after, cost the family of Margaret the throne of Scotland, while the church which she hoped to extinguish lived on, and came forth in the dawn of a new era refined and transformed to inhabit her old land.

When David came to the throne he found four Romish sees in existence in Scotland. During Margaret's lifetime Fotadh reigned alone as the "one bishop of Alban." But Rome knew him not. Fotadh drew his ecclesiastical lineage, not from the Seven Hills, but from Iona. He was the last representative of that famous line which had so long swayed the spiritual sceptre over Scotland, but which Rome held to be a rival and rebellious house. Had Margaret lived, Scotland would not have long remained in the care of but one Shepherd, and he not validly consecrated. Other shepherds would have been found with the oil of the Pope upon him. But Margaret’s death put a stop to the work. The succession of her sons to the throne was contested. They followed wars and confusions in the country. There were years when there was neither Columbite nor Romish bishop in the land. There was nothing but an empty chair at St. Andrews, a monument, alas, of the spiritual desolation of Scotland! When Alexander I. ascended the throne the work which had been stopped by the death off his mother was vigorously resumed, and considerable progress was made in it. Before Alexander’s death four centres of Romish action had been established in Scotland.

Let us look at the four ecclesiastical sees, with the territories or dioceses assigned for their spiritual oversight and jurisdiction. St. Andrews comes first in honours as in time. If a history springs out of legend and mystery can make a place sacred, the spot where the first Romish see was set up in Scotland is truly venerable. When the pontiff first came to Rome he

was content to borrow the fisherman's chair. When he first came to Scotland he over again had to be content with a borrowed chair. He set himself down in what had been the seat of Columba. It had stood vacant for some time, but after many vexatious delays an occupant was now found for it, and a diocese assigned it which stretched across the Forth, and comprehended the Lothians.

The second see was that of Moray. The extensive plains, watered by the Findhorn and the Spey, formed its diocese. Truly the lines had fallen in pleasant places to this bishop, seeing the territory placed under his spiritual sceptre may challenge comparison with any in Scotland in point of a fruitful soil and a salubrious and kindly climate. The bishop was content to have as his cathedral one of the humble parish churches of the district, probably a building of wood or wattles like most of the Columbite churches of the period. Eventually he and his canons removed to Elgin, where a sumptuous pile, worthy the church whose representative he was and whose jurisdiction he exercised, rose to receive him.

The third ecclesiastical see was established at Dunkeld. Here the air was filled with the memories of Columba. The traditions of his church clung to the very rocks which bound the little valley through which, broad and clear, rolls the Tay. Rome in this invasion is seen to tread in the footprints of the great Apostle of Iona. She steals in under the mighty prestige of his name while anathematising his followers, and treading out the foundations of his church. From this little central valley the bishop's spiritual kingdom extended far and wide around. On the west it included the rich straths and the grand mountains of the modern Perthshire, onward to the historic boundary of Drumalban. On the south Strathearn and on the east Angus were subject to his sceptre. A numerous flock verily! Truly he had need to be a wise and vigilant shepherd, if he were to give in his account "with joy," when a greater master than the Pope should come to call him to a reckoning. Nor were even these the limits of his diocese. On the south it stretched to the banks of the Forth, comprehending Inchcolm with its little colony of Augustinian monks, and Loch Leven with its Columban brotherhood, soon to have the alternative presented to them of submission to the Roman rule or ejection from their monastery.

A fourth see was added to these three earlier ones, that of Glasgow even. The erection of this bishopric was the work of David before he had come to the throne, and while governing the southern provinces of Scotland as prince of Cumbria. David caused inquisition to be made by "the elders and wise men of Cumbria" into the lands and buildings which in former ages had belonged to the Christian Church in those parts. An account was compiled and laid before him of all the old ecclesiastical property which the many revolutions in that part of Scotland had diverted from its original uses to secular ends, sweeping away therewith almost all traces of Christianity itself. Acting on that document, David in 1121 constituted the bishopric of Glasgow, and appointed his tutor John to the see. The property was not rightfully either David's or John's. It had belonged to an earlier church. The Culdees were the true heirs, but they were powerless against Prince David, whose pleasure it was that their ancient inheritance should pass to a church which their fathers had not know.

The diocese of Glasgow extended from the banks of the Clyde to the shores of the Solway on the south, and from the Lothians to the river Urr on the west. In this instance, too, we find the Romanizers building on the old foundations. The readers of this history know how famous this whole region was in the evangelical records of Scotland. Its atmosphere was redolent of the memories of patriarchal men. Here, while it was yet night, Ninian had kindled the lamp of the faith, and the dwellers by the Solway and in the vales of Teviotdale and by the waters of the Nith saw a great light rise upon them. In after days when war, with its attendant lawlessness and wickedness, had all but obliterated the footprints of the apostle of Galloway, Kentigern, the friend and contemporary of Columba, came forth to sow over again, with the good seed, the fields from which the early cultivation of Ninian had well-nigh been entirely swept away. Ninian and Kentigern carried no commission from Rome, and did not teach the name of the Pope. In those days that name carried no weight with it in these northern parts. But since that time this ecclesiastical functionary had shot up into a great personage. He claimed to carry the key of the gospel kingdom, and in the exercise of that power he had given admission to the Gothic tribes which had now for centuries been folded beneath his crook, and tended by him as their shepherd. Learning that there were still a few

wanderers in these remote parts, he sent thither his messengers to say to these lost sheep that yet there was room. These four bishoprics were the beginning of Rome's kingdom in Scotland.

When David came to the throne the work of uprooting the ancient Scottish church and rearing the new ecclesiastical fabric went forward with increased diligence and speed. The zeal of Alexander was coldness itself compared with the enthusiastic ardor of David. The former during his lifetime had added two new sees; when the latter died he lift nine bishoprics in Scotland. The first of these was the see of Ross or Rossemarkie. It was founded about 1128, for the name of "Macbeth, Bishop of Rossemarken," is appended, along with that of others, to a charter granted to the monks of Dunfermline in that year. [1] Rossemarkie was originally a Columban foundation, established by Molonc, Abbot of Lismore. In the eighth century it was still an establishment of the Culdees. In the ninth it had been brought more into line with Rome, and now under David its transformation was completed by its erection into a Romish bishopric. The cathedral, now a ruin, was built in the fourteenth century.

The next see to be established was that of Aberdeen. The diocese was bounded by the Dee on one side and the Spey on the other. Its first historic appearance is in a bull of Pope Adrian IV. In 1157. The bull confirms to Edward, Bishop Aberdeen, the churches of Aberdeen and St. Machar, with the town of Old Aberdeen, the monastery of Cloveth, the monastery and town of Mortlach, with five churches and the lands belonging to them. [2] Fordun records the tradition of an earlier see which Malcolm II. was said to have established at Mortlach in gratitude for the great victory he here gained over the Norwegians. This, however, is inconsistent with the undoubted fact that in that age there was but one bishop in Scotland. If Malcolm founded anything on the scene of that eventful battle it was a house or monastery of Culdees. The documents which were thought to authenticate Fordun's tradition have since been shown to be spurious. The cathedral came two hundred years after the institution of the see, being begun 1272 and finished 1377.

The diocese of Aberdeen included within its boundaries the two famous monasteries of Deer and Turriff. The first, as our readers know, was

founded by Columba, and committed to the care of his nephew Drostan. The second arose in the century following, having for its founder Comgan, a disciple of Columba. Of the archaic discoveries of our day not the least important is the "Book of Deer." This venerable relict of the Columban Church shows these two monasteries—and if these two, why not others?—resting on their original constitution and retaining their Culdean character down to the reign of David I. Besides its more sacred contents the Book of Deer contains a memoranda of grants to the monastery, "written in the Irish character and language."[3] These grants are engrossed on the margin of the first two pages of the book, and on the three blank pages at the end of the MS. There are two grants by Gartnait, Mormaer or Earl of Buchan, who lived in the earlier years of King David. We can trace in these grants the change which was passed upon the age as to ecclesiastical affairs. One of the grants is made to Columcile and Drostan alone. It is evident from this that the founders of the Celtic Church have not yet come to be overshadowed and displaced by the mightier saints of the Roman Church. But the prestige that once invested the names of Columba and Drostan is waning, and accordingly the other grant by Gartnait is dedicated to St. Peter, and is accompanied by a refounding of the church. When we read of this and other dedications it relieves to reflect that the Peter who figures in them is not the fisherman of Galilee, but the Jupiter Tonans of the Vatican. He, and not the apostle, is the Atlas on whose shoulders Rome imposes her mighty burden. The scribe who wrote these grants has warned off every profane or greedy hand that would snatch these gifts either in whole or in part from their proper use. His words are very emphatic. "They are made," he says, "in freedom from Mormaer and Toisech, till the day of judgment, which his blessing on every one why shall fulfill, and his curse on every one who shall go against it."[4]

The fourth bishopric established by David was that of Caithness. As regards extent of diocese this was the greatest of the four. It was assigned the wide territory between the Moray and the Pentland firths, comprehending the counties of Caithness and Sutherland. This see, so imposing in point of area, was nevertheless somewhat unreal. It does not appear that the holder of it could meanwhile reside within the bounds of his diocese, or gather the revenues of his see, or exercise the spiritual oversight of his flock. The political situation of the region was anomalous.

It was subject to the Earl of Orkney, who, although he held nominally of the Scottish crown, oftener rendered real obedience to the Norwegian King. Meanwhile David provided for the suitable maintenance of the bishop by conferring upon him the Church of the Holy Trinity at Dunkeld, which was dowered with numerous estates in Perthshire. The principal church of the diocese was that of Dornoch, on the northern shore of the Cromarty firth. This was a Columban foundation, and one of no little distinction as well from its high antiquity as from the eminence of its founder. The district owed its first evangelisation to St. Finnan of Maghbile, the preceptor and friend of Columba, and it does not surprise us that down till the days of King David there existed here a community of Culdees. Their numbers we do not know, but after the institution of the new see they appear to have rapidly declined; and in a century after, the brotherhood was reduced to a single cleric who ministered in the church of Dornoch. And now he too disappears, and in his room comes a chapter of canons, ten in number, with dean, chancellor, precentor, treasurer, and all the other officials of a regularly equipped cathedral staff. By this time (1235-1245) the humble church of Dornoch had been replaced by a cathedral, built by Gilbert de Moravia, now Bishop of Moray. In the deed establishing the chapter the bishop sets forth, "that in times of his predecessors there was but a single priest ministering in the cathedral, both on account of the poverty of the place and by reason of frequent hostilities, and that he desired to extend the worship of God in that church, and resolved to build a cathedral church at his own expense, to dedicate it to the Virgin Mary, and in proportion to his limited means to make it conventual."[5]

So close the annals of the Columban Church in the region beyond the Moray Firth. For six centuries that church had kept her lamp burning on that northern shore. At no time does she appear to have been very prosperous or flourishing. She suffered all but total extinction during the storms of the Viking age. She flourished a second time under the more settled rule of the Norwegian monarchs. But again decay set in. The Columban brotherhood diminished in numbers as in zeal, till only one solitary watcher is seen going his round on the ramparts of this distant outpost of the evangelical kingdom. At last he too disappears, and his vacant place is filled by a dean and chapter of canons-regular, whose ministrations are performed in a cathedral which the munificence

of Gilbert de Moravia, Bishop of Moray has reared for their use.

The Culdees of Dornoch passed gradually and peacefully out of existence. Not so some of the brotherhoods in the south. They had a more violent ending. Let us speak first of the demolition of the Monastery of Lochleve. Lochleven is the tamest of all the Scottish lakes. Its level shores offer themselves invitingly to the husbandman whose labours they repay with a bounteous harvest, but they present no attractions to the tourist in search of the picturesque or the grand in scenery. But although without adornment of rock or tree, Lochleven, in point of historic interest, has no equal among the lakes of Scotland. Its name in Gaelic is "Loch Leamnah," that is, the "Lake of the Elm." Its interest centres in a small island which rises not far from the northern shore, and which has been the scene of events older than the union of the Picts and Scots. Like the great outside world this little island has seen many changes in its population. Diverse have been the professions and the fortunes of those who have made it their abode. The recluse has sought its quiet that he might here meditate and pray, while others after playing their part in the busy world have welcomed it as a refuge from the storms of State. Different faiths have reared their sanctuaries upon it. Now it is the old Hebrew psalms, sung by Columbite anchoret, that float out their majestic melody from the isle of St. Serf: now it is the chant of mass or vespers, hymned by medieval monk, that is heard stealing softly over the calm face of the waters, and now in days more recent it is the sighs of an imprisoned Queen that break upon the stillness. On this little isle lived Andrew Wyntoun, who occupied the years of his laborious solitude in the composition of his famous history of Scotland from the creation to the captivity of James I.[6] Brude, the last King of the Picts, founded here (842) a colony of Columbites, and David I., in the twelfth century, found them living on their ancient island.[7] They form one of the most notable links betwixt the early church of Columba and the later church of the Culdees. "They were," says Dr. Skene, "the oldest *Keledean* establishment in Scotland, and thus exhibited its earliest form." [8] Retaining their ecclesiastical and spiritual characteristics to the very last, they present an unbroken continuity of lineage from before the days of Kenneth MacAlpin to those of David I." a fact which effectually dispels the illusion that the Columbans of the eighth century and the Culdees of the twelfth are two different sects of religionists, and constitute two

different churches. No! the two have manifestly sprung from the loins of the same great progenitor. Both are the children of Columba.

The monastery of Lochleven was dedicated to Servanus, or St. Serf, one of the early evangelists of Scotland, who, when the monastery was founded, had been some centuries in his grave. His legend, which we have given in a form chapter, is one of the main props of the theory that the Culdees were in some sort Roman monks. According to the legend, Servanus was born in Canaan, where his father was a king. He traveled to the west, and for seven years filled the Apostolic chair at Rome. Vacating the See of Peter, Servanus wandered as far northward as Scotland. There he met Adamnan, who led him to Lochleven, and installed him as Abbot on the island which he and his followers were afterwards to make so famous. Under this ci-devant pontiff there grew up a family of monks, of course, according to the legend, of the Roman genus. King David found them still nestling in their island, and stupidly mistaking them for the children of Iona, and the professors of an evangelical creed, he compelled them to enter the communion of the Church of Rome, and those who stubbornly refused he drove from their monastery. Not by a single word would we weaken the force of this most ingenious explanation of the Romish origin and alleged Roman proclivities of the Scottish Culdees.

Few in number, broken in spirit by oppression, and despoiled of nearly all the lands with which the kings and mormaers of other days had, perhaps too amply, endowed them, some of the Culdees yet dared to offer resistance to David's peremptory mandate that they should cease being Culdean eremites and at once become Roman canons. All that they had ever possessed now passed to the foreign ecclesiastics who came in their room, down to the last rag of their ecclesiastical vestments and the last volume of their little library. In the royal charter now given to the Bishop of St Andrews David declares that "he had given and granted to the Canons of St. Andrews the island of Lochleven, that they might establish canonical order there; and the Keledei who shall be found there, if they consent to live as regulars shall be permitted to remain in society with and subject to the others; but should any of them be disposed to offer resistance, his will and pleasure was that such should be expelled from the island."[9] A century later (1248) the monastery of Lochleven is

found to be occupied solely by canons-regular of the Augustinian order, and the Keledei are extinct.

This glimpse of the last days of the Culdees of Lochleven shows us how speckled was the religious aspect of Scotland during the twelfth century. Two faiths were contending for possession of the land: neither as yet had got the mastery and held exclusive occupancy. The age was a sort of borderland between Culdeeism and Romanism. The two met and mingled often in the same monastery, and the religious belief of the nation was a mumble of superstitious doctrines and a few scriptural truths. The monastery of Lochleven is an illustrative example. The Culdee establishment there had, prior to 961, become connected with the Abbey of St. Andrews through the bishop of that place, himself a Culdee. This Culdee bishop would seem to have exercised a superintendence, not only over the Culdees of Lochleven, but over all the Culdee communities in the district of St. Andrews, forming thus a foreshadowing of the diocesan jurisdiction under the Papacy in days to come.[10]

As it fared with the Culdees of Lochleven, so it fared with the Culdees of Monimusk. This monastery was of earlier institution doubtless than the days of its reputed founder, Malcolm Canmore. The Big Head was on his way northward to chastise the men of Moray (1078) who had fallen under his displeasure. Halting at his barony of Monimusk, in the valley of the Don, he vowed that if his expedition were successful he would devote his barony to St. Andrew. Returning victorious he kept his word to the letter and beyond it. Many a fair acre on the pleasant banks of the Don became the property of the saint. Others, who wished to earn a name for piety, followed the example of the king, and pasturage and moor, woodland and mountain, swelled the possessions of the monastery. "There is a time to gather," says the wise man. To the monks of Monimusk it was now the "time to gather," but already the cloud of coming tempest was in the sky. Their monastery was on the north of the Grampians, but their spiritual fealty was due on the south of these mountains. The Bishop of St. Andrews claimed them as under his episcopal care, and this gave him a pretext for drawing their possessions into his net. William, Bishop of St. Andrews, picked a quarrel with them and carried it (1211) to Rome. The Papal chair was then filled by one of the most astute Popes that ever sat in it, Innocent III. The man who had

launched the crusades against the Waldenses was not likely to look with a favourable eye upon the Keledei of Monimusk. Judgment finally was given against them. The bulk of their property was transferred to the See of St. Andrews, and any one who should dare to disturb this arrangement was threatened with "the indignation of the Omnipotent God, and the Apostles Peter and Paul." In 1245 the Culdees of Monimusk finally disappear, and the Augustinian canons come in their room.[11]

We pass over the Culdee establishments of Abernethy and Dunblane. It is the same story of gradual suppression, attended with more or less violence, and ending in utter spoliation and entire extinction. After the same fashion were all the Culdee communities throughout Scotland dealt with. We turn to St. Andrews, the most important of all the Columban seats.

The Culdee community of St. Andrews was a flourishing body down till the middle of the twelfth century. The Bishop of St. Andrews, at least so long as he was the one Bishop of Scotland, was held to be the representative of Columba, and to sit in his chair, which had then been transferred from Iona to St. Andrews. In fact, with a change of title from "abbot" to "bishop,." This functionary presided over the one Church of Scotland, which, down to the days of King David, continued to be Columban in doctrine and ritual. We should therefore expect to find the Culdees grouped in greater numbers and stronger vitality around the chair of the Bishop of St Andrews than elsewhere in Scotland. They had elected him. He was their immediate head. They held in him the image of the great founder of their church, and while he sat there by their suffrages, that once mighty church which had sent her missionaries into all lands from the Po to the Elbe, and established a chain of evangelical posts from the Apennines to the shores of Iceland, was not yet extinct, nor the glories of Iona altogether departed. At St. Andrews, if anywhere, we should expect a stout fight for the old cause. Nor are we disappointed. Two hundred long years the Culdees of the old city "on the brink of the waves" maintained their battle for church and country against this foreign invasion.

Till the year 1144 the Culdees were in sole possession at St. Andrews. Roman monk had not been seen within its walls. But in that year Prior

Robert of Scone, whom we have already met with, crossed the Tay with a little colony of Augustinian canons, whom he established at St. Andrews. He provided a maintenance for them out of the lands of the Culdees, he gave them moreover two of the seven portions of the altar offerings, and various other perquisites besides. A bull of Pope Lucius II. of the same year confirmed the new foundation. The disinherited Culdees were told that they might recoup themselves in part by enrolling their names in the new fraternity to which their lands had been conveyed. In the charter which King David now granted to the prior and canons of St. Andrews was the following provision: "That they" (the prior and canons) "shall receive the Keledei of Kilrimont into the canonry, with all their possessions, if they are willing to become canon-regular; but, if they refuse, those who are now alive are to retain their property during their lives; and, after their death, as many canons-regular are to be instituted in the church of St. Andrews as there are now Keledei, and all their possessions are to be appropriated to the use of the canons."[12] David doubtless thought that he acted generously in opening this door to the Culdees. Will they enter it? Their recantation is made a very simple affair; it is but to don the frock of the Augustinian and then sit down at the same refectory-board, and share in the good things which fall to the lot of those who worship as kings are pleased to enjoin.

Stript of half of their property, the King and the Pope in league for their destruction, one half of the Columban brotherhoods already suppressed, and sentence of doom hanging over themselves, we are expected to hear the Culdees say, "It is vain longer to resist. The battle is lost before it is begun." So would worldly policy have counselled. But the Culdees took counsel neither of worldly wisdom nor of self-interest. They preferred a good conscience to wealthy emoluments. And now we have to speak of one of the grandest combats of religion against power, and of a little party against tremendous odds, which is to be met with the annals of our country. Prelatist and Romanist historians have found only a few commonplace sentences to bestow on this conflict. They see neither patriotism nor chivalry in it because the combatants were Culdees. But let us gauge the affair at its true magnitude. The war which we now see commencing between these two parties so vastly dissimilar in numbers and in worldly resources was maintained, not for a few years, not for a generation, but for two centuries. Father handed it down to son. This

shows the sort of men the Church of Columba could produce. "Your worship is barbarous," said bishop Turgot to the Culdees of his day. Yet from these humble Culdee sanctuaries came forth men of colossal statue, spiritual heroes. At the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, with superb cathedrals rising on every side, and churchmen blossoming into baronial rank and princely revenues, we see the Culdees maintaining, for two hundred years, on end, a living protest that there was an earlier church in Scotland than the Roman, and by their steadfast loyalty giving most emphatic expression to the depth of their conviction that the church was founded on the truth of Scripture, and was the church of prophets and apostles, and displaying their undying faith, that despite the violence by which she had been overborne, she would yet rise from her ruins and flourish in the land.

Of the history of this long war we have only snatches. It is, in fact, an unwritten epic. The bull of pope flashes light at times upon it, for the Culdees are of sufficient importance to be mentioned in the Vatican, and to be the object at times of its thunders. Occasionally this long conflict comes to view in the "Register of the Priory of St Andrews." In that document we read of their disputes with the canons-regular; of their claim to take part in the election of the Bishop of St. Andrews, sometimes granted, sometimes denied; and of their appeals to Rome, where they are only half welcome, and hardly ever once successful. These fragmentary notices give us no just idea of the conflict, beyond its general set. We see the "House of Columba" growing weaker and weaker, and the "House of the pontiff" growing stronger and stronger, and we easily forecast the issue.

In 1144 the scheme for the extinction of the St. Andrews Culdees was commenced, as we have said, in the establishment of Augustinian canons. In 1147 they were deprived by a Papal bull of their right to elect the Bishop of St. Andrews. This was appealed against, and for more than a century the right of the Culdees to take part in the episcopal election was confirmed and disallowed by various popes.[13] In 1162 their share in the seven portions of the altar-offerings was forbidden them. In 1220 we find them refusing to surrender the prebend of a deceased Keledeus to a canon-regular, but at the interference of Pope Innocent IV. they were obliged to submit, making over at the same time the possession

attached to the post to its new occupant. In 1258 they are deprived of their status as vicars of the Parish Church of St. Andrews. In 1273 they were finally excluded from their right of participating in the election of the bishop. In 1309 the Barony of the *Keledei* is classed as one of the three baronies within the bounds of what was termed the "Boar's Chase."[14] In 1332 their name occurs for the last time in the formula of exclusion ever renewed when a new bishop was to be elected. All these years the Culdees assembled in their "nook" and ate their eucharistic supper "after their own fashion." Henceforward the continued existence of the Culdee community is notified by the new designation of "Provost and Prebendaries of the Church of St. Mary," sometimes styled St. Mary of the Rock.[15] They now pass out of view, but not out of existence. Their battle of two hundred years, save twelve (1144-1332) was over, but their testimony was still prolonged. Under the name of the "Provost and Prebendaries of St. Mary of the Rock," they kept their place before the world till the Reformation, as the survivors and representatives of the once powerful apostolic church of early Scotland.

Endnotes

1. *Registry of Dunfermline*, p. 3.
2. *Regist. Episc. Aberdon.*, p.5.
3. Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 381.
4. *Ibid.*, ii. 381.
5. From the original charter in the archives of Dunrobin Cvastle, quoted in Belsheim's *History of the Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 293.
6. Wyntoun wrote his history in verse. The original is in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. He was a native of Portmoak, which belongs to the Monastery of Lochleven. This village was also the birth place of John Douglas, the first tulchan Archbishop of St. Andrews.
7. For numerous interesting notices of the Culdee houses and their suppression see Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. i. pp. 434-440. London, 1807.
8. Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 388.
9. D. Reeves, *British Culdees*, p. 42. The name was first latinised into Keledeus in Irish documents, where it is first met with, subsequently into *Colideus*; whence in English, *Culdees*.
10. See *Monasticon*, i. 94.
The ruins of the conventual buildings are still to be seen on the island.

The island is about half a mile from east to west, but of late has been enlarged by the drainage of the lake. The ruins of the chapel of St. Serf lie toward the east end of the island, where the ground rises some forty feet above the level of the lake. The ruins are simply the under storey of the building, and are now used as a shed or stable. On the east of them are the foundations of buildings. In front of the south wall human bones have been found in great quantities, some of them at the depth of six feet, showing that the spot had been used as a burying ground.

11. *Monasticon*, i. 104.

12. *Register Prior. St. Andr.*, pp. 122-123; Reeves, *British Culdees*; Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, ii. 385.

13. *Regist. S. Andr.*, pp. 29, 30.

14. *Ibid.*, Appendix to Preface, p. xxxi.

15. The reputed foundations of the ruined cell or chapel of the Culdees at St. Andrews are on a rock to the east of the Cathedral, on the very brink of the waves, and are still to be seen.

CHAPTER XXII.

A.D. 1128.

FOUNDING AND ENDOWING OF THE ABBEY OF HOLYROOD.

Having cleared the way by the removal of the old institutions, which, in David's opinion, were but cumberers of the ground, the King addressed himself to the second part of his task, which was to rear suitable fabrics for the new worship, and to bring ecclesiastics from abroad to conduct the services in them. This leads us to speak of the abbeys, priories, and other religious houses which now sprang up in all parts of the country—the lights which Rome kindled to illuminate our land after she had put out the candle of Iona.

First comes the founding of the Abbey of Holyrood. Not that Holyrood was the earliest, or even the most important, of these establishments. St. Andrews came before it both in point of time and in point of rank, being the seat of the primacy, and renowned moreover for the power of its abbot, the wealth of its revenues, and the number and sumptuousness of its ecclesiastical buildings, although not till 1472 did it exercise metropolitan jurisdiction. Its bishop was repeatedly baulked in his applications to Rome for the pallium, the Pope suspecting, perhaps, that he had a strain of Columban blood in his veins.

The Abbey of Holyrood was founded by King David in 1128. The incident that led to its founding has been worked up into a pretty romance by the old chroniclers, and it is difficult to say how much of the story is truth and how much is fable. We may safely say that fable predominates. It was rood-day—the anniversary of the exaltation of the Cross,—and David, as became the devout son of an eminently devout mother, had passed the morning with his Court in the religious exercises proper to the day. These performances duly discharged, some of the young nobles of his Court came round him, begging to be permitted to unbend from the austerities of the morning, in the freedom of the woods and the excitements of the chase. Fond as David was of the sport he must first take counsel with his confessor, Alwin.[1] His spiritual adviser forbade the pastime as a profanation of holy Rood-day, and dangerous to the

souls of those who pursued their recreations to the neglect of the due observance of the sacred season. The young gallants however pressed their suit, and the King, yielding to their importunity, mounted his horse, and sounding his bugle, road away at the head of his retinue, and plunged into the thickets and hunting grounds which adjoined the Castle of Edinburgh, where he and his Court were then residing. How different the landscape which presented itself as viewed from the Castle Rock in the days of David from the palatial magnificence of temple and statue, of garden and fountain that now lies spread out around these venerable battlements. The old rock was there, but it rose in unadorned grandeur. That rock has probably been the site of some sort of fortress ever since the time that our island was first inhabited. It stands in the great strath that runs from the western to the eastern side of Scotland, and which long ages ago was probably filled by the sea. The gulf stream that now strikes upon the shore of Ayr and the mountains of Argyll, in those days rolled through it. The force of the rushing waters would wear down and wash away the softer materials that formed the bed of this great ocean rive, carrying them into the German Sea, and leaving the harder rocks of trap to form the bold and prominent eminences which so attract and delight the eye at this day. It is to these causes, which operated when there was neither eye to mark nor pen to record them, that the capital of Scotland owes its craggy environment, and more especially its great central rock, which towers up in the heart of the city, like a monarch, with its tiara of bastions and battlements.

Savage tribes continually at war with one another would look out for the most impregnable point on which to erect their dwelling. Few better places could have been found for safe encampment than this rock. Probably the first stronghold erected on it would consist of a few turf mounds, surrounded by a pallisade of wood, such as the savages of New Zealand were wont to erect in times not long gone by; next would come a vitrified fort, which was the second form of stronghold in Scotland; and last of all there would rise a stone building, enclosed by a rampart and wall, much as we see it in our own day. Such had the Castle Rock become in the days of King David.

Let us recall the landscape which offered itself to the eye of the monarch as he surveyed it from the fortress where he was now holding his court.

It is the year 1128. At the foot of the rock, clinging close to it for protection, is a small hamlet. That is the Edinburgh of those days. Outside the hamlet, divided from it by a green field, is a church in the valley, the Kirk of St. Cuthbert, originally one of the Culdee establishments. On the east is a trail of soil, the deposit of the great ocean stream of former ages, forming the long sloping bank on which the High Street and Canongate now stand. The country all about is as wild, rough, and untamed as we can well imagine landscape to be. It is mostly covered with wood. Here stand dense forests of tall trees, there a thin growth of brushwood covers the ground. Lochs gleam out here and there, while the waterfowl that make them their haunt are guarded from intrusion by the nature of the ground around them, which is swampy and boggy. In the far west are seen the peaks of the Grampian chain, behind which, night by night, the summer's sun is seen to drop into the Western Ocean, hard by the spot where was the cradle of the Scots, and the illustrious island which connects its glory with the history of their race. On the east, at a mile's distance, rises a fine crescent of naked cliffs, and towering over them is the lion-shaped mass of Arthur's Seat. Farther off, in the same line of view, is the Firth, with its islands and its two Laws, Largo on the north, and North Berwick on the south, on the cone-shaped summits of which, long before the days of David, the Druids were wont to kindle the fires of Baal.

It was rood-day, as we have said. The morning had been duly honoured with religious acts, and the hunting-field claimed the remaining hours of the day. It was the fourth year of the reign of David, says the chronicler, and he had come to visit the maiden castle. "About this castle," continues he, "was ane great forrest full of hairts, hynds, toddis (foxes), and sick like manner of beasts, for the country was more to store of bestial than any production of corns." The narrator hints that such was the condition of the whole country, namely, wood and meadow, and rarely cornfield. "At last," says he, "when the King was come through the vale that lies to the east of the said castle, where now lies the Canongate, the staill passed through the wood with sick noise and a din of rachis and bugillis, and all the beasts were raised frae their dens." The King was now near the foot of the crags, and by some hap separated from his company and alone in the wood, "when suddenly," says the chronicler, "appeared to his sycht the fairest hart that ever was seen afore by leavand creatour."

At the sight of his branching antlers the King's horse took fright and fled. The hart pursued, and overtaking the horse, threw both horse and rider on the ground. The King throwing out his hands behind him to save himself from the horns of the stag, there was slipt into them a cross, at the sight of which the hart fled as fast from the King as it had before pursued him. King David was afterwards admonished in a vision to build an abbey on the spot where he had experienced this miraculous deliverance. Such is the legend of the founding of Holyrood Abbey.[2]

We may grant that the King had an encounter with a stag when hunting, without believing, what the legend plainly insinuates, that the apparition that assailed the King with intent to kill him, was an evil angel in the shape of a hart, and that his escape from the demon was owing to the miraculous intervention of a cross which had slipped down from the skies, or had been thrust into the King's hand by an invisible guardian whose duty it was to attend the good monarch. This we may do with all deference to the fact, that the mysterious cross was shown in the Castle long after, till it was carried to England by Edward I., and though brought back to Scotland, has again disappeared, and is irrecoverably lost. [3]

The pious purpose having been taken to build an abbey on the spot where he had experienced what has been called his miraculous deliverance, King David, in 1128, set about active preparations for the erection. Scotch masons do not appear to have been employed on the building. "The King incontinent," says Bellenden, "sent his trustiest servands into France and Flanderis, and brocht rycht crafty masonis to big this abbay." Ecclesiastical architecture was the main study of the twelfth century. It was specially cultivated by the German mansons, who formed a numerous and honourable corporation, whose members travelled through Europe, and built for kings and nobles those wonderful cathedral-churches which still remain, some entire, others in ruins, to testify to the irrepressible ecclesiasticism of the age, and the marvellous genius and art which it enlisted in its service. The masons of Holyrood did their work with their accustomed skill and care. The pillars, the groinings of the roof, the tracery of the windows are rich and beautiful, and the pile altogether is magnificent, or rather was, for ruin and neglect have now marred its glory, and one the less regrets the bulky and inartistic palace, the creation of the age of Charles II., that rises besides it, and

hides the lovely but broken remains of the work of the architects of the twelfth century.

It is not necessary to suppose that the building was finished before the canons were brought to occupy it. It was enough if the cells and houses required for their daily were erected and ready. This being the case, a body of canons-regular of the Rule of St. Augustine was brought by David from the Abbey of St. Andrews to his new abbey, which he dedicated to the Holyrood, the Virgin Mary, and All Saints. The duty expected of the canons was to serve God, and the particular way in which they were to serve God was first, by giving themselves to spiritual meditation, and second, by saying daily masses for the soul of King David and those of his ancestors. That nothing might withdraw their thoughts from holy things, or hinder their appointed work of daily masses, provision was made in magnificent style for their temporal wants and bodily comforts. In other words, the abbey was richly endowed. The charter of foundation still exists, having come into possession of the City of Edinburgh in 1633, when the citizens acquired the possessions of the abbey from the noble family of Roxburgh.[3]

The charter shows that the provision made for the canons by the King was on no stinted scale. Whatever the Scotland of that day produced they were permitted to share. There were few counties in which property of one kind or another had not been made over to them. They were great landowners. Wherever there was carse of holm lands, watered by stream or river, or sheltered by wood or mountain, with a healthful amenity, one was sure to find acres not a few which the abbot and monks of Holyrood were permitted to call theirs. On the best of the pasture lands and the richest of the meadows they could fatten their kine, and prepare them for gracing in due season the table of the refectory. Corn of the richest soils filled their barns and was baked in their ovens. What of the produce of their wide and varied domains they did not need for their own consumption, they could carry to market without payment of the dues exigible from the rest of the population. When the harvest had been gathered in, and the grain threshed out, the monks ground it into meal at their own mill, and thus escaped the tax of muleteer and of toll going and coming. The abbot's mule and the abbot's wagon, like the abbot himself, were privileged, and could pass to and and fro on the

highway without toll or tax. "I grant," says the monarch in his charter, "that the canons be free of all toll and custom in all my burghs and in all my lands for everything they buy and sell."

As if the riches of the land were not enough, the treasures of the deep were added thereto. In those rivers and estuaries which were known to be frequented by the salmon or other species of fish, the canons had a right to cast in their net as often as they pleased. The King gives them a "toft in Stirling, with the draught of a fishing net, a toft in Berwick, with the draught of two nets at Spittal, and a toft in Renfrew of five roods, and the draught of a net for salmon, and liberty to fish there for herring."[5] The King gives, moreover, in his charter liberty to erect salt pans, and commands his servants and foresters in the county of Stirling and Clackmannan, "to give the abbot and convent full liberty to take out of all my woods and forests as much wood as they please and desire for the building of their church and houses and other purposes." [5] They were empowered, moreover, to levy tithes on a great variety of articles. They were entitled to "one-half of the hides, skins and tallow of the animals slaughtered in Edinburgh.'[7] "The skins of all the rams, sheep, and lambs of my lordship of the castle and of Linlithgow; eight chalders of meal, and eight of malt, and thirty cart-loads of brushwood of Libberton; the tithe of all whales and marine animals due to me from the river Avon as far as Cockburnspath," are among the privileges accorded them. They could levy dues on all ships entering the harbours of Leith and Perth, and over and above they received moneys from the King's exchequer.

As if all this store of wealth in cornfield and orchard, in meadow and holm, in fish and fowl, in tithes from the King's cellars and slaughterhouses, in oblations and dues from the people, had not been enough, the canons of Holy-rood were made the owners of tofts or tenements in the various burghs of the kingdom.

These numerous dedications and gifts were but the first fruits of a greater harvest in years to come. The example of David called forth the liberality of others who strove to equal the King, and rival one another in showering on the abbey lands, churches, and other possessions. Robert, Bishop of St. Andrews, granted them the church of Carriden, with two ploughgates of land. Thor, the son of Suanus, bestowed on them the church of Tranent,

its lands, pastures, and tithes. There followed the church of Kinnel, with a ploughgate of land; the church of Paxtun and the church of Bathgate, with a ploughgate [8] of land, afterwards exchanged for certain lands in the Carse of Falkirk.

In the twelfth century, Fergus, Lord of Galloway, who afterwards became a monk of Holyrood, was a magnificent benefactor of the abbey. He and his son Uchtrech bestowed on the monks lands and eleven churches, four of which had belonged to the Culdees.[9] David, the son of Terr, contributed to the abbey twelve churches, situated in various parts of the country, and some of which, it may be the better half, had been Columban establishments. To one of these twelve churches there attaches a tragic interest. This was the church of "St. Mary-in-the-Fields," "on the site of which the College now stands, and which, under the poplar name of the 'Kirk-of'-Field,' was destined to be so tragically associated with the history of some future occupants of Holyrood."[10]At the Reformation, Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, was in possession of the revenues of the abbey, and it appears that twenty-seven churches still belonged to the great monastery of King David.

In the church of the abbey there were chapels and altars dedicated to various saints. In the Burgh Records of Canongate mention is made of "Our Ladye Altar," to which the "Layde Land" belonged. There was too the "Abbot's Chapel," to which pertained two silver candelabra. There were, moreover, an Altar to the "Holy Cross," and the "Parish Altar."[11] There was an altar to St. Andrew, and another to St. Catherine, founded by George Creichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, who erected by the same deed the Alms House of St. Thomas, near the Watergate. In this institution were lodged seven poor men, who were, upon Sundays and festivals, to put on "their red gowns, and, at high mass, sit before the altar of the chapel in the said conventual church, and there say fifty Ave Marias, Five Pater Nosters, and one Credo."[12] There was an altar to St. Stephen, and special mention is made of an altar dedicated to St. Anne by the tailors of Edinburgh, and another to Saints Crispin and Crispinian, by the cordwainers or shoemakers of the city, with the statues of these saints upon it. "We are gold that these altars were erected by the trades on the return of certain of their members, who had performed prodigies of valour in the Holy land, where we are informed the famous 'Blue Blanket,' the

standard of the bold craftsmen of Edinburgh, had waved conspicuous in the van of battle, before being suspended over the altar of St. Eloi in the church of St. Giles."[13]

Yearly stipends were provided for the canons whose duty it was to sing the *placebo* and *dirge* [14] on the anniversary of the death of the founder, and a mass on the day following for the repose of his soul. Moneys were paid for eight wax candles to light up the choir, altars, and tomb of the founder, as also for tapers burned at mass, and for ringing the great bell, and the hand-bells through the towns of Edinburgh and Canongate, and also for the bearers of torches about the altars and founder's tomb, and four wax candles to be burned on the said altars, decently adorned during the first and second vespers, and respective festivals throughout the year.

Whatever placebo and dirge, and mass and wax candles and the ringing of bells could do for the welfare of the deceased monarch, it was surely the duty of the canons of Holyrood to see done. David had been mindful of their comfort, taking care that they should want for nothing. Not a day passed but the canons had cause to congratulate themselves on their founder's benevolent forethought. When mattins had been sung and early mass said, the fathers assembled in the refectory for breakfast. The sight of the board, not to speak of the early hours enjoined by the convent ritual, was enough to awaken in the good canons a healthy appetite for the meal. The bread on the table was of the whitest, made from corn grown on the carse lands of Falkirk, and fired in the oven of the convent. There were milk, butter, and cheese from the rich pastures of Linlithgow, salmon and trout from the Tweed, herrings from the Clyde, pigeons from the dove-cots of the Abbey, and bacon of their own rearing, for one of the privileges of the canons was a free range for the swine of the abbey on the nuts and mast of the King's woods. A pot of good ale concluded the morning's repast.

When the dinner hour arrived the refectory board again groaned under a multitude of substantial and savoury dishes, purveyed by the diligent refectioner from the wide domains of the abbey, and skilfully dressed by the convent cook. There were sirloins of beef from the pastures of Corstorphine and Falkland, gigots of mutton from the grassy straths of Kintyre and Argyll, haunches of venison from the King's forest at Stirling,

trout from St. Mary's or Loch Leven, good ale from the kitchen of the Abbey, and a flagon of Burgundy or Rhenish, the produce of the dues exigible by the abbey on ships arriving from France or Flanders at the Port of Leith.

When the hour grew late, and the crags behind the abbey shone red in the evening light, the board was again spread. Vespers being hymned, and all the saints duly honored, the good fathers gathered once more round the table and regaled themselves with the good things placed upon it, before retiring to rest. They would slumber—to be broken, in the case of certain of them, by midnight vigils or early orisons—with a slice of buck or deer, a little fruit from the orchards of Airth, a tankard of home brewed, or a cup of foreign wine which some good ship, plying between Dunkirk and Bordeaux and the harbours of Leith and Perth, had imported for the regalement of the fathers.

We can pardon the worthy canons if before laying them down for the night under the protection of the Holy Rood, they sought to relieve the graver thought inspired by the wearisome routine of the day by passing an hour in light diversions and pleasantries; a bit of city gossip, for instance, a bout of raillery at the expense of a frail brother, the recital of the legend of some saint; or it might chance to them to gather round some newly arrived traveller, who brought news from beyond the Rhine or the Alps, and told them how the great war which the mitre was waging against the empire was progressing, and how the course of that momentous struggle had been signalised by an episode of an astonishing kind, in which an emperor had been seen doing homage to the majesty of the pontiff, by undergoing penance, amid the snows of winter, at the castle gates of Canossa.

Endnotes

1. Afterwards first Abbot Holyrood. He wrote a book of Homilies and Epistles. *Monasticon*, i. 151.
2. Told by Bellenden, the translator of Boece, who heads his story—"How King David passed to the huntis on the Croce day in heruest. How he was doung frae his horse by ane wyld hart. And how he foundit the abbay of Halyrudhouse by myracle of the holy Croce." See

Monasticon, i. 138.
3. The spot where the hart is said to have vanished was the "Rood Well," now known as St. Margaret's Well, and which flows full and clear as in David's days.
4. See Chart of the Foundation of the Abbey of Holyrood in Monasticon, i. 140-144.
5. This is curious as showing the change that has taken place in the habits of the herring since David's day. This fish, sacred doubtless by the traffic on the river, does not now come so far up as Greencock.
6. *Monasticon*, i. 142.
7. *Ibid*., i. 143.
8. As much land as a plough could till in one year, reckoned at 100 acres.
9. *Monasticon*, i. 145, 146.
10. Monasticon, i. 146. "In the ancient *Taxation of the Ecclesiastical Benefices* of the Archdeaconry of Lothian, found in the Treasury of Durham, and written in the reign of Edward I., there appears among the churches belonging to Holyrood, 'Ecclesia Sanctae Mariae in Campis"'—*Priory of Coldingham* (Surtee's volume), Append. cxii.
11. *Bannatyne Miscellany*, ii. 24.
12. *Monasticon*, i. 148.
13. Monasticon, i. 148,
14. *Placebo*, certain prayers and aves for the repose of the soul. *Dirge*, the lament sung over the grave.

CHAPTER XXIII.

INTERIOR OF ABBEY—ROUTINE OF DAILY SERVICES—DUTIES OF THE SEVERAL FUNCTIONARIES—BENEFIT TO SOCIETY

Let us go inside the abbey, and survey the arrangements and order of the house, and in particular, let us note how the monks pass the hours of the day. A pious and bounteous patron has done all in his power to exempt them from every mundane anxiety, and leave them at liberty to devote their every minute and their every thought to the performance of their spiritual duties. The lilies of the field which "toil not neither do they spin," are not more free from care than are the inhabitants of this little Eden. The primeval curse, which dooms man to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, is here unknown. Lands, tenements, immunities, heritages of every kind has David lavished upon them. Now comes the important question, as to what the men for whom so much has been done do for others? What are the services rendered to the world by those who possess such stores of wealth and such boundless leisure? This question we shall be better able to answer when we have seen the interior of the abbey and its routine of duties.

The monastic day was divided into seven times or periods. At each division the abbey bell was rung, the monks were assembled, and the service appointed for the hour was duly performed. The first division was PRIME, or six o'clock in the morning, the time being taken from the abbey dial, for clocks had not yet been invented. The monks rose at this hour, and after prayers said mass for the soul of the founder and benefactors. Breakfast of course followed. This meal dispatched, it might happen that a "chapter" required to be held. If a brother had transgressed the rules of the convent, or fallen into other fault, his case was brought under the consideration of the chapter, and he was dealt with as his offence was found to deserve. The discipline of the convent was very little spiritual. The peccant monk might have to undergo a flogging. This chastisement was administered with more or less severity. There was a rule, doubtless, regulating the number of stripes, but their intensity as well as number has to be taken into account in estimating the pain of the infliction; and seeing they were administered by sympathetic brethren

who themselves might one day be overtaken in a fault, we may safely conclude that those whose duty it was to administer this discipline leaned to the side of leniency. Or the offender was arrayed in an old sack, or he had to walk barefoot in his drawers, or perambulate the precincts of the convent carrying the lantern of penance. There was a touch of humour in this discipline, but we may doubt whether it did much to convince of sin, or aid in the cultivation of holiness.

At nine o'clock of the forenoon came TIERCE, which was marked by no special duty. The forenoon was spent by the fathers in the occupation or amusement which was most congenial to the taste of each. Some betook them to study, others to the copying of manuscripts, especially the writings of the fathers and the legends of the saints, or the embellishing of missals. These last were executed with a rare skill, an amazing accuracy, and a rich and brilliant beauty. Others of the fathers have a taste for gardening, spent the hours in this delightful occupation.

At noon came SEXT. The monks, throwing down book, and pen, and spade, crowded into the refectory, and sat down to dinner. One and all dined at the same table. They ate in silence, while one of their number read to them. The topics of conversation were not then numerous, and the members of the brotherhood had many other opportunities of exchanging ideas, and the book at mealtime was the more endurable inasmuch as no one was compelled to listen. The good monks, engrossed in their dish, might even be altogether oblivious of what was being read.

The NONES were from two to three, when the monks, having dined, walked in the garden or strolled outside the grounds of the abbey, or chatted with the burghers of the Canongate, with whom they commonly lived in good neighbourhood. At four o'clock, or it might be later, came Vespers. At seven all were expected to be within doors to sing COMPLINE. After this supper was served, and this last meal of the day ended, the fathers retired to their several dormitories and laid them down on a straw or chaff mattress, beneath a single coverlet with a taper which burned in their cells all night through. At midnight they were again summoned from their beds to mattins and laud. These duly performed, they went back to their dormitories and slept till PRIME. They then arose to go through the same routine. So passed the day, so passed all

the days of the year, and passed all the years of life. The conventual brotherhood, like a clock wound up, went on day after day and year after year, striking *prime*, and *tierce*, and *sext*, and *compline*, till death came and rang the great final *compline*, and the poor monk fell into a deeper sleep and a profounder silence than even that of the convent, from which, let us fondly hope, not a few awoke to sing *mattins* and *laud* in the morning light of the eternal day.[1]

Let us enumerate the officers of the abbey, with their several functions. Our description is not restricted to a particular abbey, it applies to that whole class of institutions. An abbey was not much of a church, and though coming under the category of a religious establishment, the spirit dominant in it was not religious, but secular and worldly. It was a kingdom in miniature.

First came the abbot. He was the monarch of the little kingdom. He exercised autocratic sway. He must obey the rule of the abbey: it was his first duty, even as the first duty of the inmates was to obey the abbot. A high and mighty lord was the abbot. His state and magnificence were regal. When he rode out all must show him obeisance, and in order to this he was preceded by his chaplains carrying the ensigns of his dignity. When he visited a church or a monastery the bells were rung, the priests and monks came forth, and forming in procession, welcomed him with every mark of honour and token of reverence. The mitred abbots took precedence of the others. In virtue of the temporal barony attached to their office they sat in Parliament, rode to battle in a coat of mail, appeared on the hunting-field with a hawk on their wrist, or went the circuit as judges. The abbot could bestow investiture of knighthood, and sometimes he stood sponsor for the children of the blood royal.

After the abbot came the prior. He was in the priory what the abbot was in the abbey, its head and chief. When the prior resided in the abbey he was of course the subordinate of the abbot, his vice-gerent. In the absence of the abbot he exercised his authority, which, of course, he demitted on the abbot's return. The prior too was a very worshipful personage, and was waited on with every mark of respect and reverence. He had horses and servants for his use, and when he showed himself in public his train was nearly as imposing as that of the abbot, to whom he was held to be

not greatly inferior in wisdom and holiness. He had the power of imprisoning refractory canons, though not of expelling them from the community. There was a prior for every ten canons.

The functionary next in rank was the precentor or chanter. This office could be filled only by a monk who had been educated in the monastery from a child. He presided over the psalmody, an office of great importance, seeing monastic worship consisted largely of choral services. The precentor was charged with the care of other things besides the chants. He was keeper of the sacred robes; he distributed to each the dress in which he was to appear at the public festivals, and when the procession marched out he took his place at the head of it. He was, moreover, custodian of the archives, in other words chief librarian, an office not very onerous in those days.

Next came the cellarer. He was chief of the commissariat of the abbey or priory. He was to see to the proper victualling of the establishment, and mete out daily provision for the inmates. He must take care that there was no scarcity in the abbey barn, and no stint or pinch at the refectory table. He must permit no one to sit down to dinner till first the abbot and prior have taken their seats, and when the repast has ended, he must collect the spoons and other vessels and carry them to the kitchen, where they were to remain under his charge. He was to do special honour to the abbot's spoon, by carrying it in his right hand and the spoons of the canons in his left.

Next came the Treasurer or bursar. He collected the rents of the abbey estates, discharged the wages of the servants, and paid all moneys due for work done for the abbey. The Sacristan was to uncover the altar after the gospel, and carry a lantern before the priest as he went from the altar to the lectern. He had the charge of the sacred vestments, bells, banners, cups, candles, altar-cloths, and wafers for communion. He had the privilege of sleeping in the church, which was allowed to no one else, without special permission from the abbot. Another officer was the Almoner. Among other duties proper to his office, the almoner had to buy cloth and shoes, and distribute them to widows and orphans at Christmas. He had to collect the wine left at table after dinner, and bestow it in alms. The Cook presided in the kitchen, with a staff of assistants.

The office was never conferred on any but such as had made the art their study. The Infirmarer, as his name imports, had charge of the sick, taking care of their meals, and every day, after compline, sprinkling their beds with holy water. He was to see that no one remained in bed on pretence of being ill when mattins and laud were being sung, and before midnight he went round the wards of his infirmary, lantern in hand, to ascertain who were really ill and who were only lazy. In cases of sudden death he was empowered to hear confession and administer absolution. Next came the Porter. He held a responsible trust, seeing the safety of the community depended on his fidelity. A monk of middle age and of established character was commonly selected for this post. He slept at the gate, and when the bell was rung for compline he locked the outer doors and carried the keys to the abbot.

The Refectioner, as the name implies, had charge of all that appertained to the refectory table—its cups, pots, dishes, towels; he must see that all are clean. He was bound to provide fresh rushes five times a year wherewith to strew the floor of the refectory, and also to deal out the wine to the monks which was fetched from the abbot's cellar. The Chamberlain had charge of the apartments. He was responsible for the bedding, clothes, combs, and other necessaries of the monks. He was "once a year to have the dormitory swept, and the straw of the beds changed." "The monks were to go to the baths when he saw it necessary."[2] Last of all came the Hospitaller. His duty was to receive the stranger or the wayfaring poor, and conduct them to the hospice of guest-chamber.

Such was the internal arrangement of the abbey and priory. It was perfect. From its head, the abbot, who sat in solemn state in his sumptuously furnished chamber, down to the porter and hospitaller, who waited at the gate to receive the pilgrim, every one had his place and his work, and the establishment went on with the steadiness and regularity of a skilfully constructed machine. Duly the abbey bell was rung. Duly the monks come forth at its summons from their cells, with psalm and chant. Duly the festivals of the church were observed. Duly candle was lighted on the tomb of the founder and mass said for his soul. Duly the fathers sat down to dine and retired to sleep. The order, the punctuality, and the obedience of the little community are admirable; but we are tempted to say, "go forward, you but march in a circle." You have chanted, meditated,

and prayed long enough within the abbey walls, open the gates and let all this pent-up devotion have vent in work undertaken in the outside world. Of what use are all these pious acts and holy thoughts if they perish on the spot where they had birth, and do not bear fruit for the well-being of men? The country which has made over the best of its broad acres for your use, expects some such service at your hands, and if it is not rendered there is no reason why the abbey should exist at all; for surely *the abbey is here for the country, and not the country for the abbey.*

In closing the chapter we turn for a moment to the question, how far did the abbeys and monasteries contribute to the enlightenment of their age and the progress of civilization? Some have landed these institutions as inestimable, and bewailed their overthrow as an irreparable loss to the cause of knowledge and religion. We have no wish to depreciate their services; on the contrary, we are willing to estimate them at the very highest; still we are unable to see that the world owes them much, or had any great cause to regret their extinction. We may admit that a few of their inmates, despite the inherent vitiousness of the system, were worthy persons; that they were better informed than the majority of laymen of their time; that some of them showed equal diligence and skill in transcribing manuscripts and illuminating missals; that they knew a little surgery, gave alms out of their abundance, and were always ready with their welcome to the palmer, from whom, in return for the good cheer of the monastery, they hoped to hear the news of the country from which he had come. We may also grant that their estates and farms were better cultivated than the lands of their neighbours, their richer capital and more numerous serfs enabling them to practice an advanced husbandry. And we are delighted also to think that in the monastery there were a few truly pious souls who had come to the knowledge and love of the Saviour from some page of Augustine or some verse of the Bible, and who cherished the divine life in that ungenial air, by drinking at secret springs, nor drinking alone, for sometimes they would succeed in leading others to the same living waters; but when we have enumerated all this, we have given the sum of all that monasteries did for their age.

On the other side, what, we ask, was their religion? What power could it possibly have in expanding the understanding or purifying the heart? It

cannot but be evident to all that it lay mainly in meats and drinks, in the wearing of a certain habit, in the practice of fasts and penances, in the regular performance of certain ceremonies, in the repetition of certain chants and prayers, in burning tapers and singing masses. But where is the record of their labours in planting schools, in instructing the young, in consoling the sick and dying, or in carrying the light of Christianity to pagan lands. We possess the splendid record of the Church of Columbia; we see her missionaries hastening across seas with the tidings of life to nations sitting in darkness. But where have we such record of the Roman Church in Scotland? So far from dispelling the night she permitted the darkness to grow deeper, century after century, till Scotland, once the school of Europe, had become well-nigh as barbarous a land as before its great apostle stepped upon its shore.

It is often pleaded that the monastic institutions of Rome were the best arrangements for the public good which the age admitted of. There is not a particle of truth or force in this plea. It is effectually rebutted by the fact that at an earlier age, and in times still more unpropitious, it was found possible to set up and keep working a class of institutions, of a far higher order both intellectually and religiously. No age could be darker, and no country more barbarous than was Scotland when Columba crossed the sea to plant it with schools of the evangelical faith. The Columban institutions, instead of succumbing to the darkness around them, grappled with it and conquered it. If the abbey had a particle of spiritual power in it would have triumphed in like manner. The fact is, it never made the attempt. As the abbey system developed the degeneracy of the age increased; the darkness thickened; arts and letters had risen with Iona, and they fell with Iona. The expert scribe and the cunning artificer disappeared from Scotland. The refinement of past centuries had given place to semi-barbarism; while the abbey, rich in broad acres, in holy chimes and rosy monks, looked complacently down on a dying land which its grandeur mocked. In truth, the "abbey" created the age, and what some make its defence is its strongest condemnation. The Piety of the abbey was pantomime, its learning was dilletanteism, and its civilization lacquered barbarism. In order to save the last vestiges of enlightenment and religion it was found necessary at least to clear away the system altogether. It was fit only for children and dotards, and if ever again the world shall fall back into dotage it will restore the monastic

system.

Endnotes

1. See *Monasticon,* i. 8, 9, 10.
2. *Monasticon*, i. 15.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOUNDING OF ABBEYS CONTINUED—ABBEYS NORTH OF THE GRAMPIANS—IN VALLEY OF THE TWEED, MELROSE, KELSO, ETC.—VARIOUS ORDERS OF FRIARS—SERMONS OF THE FRIARS—OUTLOOK OF SCOTLAND.

We continue our narration of the founding of the abbeys, priories, and monasteries. The ancient face of Scotland was rapidly disappearing: a new land was rising to take the place of the old. But the change was mainly on the surface. Deep down, hidden from view by the Roman ecclesiasticism and the Norman lacquering with which King David, had overlaid it, was the old Culdee Scotland. It will slumber for a few centuries, and then when the spiritual heavens have completed their appointed revolutions, and their eternal influences have begun again to act on the nation, Columba, rising from his grave, as it were, will rebuild the fallen sanctuaries of the early Church of Scotland, and its second day will be more glorious than its first.

Only some of the abbeys and ecclesiastical foundations shall we notice, and these briefly. We have already recorded the incident which led Alexander I. to found the Abbey of Inchcolm. This abbey adjoins the metropolis of Scotland, from which, on a clear morning or calm evening, its ruins may be descried in the waters of the Forth; around it an air of seclusion and stillness as profound as if, instead of the neighbourhood of a great capital, it were placed, like Iona, amid the seas of the Hebrides. Its buildings are still wonderfully entire, more so than most of our abbeys. Their position on an island may help to account for their good preservation, for the ravages of man are even more destructive than those of time. "The stone-roofed octagonal chapter house is one of the most beautiful and perfect in Scotland, and the abbot's house, refectory, and cloisters are still comparatively entire."[1] The square tower which rises in the centre of the cathedral, and which forms so prominent an object in the ruins, is so similar in its architecture and form to that at Iona as to warrant the conclusion that the two are probably of the same age. Among its buildings is a cell more primitive and rude than the other chambers, and possibly, it may be, as some have asserted, the cell in which King Alexander lived during the three days the storm kept him

a prisoner on the island.[2]

The name of its patron saint Columba lent the abbey a high repute for sanctity. From the time it was changed from a settlement of Columbites to a priory of Augustinian monks it began to be richly endowed. Lands, houses, churches, and villages flowered in upon it, and the successors of the poor anchorite, whose subsistence had been "the milk of one cow, and shellfish," saw their barns overflow with grain, and malt, and fruits, the produce of their numerous estates, and their cellars stocked with the barrels of beer from the neighboring breweries, and hogsheads of wine from the vineyards of France. Donibristle and other fair estates on the northern banks of the Forth, with numerous churches inland in Fife; tofts in Edinburgh, Cramond, Haddington and other cities in the Lothians, the gifts of David and succeeding kings, swelled the rent roll of the abbey. One gift is so peculiar as to deserve special mention. It is that of "a thousand eels yearly out of Strathendry, in the parish of Leslie," along with two swine and a cow, secured to the canons on no less an authority than the bull of Pope Alexander III.[3]

The monkish chroniclers have taken care to endow Inchcolm as richly with miracles as David and other kings with lands. Columba was believed to make it the object of his special care, and if injury was done the monks, the evil doer soon felt the vengeance of the saint. If the convent was broken into and its treasures rifled, there was sure to arise such a storm in the Forth as compelled the spoilers to return to the island with their ill-gotten gain, or cast it into the sea. Lying in the Forth it was exposed to the ravages of the Danish pirates, but never was sea-robber allowed to make off quietly with his booty: he was either driven back by the angry winds, or he encountered shipwreck on Inchkeith; and all according to the chroniclers, by the interposition of Columba. But great saints like great poets sometimes nod. Columba must have been asleep or on a journey when the following mishap befell the monks of Inchcolm. The abbot and members of the convent, as Bower tells us, had passed the summer and autumn of 1421 on the mainland, to escape the visits of the English rovers. On Saturday, the 8th of November, the whole community returned to the island, effecting the short voyage in safety. On the morrow, being Sunday, the abbot sent the *Cellarer* to the mainland to fetch some provisions, and certain barrels of beer which were lying at

the brewery of Barnhill. The goods were shipped, and about three in the afternoon the boat set out on its return to the island. The sailors not satisfied with the progress made by the oar, and having tested the qualities of the beer before embarking, hoisted the sail to quicken speed. That moment a sudden squall struck the boat, tore the canvas in rags, and the steersman letting go the helm, the vessel filled and went down. Of the six persons on board, the *Cellarer* and two sailors were drowned; the other three were saved. Sir Peter, the canon, was an hour and a half in the sea clinging all the while to a rope, the one end of which was held, the chronicler tells us, by Columba. Sir Peter afterwards confidently affirmed that the saint appeared to him in bodily form. The other two owed their escape from a watery grave to an interposition of a much more commonplace character. Some one who witnessed their sad plight managed to throw them a wisp of straw, which kept them afloat till a boat had been sent to their rescue. The moral which Bower wishes to impress by the story, is that the three men who were saved from drowning had all of them that day been present at mass in the parish church of Dalgety.[4]

The Abbey of Inchcolm is after times became famous as a place of sepulture. The monastery was within the diocese of Dunkeld, and several of the bishops of that See were buried in the church of the abbey. Of some, the heart only, while the body reposed at Dunkeld. But, in truth, in the Isle of St. Colme sleep the dead of various nationalities. Danish pirates who came to rob, but were slain in a fight, received here unceremonious burial. English rovers who visited the island for a like purpose met here their fate, and were thrown into a grave over which was sung neither dirge nor requiem. In after days the abbey buildings experienced great variety of fortune. Ceasing to be the abode of abbot and monk, they were turned to very ordinary uses indeed. At one time we find the abbey a receptacle of pirates; at another, a lazaretto, and ships arriving in the Forth with the plague on board are ordered to disembark their crews on St. Colme. Some of the early Jameses made it a state prison, and in our own day we have seen it once more, now a barrack, and now a lazaretto.

Ages before Burns and Scott had arisen to invest the landscapes of Scotland with a beauty and grandeur that fascinate so many beholders,

now that the magic of their verse has unveiled their glories, the monks had shown their appreciation of the noble characteristics of the Scottish land by selecting the richest, the sweetest, and the most picturesque spots to be found in it as the place of their habitation. They planted their abbeys and priories thickly in the borderland, setting them down by the "rushing Gala" and the "silvery Tweed," and other streams which roll along amid smiling pastoral hills, and dales of mingled woodland and cornfield, presenting a picture of loveliness which delights the eye and suggesting a sense of plenty that gladdens the heart. Nor was it only in the Lowlands amid the fatness of meadow and riches of corn land that the monastic colonists fixed their encampments. Beyond the Grampians they knew that all was not barren rock and profitless moor. They had exploited the reign of the Dee and the Spey, and found in the vales watered by the rivers many a rich acre and many a sheltered nook were monk might pitch his tent and eat of the good of the land. The solitudes of the north had a charm for meditative minds. The straths, so lonely and still, offered nothing to distract the mind or draw the thoughts away from those higher things which are supposed to form the subjects of monkish meditation. The gigantic hills planting their feet amid the dark green pines, and losing their summits as they tower upwards among the clouds, presented spectacles of grandeur which nursed in those who daily looked on them and drew inspiration from them, strength and sublimity of soul. There were besides the fine fertile plains of Moray, the bosky glens of Ross-shire, the superb valley of the Ness, offering numerous eligible spots for those who wished to sing their aves and recite their pasternosters in peace, and to know the while that when the dinner hour arrived they should find the refectory table loaded with the best which the region produced, choice venison, and abundance of both sea and river fish. The fathers had learned the art, though they had not been taught the phrase, of "making the best of both worlds."

There were other considerations, doubtless, which drew the steps of this host of colonists in cowl and frock across the Grampians. They remembered that this region had been the consecrated ground of the Columban Church. Here was the first scene of Columba’s evangelization, and here had he planted numerous settlements. The new monks had come to undo the labours of the earlier evangelists, but they did not on that account disdain to build on the foundations of their predecessors.

What of the Culdee churches had not gone altogether to decay, and what of their revenues had not been devoured by the greed of mormaer and the avariciousness of lay-abbot, would, as a matter of course, fall to their lot, and form the nucleus of new and richer endowments. Accordingly, on all the old sites of Columban occupation we now see conventual establishments of the Roman type springing up; as, for instance at Monimusk, at Deer, at Turin, at Urquhart, at Kinloss, at Rosemarkie, at Ferne, at St. Duthac, at Dornoch,, and other places, Augustinian, Benedictine, and Cistercian, drawn by instinct to the old sites in the belief, in which they were not mistaken, that there they should find the air mellowed and the soil fructified by the former presence of the Columban brotherhood.

The fine appreciation of physical qualities displayed by the monks in the selection of their resting places is seen in Melrose. A rare combination of earth, and air, and stream, and sheltering hill renders that valley a delightful residence. There, accordingly, we see them planting one of their chief colonies, and rearing one of their proudest cathedrals. The foundation of the monastery of Melrose takes us back to the middle of the seventh century. Its earlier history connects itself with that of St. Cuthbert, who is said to have lived in it ten years, from 651 to 661.[1] At that early day there was not a Roman monk to be seen in the land; and the monastery of Melrose, a humble fabric doubtless, existed as an offshoot of Iona. Like so many other offshoots of Iona it changed its character under King David. In the year 1136, it was converted into a Cistercian monastery. The Cistercian order was then at the height of its renown. The mother house was Clairvaux in France. From Clairvaux a little colony of Cistercians migrated to England, and were established in the abbey of Rievaulx in Yorkshire. From Rievaulx, King David, who had a special predilection for the order, brought a body of Cistercians to people his Abbey of Melrose. The fathers must have been ill to please if they were not delighted with the externals of their new abode. Inside only could there have been seen despondency or gloom; nor can we wonder if its walls enclosed not a few drooping hearts, for now we behold the fathers beginning that dreary round of ritualistic performances which monk was doomed to tread, day after day, till death snatched the bead roll from his hand, and the convent bell sounded its summons for him no more.

The abbey of Melrose, as a matter of course, was richly dowered. Its Cistercian brotherhood, though a foreign importation, could cast their eyes over Scotland and say of not a few of its choicest spots, "They are ours." What right had they to be there at all? They had not fought for the country against the Dane, yet now find King David gifting its land away to the disinheriting of the men whose sires had shed their blood for the independence of the nation over which he reigned, and the existence of the throne on which he sat. Not content, it would seem, with the ample supply which was daily passing in at the convent gates from all parts of Scotland, the Cistercians aimed at enriching the revenues of their lands by the profits arising from mercantile pursuits. An incident in the history of the abbey exhibits the fathers in the character of traders. Richard II. of England in the year 1385 slept a night at Melrose. Next morning before departing his soldiers set fire to the abbey and burned it. The sacrilegious act of his army weighed on the conscience of the king, and, by way of compensation to the monks, he granted them a remission of two pence of duty on every thousand sacks of wool imported from Berwick. The purchases of the monks must have been considerable if this small remission of duty was adequate compensation for the loss sustained by the burning of their abbey. This amount of wool was much beyond what was needed for the use of the fathers, and the greater portion of it was sold doubtless by the monks to the population, by whom it would be worked up into cloth. The abbey had a stormy career. Oftentimes its building sank in ashes to rise again from their ruins. The valley of the Tweed was the main entrance-gate of the English armies when on their march to subjugate Scotland. Hardly ever did they pass this way without leaving their mark on this and the sister abbeys of the borderland. These are the destroyers which converted our ecclesiastical edifices into picturesque ruins. After the War of Independence, Melrose Abbey rose in a glory which is still able to delight the visitor. No part of the present ruins is older than the fifteenth century. King Robert the Bruce bequeathed to the abbey a singular possession; his own heart even, which the Bruce requested the Douglas to convey to the Holy Land, but the noble bearer of the precious relic perishing in a battle with the Saracens, it was brought back from Spain and deposited within the precincts of Melrose Abbey.

Some dozen miles south from Melrose stands the abbey of Jedburgh. It was founded by David while still Earl of Cumbria, and was at first a priory, afterwards elevated to the rank of abbey, and stocked with canons-regular from Beauvais. It possessed ample lands in Tweedale, and had numerous dependencies in distant parts of Scotland. It exercised over all its lands the right of regality, that is, the power of trying offenders and putting them to death. This was a dangerous power to be lodged in such hands, and was often grossly perverted for the defence of criminals instead of their punishment, and the defying of the king's laws in the room of upholding them. During the minority of James V. the abbot of Jedburgh was accused of giving harborage within the sacred walls of his abbey to the brigands of the Forest, which led to a war betwixt the abbot and the Duke of Albany, then regent of the kingdom. These were not exactly the uses for which the abbey had been founded and endowed, and if in this way it drew upon itself attack and demolition, it had no one but its proud and turbulent abbot to blame for its misfortunes.

Lying still further into the border country than Melrose, Jedburgh Abbey suffered more from the incessant raids and spoilzies of which this district of Scotland was then the theater. In some years it dropped its ecclesiastical character altogether, and became little better than a military fort. Instead of litanies and prayers in its oratory, and shorn monks going in and out at its gates, it was filled with armed men and rung with the sounds of battle. Now it was the fierce borderers that held it, and flung defiance from its walls at some storming party of English; and there were occasions on which the defence was so obstinate that, rather than yield, the besieged submitted to be burned in their stronghold. At times the canons would doff surplice and rosary, and, arming themselves with mail-shirt and sword, would take their stand by the side of the warlike burghers, and mingling in the conflict would contest every inch of the ground, retreating before the enemy from the court of the abbey to the church, from the church to the tower, and seeing they could retreat no further, standing at bay, and holding the tower in defiance of the fire and steel till it was wrapt in flames and all in it had perished. On one occasion we find the abbey garrisoned by the Spanish as the allies of the English, while the French, then in alliance with the Scots, are the besiegers. This was the sort of life, a rough one verily, which the Abbey of Jedburgh led for some two centuries. Better for the tranquillity of the district that never

had one stone of it been laid upon another. It drew into the rich valley of the Jed the tempests of war, and doomed the inhabitants to see the produce of their fields trampled into the dust by armed men, and themselves given over to die by the sword or by the flame.

We notice next the Abbey of Kelso. It stands hard by the confluence of the Tweed and the Teviot. The united steam rolling along, adding its fertilising influence to a rich soil and a warm air, makes the valley a paradise of flower and fruit, of meadow and golden grain. The ruins of the abbey are the only sinister feature in a landscape otherwise sweet and peaceful. They stand up in unadorned strength, more like the remains of a Norman castle than the former abode of peaceful monks; and in truth the abbey has had as warlike a history as the military aspect of its ruins bespeak for it. It stood, even more than Jedburgh, on the great highway of war, and suffered from Edward and his soldiers. When it had rest from their depredation it was subject to the no less destructive incursions of the freebooters of the boarder. The wealth believed to be hoarded in it made these unpleasant neighbours not infrequent visitors in the valley of the Tweed, and on the occasions their rapacity and violence fell indiscriminately on monk and husbandman, on serf and lord; and abbey and district led an unquiet and anxious life.

The order established at Kelso was that of the Tyronenses, so called from Tyron, a town of Picardy, in the north of France. There was the head establishment of the order of which Robert of Abbeville was the founder (1109). Monkery being but the outward and mechanical imitation of a separation and purity which are spiritual and inward, was unable to maintain itself for a long time in the estate of its original institution. Order after order sunk into gross degeneracy. A remedy was sought in the institution of new orders, associated under stricter regulations, but these being also works of the flesh in due time developed, according to the law of their nature, into fleshly corruption. The famous St. Bernard thought he had discovered a cure for this inevitable tendency to putrefy. Brought up in the strictest school of asceticism, and having a salutary dread of whatever tended to effeminacy, he though it not good that the whole time of a monk should be given to meditation; and as the best preservative from the temptations which are incident to idleness he sought to devise occupation for both head and hands of the recluses. Accordingly

in the order in which he took so great an interest, the monk and the citizen were conjoined. Among the Tyronenses there were found skilful farmers, expert carpenters and smiths, while others of the order excelled in the arts of architecture and drawing. Their hours of devotion alternated with periods of manual labour, and this made them all the more able to withstand the allurements of the wine cup and other solicitations which beset the indolence of the monastery.

The Tyronensian Abbey of Kelso was endowed with lands in Peeblesshire and other parts of Scotland. The See of York strove to subject it to its jurisdiction, and exercise metropolitan power over it. The dispute was referred to Rome, and the reigning Pope, Alexander III., decided in favour of its independence, and soon thereafter the abbey rose to eminence, and planted itself out in the other monastic houses. The great Abbey of Arbroath was supplied with monks from Kelso, and was at its beginning a dependency of the southern establishment. But soon the daughter surpassed the mother in magnificence, and the proud abbots of the princely house of the shore of Angus disdained to be subject to the older but less powerful abbey on the Tweed. The other offshoots of Kelso were Lesmahagow, Lindores, and Kilwinning. On these establishments the right of sanctuary was conferred. Their door stood open to the murderer and the robber, who once across its threshold was safe, and so long as he chose to remain under its roof was shielded from the arm of the law. The ground was holy; the foot of justice would but pollute it. The terms on which this right was bestowed on the Abbey of Lesmahagow were as follows: "Whoso for escaping peril of life and limb shall flee to the said cell, or come within the four crosses that stand round it, of reverence to God and St Machutus, I grant them my firm peace." It appears from the Canons of the Scottish Church, drawn up by the Councils held at Perth in 1242 and 1269, that the abuse of "sanctuary" had become such that it was not uncommon for robbers to pursue their nefarious trade during the day, and at night retire to the church to sleep, whence they issued the next morning to resume their unholy occupation. Before beginning the business of a new day the robber must needs have absolution for the deeds of the previous one, which was not to be obtained without a large sum, in the name of penance, to the church.

Among the temporalities granted to the abbey was the town of Kelso.

The abbot was constituted its feudal lord, and as such had the right to say who was to be admitted on the roll of its burghers; who was to have the privilege of carrying on any trade or profession in the town; who could buy or sell in its market, and on what terms. And further, as their feudal superior, the abbot had the power of trying offenders, and adjudging them to punishment: in short, he had the lives of its citizens in his hands. In this way grew up that power of civil jurisdiction which the Roman Church wielded in our country in the middle ages, and of which she made so cruel a use, when it drew towards the Reformation. Its abbots, priors, and bishops constituted themselves into a court of law, tried causes, and pronounced sentence on those it pleased them to regard as offenders, cosigning to prison, or dooming them to strangling and burning. They could employ the arm of the civil power to execute their cruel decrees. We do not hesitate to say that it was basely unpatriotic on the part of David and other Scottish kings to give to ecclesiastics such a power over the natives of the soil. We must bear in mind that these ecclesiastics were foreigners. From their abbot downwards every man of them was an alien in blood as well as in religion; yet what do we see the kings of Scotland doing? Why, robbing their own subjects to enrich a horde of greedy churchmen from across the sea. What had this army of mummers done that they must be fed on the best of the land, till they wax fat, and play the tyrant and make the Scottish people hewers of wood and drawers of water to them? And who gave David a right to sell his subjects into the power of a foreign priesthood, and endow that priesthood with the acres the Scots had tilled for generations, and the churches in which their fathers had worshipped in old time? The real character of what David now did can neither be concealed nor justified. To say that it was an act of piety and devotion is to use language which affronts religion. It is not religion to sell one's country, or gift away the properties, the liberties, and the lives of its citizens to aliens, and if it is a king who does it, the crime is only the more heinous in that it is done by the man whose duty it is, before that of all others, to defend the honour of his country, and the freedom and happiness of his subjects.

When we come to survey Scotland under the Papacy we shall be in circumstances better fitting us to answer the question, What benefits did the monastic system confer on our country? At present we dismiss the subject with a few more facts of a general kind touching the incoming

of the monastic corps.

The canons-regular of St. Augustine were, we have seen, the first to arrive in Scotland, in the year 1114, in their white tunics and black gowns, they showed a marvellous aptitude to spawn and multiply. Twenty years had not elapsed since their first coming into the country till we find the Augustinians at Scone, at St Andrews, at Holyrood, at Inchcolm, and at other places. Eventually they had not fewer than twenty-seven houses in Scotland. Other orders followed. The gates of the country once opened, host after host of these cell-bred men marched in and squatted down on the land. Had they come in mail their entrance would have been challenged; but the insight of the Scots had departed with the gospel, and they permitted themselves to be conquered by a worse foe than the Dane without fighting a battle. After the Augustinians came the Red Friars or Redemptorists, founded 1198; the Black Friars or Dominicans, founded 543; the White Friars, or Carmelites, who hailed originally from Mount Carmel.[6] There followed, or it may be preceded,—for we cannot be sure of the exact order in which this hooded and speckled army arrived in our country or fix the year when their "holy" feet first touched its soil,—the Premonstratenses from Premontre in France, the Cluniacenses from Clugny, the Benedictines, the Tyronenses, the Cistercians, the Carthusians, and the Franciscans. Troop after troop came rolling into our country, and their houses began to dot the land north and south.

Coeval with the planting of houses for men, we find houses for women springing up in various parts of the kingdom. The Cistercian convent at Berwick had several nunneries attached to it.[7] This monastery was afterwards suppressed by Robert III. in 1391, for favouring the English, and the Abbey of Dryburgh was endowed with its property. It may interest the reader to know, when he thinks who sleeps in that abbey, that Dryburgh was a Premonstratensian establishment. Nor did King David stop at this point. He introduced into his kingdom the military orders of the Knights Hospitallers, the Knights Templars, and the lazarists of Jerusalem.

David gave the finishing touch to his work by the erection of cathedral chapters. To these bodies were given the right of electing the bishop. The bishoprics, of which there were now nine in Scotland, were divided

into rural deaneries. In the diocese of St Andrew there were eight deaneries; in that of Glasgow there were nine; Aberdeen had five; Moray and Dunkeld had each four; the other dioceses do not appear to have been divided into deaneries.

Magnificent cathedrals, mitred bishops, and lordly abbots, with their numerous following of canons, and friars, and nuns, are, or ought to be, but the means to an end. What was the end sought to be served by the creation of so powerful a staff of richly endowed ecclesiastics? These fraternities have been summoned into existence to maintain the worship of God in Scotland, and instruct its people in divine truth. Nothing has been withheld from them which may help them to fulfil their end. For them rise gorgeous temples; for them the earth ripens her harvests; for them the people toil and sweat. In King David they have found a nursing father. We expect to see Scotland burst into a glory which shall far excel that of her early day. Her renown for piety will go forth among the nations of the earth, and the youth of distant lands will flock to her shores, as at a former day, to learn the wisdom of her schools. When we think of the great things that were accomplished by the little Iona, what may we not expect from this splendidly equipped church? But alas! One thing it lacks, and lacking this one thing, all the seeming advantages of this magnificent apparatus are to no purpose. Iona conquered because it was instinct with divine force. At the heart of the mighty organization which David has set up we find only earthly forces. The powers and grandeurs of the world can never overcome themselves. And hence the erection of this imposing ecclesiasticism forms the date not of a new era of light but of the beginning of the dark years of Scotland.

Yet this new church of David did, after a fashion, maintain divine service in the country. The cathedrals were opened for worship, but to what purpose? The public services of that church within the pale of which the Scots had now been brought was everywhere conducted in Latin. That is the sacred tongue of Rome. If instead of Gaelic the Latin had been the mother tongue of the Scots, they might have joined in the services of the cathedral and been edified by them. As it was, their understanding could not be reached. The music of the litanies and chants might charm them, they might regale the eye with the rites and dresses of the clergy, but beyond this they could not worship. It is probable that the congregation,

on these occasions, consisted of the priests and the Anglo-Norman immigrants, and that few or none of the Scotch peasantry took part in the service. "The Roman breviary and missal, or rather that modification of them, in use in the church of Sarum, was adopted almost universally."[8] The Roman Catholic historian just quoted might have traced the service in the Scottish Cathedrals, to a yet older and more classic model. The ritual of Rome is founded on that of heathendom. The Pope sings mass in the dress of the Roman Pontifex Maximus when offering sacrifices to Jove. Astarte has transferred her crown as Queen of Heaven to the head of Mary. The lighted candles are the modern form of the "Flame worship" so universal among the early nations. The "cross" was used for ages as a sacred symbol in the worship of the Egyptians before it appeared on the ensigns of Christianity, and the statues the flowers, the incense and the lustral water of the Roman churches did service in the Greek temples before finding their way into the "Christian Church."

At this epoch the Bible would seem to have disappeared from Scotland. We do not see it in the abbey; nor do we find the reading of it among the prescribed exercises of the monks; yet doubtless copies of it lingered in the land in Culdee cell, or in Culdee family, the work of some pious scribe of a former generation. The preaching of the gospel must have all but entirely ceased. Of the Culdee churches many were in ruins; others had been gifted to the abbeys, with the lands that appertained to them. It was the office of the friars to maintain service in the churches, but alas! The friars preached, if they preached at all, in Saxon or in French, while their hearers understood only in Gaelic. In the course of a century or so the friars may possibly have acquired the power of preaching in the language of the Scots, but before that time, it is reasonable to conclude, their gift was considerably rusted, if not altogether lost; and when at last their mouths were opened by found they had nothing to say, or nothing that was worth saying. We lose trace or record of public instruction from this time onward. We hear no Sabbath bell; we see no congregation of grave and devout worshippers on their way to the sanctuary. The convent bell rings, and duly as clockwork there is heard from abbey and monastery the song of mattins and vespers; but from glen and mountain side there comes no more the grand melody of the old psalms sung by assembled thousands in the rich and plaintive music of the Gael. These glories belonged to the past; the Sabbaths of the present how unspeakably

sad!

At length the friars ventured into the pulpit, and essayed to preach, but alas! The sermons to which their hearers were doomed to listen. They are not easily characterised. We shall give a specimen, and leave the reader to judge for himself. The field of selection is limited, for only a few examples of the "Pulpit Eloquence" of the age have come down to us. The following illustrations are from a friendly source. We quote from the Monasticon. Davies says: "Every Sunday a sermon was preached in the galley,[9] from one to three in the afternoon; previous to which, at twelve, the great bell of the convent tolled three-quarters of an hour, and rung the fourth quarter till one o'clock that the people might have warning to come and hear the word of God. The friars also preached there, and there were sermons on saints' days and other solemnities. Some of these sermons were very strange and ridiculous, as the following extracts will show. 'A lark is a bird which sings a song proceeding from the recollection of the benefits of God. For the lark, when she begins to mount, lightly sings *Deum, Deum, Deum*; when she comes a little higher, she sings many times *Deum*, many times *Deum*; when she comes highest of all she sings entirely *Deum.* Thus does the pious soul from gratitude."

Among other specimens the compiler of the Monasticon gives the following of the preaching of the friars. "You have seen a man carrying a lighted candle in the open air, and guarding it with his two hands least it should be blown out." This noways uncommon incident is thus spiritualised. "The monk's soul is the candle, his body the part illuminated; the three winds liable to blow it out are the World, the Flesh, and the Devil; the two hands that hold the light are Alms and Fasting." "A sermon to the nuns on flowers emitting odour," says the Monasticon, "like the lily, is a string of allegorical puns." Another in the manner of the "Abbey of the Holy Ghost" is as follows: "The first girl is Chastity, the second Humility, the third Mercy, and she is cellaress, which provides meat and drink; the fourth is Modesty, and she is mistress of the novices; the fifth is the Infirmaress, and she is patience; the sixth is Obedience." The following is a better example, and has a little flavour of the Bible about it. It is a climax, and runs thus: "And this is *great, greater, greatest; great*, to abjure and scorn the world; *greater*, to rejoice in tribulation; *greatest*, to pant sweetly after God."[10]

These selections show that the friars had a decided genius for metaphor and allegory; but the step between the rhetorical and the grotesque, like that which divides the sublime from the ridiculous, is a little one, and the friars not infrequently overpasses it. Above all things, they had a horror of being dull, and sedulously cultivated the comic vein, being much better pleased that their hearers should laugh than that they should yawn. Moreover, the wide field of mythological fable and traditional legend lay open to them, and they industriously gleaned from that luxuriantly stocked region all that was most strange and wonderful for the amusement if not the instruction of those who gathered to hear them. Their happiness efforts only tickled the ear or amused the fancy, they never penetrated the bosom or touched the conscience.

Such was the instruction to which the Scots were now delivered up—the scenic exhibitions of the cathedral, and the hebdomadal buffoonery of the friars. There was nutriment here for neither the intellect nor the soul. Under such a regimen what may we expect the Scots to become? They can become nothing else than a withered, dwarfed, frivolous, shrivelled-up race, incapable henceforth of any lofty aspiration, or any noble achievement. Their destiny has been fatally changed. They will count for nothing in the future history of nations. To them knowledge will owe no new enlargements of her domain, nor will liberty have to thank them for new triumphs of heroism. So did it seem, and so would it have been, if other and counteracting influences had not come into play to preserve from extinction a race impregnate with rich and powerful idiosyncrasies. The troops of black-robed men who were swarming all over the land had not come from the monkeries and cells of foreign countries to assist at the burial of the Scottish nation, and sing dirge and requiem over its grave, although it looked at this moment as if this were the meaning of their portentous appearance. The Scots were not to close their career in the twelfth century, and be consigned to the catacombs of history, like the mummified monks in the Convent of the Cappuccini at Rome, and be shown in after ages as the relics of a nation which, having become the bondsman of the church, died with the collar of the abbey round its neck.

The Scots had themselves to blame for an inundation which submerged

their past and threatened annihilation to their future. They saw the night coming, but they did not watch. Star after star disappeared from their sky, still they felt no alarm. They could not believe that the day was going away. And now there is darkness over all the land. There is a morning beyond, but at what a distance. Of those now living there is not one that shall see the breaking of the new day. In the tenth generation, but not before, must the Scots return from the captivity into which we now see them being carried. But first they must be purified, and the purification of nations must be accomplished in the fire. Their voluntary submission to one yoke will be chastised, as it often is, by their enforced submission to another. To spiritual bondage will be added political slavery. Their faculties are at this hour too benumbed to feel the smart and shame of the first; the second will gall them to the quick. They will go back to the battlefield to recover their manhood. Their war with the Dane was past, or almost so, that with Edward of England was yet to come. In those more terrible struggles the lethargic sleep into which the Scots have sunk will be effectually broken. Stirred again by the aspirations of patriotism, they will cast off their stupor, and advance with freshened energy to their second and greater battle, even that of breaking their spiritual chains and setting free the soul.

Endnotes

1. *Monasticon*, i. 60.
2. On one occasion when Sir James Simpson visited the island, he found this interesting cell the abode of two pigs; on another visit he found it tenanted by a cow. More tragic facts have come to light in connection with the abbey. "A human skeleton was found several years ago immured and built up within these old ecclesiastical walls."—*Monasticon*, i. 54.
3. *Aberdour and Inchcolme*, by Dr. William Ross, p. 121. See in Dr. Ross's work an enumeration of the various possessions of Inchcolm.
4. Dr. W. Ross, *Aberdour and Inchcolme*, pp. 116, 117. See also *Monasticon,* i. 54, 55, and *Scoti-chronicon*, lib. xv., cap. 38, and lib. xiii., cap. 34.
5. Bede. Skene, *Celtic History of Scotland*, ii. 206.
6. The Carmelites had at least one home in Scotland. A Carmelite Priory was founded at South Queensferry in 1330 by Sir George Dundass, as

attested by documents in the charter chest of the family. After the Reformation it passed into possession of the Crown, and was given back by James IV. To the family of its founder, Dundas of Dundas. It is now undergoing restoration as a place of worship.

7. Of Alexander II., John Major says,"Ubicunque locorum mulieres religiosae instituuntur." *Hist. Scot.*, lib. iv. Cap. 10, p. 146.

8. Bellesheim's *History of the Catholic Church of Scotland*, i. 306.

9. A loft in the convent for the abbot's family to view processions.

10. Gordon: *Monasticon*, i. 19, 10. Glasgow, 1868.

CHAPTER XXV.

DEATH OF DAVID—HIS CHARACTER

The latter days of King David were darkened by a great sorrow. His life till now had been singularly unclouded by misfortune. In most things he had a fair measure of success. His foreign policy displayed ability and tact: his internal administration was wise and upright, bating the tremendous error of his church policy—a considerable deduction however. His qualities as a hero procured him respect in the eyes of all the sovereigns of his time, and his devotion to his duties as a ruler, and his love of country, joined to a noble simplicity of character, and an unaffected frankness and accessibility, made him the idol of his people. Not in his own days only but even in ours, he remains a conspicuous figure in the long line of our royal personages. As the result of this combination of qualities, not the monarch only, but the country of Scotland stood out in bulkier proportions and bolder relief before the rest of Christendom than it had done for some centuries previous. To crown his satisfaction, David had the prospect, when his days should be fulfilled, of transmitting the sceptre of a kingdom, which, now placed on a settled basis, gave promise of flourishing, to his only son Henry, Prince of Northumberland.

Prince Henry had already given proof of his capacity to govern, and his virtues had endeared him to his father, and not less to the nation, who rejoiced to think that when King David should go hence his throne would be filled by a prince so worthy to succeed him. But this bright prospect was suddenly overcast by an unexpected stroke that befell the royal house. Prince Henry, the heir of all this power, sickened and died (1142), and the bitter task of the father was to lay in the grave, in the prime of life, that son who had ever stood before his imagination as wearing his crown and swaying his sceptre when he himself would be resting in the tomb.

With Prince Henry the joy of David's heart and the happiness of his life departed. Age had already dimmed his eye when this shadow fell to deepen the gloom and sadness which years after bring with them. From this moment the landscape was less fair to one who had always found in the aspects of nature one main source of enjoyment, and who had often

turned from the cares of his kingdom to find relaxation in the cultivation of his flowers and the engrafting of his fruit trees. His life, too, came within the shadow of this eclipse, as well what of it was past as the much briefer space that lay before him. Where the father had sowed in toil and anxiety, the son, coming after him, was to reap in peace, so David confidently expected. But the prince who should have been the inheritor of the fruits of all these labours had gone to the grave, and his removal had written "vanity and vexation" upon all the endeavours and achievements of David. The blow was all the heavier to both king and people from the circumstance that the three sons of the deceased prince were of tender age, and it was impossible not to forecast that much of what the wise and patriotic monarch had won for Scotland would be put in peril, and it might be wholly lost, by the weakness and the inexperience, or by the blunders or the crimes of a young reign. Such were the heavy clouds that obscured the evening of a day which during its currency had enjoyed a larger amount of sunshine than was the average experience of the monarchs of that time.

David, feeling that his end was not now distant, began to prepare for his departure by setting his kingdom in order. It was now that he was able to estimate the full extent of the loss he had sustained in the death of his son Henry. Summoning his three grandchildren into his presence, he declared the eldest, Malcolm the undoubted heir of the throne. To William, the second, he assigned the principality of Northumberland, and to David, the youngest, he bequeathed the Earldom of Huntingdon, his family inheritance. He charged the nobility to give effect to the royal will touching the succession, and in particular, he recommended Malcolm to the care of Macduff, Earl of Fife, the man of greatest influence among the Scottish nobles. Taking with him the young prince, Macduff made the circuit of the kingdom, and showed Malcolm to the nation as their future sovereign.[1] It was some consolation to the aged monarch, whose heart was still bleeding from his recent grief, to know who would sit upon his throne after him, and that he had prepared the way for his undisputed succession. These arrangements concluded, David was left free to engage in more solemn preparations for his departure from earth. He had often contended on the battle field, but now he was to engage in conflict with an enemy against whom a coat of mail and a sword of steel could afford him no defence. He must arm himself with quite different

weapons. He multiplied his acts of devotion, and spent his days and nights in prayer. He was now residing in Carlisle. He had been partial to this city all life long; and now, in the evening of his day, he came thither, that here his eyes might close for the last time on all earthly scenes. The environments of this city, are akin to the landscapes with which he had been familiar in his youth than the rugged if grander aspects of his more northern dominions; the meadows spread around its walls; the soft flowing Dee, that waters them, and the genial breezes from the western ocean must have had a soothing influence on both mind and body of one who to the burden of state, which he had long borne, had now superadded the burden of old age. When the priests saw that his last day was near they offered to have the sacrament brought to him in his chamber. The King would in nowise suffer it so to be; on the contrary, he made himself be carried to the church and received the sacrament at the altar. Expressing a wish to enter the Kingdom where all the inhabitants are kings, he clasped his hands as in prayer, and breathed his last. King David died on the 24th of May 1153, having reigned twenty-nine years, two months, and three days. The royal remains were carried to Dunfermline, and there interred with becoming pomp and splendour.

The character of David it is not easy to paint. To delineate the various qualities of which it was made up, to pronounce judgment upon them one by one, to be laudatory here, and critical or condemnatory there, were easy enough; but to balance nicely and accurately, and from numerous diverse qualities to educe a unity, and from conflicting and discordant passions and aims to extricate and establish the one predominating characteristic which differentiates the man from all others, and make the one accomplished result of his life stand out from lesser issues is not so easy. It is neither the dissecting power of analysis, nor the constructive art of synthesis that can enable us to do this; it is only the slow revealing light of Time that can aid us here. Had we stood by the grave of King David when his dust was being lowered into it, we would have found nothing but panegyric to pronounce over him. We would have spoken of him, as doubtless those who stood around his tomb spoke of him, as the patriotic King, the lover of his people, the accomplished knight and warrior, the upright and wise administrator, and, it may be, the reformer of religion. But the hour of death, or the day of burial, when virtues only are remembered and faults are forgotten, is

not the time to weigh calmly and dispassionately the characters of men who have occupied public, and especially royal station; nor is it the time to forecast the issues to spring from their lives. A good character is like a good tree, it bringeth forth good fruit: but we must wait till the fruit has been ripened, and then we may pronounce upon its quality. If the fruit is acrid, or if it is poisonous we may be sure, however luxuriant the foliage and lovely the blossom, that there is somewhere in the tree a principle of evil. Buchanan, no worshipper of the kings, or flatterer of princes, has taxed the powers of his pen to the uttermost to paint in brilliant colours the character of David. "Although his whole life," says the historian, "was exemplary beyond anything which history records; yet for a few years before his death, he devoted himself so entirely to preparations for another and a better world, that he greatly increased the veneration which his earlier years had inspired. As he equalled the most excellent of the former kings in his warlike achievements, and excelled them in his cultivation of the arts of peace, at last, as if he had ceased to contend with others for preeminence in virtue he endeavoured to rival himself, and in this he so succeeded, that the utmost ingenuity of the most learned who should attempt to delineate the resemblance of a good king, would not be able to conceive one so excellent as David during his whole life evinced himself."[2] This is just what we would have expected Buchanan to say, had he said it when David was but newly dead; but the wonder is that this eulogium was written when the king had been four hundred years in the grave, and when the true character of David's policy had proclaimed itself in the ruin of the letters, of the arts, and of the religion of his native land! Had the historian come to love a system which dragged martyrs to the stake, and chased himself into exile when he penned this panegyric on the prince who of all who ever reigned in Scotland had distinguished himself by his zeal to have that system set up in the land. Or did the historian's insight and sound judgment forsake him in this instance, and failing to distinguish a wise from a destructive policy, did he award praise where he ought to have pronounced censure, if not condemnation? We can excuse him only by saying that in viewing the character of David he adopted a wrong standpoint. He looked at the virtues which diffused happiness within the narrow circle of his court, and during the brief span of his lifetime only, and abstracted his view from the evils of his policy which spread desolation over the wider area of his realm, and prolonged their

pernicious action for the space of four centuries. Seen from the one point of view King David's character reveals itself in brilliance, seen from the other it receded into blackness. The historian, however, is responsible for the standpoint he adopts; it is one of the main elements of justice and truth.

In politics, as in religion, we must walk by "faith" and not by "sight." Vices which are "seen" are by that very circumstance deprived of half of their evil. It is the vices that are not seen, or that present themselves in the guise of virtues that accomplish the greatest mischief. Nations have been destroyed, and the world's happiness has been blighted, not so much by vicious characters as by false principles. All history is full of examples of this truth, some of them, on a colossal scale. Monsters like Nero and Caligula have not been the greatest scourges of mankind. The abhorrence awakened by their wickedness has set bounds to its destructive influence. Their crimes are reprobated rather than imitated. Not so the inventors or propagators of a false principle. It is they who have been the greatest desolators of the world. Such principle once enthroned in the world's belief, before it can be overthrown must first demonstrate its own falsity; ages may be necessary to enable it to do this; meanwhile, it is dominating mankind, and working its slow but terrible ruin in silence.

As a man David must be judged by his personal accomplishments and qualities; as a king—and it is as a king that the Scots have to do with him—he must be tried by the air and scope of his policy. There can be no difficulty in applying that standard, and measuring thereby the obligations which posterity owes to his labours, and the reverence in which it ought to hold his memory. If his policy was enlightened and beneficent we shall have only to look around and witness the monument of it in a great and prosperous country; but if evil we shall in like manner read the tokens of it in a land weighed down under a load of woes. What say the four centuries that come after David? They rise up in the judgment against him. This is a witness that cannot lie. We are confronted with an array of facts which it is dismal to recall or to recite; the children of the soil sold to strangers, the acres of the country parted among proud Normans and greedy priests, the churches of the Culdees in ruins; the reverent services of the sanctuary converted into pantomime, the flocks

fed with ribald jests and silly tales; all the springs of the nation's well-being dried up, and above the ruin which Scotland comes in a few centuries to present sits enthroned a great red Moloch which demands to be worshipped with sacrifices of blood.

It has been pleaded in David's behalf that he was educated in England, that the native church of his country, the Columban, had grievously degenerated, and that he was sincere in the change he introduced in the religion of his kingdom. But all this goes a very little way to excuse him, as most assuredly it had not the slightest effect in mitigating the evils to which his policy gave birth. Sincerity to be of any value must be founded on rational conviction, and rational conviction, David had none. He came from England with the foregone conclusion that the Romish was the better religion, and must be set up in Scotland. David had evidence within his reach which would have enabled him to arrive at a sound conclusion on this point had he chosen to avail himself of it. He knew[3] that this new form of worship was distasteful to the great body of the Scots; he knew that for centuries they had resisted its introduction and withstood conversion to it; he knew that former kings who had essayed on a small scale what he was not purposing to do on a large, had had to employ intrigue and violence; he knew that the scheme he contemplated would cross the most venerated traditions of the Scots, and desecrate their most cherished memories, and dry up the deepest springs of their power. As one who was to reign over a people who had once been enlightened and great, and had left their record as such in the history of nations, he was bound to have weighed all these considerations. He could not forecast the future and foresee all the ruin that was to follow his policy; but the past was open to his scrutiny, he was bound to hear what it had to say, and had he listened to it would have warned him to shun the path on which he was now entering, as one that might lead to the fall of his house, and would most surely entail calamity upon the nation.

This, at least, David might have known, that, in his ecclesiastical polity, he reversed all the maxims of equity and honour which had guided him in his civil administration. He had fought for the ancient honour of Scotland against the mail-clad warriors of England, but he weakly betrayed it to the men in frocks and cowls from abroad. He had combatted

for his English principalities and earldoms; not a footbreadth of territory would he surrender to Stephen, but he ruthlessly stript the Culdees of lands and heritages which they held by tenures more ancient and more sacred than his own, and therewith he enriched foreign priors and abbots. He adjudicated with scrupulous fairness betwixt man and man, but he did not hold scales of justice equally even betwixt the ancient Scottish church and the new intruder, the Roman. This was not the part either of a good knight or of a patriotic king. Nor must the fact be overlooked, for we see in it retribution, and we learn from it instruction, that the same man who drew upon Scotland this inundation of English clerics, drew upon it the inundation of English armies. It is to King David that the Scots owe their wars with the English. His ill-advised attempt to place his niece Maud on the throne of England, and to restore the Anglo-Saxon family to the government of that realm, awakened the resentment of Stephen, and provoked those aggressions upon the independence of Scotland, which, continuing under the two Edwards, resulted in two centuries of humiliation and calamities to the Scottish nation. It was a farther evil consequence of David's policy that it broke the unity of the nation so that Scotland could no longer bring its whole heart into the struggle, as it has done in its conflict with the Dane. Every Norman monk whom David had planted in the kingdom, in his heart wished success to the English arms. It was the interest of these foreign ecclesiastics that there should be but one kingdom, and that it should be under the Norman sceptre, and so an effectual guarantee obtained that the old Culdeeism should never more lift up its head, or dispute possession of the country with the new churches which David had planted in the land. All this was well known to the English monarchs, and thence the persistency of their attempts to crush the independence of the northern kingdom. If the consciousness of this emboldened the English sovereigns, it in an equal degree dispirited the Scots. The treachery to country which crept in with the foreign friars spread like a poison through the nation, and did its work in paralyzing the heart of Scottish patriotism and enfeebling the arm of Scottish valour. In the great conflict that soon thereafter opened, noble after noble gave way, battle after battle was lost, and England was on the very point of triumphing, not over Scotland only, but over herself as well. The same blow that would have struck down Scotland would have struck off one of the main arms of England's strength, and sorely crippled her in the conflicts that lay before her. A

staunch ally would in the future have been missing from her side in many a battle by sea and by land; and what would have been more to be deplored, England, in her greater enterprise of subjugating the world by the arts of peace would have been without her most zealous and efficient fellow-labourer. It had almost come to be so. The policy of David had inflicted a deadly blight on Scottish patriotism, and it lay benumbed for two centuries. During the currency of these dreary years the throne was filled by weak sovereigns, and the English were busy plotting to put chains upon the limbs of the Scottish nation. The patriotic spirit that slumbered but was not dead awoke amid the carnage of the battlefield of Wallace and Bruce. The greater struggle for liberty, political and spiritual, which Bannockburn inaugurated, was prolonged for two hundred years. To chronicle the triumphs and defeats which marked the course of the momentous struggle; to paint the shining virtues of the patriot, the heroic deeds of the warrior, and the sublime triumphs of the martyr which shed upon it so resplendent a lustre; to describe the combat lighted up this hour with the glory of magnanimity and self devotion, and darkened the next by the blackness of perfidy and cowardice; to exhibit the alternate hopes and fears which agitated the bosoms of the combatants, and above all portray the great principles which underlay the conflict, and which expanded the intellect and sustained the soul of those who were engaged in it, and impelled them to fight on till their great task was accomplished, and Scotland stood erect in a perfect liberty, prepared to take her place by the side of her sister of England as her meet yoke-fellow in the sublime mission of extending to the nations of the world, that liberty which they had vindicated for themselves, will be our business in the subsequent volumes of this history

ENDNOTES

1. Buchanan, *Hist. Scot.*, lib. vii., c. 36.
2. Buchanan, *Hist Scot.*, lib. vii. c. 36.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REIGNS OF MALCOLM IV.—WILLIAM THE LION—ALEXANDER III.—BATTLE OF LARGS.

Having set up the Church of Rome in Scotland, David I. went to his grave, leaving that Church to do her work in the downfall of his house and the partial ruin of the country. The first of these issues came sooner than David could perhaps have anticipated. The career of the Anglo-Celtic family that now governed Scotland was drawing to its close. It opened with the arrival of Margaret of England in 1068, and it ended when Alexander III., falling over the cliffs a little eastward of the spot where Margaret had first set foot on the Scottish earth, ended his life and reign. A short narrative will suffice to close the history of this branch of the royal house.

David I. was succeeded by his grandson Malcolm IV. (1153), a youth of twelve years. His education was such as to fit him for the cowl rather than the throne. He is better known as Malcolm the *Maiden*, a name which he owed to his girlish features and effeminate disposition. In all the qualities which were most needed for his position and his age he was signally lacking, and hardly had he begun his reign till the shadows of calamity were seen to gather. Scotland was suffering from a cruel famine which presented day by day an augmented death-roll. On the western border of the kingdom, Summerled, the powerful Thane of Argyll, had raised the standard of rebellion, and his adherents were being recruited from the discontented and the profligate. The country, so tranquil under the former sceptre, and which David was believed to have established on firm foundations, became in a brief space convulsed by factions, and perplexed by the fear of still greater evils which seemed impending.

The quarter whence the young King had most to dread was England. The throne of that country was filled by an astute, resolute, and most ambitious man, Henry II., whose name is unpleasantly associated with the assassination of Thomas a Becket, and the subjection of Ireland to the Papacy. Henry II. was the son of the Empress Maud, and the cousin of Malcolm IV. now on the throne of Scotland, but the ties of relation-

ship and even the obligation of treaties were of small account in Henry's estimation when they stood in the way of his ambition. When kneeling before David at Carlisle to receive the honour of knighthood at his hand, Henry swore that he would never disturb the Scottish King nor his posterity in the possession of their English principalities. David was now in his grave, his throne was filled by a youth of tender years and of shallow parts, and the unscrupulous Henry, forgetful of his oath, and bent on aggrandisement, demanded of Malcolm the surrender of his estates in England. Henry would have enforced his demand with the sword, but even he felt that the proceeding would be too scandalous and unjust to be openly attempted, and he resolved to employ the hidden arts of policy, of which he was an adept, to gain his purpose. He requested the Scotch King to meet him at Chester, and confer with him about the affair. Malcolm weakly complied. The result, as might have been foreseen, was that the raw youth was cajoled by his astute cousin into doing homage for his English principalities. Nor was this the end of the affair. His own disgrace and the nation's humiliation were made complete by his being soon thereafter despoiled of the principalities of Cumbria and Northumberland. The indignation of the Scots was so great that Malcolm IV. Had nearly lost his throne into the bargain, and the latter years of his life passed amid insurrections and troubles.

Young as Malcolm was, and short as was the period during which he occupied the throne, he gave abundant proof that with the blood of his great grandmother Margaret he inherited her profound devotion to the Roman Church. During his reign monasteries and convents rose all over the land. After the numerous foundations of the previous reign one wonders what need there could be for more religious houses. Considering its population, Scotland was already overstocked with such institutions. But Malcolm thought that it never could have enough of convents and monks. Scotland henceforth was to do her religion by proxy. An army of cowled foreigners were to chant litanies and recite paternosters while her own sons were to plough and dig and sweat: an admirable division of labour whereby the country was enabled to be at once a model of industry and a model of religion. One-half its population are sold off to ply the spade and the plough, and the other half are set apart to count beads and sing aves. It will not be the fault of Margaret's descendants if Scotland, in centuries to come, be not the Levitical country of Europe!

At every short distance the towers of abbey or monastery met the eye, and the convent chimes saluted the ear. The new houses with which Malcolm the Maiden swelled the list of David's foundation were Cupar in Angus and Manuel of Linlithgow, both Cistercian establishments. At Saltre, on the confines of Lothian, was an hospital for "pilgrims, travellers, and poor folk," with the privilege of "sanctuary," and marked, as all such refuges of vagabonds were, with chain and cross. The nobles who wished to stand well at court followed the example of the King, knowing what pleasure it would give the "Maiden," who was not just a paragon of the virtue which the name imports, to see such edifices rising to sanctify his realm. Cistercian convents were founded at Eccles and Coldstream by Gospatrick, Earl of March; at St. Bathans by Ada, Countess of Dunbar; at Haddington by Ada, Countess of Huntingdon, mother to the King; at Edinburgh, in St. Mary's Wend; and a Cistercian abbey at Cantyre, founded by Reginald, son to Somerled, Lord of the Isles, who rose in rebellion against Malcolm, but fell in battle. The principal religious house founded in that reign was the Abbey of Paisley. Its foundations were laid in the year 1164 by Walter Fitz-Allan, High steward of Scotland, and ancestor of the Royal House of Stuart. The abbey, which was richly endowed with lands, and rose to be one of the chief religious establishments in Scotland, was colonised by a body of Benedictine monks whose original house was at Cluniac in France, hence termed Clunienses. Malcolm IV. Died in 1165, having reigned twelve years.

He was succeeded by his brother William. He is known as William the Lion, not because of any outstanding magnanimity of soul, or any lion-like feat of valour performed by him, but because he had the humbler distinction of being the first to blazon on the national standard of Scotland the "lion-rampant," in room of the "dragon" which from time immemorial had held this place of honour. Under William it was found impossible to stop, much less turn back, the adverse tide which had set in the affairs of Scotland. The tendency was still downward. It was natural that William should think of recovering the lands in England which Malcolm had so softly let go, but the attempt only landed the nation in greater losses and deeper disgrace.

William invaded England, and renewed on the wretched borderland the oft repeated tragedy of sack and burning and slaughter. His army lay

before Alnwick, a town of ominous interest to the Scots, since Malcolm Canmore had met his fate beneath its walls. The King of England was at that time fighting in France, but the barons of the north, roused by the devastations of the Scots, met at York to confer about the steps to be taken for the defense of the country. Though only four hundred in number, and sheathed in heavy mail, they resolved on a night ride to Alnwick. Starting from Newcastle they arrived in the neighbourhood of Alnwick at daybreak. The morning rose in a thick mist, and the adventurous knights, fearing least they should ride unawares into the heart of the Scottish camp, resolved to halt. Suddenly the mist lifted, and disclosed to their view a small party of horsemen tilting in a meadow beneath them. The English horsemen rushed upon the little party, and seizing the knight who made himself the more conspicuous by his resistance, bore him off into England. We may conceive the surprise of the English barons when they discovered that their captive was no less a personage than William the Lion, King of Scotland. The Church chroniclers say that this piece of good fortune happened to the King of England on the very day that he underwent his famous penance at the shrine of Thomas a Becket. One regrets that a legend that reads so beautifully should be rudely dispelled by the fact that the King of England was at the time in France.

The barons carried their royal captive across to Falaise in Normandy, and delivered him up to their master. Henry was overjoyed, believing that in capturing a king he had captured a kingdom. At all events, he was resolved that Malcolm should pay a kingdom for his ransom. The deed in which Malcolm of Scotland was to own Henry of England as his liege lord, and the Scottish people the subjects of the English crown, was carefully and skillfully drawn. Henry took care that in the document there should not be flaw or loophole through which the splendid prize which he had so long and ardently coveted, and so often schemed to appropriate, and which a fortunate accident had thrown into his hands when he looked not for it, might escape from his grasp. Every formality, phrase, promise, and oath known to the feudal age, and employed to give binding force to its covenants, was present in this deed. William accepted the bond, and swore fealty as his liege-man to the King of England. Nor he alone; his bishops and nobles were partners with him in this surrender of the ancient independence of their country, aand the

transaction was concluded, and Henry's hold upon Scotland made complete by the delivery into his hands of the castles of Edinburgh, Sterling, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jedburgh, which were now garrisoned with his troops. The transaction took place on the 10th of August 1175

There is no darker day in the annals of Scotland. The independence of Scotland had often been in extreme peril, but never had it been wholly lost. It had come intact and triumphant through numberless intestine rebellions, and through many foreign invasions; but not a nationality which had vindicated its claim to be independent on so many battle-fields, and in the face of superior numbers, passed into vassalage without a blow being struck. William the Lion gave Scotland for his liberty. This was a heavy price to pay for one man, even though that man was a king. It was wont to be said in old time, "Tis sweet to die for one's country." William the Lion was not of this opinion. His patriotism eschewed all such romantic and dangerous ideas. His creed was a much safe one, even that it is becoming that the kingdom should die for its king. Death for country was a luxury for which he felt no ambition. His blood was too precious to be spilt for such a cause. What good could a living country do a dead king? It would not open the doors of his sepulchre and enable him to exchange the shroud for the royal mantle, or the silence of the grave for the voices of his courtiers; and seeing it could not do this, William judged that it were better that his country should die by surrendering its independence, and that himself should live. But what of the "Lion" which he had blazoned on the national standard? Did he now efface that symbol of courage and freedom from the Scottish flag, seeing it was no longer banner meet to be seen in the hand of a vassal nation? We do not read that he did. There was a twofold disgrace in the humiliation which William, who was no Lion, put on Scotland. The king at whose feet he laid its independence had himself held the stirrup of his haughty prelate when he mounted his mule; [1] and in no long time thereafter Henry stooped lower still, he offered his bare back to be scourged by the monks at the tomb of that same prelate, Thomas a Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. So haughty had the Church become, and so low had she sunk monarch. By her supposed supernatural powers she was able to strike the princes of the age with terror, and turn them into cravens.

The political independence of Scotland had been surrendered: now came a demand on its ecclesiastical independence. This shows that the entire subjugation of the country and its annexation as an integral part of England had been resolved upon. The Church of England (1176) required of the Scottish bishops submission to her jurisdiction. For this, however, the Scottish prelates were not prepared. They had sworn political fealty to Henry; they resisted the spiritual claims now made upon them by the metropolitans of Canterbury and York. The case was appealed to Rome, and the reigning Pope, Alexander III., gave judgment in favour of the Scotch bishops. Nevertheless, the judgment formed a pretext for the coming of a legate into the kingdom, a functionary whose appearance has never boded good to Scotland, nor to any country. Freedom dies around his footsteps, and did the grass under the hoof of the Caliph's horse.

It was about this time that William the Lion laid the foundations of an abbey destined to become one of the richest and grandest in all Scotland, and which, linking its history with the powerful and bloody house of Beatoun, and through that house with some of the martyr scenes of the Reformation, has gathered round in a cloud of tragic memories—Aberbrothock. Where now its grandeur? No longer does abbot ride forth at its gate on his richly caparisoned mule; no longer does troop of friars sweep past with banners and changes; or vespers come floating out on the evening air; the vast pile reared by William has yielded to time, leaving to our day its majestic ruins to bespeak its former magnificence and extent.

William had not yet completed the rearing of this mighty temple for the Roman worship, which he dedicated to Thomas a Becket, when he found himself at war with the head of the Roman Church. The quarrel grew out of a miserable dispute between Robert of St Andrews and John of Aberdeen, the question being which of the two should fill the See of St Andrews. This case too was appealed to Rome, and the Scottish King and the Pontiff took opposite sides. The merits of the quarrel have not the slightest interest for any one at this day except the advocates of apostolic succession, and we notice it only because of the infliction it drew down on Scotland. To chastise William for presuming to have a mind of his own in the matter, and not yielding instant compliance with

the papal wish, the kingdom was smitten with excommunication. Of all the weapons in Rome's armoury the most terrible perhaps was interdict. It was accompanied by such visible signs and tokens of divine wrath that the stoutest heart quailed, and fear was on all faces, from the monarch downwards. Terror overspread the land. The vengeance thundered from the Seven Hills was believed to be the vengeance of the Almighty. All the channels of grace were stopped, and all the symbols of salvation withdrawn. The priests forsook the temples; the lights at the altar were extinguished; the church doors were closed; the bells hung silent in the steeples; the voice of bride and of bridegroom ceased; infants could not be baptized, nor could the dead be buried except in ditches, and over then neither dirge nor requiem could be sung. This awful doom projected its shadow into the world beyond, for the gates of Paradise were closed, and crowds of disembodied spirits wandered disconsolate on the gloomy banks of the Styx, waiting till the interdict should be lifted off, and the closed gates be again opened. To kings the interdict was specially formidable. Apart from its ghostly terrors it had for them grave political consequences. This fiery missile thrown into the midst of their population not infrequently kindled insurrection and rebellion in their kingdoms, resulting in the destruction of order and the fall of the throne. We at this day smile at these stage terrors, the men of that day trembled and made haste to make their peace with the Pontiff. It so happened that Pope Alexander III. died at this juncture, and his successor Lucius III. being a more placable man, and moreover, not personally concerned in the quarrel, Scotland had riddance from this torment.

Death, too, befriended the country in the matter of its political vassalage. After fifteen years Henry II. of England departed this life, and left his throne to Richard Coeur de Lion. This monarch was enflamed with the passion of fighting the Saracens and winning glory on the fields of Palestine. But he sorely wanted money to enable him to join the crusades into which the Pope was drawing the princes of the age, to the weakening of their power and the aggrandisement of his own importance. A hundred thousand pounds would be of more service to the "Lion heart" in this strait than the feudal homage of Scotland, and being withal of a romantic and chivalrous turn he offered to relieve the Scottish King and kingdom from their oath of fealty (December 5, 1189) for this sum. The bargain was struck; Scotland had back its independence, the castles

held in pledge by England were given up to Scots, and Richard the Lionhearted set off to win an eternal name as the conqueror of infidels and the liberator of the "Holy Sepulchre." Scotland was again free. But it owed no thanks to its monarchy. It might have been in bonds till this day if its emancipation had depended on the spirit, or policy, or sword of William the Lion.

Nothing more delighted the posterity of Queen Margaret than to see the Church multiplying her priests, and adding to the number of her acres. David, one would think, had provided sufficiently for her in both respects, considering the size and population of Scotland. But all the kings of his house seemed to have it for their ambition to increase the religious foundations and multiply the monkish orders. In William's reign the "Red Friars" were settled at Aberdeen, the Cluniacs at Lenders, the Cistercians at Glenluce and Inchaffray; a house of canons-regular in Strathearn. In this reign Iona again emerges into view. Ronald Lord of the Isles in 1203, rebuilt his famous monastery on a larger scale, and colonised it with Benedictines. The Culdees had lingered on the spot down till this time. Part of them would doubtless amalgamate with the Benedictine community and the others would die out. [2]

William's reign was memorable, moreover, on another account. The ecclesiastical independence of Scotland was now definitely vindicated. This matter had been in debate for more than a century. If the Kings of England coveted the temporal lordship of Scotland, the Church of England was ambitious of being its spiritual superior. Now it was York and now it was Canterbury that intrigued to introduce the thin edge of their supremacy by claiming at right to consecrate the bishops of St. Andrews in token that all the Scottish Sees were subject to their jurisdiction, and that the whole Scottish realm was included in their diocese. William saw that the most effectual way of extinguishing the lesser supremacy was to oppose to it a greater. He laid his church at the feet of a higher master than either York or Canterbury, the Roman pontiff namely. He sent a deputation to Rome with the view of obtaining from the Pope a formal declaration that the Scottish Church owed direct and immediate allegiance to the Roman See and to non other. The deputation was successful, and on March 11, 1188, Clement III. issued a bull, in which he affectionately called the Scottish Church his "daughter," and took

this youngest born of his family under the protection of his pontifical shield.[3] To this decision the English prelates were compelled to bow, and the pretensions of York and Canterbury over the Church in Scotland came to an end. William died in 1214 at the age of seventy-four, having reigned forty-nine years.

He was succeeded by his son, Alexander II., at the age of sixteen. In England, too, the scenes had shifted. Coeur de Lion was dead, and John was on the throne. It was under this pusillanimous prince that Nemesis overtook England for its treatment of Scotland during the reign of William. England had robbed Scotland of its independence, and now we see England stript of her own independence. Scotland had passed out of vassalage, England passes into it. John laid his crown and kingdom at the foot of the Papal chair, swearing to be the liegeman of Innocent III., and engaging for himself and his successors to hold the kingdom as the vassals of the Pope. This was bondage more humiliating than any into which Scotland had ever been reduced, seeing it gave to the English people a priest as their master. This transaction brought after civil war in England, and the nobles of that land, fleeing to the Scottish court from the tyranny of John, drew Alexander II. into the quarrel. He had escape from his imbroglio in no long time, but not to find rest. Uprisings began to distract his own kingdom, and there came no day to Alexander without its care. His reign, which lasted from 1114 to 1149, was from beginning to end full of perplexity and toil. But no country at that age fared better, and some there were that fared even worse. It was the epoch of the great pontiff Innocent III. The sky of the papacy was without a cloud. Around the throne of the Pope all seemed stable; but the earth of political society was reeling to and fro, and the hearts of men were failing them from fear of impending change and dissolution.

There is no Scottish reign, not even David's more thoroughly ecclesiastical in its spirit and policy than that of Alexander II. The Church we see becoming every day more and more the one institution which kings and nobles vie with each other to enrich with wealth. New abbeys and religious houses are rising in various parts of the country, and new orders of novel habit and unfamiliar name are arriving in Scotland to swell its already overgrown army of monks. Now was founded the Cistercian abbey of Culross, as also the Cistercian monastery of Balmerino. There

were now erected three houses of the Order of Vallis Caulium, Pluscardin in Moray, Beaulieu near Inverness, and Ardchattan in Lorn. The Cluniac Benedictines were established at Crossraguel in Carrick, the Premonstratensians at Ferne in Ross and the Trinitarians, or Red Friars, at Dunbar. The Begging Friars, recently founded by St. Francis of Assisi, speedily found their way into Scotland, and took up their abode at Roxburgh and Berwick. The King's special favourites among the men who wore frock and cowl is said to have been the Dominicans, whom he established at Inverness, Elgin, Aberdeen, Montrose, Perth, Stirling, Ayr, and Berwick. Their founder was St. Dominic, to whom with Innocent III. the world is indebted for the "Holy Office." During Alexander's reign numerous diocesan synods and provincial councils were held, and some important canons enacted which throw light on the condition of Scotland in that age, but which will come better under our notice at a subsequent stage. In 1122 Adam, Bishop of Caithness, lost his life in a quarrel with his parishioners abut his tithes. The King took a terrible vengeance for his murder by hanging four hundred of the inhabitants.[4] An insurrection in the Hebrides called Alexander suddenly to the Western Isles. When just on the point of succeeding in his expedition he sickened of fever, and died (July 8, 1249) on the Island of Kerrara. He was buried in the Abbey of Melrose, and his son, a child of eight years, succeeded him on the throne.

The boy was carried to Scone, enthroned on the stone of destiny, and with pomps all the more numerous and imposing, in respect his years were few, he was first knighted and next crowned as Alexander III. There is no other recorded coronation at Scone so brilliant as this, as if the Scots sought relief in these showy ceremonials from the fears with which the infant years of the King oppressed them. The little monarch sat in robe, and crown, and sceptre while the nobles of Scotland came forward one after another and swore fealty to him. Last of all stood forth from the assemblage a tall, venerable-looking highland bard.[5] On bended knee, his white hair falling his shoulders, and his silver beard streaming down his breast, he recited with stentorian voice the genealogy of Alexander from the first Scottish monarch downwards. It was meet that all these formalities should be observed in this case. They were crowning the last heir of the house of Fergus, though they knew it not.

The auguries that dashed the splendours amid which the reign of our last Celtic king opened soon began to be realized. The feudal nobles of Scotland were so many kings, their vast territories so many kingdoms, and their numerous retainers so many armies, and as soon as the ceremony had ended they went forth from the coronation chambers at Scone to strive with one another for possession of the King, and with the royal person the government of the realm. The much coveted prize was borne off by Comyn, the powerful Earl of Menteith. There came happier times for the house of Comyn and their friends, but it faired ill with their rivals, and worst of all with the country. The peasants were withdrawn from the plough to fight the battles of faction, the untilled fields refused their harvests, and famine came to aggravate the miseries of war. The disappointed nobles schemed how they might counterwork the influence of the Comyns, and set free the King from their control. They resolved to marry their young sovereign to the daughter of Henry III. of England, and give the King, as guardian and counsellor, the English monarch. The match was arranged, although Alexander was then only a lad of ten. If Scotland was not guarded on the side of the Comyn faction, new dangers were created in another quarter; for the counsels which King Henry might tender to his son-in-law might not always be for the interest and honour of Scotland. As Alexander grew to manhood, however, he developed a hardy spirit and a sound penetration, which enabled him to hold his own in the game between himself and the King of England. The two Courts met York in 1251, to keep their Christmas and celebrate the marriage. Matthew Paris has left us a description of the festivities, the tournaments, the magnificent dresses, and, in particular, the jewelled robes of the Queen Dowager of Scotland, in which she outshone the ladies of both Courts. On the day after Christmas Alexander was married to Margaret, daughter of Henry III. of England. On this occasion the Scottish King is said to have done homage for his English principalities; but Henry, presuming on the youth of Alexander, asked him to do fealty for Scotland also, whereupon the plucky young monarch replied that the had come to York to receive his bride, not to surrender his kingdom.

Alexander III. inherited the weakness of all who had the blood of Margaret in their veins. With his reign came more abbeys and more friars.[6] Of the new foundations—for it were wearisome to chronicle all—we

select only one, on account of the touching and romantic incident which led to its erection. It is the Cistercian Abbey of Sweetheart, near Dumfries, founded by Devorgoil, wife of John Baliol. When her husband died in 1269 she made his heart be embalmed, and preserved in a costly shrine, that it might be placed in the same coffin with herself, and interred in the abbey she had founded. Hence its name. It is also known as New Abbey. About the same time two who had been not less tenderly united in their lives were joined in the grave. On June 13, 1250, the remains of Queen Margaret were transferred from the stone coffin in which they had lain for a century and a half, to a shrine profusely adorned with gold and jewels, in the "Lady aisle" of the Abbey of Dunfermline. The body of Malcolm Canmore was exhumed at the same time and placed beside that of his queen. When the relics of Margaret, say the chroniclers, were brought into the abbey, "the whole temple was filled with a most sweet odour." [7]

Soon the Scottish Knight had other things to think of. It was in the reign of Alexander III. that the Vikings made their last attempt on Scotland, and received their last and decisive repulse. The Norse power had been overthrown on the mainland of Scotland, but it still subsisted in Orkney and Shetland, and in the isles that stud the western sea onward to the Island of Man. Each of these islands was an independent principality, under the rule of a Norse prince, who owned Haco, King of Norway, as his feudal lord. These petty sovereignties were a source of danger, for though contemptible individually, they were formidable when combined, and ever ready to attack on the west when England struck in the south. Alexander II. made an attempt to be rid of the danger by stamping out the petty sovereignties. This drew down on his successor the heavy arm of the King of Norway, who saw in the suppression of these island principalities the destruction of his power in Scotland. Now appeared one of the most powerful Norse fleets that had ever been seen off the Scottish coast.

In the middle of August, 1263, a Norse armada, of an hundred and sixty sail, their banners blazoned with the old symbols of terror, the spread raven, and their decks crowded with warriors in chain-armour—terrors of a more substantial kind—swept round the Mull of Canter, seized on the islands of Aaran and Bute, and finally came to anchor off Largs.

Haco, King of Norway, commanded in person, and we expect the veteran warrior to strike before the Scottish army has had time to muster. But no: the invader saw no defenders on shore, and thought that he might take his time to seize the victory that was already his. Meanwhile the Northmen indulged their characteristic love of plundering, gathering booty, but losing priceless hours. One of their predatory expeditions was of an altogether unique and extraordinary kind. Sending sixty of their ships up Loch Long, and dragging their transports across the narrow neck of land between Archer and Tarbat, they launched them on Loch Lomond. This was the first and last time that warship was seen on these inland waters. The Norse tempest swept along the lake, ravaging its islands, sacking the mansions on its shores, slaughtering the inhabitants, and converting a scene of romantic beauty into one of rueful desolation. Having accomplished this exploit the Norsemen returned to their ships.

The King of Norway, as if spell lay on him remained inactive. Although familiar with battles, Haco suffered himself to be outwitted by his youthful antagonist, the King of the Scots, who, in this instance, showed himself the superior strategist. Alexander sent on board the Norwegian fleet an embassy of barefooted friars to negotiate terms of peace. The friars came and went, and though peace was not arranged, nor perhaps desired, time was gained. While the friars were negotiating, Haco's position was becoming every moment more perilous. In front of him the Scotch army was mustering in greater numbers, though it concealed itself behind the hills on shore: and in his rear the autumnal storms of the Atlantic were traveling with all speed towards the scene of action, on which they were to play a more important part than man. It was now the end of September, and the shortening days and the lowering skies told Haco that he must give battle, or go back to his own country.

On 1st October, at midnight, a storm set in from the southwest. The winds rose, bringing with them torrents of hail and rain: and the mountain billows tolling in upon the land made sport with Haco's ships, tossing them, with their load of armed warriors and their raven-blazoned banners, to the skies this moment, to dash them on the rocky beach the next. So did the storm deal with one portion of the Norwegian fleet; another portion it drove before it up the Clyde. Here the confusion and

destruction were not less great than on the shore of Largs. Drifting before the winds was a mass of war galleys, crushing every moment into each other in the pitchy darkness, some going down with their crews, and others cast as stranded hulks on the banks of the river.

The night had been full of terrors, but the morning was more terrible still, for its light disclosed the horrors of the night. Haco, as he gazed from the deck of his still remaining ships, saw what a blow had befallen upon him. He felt that the stroke had been dealt, not by the Scots, but by mightier forces which were warring against him, the powers, even of air and ocean, whose fury had been let loose upon him. To add to his perplexity, the storm showed no signs of abating. The look seaward dismayed him, bold veteran as he was, for there was the tempest still heaping up its black clouds, and still rolling onward its mighty surges. It would be work enough for the day, Haco thought, to battle with the waves; tomorrow, if his ships should hold, and the storm were abated, he would transport his army on shore, and do battle with the Scots.

Haco imagined that the dark powers of witchcraft had been summoned to oppose him. The spell of some witch had raised this violent storm in favour of the Scots. He would conjure the elements to rest by holier arts. Landing on the island of Cumbrae, and extemporising a rude altar, he made his priests say mass. It was in vain. The winds still howled, and the Atlantic billows continued to make sport with his shattered ships.

The coming of the Norwegian armament was known; in fact, the invaders themselves had notified their approach by the ravages they inflicted on the country as they moved southward, and Alexander's preparations, pushed on with vigour, were now complete. The Scotch army consisted of a numerous corps on foot, and a fine body of cavalry, numbering fifteen hundred horsemen, mostly knights and barons, clad in armour from head to heel, and mounted on Spanish horses. The foot soldiers, armed with spears and bows, were led by Alexander, high steward of Scotland, great grandfather of Robert II., the first of the Stewart line. The second day opened with the storm only slightly moderated, but Haco felt that battle must be faced, for provisions were running short, and every hour was inflicting fresh disasters on the fleet. He sent on shore nine hundred fierce and gallant warriors. As they advanced through the

surf in their transports, they sighted the enemy's cavalry ranged on the heights above the village of Largs, their forms standing boldly out against the red storm clouds. A crowd of armed peasants helped to swell their apparent numbers. Flanking them were the men-at-arms on foot, their spears and steel helmets, touched by the rising sun, flashing like fire through the drifting clouds.

One division of the Norwegian army advanced up the height to attack, another body took up their position on the beach. Soon the two armies were in conflict. The Scots, under the High Steward of Scotland, behaved with signal gallantry and drove back the Norwegian van. The battle now moved down to the shore, and the entire Norwegian force came into action. King Haco, who was on the scene, set off in his transport to the fleet, to bring reinforcements to his men. At that critical moment the storm rising in greater fury, not only made it impossible to send succours to the army on shore, but so shattered the ships as to effect the all but total destruction of Haco's fleet. Meanwhile the battle went on, the struggling mass moved to and fro on the shore with ceaseless terrible din, which even the roar of the winds and the thunder of the surf could not drown, the commingled noise of the shouting of captains, the ringing strokes of a thousand swords on steel armour, and the groans and shrieks of dying warriors. The Scots outnumbered the Norwegians, and the latter, seeing themselves in danger of being enclosed and cut in pieces, formed hastily into a compact body bristling all over with steel spears. The Scotch cavalry attacked but could not break this ironclad mass, and hew their way into the Norwegian circle.

Toward evening, the tempest lulling a little, reinforcements arrived from the ships. The Norwegians, rousing themselves to their utmost pitch of fury, attacked the Scots, and dislodged such of them as still occupied the heights. But there was not time to recover the fortunes of the day: the fate of the expedition was sealed. The field was covered with Norwegian dead: of the morning's host only a worn and dispirited remnant remained: under cover of the darkness they betook them to their transports, and making their way through a tremendous surf, escaped to their fleet.

Scotland had seen the last of the Dane. In a shattered ship, the remnant

of his once magnificent Armada, Haco set sail for Norway, which he was never to reach. He fell sick from fatigue and grief, and died in Orkney. Henceforward the Hebrides were subject to the Scottish sceptre, and the fabric begun in the union of the Picts and Scots was now crowned. Moreover, preparation was made for the "War of Independence." The reduction of the western isles was an indispensable condition of success in that coming conflict. With a multitude of hostile kinglets on its flank, Scotland could never have made good its nationality against a powerful antagonist like England. The battle of Largs brought a signal deliverance to the nation, and is one of the epochs of Scottish history.

But the cloud departed not from the House of Margaret. Alexander's plans, wise and politic, to settle the crown in his family, all came to nothing. A train of calamities, following in quick succession, desolated his house. His Queen died. She was followed to the tomb by his second son, still a boy. His first born, Alexander, the Prince of Scotland, who would have sat upon the throne after him, next sank into the grave. Then came tidings from Norway that his daughter, wife to King Eric, was dead, leaving an only child, Margaret, the "Maid of Norway." Alexander in the prime of manhood found himself a widower, and childless. He now married Ioleta, the daughter of Count de Dreux, in the hope of retrieving the fortunes of his house; but a great calamity was near. He was returning from Edinburgh, and as he rode along the shore near Kinghorn in the dark, 16th March 1286, his horse stumbled, rolled over the cliff, and Alexander was killed. The universal grief for the King's death was quickly followed by consternation and dismay, not less universal, at the dark night which had descended on Scotland.

ENDNOTES

1. Hume's *History of England*, vol. i., chap viii., p 144. London.
2. So says *Silgravce's Catalogue* as given in Hadden and Stub's *Councils*, ii 181
3. Papal Bulls are named after their commencing words. This is known as the Bull *Cum universi.* It runs thus :- Praesentis scripti pagina duximus statuendum, ut Scotticana Ecclesia Apostolicae Sedi, cujus filia specialis exstititm nullo medicante subjaceat. *Hoveden Chron.*, ii 360, 361
4. Belesheim, *Catholic Church of Stotland,* i. 359.

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