History of the Scottish Nation

BY

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Author of *History of Protestantism*, etc.,

VOL. I.

PRE-HISTORIC, DRUIDIC, AND EARLY CHRISTIAN SCOTLAND.

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All this history has been covered up!!

Note to the Reader

Dr. Wylie's book was published in 1886. It disappeared from off the face of the earth around the turn of the century. Even the copy in the Library of Congress was stolen. We are confident that if the book had remained in circulation there would be no divided Ireland today!!

A true knowledge of history is vital....Rome has poisoned the wells of history, and multitudes have drunk of that contaminated water. When you are sick physically, the first question the doctor asks is about your medical history, in order to affect a cure. The same is true in a spiritual sense . . . woe unto the people whose historians are their enemies!!

In the Book of Revelation, chapter 12, the woman clothed with the sun - a picture of the true Church - has to flee into the wilderness to escape the wrath of the Great Red Dragon. Hibernia and Caledonia *was* the wilderness at that time, lying beyond the bounds of the Roman Empire.

Ireland was always the true home of the Scots. The name of the country was changed around the time of the Reformation. St. Patrick in his *Confession* mentions the sons of the Scotti and the daughters of the chieftains, especially one blessed Scottish princess that he baptized (una benedicta Scota). All writers up the time of the Reformation refer to the inhabitants of Hibernia as the *Scottish Tribes.*

Brian Born (930-1014) High King of Hibernia and victor over the Vikings at the Battle of Clontarf, has his name inscribed in the *Book of Armagh* as Imperatoris Scotorum, that is: Em-

peror of the Scots.

In the year 1150, a famous book was written by Christian Malone, Abbot of Clonmacnoise, entitled *Chronicum Scotorum*. It is a chronology of Hibernia from the Flood to the 12th century.

St. Patrick is the Apostle of the Scots - on both sides of the Irish Channel. Both people fought the same enemies for centuries: Vikings, Danes, Anglo-Normans, etc., etc. Jesus said that the gates of hell would not prevail against the true Church and we find remnants of the Gaelic Church surviving right down to the blessed Reformation.

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CHAPTER I.

FIRST PEOPLING OF BRITAIN.

While Alexander was overrunning the world by his arms, and Greece was enlightening it with her arts, Scotland lay hidden beneath the cloud of barbarism, and had neither name nor place among the nations of the earth.[1]

Its isolation, however, was not complete and absolute. Centuries before the great Macedonian had commenced his victorious career, the adventurous navigators of the Phoenician seaboard had explored the darkness of the hyperborean ocean. The first to steer by the polestar, they boldly adventured where less skillful mariners would have feared to penetrate. Within the hazy confine of the North Sea they descried an island, swathed in a mild if humid air, and disclosing to the eye, behind its frontier screen of chalk cliffs, the pleasing prospect of wooded hills, and far expanding meadows, roamed over by numerous herds, and inhabitants. The Phoenicians oft revisited this remote, and to all but themselves unknown shore, [2] but the enriching trade which they carried on with it they retained for centuries in their own hands. Their ships might be seen passing out at the "Pillars of Hercules" on voyages of unknown destination, and, after the lapse of months, they would return laden with the products of regions, which had found as yet no name on the chart of geographer.[3] But the source of this trade they kept a secret from the rest of the nations. By and by, however, it began to be rumoured that the fleets seen going and returning on these mysterious voyages traded with an island that lay far to the north, and which was rich in a metal so white and lustrous that it had begun to be used as a substitute for silver. In this capacity it was employed now to lend a meretricious glitter to the robe of the courtesan, and now to impart a more legitimate splendour to the mantle of the magistrate.

In process of time other seafaring peoples, taught by the example of the Phoenicians to sail by the stars, and to brave the terrors of unknown seas in pursuit of wealth, followed in the track which these early merchants had been the first to open. The tin of Cornwall and of the Scilly Islands, the "Cassiterides" [4] of the ancients, began to circulate among the nations

of Asia Minor, and was not unknown even to the tribes of the Arabian desert. It is interesting to think that Britain had already begun to benefit nations which knew not as yet to pronounce her name. But it was on the Syrian shore, and among the maritime tribes that nestled in the bays of Lebanon, that the main stream of this traffic continued to diffuse its various riches. The wealth and power of the Phoenician state were largely owing to its trade with Britain. Its capital Sidon, was nursed by the produce of our mines into early greatness. The site of Rome was still a morass; the cities of Greece were only mean hamlets; the palaces of Babylon were brick-built structures; and Jerusalem was but a hill fort; while Sidon had risen in a splendour and grown to a size that made men speak of her, even in the age of Joshua, as the "Great Sidon."

Nor was Sidon the only city on that shore that owed its greatness to the remote and barbarous Britain. Tyre, [5] the daughter of Sidon, feeding her power at the same distant springs, came ultimately to surpass in wealth, and eclipse in beauty, the mother city. No sublimer ode has come down to us than that which has as its burden the greatness and the fall of Tyre—the number of her ships, the multitude of her merchants, the splendour of her palaces, the exceeding loftiness of her pomp and pride, and the dark night in which her day of glory was to close.

The bronze gates set up by Shalmanezer to commemorate his triumphs, exhumed but the other day from the ruined mounds of Assyria, present to modern eyes a vivid picture of the greatness of the Phoenician cities. On these gates Tyre is seen seated on her island-rock, encompassed by strong walls, with serrated battlements and flanking towers. A broad avenue leads from her gates to the sea. Down this path is being borne her rich and various merchandise, which we see ferried across to the mainland. Ingots of gold and silver, rare woods, curious bowls, precious stones, spices, dyed cloths, embroidered garments, and similar products brought from far off lands, form the tribute which we here see laid at the feet of the conqueror Shalmanezer. The monarch in his robes of state, a tiara on his head, stands a little in advance of a brilliant staff of officers and princes, while an attendant eunuch shades him with a richly embroidered umbrella from the hot Syrian sun, and a deputation of Tyrian merchants offer him the submission of the now tributary city. This was in the year B.C. 859.[6]

But though the doom foretold by the prophet has long since fallen upon this ancient mistress of the seas, her ruin is not so utter but that we may trace at this day the dimensions of those harbours from which the fleets engaged in the traffic with Britain set sail, and were, on their return, they discharged their rich cargoes. The harbours of Tyre, as their ruins, still visible below the waves, show, had an average area of twelve acres. The ports of Sidon were of a somewhat larger capacity. Their average area was twenty acres,—so do the scholars of the "Palestine Exploration" tell us. We who are familiar with the "Leviathans" that plow the deep in modern times, cannot but feel surprise at the diminutive size of the craft employed in the Tyrian traffic, as judged of by the limited capacity of the basins in which they unloaded their wares. A modern ironclad would hardly venture into a port of so diminutive a size. But if the ships of Tyre were of small tonnage, so much greater the evidence of the skill and courage of the crews that manned them, and the enterprise of the merchants that sent them forth on such distant voyages. And it is pleasant to reflect that even at that early age, the riches of our mines formed an important factor in the commercial activity, the artistic taste, and the varied grandeur, of which the narrow strip of territory that stretches along on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, beneath the cliffs of Lebanon, was then the seat.[7]

The palmiest era of the Phoenician commerce was from the twelfth to the sixth century before Christ. It follows, that Britain, with whom these early merchants traded, was then inhabited, and probably had been so for some considerable time previous. At what time did the first immigrants arrive on its shore, and from what quarter did they come? We cannot tell the year, nor even the century, when the first wanderer from across the sea sighted its cliffs, and moored his bark on its strand; nor can be solve the question touching the first peopling of our island, otherwise than by an approximating process. In a brief discussion of this point, we shall avail ourselves of the guidance furnished by great ethnological principles and facts, as well as of the help given us by historic statements.

The earliest and most authentic of all histories—for the monumental and historic evidence of the Bible does not lessen but grow with the current of the centuries—tells us that the Ark rested, after the Flood, on one of

the mountains of Ararat. Here, at the centre of the earth, is placed the second cradle of the human family, and to this point are we to trace up all the migrations of mankind. The Ark might have been set down by the retiring waters on the verge of Asia, or on the remotest boundary of America; or it might have been floated on currents, or driven by winds far into the polar regions. Escaping all these mischances, here, in the central regions of the world, and probably within sight of those plains with which Noah had been familiar before the flood overspread the earth, did the Ark deposit its burden. It was the first great providential act towards the human family in post-diluvian times.

Let us take our stand beside "the world's grey fathers," and survey with them, from the summits where the Ark is seen to rest, the singular framework of rivers, mountains, and plains spread out around the spot. The various fortunes and destinies of their descendants lie written before the eyes of the first fathers of mankind on the face of the silent earth; for undoubted it is that in the geographical arrangements of the globe is so far laid the groundwork of the history, political and moral, of its nations. The physical conditions of a region assist insensible but powerfully in shaping the mental and moral peculiarities of its inhabitants, and prognosticate dimly the events of which any particular region is to become the theatre. The mountain-chains that part kingdoms, the oceans that divide continents by diversifying the climatic influences of the globe, enrich that "one blood" of which all the nations of the earth partake, and by engendering a difference of temperament and aptitude, and stimulating to a variety of pursuit prepare more variously endowed instrumentalities for the world's work, and impart to history a breadth, a variety, and a grandeur which otherwise would have been lacking to it.

From this new starting point of the race great natural pathways are seen to stretch out in all directions. In the heart of the Armenian mountains, close to the resting place of the Ark, four great rivers take their rise, and proceeding thence in divergent courses, flow towards the four quarters of the globe. A tribe or colony in quest of habitations naturally follows the course of some great stream, seeing the fertility which its waters create along its banks afford pasture for their flocks and food for themselves. Of the four great rivers which here have their birth, the Euphrates turned off to the west, and pointed the way to Palestine and

Egypt and Greece. The second of these great streams the Tigris, sending its floods to the south, and traversing with rapid flow the great plains which lie between the mountains of Armenia and the Persian gulf, would open the road to India and the countries of the East.

The Araxes and the Phasis, rising on the other side of the mountain-chain which here forms the watershed between Asia and Europe, and flowing towards the north, would draw off, in that direction, no inconsiderable portion of the human tide that was now going forth from this central region to people the wilderness, into which, since the Flood, the earth had again reverted. The settlers who proceeded along the banks of the Araxes, whose waters fall into the Caspian, would people the northern and northeastern lands of Asia. Those who took the Phasis as the guide of their exploring footsteps, would arrive in due time in the west and north of Europe. By the several roads spread out around their starting-point, do these emigrants journey to those distant and unknown homes where their posterity in after ages are to found kingdoms, build cities, become great in arms, or seek renown in the nobler pursuits of peace.

But farther, this mountain-girdle, which is drawn round the middle of the globe, and which has two great rivers on either side of it flowing in opposite directions and in divergent channels, parts the earth in two grand divisions. It gives us a northern and a southern world. In this striking arrangement we see two stages prepared in anticipation of two great dramas, an earlier and a later, to be enacted in after time. The one was destined to introduce, and the other to conclude and crown the business of the world. Let us mark what a difference betwixt the natural endowments of the two zones, yet how perfect the adaptation of each to the races that were to occupy them, and the part these races were to play in the affairs of the world!

On the south of the great mountain-chain which bisected Asia and Europe was a world blessed with the happiest physical conditions. The skies were serene, the air was warm, and the soil was molient and fertile. How manifest is it that this favoured region had been prepared with a special view to its occupancy by the early races, whose knowledge of the arts did not enable them meanwhile to construct dwellings such as

should suffice to protect them from the cold of a northern sky, and whose skill in husbandry was not enough, as yet, to draw from less fertile soils the necessaries of life in sufficient abundance. In this genial clime the inhabitants could dispense with houses of stone; a tent of hair-cloth would better meet their wants; and hardly was it necessary the their exuberant soil should be turned by the plow; without labour almost it would yield the food of man. Here then was meet dwelling-place for the infancy and youth of the human family; the brilliant light, the sparkling waters, the gorgeous tints of the sky, and the rich fruitage of field and tree, would combine to quicken the sensibilities and stimulate the imagination of man, and so fit him for those more elegant acquisitions and those lighter labours in which his youth was to be passed. Here the arts of music and painting grew up, and here, too, passion poured itself forth in poetry and song. In these voluptuous climes man perfected his conceptions as regards symmetry of form and melody of speech, and from these ages and lands have come to us the incomparable models of statuary, of architecture, and of eloquence.

"Graiis dedit ore rotundo Musa, loqui."

Nor, even yet, has the glow of morning altogether left the sky of the world. The pure and beautiful ideals which these young races succeeded in perfecting for us still continue to delight. They exert to this day a refining and elevating influence of the whole of life. Our graver thoughts and more matter-of-fact labours wear something of the golden lacquering of these early times.

On the north of the great mountain-wall which, as we have said, parts the world in two, the ground runs off in a mighty downward slope, diversified by forests and lakes, and furrowed by mountain-chains, and finally terminates in the steppes of Tartary and the frozen land of Siberia. This vast descent would conduct man by slow journeys from the genial air and teeming luxuriance of his primeval dwelling to the stony soils, the stunted products, and the biting sky of a northern latitude. The boundless plains spread out on this mighty decline refuse their harvests save to the skill of the hand and the sweat of the brow. In vain the inhabitant holds out his cup to have it filled with the spontaneous bounty of the earth. But if nature has denied to these regions the feathery palm, the odorous gum, and the precious jewel, she has provided an ample compensation in having

ordained that products of infinitely greater price should here be ripened. This zone was to be the training ground of the hardier races. Here, in their contests with the ruggedness of nature, were they do acquire the virtues of courage, of perseverance, and of endurance, and by the discipline were they to be prepared to step upon the stage, and take up the weightier business of the world, when the earlier races had fulfilled their mission, and closed their brief but brilliant career. Here, in a word, on these stern soils, and under these tempestuous skies, was to be set that hardy stock on which the precious grafts of liberty and Christianity were to be implanted in days to come. With the advent of the northern races the real business of the world began.

When Noah comes forth from the Ark we see him accompanied by three sons—Shem, Ham, and Japhet. These are the three fountainheads of the world's population. "These are the three sons of Noah, and of them was the whole earth overspread." [8] "Peleg," who lived in the fifth generation from Noah, is set up as a great finger-post at the parting of the ways, "for in his days was the earth divided." [9] And it is strikingly corroborative of the truth of this statement, that after four thousand years, during which climate, migration, and numerous other influences have been acting unceasingly on the species, all tending to deepen the peculiarities of race, and to widen the distinctions between nations, the population of the world at this day, by whatever test we try it, whether that of physical characteristic, or by the surer proof of language, is still resolvable into three grand groups, corresponding to the three patriarchs of the race, Shem, Ham and Japhet.

The descendants of Ham, crossing the narrow bridge between Asia and Africa, the Isthmus of Suez to wit, planted themselves along the banks of the Nile, finding in that rich valley a second plain of Shinar, and in the great river that waters it another Euphrates. Egypt is known buy its inhabitants as the land of Mizraim to this day. From the black loamy Delta, which reposes so securely betwixt the two great deserts of the world, and which the annual overflow of the Nile clothes with an eternal luxuriance, Ham spread his swarthy swarms over the African continent. Shem turned his face towards Arabia and India, and his advancing bands crossing the Indus and the Ganges, overflowed the vast and fertile plains which are bounded by the lofty Himalayas on the one side, and washed

by the Indian Ocean on the other. An illustrious member of the Semitic family was recalled westward to occupy Palestine, where his posterity, as the divinely-appointed priesthood of the world, dwelt apart with a glory all their own. Japhet, crossing the mountainous wall which rose like a vast partition betwixt the north and the south, poured the tide of his numerous and hardy descendants down the vast slope of the northern hemisphere over Europe, and the trans-Caucasian regions of Asia, with, at times, a reflex wave that flowed back into the territories of Shem. Thus was the splendid inheritance of a world divided amongst the three sons of Noah.

Our main business is to track the migration of the sons of Japhet, and see by what route they travelled towards our island. From their starting point in the highlands of Armenia, or on the plain of the Euphrates, two great pathways offer themselves, by either of which, or by both, their migrating hordes might reach the shores of the distant Britain. There is the great hollow which Nature has scooped out between the giant Atlas and the mountains of the Alps, and which forms the basin of the Mediterranean Sea. Moving westward through this great natural cleft, and dropping colonies on the fair islands, and by the sheltered bays of its delicious shores, they would people in succession the soil of Greece and the countries of Italy and Spain. Pushed on from behind by their ever increasing numbers, or drawn by the powerful attraction of new habitations, they maintain their slow but inevitable advance across the rugged Pyrenees and the broad and fertile plains of France. The van of the advancing horde is now in sight of Albion. They can descry the gleam of its white cliffs across the narrow channel that separates it from the continent; and passing over, they find a land, which, though owned as yet by only the beast of prey, offers enough in the various produce of its soil and the hidden treasures of its rocks to reward them for the toil of their long journey and to induce them to make it the final goal of their wanderings.

By this route, we know, did the clans and tribes springing from Javan—the Ion of the Greeks—travel to the west. We trace the footprints of his sons, Elishah, Tarshish, Kittim, and Dodanim all along the northern shore of the Mediterranean, from the Lebanon to the Pyrenees, notably in Greece and Italy, less palpably in Cyprus and Spain, attesting to this day the truth

of the Bible's statement, that by them were the "isles of the Gentiles," that is, the western seaboard of Asia Minor and the northern coast of the Mediterranean, "peopled."

Meanwhile, another branch of the great Japhethian family is on its way by slow marches to the northern and western world by another route. This great emigrant host proceeds along the great pathways which have been so distinctly traced out by the hand of Nature on the surface of the globe. The Araxes and the Phasis are the guide of their steps. They descend the great slope of northern Asia, and winding round the shores of the Euxine, they tread their way through a boundless maze of river and morass, of meadow and forest, and mountain-chain, and stand at length on the shores of that ocean that washes the flats of Holland and the headlands of Norway: and thus of the human tide which we see advancing towards our island, which is still lying as the waters of the Flood had left it, the one division, flowing along through the basin of the Mediterranean, finds egress by the Pillars of Hercules, and the other, rolling down the great northern slope of the Caucasian chain, issues forth at the frozen doors of the Baltic.

This parting of the emigrant host into two great lands, and the sending of them round to their future home by two different routes, had in it a great moral end. There are worse schools for a nation destined for future service, than a long and arduous journey on which they have to suffer hunger and brave danger. The horde of slaves that left Egypt of old, having finished their "forty years" in the "great and terrible wilderness," emerged on Canaan a disciplined and courageous nation. The route by which these two Japhethian bands journeyed to their final possessions, left on each a marked and indelible stamp. The resemblance between the two at the beginning of their journey, as regards the great features of the Japhethian image, which was common to both, was, we can well imagine, much altered and diversified by the time they had arrived at the end of it, and our country in consequence, came to be stocked with a race more varied in faculty, richer in genius, and sturdier in intellect than its occupants would probably have been, but for the disciplinary influences to which they were subjected while yet on the road to it. The aborigines of Albion combined the strength of the north with the passion of the south. If the two great hosts that mingled on its soil, the one, passing under the freezing

sky of the Sarmatian plains, and combatting with flood and storm on their way, arrived in their new abode earnest, patient, and courageous. The other, coming round by the bright and genial shores of the Mediterranean, were lively and volatile and brimming with rich and lofty impulses. Though sprung of the same stock, they came in this way to unite the qualities of different races and climes—the gravity of the Occident with the warm and thrilling enthusiasm of the Orient.

The stream that descended the slopes of the Caucasus, passing between the Caspian and the Euxine, would arrive on our eastern seaboard, and people that part of our island which fronts the German Ocean. The other current, which flowed along by the Mediterranean, and turned northward over France and Spain, would have its course directed towards our western coasts. In the different temperaments that mark the population of the two sides of our island, we trace the vestiges of this long and devious peregrination. The strong Teutonic fibre of our eastern seaboard, and the poetic fire that glows in the men of our western mountains, give evidence at this day of various original endowments in this one population. These mixed qualities are seen working together in the daily life of the people, which exhibits a sustained and fruitful industry, fed and quickened by a latent enthusiasm. The presence of the two qualities is traceable also in their higher and more artistic pursuits, as for instance, in their literary productions, which even when they kindle into the passionate glow of the East, are always seen to have as their substratum that cool and sober reason which is the characteristic of the West. Most of all is this fine union discernible, on those occasions when a great principle stirs the soul of the nations, and its feeling find vent in an overmastering and dazzling outburst of patriotism.

We do not know the number of links which connected the Patriarch of the Armenian mountains with that generation of his descendants, who were the first to set food on the Shores of Britain; but we seem warranted in concluding that Gomer and Ashkenaz were the two great fathers of the first British population. The nomadic hordes that we see descending the vast slope that leads down to the Scandinavian countries and the coast of the White Sea, are those of Gomer. This much do their footsteps, still traceable, attest. They gave their names of the lands over which their track lay, and these memorials, more durable than written record or even

pillar of stone, remain to this day, the ineffaceable mementoes of that primeval immigration by which Europe was peopled. Here is Gomer-land (Germany) lying on their direct route: for this track was far too extensive and fertile not to commend itself to the permanent occupation of a people on the outlook for new habitations. "The Celts, from the Euxine to the Baltic," say Pinkerton, "were commonly called *Cimmerii*, a name noted in Grecian history and fable; and from their antiquity so obscure that a Cimmerian darkness dwells upon them. From the ancients we learn to a certainty, that they were the same people with the Cimbri, and that they extended from the Bosphorus Cimmerius on the Euxine, to the Cimbric Chersonese of Denmark, and to the Rhine."[10] The main body of these immigrants would squat down on the soil at each successive halt, and only the front rank would be pushed forward into the unpeopled wilderness. Their progress, often retarded by impenetrable forest and by swollen river, would be at length conclusively arrested on the shores of the North Sea; and yet not finally even there. Passing over in such craft as their skill enabled them to construct—a fleet of canoes, hollowed out of the trunks of oaks, felled in the German forests—they would take possession of Britain, and begin to people a land, till then a region of silence or solitude, untrodden by human foot since the period of the Flood, if not since the era of the creation.

The newcomers brought with them the tradition of their descent. They called themselves Cymry of Kymbry. They are the Gimmirrai of the Assyrian monuments. The Greeks, adopting their own designation, styled them *Kimmerioi*, and the Latins *Cimbri*. Cymry is the name by which the *aborigines* of Britain have uniformly distinguished themselves from the remotest antiquity up to the present hour; and their language, which they have retained through all revolutions, they have invariably called *Cymraeg*, which means the language of the aborigines, or "the language of the first race." [11] It is reasonable to conclude," says Pinkerton in his learned "Enquiry into the History of Scotland," "that the north and east of Britain were peopled from Germany by the Cimbri of the opposite shores, who were the first inhabitants of Scotland, who can be traced, from leaving Cumraig names to rivers and mountains, even in the furthest Hebudes."[12]

ENDNOTES

1. Dion Casius says, Book xxxix., that "Britain was unknown to the more ancient of the Greeks and Romans."
2. Strabo, Lib. iii.
3. The Phoenicians had sailed beyond the Straits of Gibraltar before Homer's time. Gades (Cadiz) in Spain was founded by them centuries before Carthage. See Huet, Commerce des Anciens.
4. So called by Herodotus, Book iii. 115. It is generally supposed that he used the term vaguely to designate Britain and Ireland. Aristotle calls it Celtic tin, because the Celts were the first inhabitants of Europe. Diodorus Siculus informs us that it was the people of Cape Balerium (Cornwall) that digged the tin.
5. The priests of the temple of Melcarth told Herodotus that Tyre was founded at a date that corresponds with B.C. 2750. Josephus is content with a less high antiquity for this famous seaport, and fixes its rise at B.C. 1250. He is probably nearer the true date.
6. These gates were discovered by Mr. Rassam in the mound of Bellowat in 1877. They are now in the British Museum.
7. Numbers xxxi. 22, shows that *tin* was one of the metals in use among the Syrian nations when the tribes entered Canaan; and Ezekiel xxii. 18, 20, tells us that it was imported in the ships of Tyre. There were only two countries in those days where tin could have been obtained—Spain and England. In the Spanish mines the ore lay deep, and the yield was not ever-abundant; the probability, therefore, is that the main supply of tin for the markets of Phoenicia and the East was brought from Cornwall and the Scilly Islands.
8. Genesis ix. 19.
9. According to Usher, B.C. 2247.
10. Pinkerton, vol. ii. 48, 49.
11. James's P*atriarchal Religion of Britain*, p. 13. London, 1836.
12. Pinker. *Enquiry*, vol.. Ii.. Edin., 1814. Pinkerton appears to make the Cimri and the Celtae one people. The two were kindred, spring of the same stock, but the *Celtae* were preceded by an earlier immigration into Europe (see chap. v., *seq*.). And these earlier immigrants, and first inhabitants of Britain, we can scarce doubt, were the people whom we trace up through the *Cimri* of the Latins, the *Kimmerivi* of the Greeks, and the *Gimirrai* of the Assyrian tablets to the *Gomer* of the Bible.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY OF THE KYMRI TO BRITAIN.

There are three guides which we can summon to our aid when we set out in quest of the cradle of the tribes, races, and nations that people the globe. The first is Philology, or language: the second is Mythology, or worship: and the third is Tradition, or folklore. These are three guides that will not lie, and that cannot mislead us.

As regards the first, no great power of reflection is needed to convince us that in the first age men conversed with one another in a common language; in other words, that man started with one speech. Many not that one speech linger somewhere on the earth, slightly changed and modified, it may be, by time and other influences, but still containing the roots and elemental characteristics of those numerous tongues which are diffused over the earth, and of which it is the parent? This is not a supposition, but a fact. Philology holds in its hand the clue by which it can track all the tongues of the world through the perplexed labyrinth of diverse grammars, idioms, and dialects, to the one primeval tongue of the race. And when we permit philology to perform its office, it conducts us to the great central plain of Asia, called Iran. The researches of Max Muller, Sir William Jones, and others, appear to have established the fact, that we find the ancestors of all numerous tongues of the nations, not in the classic languages of Greece and Rome, nor in the more ancient Semitic, but in the speech of the Indo-European races or Aryans. The Sanscrit possesses the root-affinities, and stands in a common relation to all the languages of the East on the one hand, and the West on the other. It presents its proud claim to be the parent of human tongues, and it identifies Iran as the spot whence the human family was spread abroad. "After thousands of years," says Mr. Dasent, "the language and traditions of those who went East, and of those who went West, bear such an affinity to each other, as to have established, beyond discussion or dispute, the fact of their descent from a common stock"

Let us next attend to the evidence, on the point before us, of the second witness, Mythology, or worship. The first form of worship—keeping out of view the one divinely appointed form—was Nature worship. By nature

worship we mean the adoration of the Deity through an earthly symbol. The first symbol of the Creator was the sun, and consequently the earliest form of nature worship was sun-worship. Where, and in what region of the earth was the first act of sun-worship performed? All are agreed that this form of worship took its rise in the same region to which philology has already conducted us and identified as the fatherland of mankind. On the plains of Shinar rose the great tower or temple of Bel, or the Sun. There was the first outbreak of a worship which quickly spread over the earth, continually multiplying its rites and varying its outward forms, becoming ever the more gorgeous but ever the more gross, but exhibiting in every land, and among all peoples, the same seminal characteristics and root-affinities which were embodied in the first act of sun-adoration on Chaldean plain. Thus a second time we arrive on those great plains on which Ararat looks down.

There is a third witness, and the testimony of this witness is to the same effect with that of the former two. There exists a unique body of literature which is found floating in the languages of both the East and the West. It is mainly popular, consisting of traditions, fables and tales, and is commonly styled *folklore*. These Tales bear the stamp of being the creation of a young race: they are bright with the colours of romance, and they embody, in the guise of allegory and fable, the maxims of an ancient wisdom. Whether it is the Celtic or the Teutonic, the classic or the vernacular tongue, in which we hear these tales rehearsed, they are found to be the same. They have the same groundwork or plot though diffused over the globe. This points to a common origin, and in tracing them up to that origin we pass the tongues of modern Europe, we pass the Latin and Greek tongues, we come to the language spoken by the Aryan races of Asia, and there we find the fountainhead of these unique and worldwide tales. This is another link between the East and West, between the peoples that held the "grey dawn" and those on whom the world's "eve" is destined to descend. Such is the witness of these three—Philology, Religion, Tradition. They are the footprints which the human family have left on the road by which they have travelled; and followed these traces we are led to Iran, where lived the men who were the first to "till and ear" the soil.

Thirty years ago it would have required some little courage to mention,

unless to repudiate, the authority which we are about to cite. At that time it was fashionable to stand in doubt of the early traditions of all nations. The first chroniclers were believed to display a vein for legend rather than a genius for history. Lacking the critical acumen of the wise moderns, they were supposed to delight in garnishing their pages with prodigies and marvels, rather than storing them with ascertained facts. But this spirit of historic scepticism has since been markedly rebuked. The graven tablets dug up from the ruins of Nineveh, the treasures exhumed from the mounds of Babylon, and the secrets of a bygone time with which the explorations on the plain of Troy have made us acquainted, have signally attested the veracity of the early writers, and shown us, that instead of indulging a love of fable, they exercised a scrupulous regard to fact, and an abstention from poetic adornment for which the world, in these latter days, had not given them credit. The consequence is that the early historians now speak with a justly enhanced authority. This remark is specially true of the sacred writers, and also, to a large extent, of the secular historians.

We in Great Britain likewise possess the records of an ancient time. These writings have been preserved, not in the dust of the earth, like the written cylinders and graven slabs of the Tigris and the Euphrates valley, but in the sacred repositories of the aboriginal race whose origin they profess to record. We refer to the "Welsh Triads." These documents are the traditions received from the first settlers, handed down from father to son, and at last committed to writing by the Druids, the priests of the aborigines. They are arranged in groups, and each group consists of three analogous events; the design of this arrangement obviously being to simplify the narrative and aid the memory. We do not claim for them the authority of history; we use them solely as throwing a side light on the darkness of that remote age, and as confirmatory, or at illustrative, as far as it is not possible to understand them, of the sketch we have ventured to trace of the peopling of Europe, and the first settling of Britain, from the etymological and historic proofs that remain to us.

The fourth Triad says: "There are three pillars of the nation of Britain. The first was Hu the Mighty, who brought the nation of Kymry first to the isle of Britain; and they came from the summer country, which is called Defrobani (the shores of the Bosphorus), and they came over the Hazy

Sea to the Isle of Britain, and to Armorica (Gaul) where they settled. The other two pillars of the nation of the Kymri were Prydain and Moelmud, who gave them laws, and established sovereignty among them."

The fifth Traid says: "There were three social tribes of the Isle of Britain. The first was the tribe of the Kymry who came to the Isle of Britain with Hu the Mighty, because he would not possess a country and land by fighting and pursuit, but by justice and tranquillity. The second was the tribe of Lloegrians (the Loire) who came from Gascony; and they were descended from the primitive tribe of the Kymry. The third were the Brython, who came from Armorica, and who were descended from the primitive tribe of the Kymry, and they had all three the same language and speech." This Triad offers a rough sketch of two migrations which are seen moving towards our island, each by a different route. The one comes over the Hazy sea (most probably the German Ocean, [1] and the other from Gaul across the channel. But both are sprung of the same stock, the Kymri, the descendants of Gomer that first peopled Europe.

The Triads go on to speak of two subsequent arrivals of settlers by whom the first great immigration into Britain was followed and supplemented.[2] The two later immigrations were doubtless passed on to the remoter, and perhaps as yet, uninhabited districts of our country. The first arrivals, it is natural to suppose, would plant themselves in the fertile and grassy plains of England, and would refuse, not without reason, to surrender to newcomers lands in which they had already established, by cultivation, the right of ownership. These last explorers would have to move onward and seek an settlement in the less hospitable and more mountainous regions of Scotland. Those whom we now see arriving in our island, and retiring to the straths and slopes of the Grampians, are probably the ancestors of the men who came afterwards to bear the name of Caledonians.

At what period the sons of Gomer—for their migration only does it concern us to trace—took their departure from their original seats in the East, no history informs us. It is natural to suppose that before his death Noah gave to his sons no uncertain intimation of how he meant the earth to be parted amongst them, and the quarter of the globe in which they were to seek their several dwellings. As the great Patriarch of mankind he possessed the princedom of the world. This vast sovereignty he could

not transmit entire. Like some great monarchs who have lived since this day, he must needs distribute his power among his successors; and in this he acted, we cannot doubt, in conformity with the intimations which had been made to him of the will of a yet greater monarch than himself. For we are told that "the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance." But rivalships and conflicts would not, unlikely, spring up in connection with the distribution of so splendid a possession. Some might be unwilling to go forth into the unknown regions allotted to them, and instead of a long and doubtful journey, would prefer remaining near their original seat. The fruitful hills and well-watered vales of Armenia, and the broad plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, would not be easily forsaken for a climate less hospitable and an earth less bounteous. Noah would judge it expedient, doubtless, that while he was yet alive the three Septs into which his descendants were parted should begin their journey each in the direction of its allotted possession.

Ham must direct his steps toward his sandy continent on the West. Japhet must cross the mountains on the North, and seek a home for his posterity under skies less genial than those of Assyria. Shem must turn his face towards the burning plains of India. To leave their sheltered and now well-cultivated valley for unknown lands whose rugged soils they must begin by subduing, was a prospect far from inviting. The command to go forth seemed a hard one. They would lose the strength which union gives, and be scattered defenceless over the face of the earth. And if we read aright the brief record of Genesis, the mandate of Heaven, delivered to mankind through their common Father, that they should disperse and settle the world, met with an open and organised resistance. They broke out into revolt, and in token thereof built their tower on the plain of Shinar. There is one name that stands out, bold and distinct, in the darkness, that hides all his contemporaries; that even of the leader in this rebellion. Nimrod saw in this strong aversion of the human kind to break up into tribes and disperse abroad, a sentiment on which he might rest his project of a universal monarchy. His plan was to keep the human family in one place, and accordingly he encouraged the rearing of this enormous structure, and he consecrated it to the worship of the Sun, or Bel. This tower on the plain of Shinar was meant to be the great temple of the world, the shrine at which the unbroken family of man should meet and perform their worship, and so realise their unity. The tower was the

symbol of a double tyranny, that of political despotism and that of religious superstition. The policy of Nimrod was the same with that of many an autocrat since who has found priestcraft the best ally of ambition, and concluded that the surest way to keep a people under his own yoke was first to bend their necks to that of a false god. It was the policy adopted by Jeroboam in an age long posterior, when he set up his golden calves at Dan and Bethel, that the ten tribes might have no occasion to resort to Jerusalem to worship, and so be seduced back into their allegiance to the House of David.

This bold and impious attempt met with speedy and awful discomfiture. "The Lord came down," says the inspired historian, using a form of speech which is commonly employed to indicate, not indeed a bodily or personal appearance on the scene, but an occurrence so altogether out of the ordinary course; a catastrophe so unlooked for, and so tremendous, that it is felt to be the work of Deity. We can imagine the lightnings and mighty tempests which accompanied the overthrow of this earliest of idolatrous temples, and centre of what was meant to be a worldwide despotism. There was after this no need to repeat the patriarchal command to go forth. Pursued by strange terrors, men were in haste to flee from a region where the Almighty's authority had been signally defied, and was now as signally vindicated. If Noah outlived this catastrophe, as he had survived on earlier and more awful one, he now beheld the insurrection against his patriarchal government quelled, and his posterity forced to go forth in three great bodies or colonies to seek in the primeval forests and wildernesses of the world each its allotted home. We cannot be very wide of the mark if we fix the epoch of this great exodus at about the three hundredth year after the Flood.

The length of time occupied by the bands of Gomer in their journey from their starting-point to the shores of Britain would depend not so much on the space to be traversed, as on the incidents which might arise to facilitate or retard their journey. They had no pioneers to smooth their way, and they could have no chart to guide them over regions which they themselves were the first to explore. The speed of the single traveller, and even the caravan, is swift and uninterrupted; the movements of a million or two of emigrants was unwieldly and laborous. Their flocks and herds accompany them on their march. They had to cross innumerable rivers,

passable only by extemporised bridges, or in canoes scooped hastily out of great oaks felled in the neighbouring forest. They had to traverse swampy plains, hew their was through tangled woods, and struggle through narrow mountain defiles. A march of this sort must necessarily be slow. They made long halts, doubtless, in the more fertile regions that lay on their route. In these spots they would practice a little husbandry, and exchange their nomadic habits for the pursuits of a more settled mode of life; and only, when the place became to narrow for their increasing numbers, would they send forth a new swarm to spy out the wilderness beyond, and find new habitations which would become in turn radiating points whence fresh streams might go forth to people the lands and mountains lying around their track. Their progress would exhibit the reverse picture of that presented by the army whose terrible march an inspired writer had so graphically described. The locust host of the prophet pursued its way, an Eden before it, a wilderness behind it. It was otherwise with the invading, but peaceful, millions, whose march we are contemplating. Wherever their footsteps passed the barren earth was turned into a garden. It was beauty, not blackness and burning, which lay behind them, They advanced to make war upon the desert only. The swampy pool and the black wood disappeared as they went on, and behind them on their track lay smiling fields and the habitations of men.

Forty years sufficed to carry the Goths from the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Atlantic. But their steps were quickened by their love of war and their thirst for plunder. No such incentives animated the emigrant horde whose march we are tracing, or urged on their advance. Their movement would bear not a little resemblance to what we see in America and Australia at this day, where there is a gradual by continuous outflow from the centres of population into the wilderness beyond, and the zone of the desolation and silence is constantly receding before the face of man. Hundreds of years—we know not how many—would these early intruders into the silent wastes of the northern hemisphere occupy as they journeyed slowly onward and gave the first touch of cultivation to what is now, and has long been, the scene of fair kingdoms and flourishing cities.[3]

The men whom we now see stepping upon our shores are shepherds and hunters. They had learned something in their long journey, but they had

forgotten more. That journey had not been conducive to their advance in knowledge, nor to their refinement in manners. The epithet "barbarian" was doubtless more applicable to them on their arrival at their new homes than when they took their departure from their original abodes. Whatever skill in husbandry and the arts they possessed in their native seats, would be diminished, if not well nigh lost in its transmission through successive generations in the course of their wandering and unsettled life. Their daily combats with the ruggedness of the earth, with the storms of the sky, or with the beast of prey, would brace their bodies and discipline their courage, but it would at the same time tend to roughen their manners, and impart a tinge of ferocity to their tempers and dispositions.

Counteractive influences, such as the modern emigrant from the old centres of civilization carries with him into the wilds of the southern or western world, they had none. We are accustomed to invest the shepherd's life with the hues of poetry, and we people Arcadia with the virtues of simplicity and innocence, but when from this imaginary world we turn to the contemplation of real life we are rudely awakened from our dream. We are shocked to find brutality and cruelty where we had pictured to ourselves gentleness and love. It is the pasture grounds of Europe that have sent forth its fiercest warriors. Its nomadic tribes have been its most ruthless desolators. In proof of our assertion we might appeal to the portrait which Herodotus draws of the Scythians of his day; or to the ravaging hordes which issued from the banks of the Borysthenes, or of the Volga; or to the sanguinary halberdiers which in later times so often descended from the mountains of the Swiss to spread battle and carnage over the Austrian and Italian plains. The influences which moulded these dwellers amid sheep-cots into warriors and plunderers would operate, though with greatly modified force, on the army of nomads which we see pursuing their way, century after century, down the great slope which conducts from the highlands of Armenia, and the ranges of the Caucasus, to the shores of the North Sea. They could hardly avoid catching the colour of the savage scenes amid which their track lay. There are souls to which the gloom of the far-extending forest, the grandeur of the soaring peak, and the darkness of the tempest impart a sentiment of elevation and refinement; but as regards the generality of mankind they are but little moved by the grandest of nature's scenes, and are apt to become stern and hard as the rocks amid which they dwell.

The tendency of these injurious influences on the host whose movement we are tracing would be aggravated by other circumstances inseparable from their condition. They could carry with them no magazine of corn. Their daily food would be the flesh of their slaughtered herds, or of the animals caught in the chase. This is a species of diet, as physicians tell us, which is by no means fitted to cool the blood or allay the passions, but rather to inflame the irritability of both. Besides, this host was subjected to a natural process of weeding, in virtue of which only the hardiest and the most daring were sent onward. The less adventurous would remain behind at each halt to be transformed into tillers of the soil, or dressers of the vineyard, and this process of selection, repeated time after time, would result at last in the creation of a race singularly robust in body and equally indomitable in spirit. And such, doubtless, were the physical and mental characteristics of that band of immigrants that ultimately stepped upon our shore. They were not like the Scythians of Herodotus, or the Goths of the Roman invasion, or the treacherous and cruel Arab of our own day. They were men occupied in the first great humanizing mission of subduing and cultivating the earth. Battle they had not seen all the way, if we except the contests they had to wage with the forces of nature. Blood they had not shed, save that of bullock or of beast of prey. But if their long journey had schooled them in the peaceable virtues of patience and endurance, it had engendered not less a keen relish for their wild freedom, and stalwart in frame and strong of heart, they were able and ready to defend the independence which had been theirs ever since the day that they rallied beneath the standard of their great progenitor, and contemning the double yoke of despotism and sun-worship which Nimrod had attempted to impose upon them, turned their faces toward the free lands of the North.[4]

ENDNOTES

1. Claudian calls the ocean opposite the Rhine the Cimbric.
2. The Duan, says Pinkerton, puts the Cumri as first possessors of Alban, and then the Picts, II. p. 234.
3. “No savages have yet been discovered,” says Pinkerton (vol II.chap.

I), “over the whole globe, who had no navigation. From the North Pole to the South Pole, where there were men, there were canoes.”

CHAPTER III.

HABITS, HABITATIONS, AND ARTS OF THE FIRST SETTLERS.

We see these emigrants from the land of Armenia arriving on our shore, but the moment they pass within the confine of our island the curtain drops behind them, and for ages they are completely hidden from our view. What passed in our country during the centuries that elapsed between the period when it was taken possession by the sons of Gomer and the advent of Caesar with his fleet, we can only dubiously conjecture.

As regards one important particular, we have tolerable grounds, we apprehend, for the conclusion we are now to state. These emigrants brought with them the essentials of Divine revelation. When they left their original dwelling, the world's first Christianity, the Edenic to wit, had not been wholly obscured by the rising cloud of nature-worship. The first idolatrous temple had already been reared, and the earliest form of idolatrous worship, that of the sun and the heavenly bodies, had been instituted,; but the dispersion which immediately followed had removed the Japhethian emigrants, whom we now see on their way to the far north, from contact with the rites of the rising idolatry, and from those corrupting and darkening influences. Which acted powerfully, doubtless, on those who remained nearer the seat of the Nimrod instituted worship. Besides, the heads of this emigration had conversed with the men who had been in the Ark with Noah, and stood beside the altar whereon the Common Father offered his first sacrifice to Jehovah after the Flood It is not conceivable that Japhet had joined in the rebellion of Nimrod, or ever worshipped in the great temple on Shinar. From Japhet they had learned the knowledge of the one true God, and the promise of a Redeemer, who was to appear in after ages, and in some not yet clearly understood way, though dimly foreshadowed in the victim on the Patriarchal Altar, was to accomplish a great deliverance for the race. This great Tradition would journey with them, and some rays of the primeval day would shine on the remote shores of Britain. We have been taught to picture the earliest condition of our country as one of unbroken darkness. A calm consideration of the time and circumstances of its first peopling warrants a more cheerful view. Believing in a God, invisible and eternal, and knowing that He heareth those in every land who pray unto Him, who

can tell how many "devout fearers" of His name there may have been among the first inhabitants of our country? How many lives may this knowledge have purified, and how many deathbeds may it have brightened! The Patriarchs themselves had not much more that was possessed by those whom we behold setting out towards our distant shore.

Our idea that the earliest ages of all nations were the purest, and that as time passed on mankind receded ever the farther from the knowledge of the true God and sank ever the deeper into Idolatry, is corroborated by the fact that the oldest known Egyptian manuscript, and of course the oldest known manuscript in the world, contains no traces of Idolatry, and does not mention the name of one Egyptian god.[1]

These settlers found the climate of their new country more temperate—its summers less hot, and its winters less cold—than that of the continental lands over which they had passed on their way thither. Its plains wore a covering of luxuriant grass, and afforded ample pasturage for their flocks and herds. Forests covered the mountain sides, and in places not a few stretches down into the valleys and straths. These would furnish in abundance materials for the construction of dwellings, one of the first requisites of the emigrant. The newcomers go about this task in the following wise. They clear a space in the forest, or on the jungly plain, felling the trees with a stone hatchet. On the open area they plant stakes of timber, intertwine them with wattles, and roof them with straw. There rises a little cluster of huts. A wall of palisades is run around the hamlet to defend it from the beast of prey, for as yet, human foe they have none to dread.

In at least one instance, if we mistake not, we come upon the traces of these aboriginal settlers, and the memorials, disclosed after so long an interval, touchingly attest the truth of the picture we have drawn. The relics in question occur as far north as Loch Etive, Argyleshire. Under a black peat moss, on the banks of the loch just named, are found, here ant there, patches of stone pavement of an oval form. These pavements, on being dug down to are found strewed over the wood-ashes, the remains of first long since extinguished; and around them lie portions of decayed hazel stakes, the relics of the palisading that once formed the defences of

the encampment. Here stood a cluster of log huts, and at a period so remote that the moss that now covers the site to a depth of eight feet has had time to grow above it.[2] It is touching to think that in these memorials we behold the oldest known "hearths" in Scotland. We picture to ourselves the forms that sat around their fires. They may not have been just the savages we are so apt to fancy them. They had their joys and their sorrows as we at this day have ours. The human heart is the same whether it beats under a garment of ox-hide or under a vesture of fine linen. It ever goes back into the past, or forward into the future, in quest of the elements of hope and happiness. These settlers cherished, doubtless, as their most precious treasure, the traditions which their fathers had brought with them from their far-off early home. They will not let them die even in this rude land. And when the winter draws on, and the storm lowers dark on the hill, and the winds roar in the fir wood, or lash into fury the waters of the lake, beside which they have raised their huts, the inmates gather in a circle round their blazing hearth, and the patriarch of the dwelling rehearses to ears attent the traditions of an early day and a distant land. Tales of the Flood and of the Ark, who knows, may here have had their eloquent reciters and their absorbed listeners. The "glorious hopes" carried to our island by the first pilgrim settlers would be clung to by their descendants. The knowledge of them alone kept their head above the darkness. To part with them was to obliterate by far the brightest traces by which to track their past. But gradually, veiled in legend, or disfigured and darkened by fable, these "hopes" died out, or, rather, were crystallized in the ritual of the Druid.

The sons of Gomer, who erected these frail structures on the shores of Loch Etive, were probably coeval with the Sons of Ham, who were the first builders of the pyramids on the banks of the Nile. The monuments of the workers in granite, thanks to the durability of the material, still remain to us. The perishable edifices of the workers in wattle and sod have also been preserved by the kindly moss which, growing with the centuries, at least covered them up for the benefit of future ages. We can now compare them with the huts in which their brethren of the Gomer race, on the other side of the German Ocean, were found still living in times not so very remote. Simple, indeed, in both style and material, was the architecture of these Cymric houses, whether on German plain or on Scottish moor. A circular row of wooden piles formed their wall.

The roof was of straw; the fire was kindled on the stone floor, and the smoke made its escape by an opening left for that purpose in the centre of the roof.

The habits of the inmates were simple. They were compelled to accommodate their life to the conditions of the country in which they found themselves. A humid atmosphere, the necessary accompaniment of a swampy soil, would darken the sky with a frequent haze, and diminish the sun's power to ripen the grain. Corn they did not grow. Their long devotion to the shepherd's life had made them unfamiliar with the art of tillage. What of the husbandman's skill they had known and practices in their ancestral homes had been unlearned on their long journey. It hardly matters, for their wants are supplied by the milk of their flocks, by the game in which their forests abound, and the fish with which their rivers are stocked, which they spear with sharpened stakes. Their hardihood is maintained by the daily combats in which they are compelled to engage with the beast of prey. The weapons with which they do battle against these depredators of their herds, and, at times, assailants of their villages, are simple indeed. The club, the stone hatchet, the bow, the spear tipped with flint or bone, the snare, the sling, are the instruments they wield being the only ones then known to them.

Invention sleeps when the wants of man are few. Necessity rouses the dormant faculties, and impels to the cultivation of the arts, slow and tardy at the best. It is easier transforming the shepherd into a warrior than training him into an artizan; the wild freedom of the hills is not easily cast off for the minute diligence and close application of the workshop. Yet were there handicrafts which these pilgrim-shepherds were compelled to learn? We find them expert at canoe-building. They had frequent occasion to practise this art on their long journey, and the friths and lakes of their new home were too numerous to permit their skill in this important department to rust. New needs as they arise prompt to new devices. A tent may suffice as a dwelling on the plains of Asia, but not on the bleak Caledonian moor. The inhabitants of the latter must dig a chamber in the earth, or erect a hut above ground of dry sods, or of unhewn stones, would they protect themselves from the rains and frost. Garments of some sort they must needs have; for though some historians have pourtrayed the Caledonian as running *nude* on his mountains, or

covering his person with paint instead of raiment, we submit that this was incompatible with existence amid the snow and ice of a Scottish winter. A succession of rigorous seasons, such as are incident to our high latitude, would have wound up the drama of the race before it had well begun, and instead of flourishing in stalwart vigour for centuries, the Caledonian would have perished from the land, and left it as desolate and silent as when he first set foot on it. It is the historian, we suspect, who has *painted.*

If the Caledonian dispensed with clothing, it was only at times. He stript himself that he might give greater agility to his limbs when he chased the roe, or greater terror to his visage when he grappled with his enemy in battle; or he disencumbered himself to wade his marshes and swim his rivers. Raiment he not only needed, but raiment of a very substantial kind. The hoar frosts of Caledonia were so famous as to be heard of at Rome, and the light fabrics woven on the looms of later days would have afforded but small protection from the haars and icy blasts of the then Scotland.

The skin of sheep or the hide of ox formed a substantial and comfortable garment for the native. This was his winter covering. The stitching of it together taught him a little tailoring. He used a needle of bone with a sinew for a thread. His summer robe was lighter, and, moreover, admitted of a little gaiety in the way of colour, which would bring out in bright relief the figure of the wearer as he was seen moving athwart brown moor or blue hill. This was fabricated from the wool of his flock or the hair of his goats. The manufacture of these homely stuffs initiated the Caledonian into the useful arts of carding, spinning, and weaving.

The aboriginal dwelling merit a more particular description. They are commonly known by the name of *weems.* These weems have been discovered in groups in almost every county of Scotland, more particularly in Aberdeenshire, in Buchan, in Forfarshire, and even in the wildest districts of the Highlands. They are nearly as common as the sepulchral cairn. Generally the surface of the ground gives no clue to the existence of these underground dwellings. The moor or heath looks perfectly level and unbroken, and the traveller may pass and repass a hundred times without once suspecting that underneath his feet are houses that were

constructed thousands of years ago, still containing the implements and utensils of the men who lived in them—the quernes in which they ground their corn, the bones and horns of the animals they hunted, the relics of their meal, and the ashes of the fire on which they cooked it.

These weems in their construction show both ingenuity and labour. Those found in Aberdeenshire are built of blocks of granite more than six feet long, and from eight to nine feet wide. The walls converge as they rise, and the roof is formed in the same way as in the cyclopean edifices of early Greece and the colossal temples of Mexico and Yucatan, whose builders would appear to have been ignorant of the principle of the arch. The great slabs have been made to overlap each other; the intervening space is reduced at each successive row, and at last the opening atop is so narrow as to be covered in by a single block, and the vault completed. Not infrequently small side chambers are attached to the main chamber. These are entered by passages not above three feet in height, and as a proof of the inefficiently of the tools with which these primitive builders worked, the stones in the wall forming the partition between the two chambers, though placed flush in the side which present itself to the great chamber, project their narrow ends in the side turned to the small apartment. The workmen evidently lacked metal tools to dress and smooth the stones. If one may judge from the indications in the case of the best preserved of these weems, the doorway was formed of two upright slabs; the width between them sufficent for the occupant to glide in, and by a slanting passage find his way to the chamber below. It was in many cases the only opening, and served the purpose of door, window, and chimney all in one. In some instances however, a small aperture if found at the farther end, which might give egress to the smoke, or permit the entrance of a little light.[3] On the approach of an enemy, the entire population of a district would make a rush to these narrow apertures, and vanish as quickly and noiselessly as if the earth had swallowed them up, or they had melted into thin air, leaving the intruder partly amazed and partly awed by their sudden and complete disappearance.

These underground massy halls were the winter adobes of their builders. Once safely below, a little fire to dispel the darkness, their larder replenished from the spoils of the chase or the produce of the flock, they would make a shift to get through the long months, and would not be

greatly incommoded by the fiercest storms that raged above ground. But we can imagine how glad and joyous the occupants would be when the winter drew to a close, and spring filled the air with its sweetness, and the beauty of the first green was seen on strath and wood, and the early floweret looked forth, to exchange these dreary vaults in the earth for the huts above ground, built of turf and the branches of trees, in which they were wont to pass the warm days of their brief summer.

When at last, after centuries had passed by, the Phoenician navigator, penetrating the recesses of the North Sea, moored his bark beneath the white cliffs of Albion, or under the dark rocks of Caledonia, the ingenuity and resource of the natives were quickened afresh. The Invention of the Caledonian was set to work to create new forms of art which might tempt the distant trader to revisit his barbarous shore. New artists designs, some of them of rare ingenuity and exquisite beauty, arose in an after-age on our soil, all of them native to the land. Shut in by their four seas, these early artists had no foreign models to copy from. Nevertheless, though they had studied in no school of design, and despite the farther disadvantage under which they labored of being but ill-served by the tools with which they worked, the products of their home-born art surprise and delight us by their purity, their ingenuity, their elegance, and the finish of the workmanship. More graceful designs were not to have been seen in the famous studios of Phoenicia, or even in the more celebrated workshops of Greece.

As their numbers grew other necessities dawned upon them. The pilgrim-bond, so strong when they arrived in the country, now began to be relaxed and to loose its hold. They felt the need of laws and of a stronger authority than the Parental to govern them. First came the chief, whose rule extended over a tribe. When quarrels broke out between tribe and tribe, a higher authority still—a chief of chiefs—was felt to be needed for the government of the community, and the administration of the laws. Now came the king. This brings us to that long procession of august personages which Fordoun and Boethius make to defile past us, and which they dignify with the title of monarchs. These far-off and dimly-seen potentates may not be mere shadows after all; they may have had an actual existence, and exercised a rude sovereignty in those obscure times; but it does not concern us to establish their historic identity, and celebrate over again

the glory of those valorous and worthy exploits which they have been made to perform on the battlefield, and which, doubtless, if ever they were achieved, received due laud from the age in which they were done

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1. This is the manuscript known to Egyptologists as the *Prisse Papyrus*. It was found at Thebes, and is now in the library of Paris. Its author was Ptah-hotep, son of King Tatkara Assa of the Vth dynasty, of Elephantine. It contains moral maxims and admonitions to the practice of virtue, and most remarkable of all, mentions not one Egyptian god.—Harkness, Egyptian Life and History, p. 18.

2. Wilson, *Pre-historic Annals of Scotland*, p. 76, Edin. 1851.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE STONE AGE.

Let us come closer to these British aborigines. They have no knowledge of letters. They had set out from their original homes before the invention of the alphabet. They have brought with them the implements of the shepherd and of the hunter, and in the foresight of danger they have provided themselves with some rude weapons of defence such as the club and the stone hatchet, but they are wholly ignorant of the art of conversing with posterity, and of communicating to the ages to come a knowledge of what they were, and what they did. This parts them from our ken even more completely than the wild sea around their island sundered them from their contemporaries, and it may seem bootless, therefore, to pursue them into the thick darkness into which they have passed. And yet the labour of such inquiry will not be altogether thrown away. These ancient men have left behind them traces which enable us to reproduce, in outline, the manner of life which they led, much as the Arab of the desert can tell from the footprints of the traveller on the sand to what tribe he belonged, whether he carried a burden and the days or weeks that have elapsed since he passed that way. The characters which we are not to essay to read are inscribed on no page of book, they are written on the soil of the country; nevertheless, they bear sure testimony regarding the men to whom they belong, and the study of them will disclose to us something, at least, of what went on in our dark land before history arrived with her torch to dispel its night.

We begin with the stone age. We know not when this age opened or when it closed, and it is bootless to enquire. Viewing the matter generally, the stone age was coeval with man. All around him were the stones of the field. They were his natural weapons, especially of attack, and he must have continued to make use of them till he came into possession of a better material for the fabrication of his implements and tools. This was not till the arrival of bronze, a date which it is impossible to fix. These great discoveries were made before history had begun to note the steps of human progress, and therefore we are here able to speak not of *time* but of *sequences*. We are not, however, to conclude that all nations began their career with the stone age. There was one family of mankind

which retained the traditional knowledge of the metals, but the colateral branches of that family, when they wandered away from their original seat, lost the art of extracting and smelting the ore, and had to begin their upward career on the low level of the stone age. Let us hear what archeology has to say of our country on this head.

On yonder moor is a cairn. It was there at the dawn of history; how long before we do not know. It has seen, probably, as many centuries as have passed over the pyramids. Its simplicity of structure has fitted it even better to withstand the tear and wear of the elements than those mountainous masses which still rear their hoar forms in the valley of the Nile; and it has more sacredly guarded the treasures committed to its keeping than have the proud mansolea of the Pharaohs. Let us open it, and see whether it does not contain some record of a long forgotten past. We dig down into it, and light upon a stone coffin. We open the lid of the rude sarcophagus. There, resting in the same grave in which weeping warriors laid him four thousand or more years ago, is the skeleton of one who was, doubtless, of note and rank in his day. We can imagine the blows that great arm-bone would deal when it was clothes with sinew and flesh, and the fate that would await the luckless antagonist who should encounter its owner on the battlefield. This ancient sleeper, whom we have so rudely disturbed in his dark chamber, may have surpassed in stature and strength the average Caledonian of his day, [1] but even granting this, he enables us to guess the physical endowments of a race which could send forth such stalwart, if exceptional, specimens to assist in clearing the forest or subduing the rugged glebe, or fighting the battles of clan or of country.

We open this coffin as we would a book, and we scan its contents with the same engrossing interest with which we devour the printed volume which tells of some newly discovered and far-off country. But we have not yet read all that is written in this ancient tome. We turn to its next page. The weapons of the warrior have been interred in the same rude cist with himself. Here, lying by his side, is his stone battle-axe. Its once tough wooden handle is now only a bit of rotten timber. On its stone head, however, time has been able to effect no change: it is compact and hard as when last carried into battle. This stone axe is a silent but significant witness touching the age in which its owner lived. No one

would have gone into battle armed only with an implement of stone if he could have provided himself with a weapon of iron, or other metal. But weapon of iron the occupant of this cist had none. He fought as best he could with such weapons as his age supplied him with, making strength of arm, doubtless, compensate for what was lacking in his weapon. The inference is clear. There was an age when iron was unknown in Scotland, and when implements of all kinds were made of stone.

There is a close resemblance between the battle-axes dug out of the cairns and *tumuli* of our country and those fabricated by the savages of the South Sea Islands not longer ago than a little prior to the last age. It is not necessary that we should suppose that the latter worked upon the models furnished by our ancestors of savage times. The constructive powers of man in a savage state are always found working in the same rugged groove, and hence the resemblance between the two though parted by thousands of years. All his implements, peaceful and warlike, did man then fabricate of stone. With an axe of stone he cut down the oak; with an axe of stone he hollowed out the canoe; with an axe of stone he drove into the ground the stakes of his rude habitation; with an axe of stone he slaughtered the ox on which he was to feast; and with an axe of stone he laid low his enemy of the battlefield, or himself bit the dust by a blow from the same weapon. It was the STONE AGE, the first march on the road to civilization.

The harder stones were used in the fabrication of the heavier instruments. It was of no use going into battle with a weapon which would fly in splinters after dealing a few blows. The stone used in the manufacture of the battle-axe was that known as greenstone. But the lighter weapons, and in particular the projectiles, were fashioned out of flint. A mass of flint was split up in flakes, the flakes were chipped into the form of arrowheads, and were fitted on to a cane, and made fast by a ribbon of skin. These flint arrowheads proved rather formidable missiles. Shot by a strong hand from a well-strung bow, they brought down the roe as he bounded through the forest, or laid the warrior prostrate on the field. These flints were capable of receiving an edge of great sharpness. Flint knives were made use of by both the Hebrews and the Egyptians in their religious rites, in those especially where a clean incision had to be made, as in the process of embalming and other ceremonies. The hieroglyphics

on the Egyptian obelisks are supposed to have been cut by flint knives. The granite in which the hieroglyphics were graven is too hard to have been operated upon by bronze or iron, and the Egyptians were not acquainted with steel.

These arrowheads buried in the soil are often turned up at this day in dozens by the spade or the plough, showing how prevalent was their use in early times, and for a very considerable period. They suggest curious thoughts touching the artists that so deftly shaped them, and the men who turned them to so good account in the chase or in the fight. Were these ancient warriors to look up from their cairns and stone cists, how astonished would they be to mark the difference betwixt their simple missiles and the formidable projectiles—the breech-loaders, the guns, the mortars, and various artillery—with which the moderns decide their quarrels.

In some localities these flints are gathered in a heap, as if they had fallen in a shower, and lay as they fell till the plough uncovered them. This accumulation of weapons tells a tale of forgotten warfare. When we dig in the moor of Culloden, or in the field of Waterloo, and exhume the broken shells, the round shot, the swords, and other memorials of battle which so plentifully exist in these soils, we say, and would say, though no record existed of the carnage formerly enacted on the spot, here armies must have met, and here furious battle must have been waged. And so, when we gaze on these long-buried flints laid bare by the plough, we are forcibly carried back to a day in our country's unrecorded past, when uncouth warriors, with matted locks, painted limbs, and eyes gleaming with the fire of battle, gathered here to decide some weighty point of tribal dissension, and awaken the echoes of the lonely hills with their wild war-whoop, and the crash of their stone axes.

Let us look a moment with the eyes of these men, and view the world as it was seen by them. What a narrow horizon begirt them all round! History had never unrolled to their eye her storied page, and beyond the genealogy of their chief, which they had heard their senachies rehearse, they knew little of what had happened in the world till they themselves came into it. In front they were shut in by a near and thick darkness. The moor on which they dwelt was their world. The chase of the battle was

the business of their lives; and to die at last by the side of their chieftain in some great tribal conflict, and have their bones inurned in the same sepulchral mound, was the supreme object of their ambition. Their range of knowledge and enjoyment was only a little less contracted than that of the beasts that perish. What a change when knowledge lit her lamp, and the barbarian, loosed from the handbreadth of earth to which he had been chained, could make the circuit of the globe, and the circuit of the centuries, and draw the elements of his happiness from all the realms of space, and from all the ages of time!

Let us ascend an eminence and take a survey of the landscape of this age. It looks to the eye a vast shaggy wood, crossed by sedgy rivers, dotted by black tarns, and broken by rocky cliffs and ridges. Here and there a gleam of gold tells where a patch of grain is ripening, and the ascending wreath of blue smoke reveals the wattle-worked homestead that nestles in the forest. We visit one of these clearings. We find the hamlet within its staked enclosure. The inhabitants, some in linen, for they grow a little flax, others in skins, are variously occupied. Some are cutting wood with the stone axes of wonderful sharpness, or sawing it with pieces of notched flint, or splitting it up by means of a stone wedge. Others are fabricating spear-shafts, arrowheads, or scraping skins, or polishing celts, or carving implements out of bone and antler. Outside the huts the women are grinding the corn with pestle and mortar—for the hand quern has not yet been invented—and cooking the meal on the fire, or they are spinning thread with spindle and distaff, to be woven into cloth on a rude loom. Perchance some are engaged moulding with the hand vessels of clay. It is verily but the infancy of the arts, but we here behold the foundation on which have been built the mighty industries that now occupy our populations.

Outside the stockade that runs round the hamlet are flocks of sheep, herds of goats, troops of horses, and droves of short-horned cattle. Numerous hogs score the clearing in search of roots, tended by swine herds and defended by large dogs against the bears, wolves, and foxes that infest the forest that forms the environment of the homestead.[2] Such is the picture the clearing presents

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1. A cairn on the moor above Ardoch when opened was found to contain a cist in which was the skeleton of a man seven feet long. Sir John Sinclair, *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. Viii. P. 497; Wilson, *Prehistoric Annals*, p. 64, Edin. 1851.
2. *Early Man in Britain*, W. Boyd Dawkins, p. 272, London, 1880.

CHAPTER V.

THE BRONZE AGE

The tall, fair-haired, round-headed Celt brought the knowledge of bronze with him into Britain. Man made a vast stride when he passed from stone to metal. With that transition came an instant and rapid advance all along the line of civilization. The art of war was the first to feel the quickening influence of the new instrument with which man was not armed. His weapons were no longer of stone but of bronze; and although this is every way an inferior metal to that by which it was to be succeeded, iron, to wit, it was immeasurably superior to stone, and accordingly victory remained with the warrior who entered the field armed with sword, and axe, and dagger, all of bronze. This wrought a revolution in the military art not unlike that which the invention of gunpowder in an after-age brought with it.

When we speak of the Celts, and the gift they conferred on the nations of the West, let us pause a moment to note their origin and career. They are known in history by three names—the *Celtoe*, the *Galatoe*, and the *Galli*. Their irruption from their primeval home in Central Asia was the terror of the age in which it took place. In the fourth century before Christ, after some considerable halt, they resumed their migration westwards in overwhelming numbers and resistless force. They scaled the barrier of the Alps, rushed down on Italy, gave the towns of Etruria to sack, defeated the Roman armies in battle, and pursued their victorious march to the gates of Rome, where they butchered the senators in the Capitol, and had well nigh strangled the Great Republic in its infancy. Another division of these slaughtering and marauding hordes took the direction of Greece, and threatened to overcloud with their barbarism that renowned seat of Philosophy and Art. It was with the utmost difficulty that they were repulsed, and Athens saved. The legions of the first Caesar, after nine bloody campaigns, broke the strength of the Galli; but it was not till the days of the second Caesar that all danger from them was past, and that Rome could breathe freely.

This is the first appearance of the Celts in history; but it is undoubted that long before this, at a period of unknown antiquity, they had begun to

migrate from the East, and to mingle largely with the Cimmeric nations which had preceded them in their march westwards. The whole of Europe, from the border of Scythia to the Pillars of Hercules, was known to Herodotus as the *Land of the Celts*. Their sudden and furious descent on Italy and Greece was probably owing to the pressure of some other people, Scythic or Teutonic, that began to act upon them, putting them again in motion, and sending them surging over the great mountains that flanked their westward march. Their prolific swarms largely mixed themselves with the Iberians of Spain, the Cimri around the German Ocean, and the aborigines of Britain, and generally formed the great bulk of the population west of the Rhine and the Alps.

They were a pastoral people. To till the ground they held a mean occupation, and one that was below the dignity of a Celt. But if they disdained or neglected the plough, they knew how to wield the sword. They were fierce warriors. Even Sallust confesses that they bore off the prize from the Romans themselves in feats of arms. Compared with the legions, they were but poorly equipped—an ill-tempered sword, a dagger, and a lance were their weapons—though they far excelled the Britons, whom they found, when they first came into contact with them, doing their fighting with weapons of stone. They delighted in garments of showy colours, which they not infrequently threw off when they engaged in combat. The character of the Celts was strangely and most antithetically mixed. It presented a combination of the best and the worst qualities. They were eager to learn, they were quick of apprehension, they were very impressible, they were impulsive and impetuous, but they were unstable, lacking in perseverance, easily discouraged by reverses, and it was their ill fortune to mar their greatest enterprises by the discords and quarrels into which they were continually falling among themselves. The picture drawn of them by Cato the censor has been true of them in all ages of their history. "Gaul, for the most part," said he, "pursues two things most perseveringly—war and talking cleverly."[1]

Such were the people who brought the knowledge of bronze into Britain. Hewing their way through a population armed only with implements of stone, the intruders taught the Caledonian by dear experience to avail himself of the advantage offered by the new material. This was the first fruit that grew out of their invasion. But the Celts were destined to

render, in an after-age, a far higher service to the nations of the West than any we see them performing on occasion of their first appearance in Europe. Only they had first to undergo other vicissitudes and migrations. They had to be dislodged from a great part of that vast European area of which they had held for a while exclusive possession. They must flee before the sword with which they had chased others: they must be parted into separate bodies, shifted about and driven into corners: they must, in particular, mingle their blood with that of the Caledonian and the Scot, imparting to these races something of their own fire, and receiving back something of the strength and the resoluteness of these other. The faith which they had left behind them in their Aryan home, then only in the simplicity of its early dawn, will break upon them in the West, in the full, clear light of Christianity; this will open to them new channels for their activities and energies, and they will crown themselves with nobler victories than they have won heretofore. Instead of unsettling kingdoms by the sword, it will now be their only ambition to build them up by diffusing amongst them the light of knowledge, the benefits of art, and the blessings of Christianity. There awaits the Celts in the future as we shall see at a subsequent stage of our history, the glorious task of leading in the evangelisation of the West.

But this is an event as yet far distant, and we return to our task of tracing, as dimly recorded in our sepulchral barrows and cairns, the changes in our national life consequent on the introduction of bronze. The first of man's pursuits to feel the influence of the new metal was war, as we have said. And, accordingly, when we open the cists and cairns of that ancient world, there is the sword, and there are the other instruments of battle, all of bronze. In its evolutions and applications, bronze was found to benefit the arts of peace even more than it quickened the work of human slaughter. The art of shipbuilding took a stride. From earliest time man had sailed the seas, at least he had crept along their shores, but in how humble a craft! A boat of wicker work, covered with skin, or a canoe hollowed by means of fire or a stone hatchet, out of a single trunk; whereas now he begins to cross frith and loch in a boat build of plank. His vessels, though still diminutive, are now more sea-worthy. He can more safely extend his voyages. He can cross the narrow seas around his island, carrying with him, mayhap, a few of the products of his soil, which perchance his neighbours may need, and which he exchanges in

barter for such things as his own country does not produce. Thus the tides of commerce began to circulate, though as yet their pulse is feeble and slow.

There is an advance, too, in the art of house-building. A chamber in the earth, or a hut of turf and twigs above ground, had heretofore contented the Caledonian, who bravely met with hardihood and endurance the inclemencies which he knew not otherwise to master. Now, in the bronze age, he erects for himself a dwelling of stone. His habitation as yet can boast of no architectural grace, for his tools are still imperfect, and his masonry is of the rudest type; but his ingenuity and labour make up for what is lacking in his art or in his implements, and now his hut of wattles is forsaken for a stone house, and his stronghold underneath the ground is exchanged for strengths, or castles of dry stone, exceedingly sombre in their exterior, but cunningly planned within, which now begin to dot the fact of the country.

A farther consequence of the introduction of bronze was the development of a taste for personal ornament. The love of finery is an instinct operative even in the savage. Our ancestors of unrecorded time were not without this passion, or the means of gratifying it. The beauties of those days rejoiced in their bead necklaces and bracelets. These were formed of various materials—bone, horn, jet, the finer sort of stones and frequently of seashells, perforated, and strung upon a sinew or vegetable fibre. Beads of glass have in some instances been discovered in the cists and tumuli of the stone period, the importation probably of some wandering trader, from the far-off shore of Phoenicia. But when we come to the cists of the bronze age, we find them more amply replenished with articles of personal ornament than those of the foregoing period. These, moreover, are of costlier material, and, as we should expect, they are more elegant in form, and more skillful in workmanship. As among the ancients so with the primitive Britons, neck-ornaments seem to have been the most highly prized; for collars abound among the treasures of the cist. The other members of the body had their due share, however. There were pendants for the ears, clasps for the arms, rings for the finger, and anklets for the legs. Nor was this love of ornament confined to the females of the period. As is the case among all savage nations, it was hardly less strongly developed among the gentlemen of Caledonia than among the

ladies. The archaeologist finds not infrequency in the cist of the chieftain and warrior, lying alongside his skeleton, the ornaments which graced his person, as well as the sword and spear that served him in the battle. Among female ornaments, necklaces have been discovered, consisting of alternate beads of jet and amber. The native origin of these articles is placed beyond doubt by the fact that they totally differ from the Anglo-Roman or classic remains, and that they are found in the earliest tombs, dug long before foot of Roman had touched the soil.

As yet greater obligation did Scottish civilization owe to bronze when it introduced, as it now did, a superior and more serviceable class of domestic utensils. Hitherto culinary vessels and table-dishes had been of stone or clay rudely fashioned. These would fall into disuse on the advent of bronze. The natives had now access to a material of which to fashion vessels, possessing not only greater durability, but susceptible also to greater variety of form and greater grace of decoration. The articles of bronze—cups, tripods, kettles, and cauldrons—dug up from underneath our mosses, show that the Caledonian was not slow to appreciate the advantages which bronze put within his reach, that he set himself to acquire the art of working in it, and that he succeeded in producing utensils of greater utility and of superior beauty to any that he or his fathers had known. His table had a grace which had been absent from it till now. He felt a pardonable pride, doubtless, as he beheld it garnished with vessels of precious material and curious workmanship. A king might sit at his board. Nor did the matter end there. The art refined the artificer. The Caledonian workman came under the humanising influence of a sense of beauty. As time went on his genius expanded, and the deftness of his hand increased. Every new creation of symmetry or of grace as it unfolded itself under his eye gave him a new inspiration, and not only prompted the desire, but imparted the ability to surpass all his former efforts by something better still—some yet rarer pattern, some yet lovelier form. Thus grew up the Celtic art. The time of its efflorescence was not yet come—was far distant. But when at length that period arrives, and Celtic art is perfected, it is found to challenge a place all its own among the arts of the world. From the simplest elements it evolved effects of the most exquisite grace and beauty. It was unique. Celtic hands only knew to create it, and on none but Celtic soil did it flourish.

It is natural to suppose that for some time after the introduction of bronze the supply of the metal was limited, and it cost correspondingly high. In these circumstances the vessels of stone and clay would continue some little time in use, along with those of the new manufacture. The finds in the bogs and cists of our country verify this conjecture. The two kinds of vessels are found in bogs and pits in miscellaneous heaps, showing that the worker in clay and stone was not instantaneously superseded by the worker in bronze. Not only did his occupation continue, but from this time his art was vastly improved. He profited, doubtless, by the metallic patterns to which he had now access, and he learned to impart to his stone arts and implements something of the symmetry and grace which characterised the new creations in bronze. It is now that we come on traces of the potter's wheel; as later on of the turning lathe. The clay vessels of the period are no longer moulded rudely by the hand, they have a regularity and elegance of shape which the hand could not bestow, and which must have been given them by machinery. This is particularly the case as regarded the cinery vases, which are found in the cists and cairns of the bronze period: many of them are specially graceful. The appearance of urns containing the ashes of the dead in this age, and not till this age, is significant as betokening the entrance of a new race and of new customs, if not of new beliefs. The inhumation of the body was, beyond doubt, the earliest mode of sepulture in our country. Its first inhabitants had brought this custom with them from their eastern home, and continued to practice it, and, accordingly, in the very oldest cairns and cists the skeleton is found laid out at its full length, and one consequence of its long entombment is that on the opening of the cist, and the admission of air, the bones fall in dust and the skeleton disappears under the gaze. But in the bronze age there is a change: this most ancient and patriarchal method of burial is discontinued. The presence of the cinery vase in the grave shows that the body was first burned, and they the ashes were collected and put into an urn. This treatment of the dead has classic example to recommend it. Every one knows that the Greeks and Romans placed the bodies of their departed warriors and philosophers on the funeral pyre. Homer has grandly sung the burning of the bodies of Hector and Patroclus on the plain of Troy: the kindling of the pile overnight, the quenching of the flames at dawn with libations of wine, and the raising over the inurned ashes of the deceased heroes that

mighty tumulus that still attracts the gaze of the traveller as he voyages along that shore. But despite the halo which these high classic examples throw around the funeral pyre, we revolt from it. It shocks the reverence which clings even to the bodies of those whom we have revered and loved while they were alive. From these grand obsequies on the Trojan plain we turn with a feeling of relief to the simple yet dignified scene in the Palestinian vale, where the Hebrew Patriarch is seen following his dead to hide it out of his sight in the chambers of the earth. This mode of sepulture, that is, by incremation, would seem to have been only temporary. When we come later down the cinery urns disappear from the graves, and we are permitted to conclude that the Caledonians ceased to light the funeral pyre, and reverted in their disposal of their dead to the more ancient and certainly more seemly rite of laying them in the earth.[2]

With bronze, too, came a marked improvement on the dress of the natives. Their clothing hitherto had alternated betwixt a coat of fur, which was worn in winter, and a garment of linen, which formed their summer attire. The former cost them little trouble, save what it took to hunt the boar or other beast of prey and compel him to give up his skin for the use of his captor. The latter they wove from the little flax which they had learned to cultivate. But they needed a stuff more suitable for clothing in a moist and variable climate than either the hide of ox or the light fabric of linen. A woollen garment was what they wanted as intermediate betwixt and one of fur and one of flax. But in the stone age it does not appear that they knew to weave wool in cloth. Probably their implements were at fault. But the arrival of bronze got them over the difficulty. It supplied them with finer tools, and now an advance takes place in the arts of spinning and weaving. They had now less need to rob the bear of his skin, or slaughter the ox for his hide. The wool of their flocks would furnish a garment more suitable for most purposes than even these. Accordingly, woollen cloth now begins to make its appearance. And from this time we can imagine the Caledonian, when he went afield, wrapping himself in his woolen plaid, or donning his woolen cloak and cap, while his legs are encased in leather, and his feet are thrust into sandals of skin.

But it is in the agriculture of the country that the main change that followed the introduction of bronze is seen. The stone axe, with its edge so easily

blunted, made the process of clearing the forest a slow and laborious one. The oaks and firs that covered Scotland yielded to the axe only after long and painful blows, and it was with immense toil that a small patch was redeemed for pasture, or for growing a little grain. In truth, the clearances were mostly effected by the agency of fire. But when bronze made its appearance the Caledonian became master of the great forests that environed and hemmed him in. His pasturages stretched out wider and wider; the golden grain was seen where the dark wood had waved. The beasts of prey decreased, their covert being cut down. If the hunter had now less scope for the exercise of the chase, and his venison began in consequence to grow scarce, he could make up for the lack of that food in which he delights by a freer use of the flesh of his flocks and herds. There came to be no lack of corn and milk; and the morasses beginning to be drained, not only was the face of the country beautified, but the air above it became drier and more salubrious. Such is the evidence furnished by the contents of the refuse-heaps of the bronze age, found in the caves, in barrows, in lake-dwellings, and in ancient burial-places.[3]

It is the admixture of tin with copper that gives us bronze. Copper is one of the most abundant of the higher metals, but it is also one of the softest, but when alloyed with tin in the proportion of from a tenth to a twelfth per cent., copper acquires the hardness requisite to fit it for all the purposes to which bronze was put. And as this is the proportion found in the bronze relics which have been dug up in the various countries, it is thence inferred that bronze was diffused from one centre, and that centre in Asia Minor. Brass is a later and different metal. It is the admixture of zinc with copper, and is not found in use till we come down to the rise of the Roman empire.4 The invention of bronze carries us back to an unknown antiquity.

ENDNOTES

1. Smith, *Ancient History*, iii. 259-270. Lond. 1868.
2. Wilson, *Pre-historic Annals of Scotland*, Chap. V., vi., vii. Edin. 1851.
3. See Dawkin's *Early Man in Britain*, chap. xxi., for their works from which the above facts are gleaned, and on which the deductions stated in the text are founded.

4. Anderson's "Scotland in the Pagan Times and the Iron Age," p. 223

CHAPTER VI.

THE IRON AGE

The iron age is a sort of twilight between the utter night of the stone and bronze periods and the morning of history. Of all the metals iron is by far the most useful. This superiority it owes to its greater hardness, which permits, especially when converted into steel, tools to be made of it which are equally adapted for the most delicate operations and the roughest labours. With iron we can trace the finest line on the precious stone, or hew a pathway into the bowels of the mountain. When man came into possession of this metal, he wielded that one of all the material instrumentalities which was the fittest to give him the mastery of the globe. Man could now till the earth, quarry the rock, dig into the mine, clear the forest, build cities, and enclose them within impregnable ramparts. But what, perhaps, most pleased the Caledonian of that age was that he could now ride forth to battle in his war chariot, brandishing his flashing weapons, and blazing in a coat of mail.

But if the first result of the introduction of iron, as in the case of bronze, was the dismal one of increased battle-carnage, aftertimes were to bring a compensation for this initial evil in the indefinite multiplication of the resources of art. The half-trained savage, as he busies himself smelting the ore and hammering the metal to forge therewith an instrument of slaughter, little dreams that he is in reality a pioneer of peace. And yet it is so. He is making proof of a substances whose many unrivalled properties need only to be known to convince man that he now holds in his hand an instrument of such potency that compared with it Thor's famous hammer was but a reed. When the qualities of iron shall have been tested and ascertained, man will be able to harness and set working in his service the mighty forces of steam and electricity. And when this has come to pass, the savage shall have grown into a sovereign with not an element in earth, in sea, or in air, which is not his willing subject and servant. The mountain will part asunder to give him passage, the billows of the Atlantic will support his steps, and the lightning will run on his errands to the ends of the earth.

In Asia, it is probable, was the discovery made that ironstone is an ore,

and can be smelted and wrought like the more ductile bronze. At all events, it is in that quarter of the world that we come upon the first historic traces of this metal. The Homeric heroes are seen fighting with weapons of bronze and of iron. The dream of Nebuchadnezzar makes it undoubted that iron was known in Chaldea in his day. This metal formed an important part of the colossal figure that stood before the king in his sleep.[1] From the ancient centres—Egypt, Assyria, and Phoenicia—iron slowly made its way westward. Hesiod (B.C. 850) tells us that in his day it had superseded bronze among the Greeks. The Aryan races, which were the first to settle in Europe, were ignorant of metals. Not so the Celtae which succeeded them. They excelled in the metallurgic arts, and if not the first teachers of the Romans in them, they greatly advanced their knowledge and proficiency. The Norici, a Celtic tribe, inhabiting near the Danube, and to whom is ascribed the art of converting iron into steel, are believed to have supplied the Romans with iron weapons in their life and death struggle with Carthage. In the days of Augustus, a Noric sword was as famous at Rome as a "Damascus blade" or an "Andrew Ferrara" in after times. From the Mediterranean iron travelled into northern Europe by the ordinary channels of commerce, and finally made its appearance in Britain. The Caledonians were, doubtless, at first dependent on the southern nations for their supply, but only for a time, for their country abounds in iron ore; and from the day that they learned the art of smelting, they were wholly independent of their neighbours for their supply of this useful metal. In the days of Caesar the native mines yielded, we know, enough for the needs of the inhabitants. Their implements and weapons were now of iron; their personal ornaments were formed of the same metal, along with bronze, which though now dismissed from the service of the arts, was still retained in the business of personal ornamentation.

The change which iron brought with it in the arts and uses of life, was neither so sudden or so radical as that which was attendant on the introduction of bronze. It was not to be expected that it would. The transition from bronze to iron was not by any means so great as that from stone to bronze. The change now effected was simply a change from an inferior metal to a higher. Many of the purposes served by iron had been served by bronze, though not so well. Custom and prejudice were on the side of the older metal. The savage would be slow to discard the tools

which had served him aforetime, or to cast aside the ornaments in which he had taken no little pride, and which he might even deem more fitting than those, so lacking in glitter, as ornaments of iron. Besides, iron at first was doubtless the more costly. Though the most abundant of all the metals, its ore is the most difficult to smelt. It fuses only under an intense heat. But its greater utility at last carried the day and brought it into general use, first of all on the field of battle. Self-preservation being the first law of nature, man will always make choice of the best material within its reach for the weapons with which he defends himself. The bronze sword was adapted only for attack. The warrior who was armed with it could deal a thrust, but he could not parry the return blow. His sword of cast bronze was apt to shiver like glass, It was useless as a weapon of defence. This revolutionised the battlefield; and we begin to find the record of that revolution in the cists and cairns. The leaf-shaped bronze sword disappears and the iron brand comes in its room. The shape of the weapon, too, is different. The sword has now a guarded handle. It is clear that the warrior used it to parry the blow of his antagonist as well as seal a thrust, and this necessitated some contrivance for guarding his sword-hand.[2]

From the battlefield and the dreadful work there required of it, iron passed into the kindlier and lovelier uses of social and domestic life. And for some of the uses to which it was now put, iron would seem to be but little adapted, as, for instance, that of personal adornment. The modern beauty would think iron a poor substitute for gold in the matter of jewellery, and would feel nothing but horror in the prospect of appearing at the concert or in the ballroom as the horse appears in the battle, harnessed in iron. But not so her sisters of two or three thousand years ago. They deemed that their charms had not justice done them unless they were set off in iron bracelets, iron anklets, and other trinkets of the same unlovely metal. Even their lords, who were hardly less enamoured of personal ornaments that their ladies, wore, Herodian tells us, their iron neck-collars and iron girdles as proudly as Roman his insignia of the finest gold; another proof, by the way, of the adage that there is no disputing about matters of taste. This much, however, can be said for the Caledonian, even that the metal was novel, that it was probably rare and costly, and therefore was deemed precious. Nor was the Caledonian done with these things when he died. He took them with him to the

grave, that he might appear in a manner befitting his rank in the spirit worlds. He would wear them in Odin's Hall.

Iron, too, was used in the coinage of our country. The current money of our island in those days consisted in good part of iron coined into small rings. So Caesar informs us. Iron money has this advantage over gold, it better resists the tear and wear of use; and this may have recommended it to the Caledonians. We can imagine our ancestors going a-marketing provided with a score of two of these little iron rings. The Caledonian wishes to provide himself with a skin coat, or a plaid of the newest pattern and brightest colours, or a hand-guarded iron sword, for flint arrowheads and bronze-tipped spear are now antiquated; or he would like to grace his table with a drinking-cup, or a bowl, or other utensil turned on the wheel; or he aspired to present his better-half with a bracelet or a finger-ring, and having counted the cost and found that he is master of the requisite number of iron rings, he sets off to effect the purchase. The seller hands over the goods and takes the rings in payment; they are current money with the merchant. We moderns like to combine the beautiful with the useful even in these everyday matters. It gratifies our loyalty as well as our taste to see the image of our sovereign, bright and gracious, every time we handle her coin. The Caledonian did not understand such subtle sentimentalities. The iron rings he traded with bore neither image nor superscription. They did his turn in the market nevertheless, and he was therewith content.

A gold coinage appears to have been not altogether unknown even them. "Little doubt is now entertained by our best numismatists," says Wilson, "that the coins of Comius and others of an earlier date than Cunobeline, or the first Roman invasion, include native British mintage.[3] There is no question at any rate that they circulated as freely in Britain as in Gaul, and have been found in considerable quantities in many parts of the island. The iron or bronze or copper ring money of the first century must therefore be presumed as only analogous to our modern copper coinage, and not as the sole barbarous substitute for a minted circulating medium."

These rings, in some cases, at least, were interred with the dead, despite the saying of Scripture that we bring nothing with us into the world and shall carry nothing out of it. The departing in these ages carried with

them the money with which they had traded in the markets of earth, or what portion of it their friends judged necessary. Here it is beside them in their graves, doubtless, in the idea that in some way or other it would be serviceable in the world beyond. The porter at the gate of Valhalla might be the more quick to open if he had the prospect of a gratuity. And the man to whom he gave admission—unless, indeed, this new world was altogether unlike the one from which he had come—would be all the more welcome that he was known to be not without assets, and might help his friends at a pinch. But not to dogmatise about the theory that underlay these burial ceremonies, the fact is undoubted that these little rings are found in the graves and cists of that ancient time lying alongside the skeleton of their former owner. The discovery, however, makes us little the wiser. The great enemy of iron is rust. The hardest of all the metals, it more quickly succumbs to corrosion than any of the others. The ring money found in the old graves cannot be described, because it cannot be handled and examined. It is found, on the opening of the tomb, to be nothing but a circlet of brown rust. The thin gold ornaments dug up at Mycenae, and now in the museum at Athens, are as old, at least, as our ring money, and yet they can be seen and handled at this day. Not so the iron coinage of our forefathers. Not infrequently does it happen, when their graves are opened, that the small rings remain visible for a few minutes, and then, along with their companion skeleton, dissolve in ashes.

The cists and graves testify to the new face that began to appear on our northern and barbarous country on the coming of iron. With it the streaks of the historic dawn begin to be seen on the horizon. The isolation of the land is now well nigh at an end. The Britons in the south are seen crossing and recrossing the channel in frequent intercourse with their neighbors and kinsfolk the Belgae. The arts drawn them together. They understand one another's speech. The coinage of the two nations passes from hand to hand on both sides of the sea. The tides of commerce flow more freely. The pulse of trade is quickened. State necessities, too, draw them to each other, and tend to cement their friendship. Rome is advancing northward, and wherever she comes she imposes her yoke, and the Britons, desirous, no doubt, of keeping the danger from their own door, send secret assistant to the Belgae in resisting the advances of their great enemy. The influences which this contact and commingling make operative in the south of the island extend into the north, bringing

therewith a certain refinement to the Caledonian, and multiplying the resources of his art, of which we begin to find traces in that only writing he has left behind him—his cairns and cists, to wit. His art-designs are better defined, and also more graceful. He has better material to work with, and he does better work. He is gathering round him new appliances both for use and for ornament, and may now be said to stand on the level which the nations of Asia had reached five centuries before, or it may be earlier. His fighting equipage is now complete. He appears on the battlefield in his war-chariot; and when his battles come to an end, he takes it with him to the grave. For when we uncover his barrow, there are the iron wheels that were wont to career over the field, carrying dismay into the hostile ranks, resting in darkness—at peace, like the skeleton alongside. There, too, is his shield with its iron rim and studs, together with his sword, the prey, all of them, of the same devouring rust, but telling their tale, all the same, of bloody conflicts long since over. We have a glimpse, too, into the boudoirs of the period. We see the beauty performing her toilet with the help of a polished iron mirror; for when we open her cist, there, resting by her side, in the dark land, is the identical mirror in which she was wont to contemplate the image of her beauty when she lived beneath the sun; and there, too, are the trinkets of gold, of amber, and of other material which she wore above ground, and which she is entitled to claim in the world into which she has now passed.[4]

Of the thrifts and industries practised in the Scotland of those days, we have memorials not a few treasured up, unwittingly, long ago for our instruction in this latter age. Let us bestow a glance upon them. We have seen how the Caledonian could build, sagaciously planting his winter house far down in the warm earth, and summer retreat of twigs hard by in the open air. Now that he is in possession of iron tools, many improvements, doubtless, take place in the accommodation and furnishing of his hut. But he knows also to weave. The loom of that age, like its plough, was of the simplest construction, existing only in its rudiments. It survives, however, in the cairns and cists—the great storehouse of prehistoric records—and with it specimens of the cloth woven upon it. Here is the long-handed, short-toothed comb with which the thread, having been passed through the warp, was driven home. This, and the beam to which the threads were fastened, formed the loom. In the tumuli are found portions of cloth of a quality far from contemptible, and sometimes

of bright and even beautiful colours. To create such fabrics on so rude a loom, argues both deftness and taste on the part of the workman. To pass from the weaver of the iron age to the potter, we trace, too, an advance in his art. The cups and vases dug up are more elegantly shaped and by means of a few waving lines, have a simple but graceful decoration given them. The art of glazing pottery—the colour commonly being green—has now been found out. From the potter's wheel we come to an instrument of still greater importance in domestic life. The grain-stones are now laid aside, and the quern has come into their room. May we not infer from this that a greater breadth of corn has now began to be grown, and that the natives depend more on the field than on the chase for their subsistence, and may have regaled themselves on the same dish that may yet be seen on the breakfast tables of our own day. Nor are the cists silent respecting so humble an actor on the scene as the dog. The attendant of man in all stages of his career, we know that he followed the steps and looked up into the face of the Caledonian, savage though he was, for here the bones of dog and master lie together in the same grave. And when the Caledonian was no longer a savage, though still a barbarian, he had broken to his use, and attached to his person and service, a yet nobler animal—the horse, to wit. For here in the same barrow, beside the bones of the warrior, lie those of the steed that bore him into the battle, and mayhap carried him safely out of it. He shares the honour as he shared the perils of his master.

Nor did beauty in those days, any more than in ours, neglect the labours or disdain the aids of the toilet. Here are the whalebone combs, the bone and iron pins, and the articles of gold and amber and jet, which were employed in the arranging of the hair and the adorning of the person. These remain, but—such is the irony of the time—the charms they helped to set off have long since faded. The men of those days, too, made merry on occasion. Here are the drinking-cups, the goblets, and the vases that figured at their banquets, once bright and sparkling, but now encrusted with the rust of two thousand years and more. In vain we question these witnesses of the long past carousals touching the liquor that filled them, and the warriors and knights that sat round the board and quaffed, it, while the song of bard or the tale of palmer mingled in the loud din of the banqueting-hall. The climate of Scotland did not favour then, any more than in our day, the cultivation of the vine; but when denied the

juice of the grape, man has seldom been at a loss to find a substitute, and commonly a more potent one. Our ancestors, like the Germans, regaled themselves on a beverage brewed from a mixture of barley and honey, termed mead; and, though stronger than the simple wines of southern lands, it was greatly less so than the potent drinks with which the art of distillation has since supplied their descendants.

The cuisine of the Caledonians of that period was far from perfect. But, if their food was cooked in homely fashion, it was varied and nutritious, as the long preserved relics of their feasts testify. The museum at Bulak shows us on what luxuries the Egyptians of four thousand years ago regaled themselves. The buried hearth stones of our country show us the dainties on which the Scottish contemporaries of these old Egyptians were used to feed. The wheat-fields of Manitoba and Transylvania had not been opened to them. To the vineyards of Oporto and Burgundy they had no access. Of the tea and coffee plantations of China and Java they did not even dream. But their own island, little as had as yet been done to develop its resources, amply supplied their wants. They could furnish their boards from the cereals of their straths, the wild berries of their woods, the fish of their rivers, the milk and flesh of their herds, and the venison of their moors and mountains. There is not a broch in Orkney that does not contain the remains of the rein or red deer. The red deer does not exist in Orkney at this day; the animal continued down to about the twelfth century.

A marked feature in the Scottish landscape of those days was the broch. The broch was peculiar to Scotland; not a single instance of this sort of structured is to be found out of the country. The brochs were places of strength, and they tell of hostile visits to which Scotland was then liable, and which made it necessary for its inhabitants to provide for their safety. The brochs were build of dry stones; mark of tool is not to be seen upon them; nevertheless, their materials, though neither hewn nor embedded in mortar or lime, fit in perfectly, and make their walls compact and solid. When danger approached, we can imagine the whole inhabitants of a district leaving the open country and crowding into the broch with their goods, and finding complete protection within their strong enclosure. They were circular ramparts, in short, planted thick in some places—the districts doubtless, most liable to incursion—and they must have given a

fortified look to the land. Their average height was 50 feet, their diameter 40, and the thickness of their wall from 12 to 15 feet. Their door was on the ground level, but, for obvious reasons, usually narrow and low. It was little over 3 feet in height and 2 in width. They were open to the sky within. Their thick wall was honeycombed with chambers, placed row above row, with a stair ascending within, and giving access to the circular chambers. Their windows looked into the area of the broch; their exteriors presented only an unbroken mass of building. In some instances they were provided with a well and a drain. There is not now one entire broch in Scotland, but their ruins are numerous. Not fewer than 370 have been traced in the country, mostly to the north of the Caledonian valley. More may have existed at one time, but their ruins have disappeared. The construction of these fabrics, so perfectly adapted to their purpose, argues a considerable amount of architectural skill on the part of their builders, and also a certain advance in civilization. The discovery of Roman coins, and the red glazed pottery of Roman manufacture in these brochs, indicate their existence and use down to the occupation of the southern part of Britain by the Romans.

There remains one point of great moment. What knowledge did the inhabitants of Scotland of that age possess of a Supreme Being and a future state? This is the inner principle of civilization, and, dissociated from it, no civilization is of much value, seeing it lacks the capability of being carried higher than a certain stage, or of lasting beyond a very brief period. What hold was this principle acquiring on our ancestors? We have only general considerations to guide us here.

Noah, before sending his sons forth to people his vast dominions, doubtless communicated to them, as we have said above, those Divine traditions which were their best inheritance, and which the posterity of Seth had carried down from Eden. He taught them the spirituality and unity of God; the institution of the Sabbath and marriage—the two foundation-stones of society; the fall of man, the promise of a Saviour, and the rite of sacrifice. These great doctrines they were to carry with them in their several dispersions, and teach to their sons. As one who had come up out of the waters of the deluge—the grave of a world—the words of Noah, spoken on the morrow of the tremendous catastrophe, would deeply impress themselves on the minds of his sons, and would

remain for some considerable time, distinct and clear, in the memory and knowledge of their posterity. How long they did so we have no means of certainly knowing. Without a written record, and left solely to oral transmission, these doctrines, so simple and grand, and fully apprehended by Noah's immediate descendants, would gradually come to be corrupted by additions, and obscured by allegory and legend. We know it to have been so as a fact. Hence the world of heathen mythology which grew up. And grafted itself on the men and events recorded in early Scripture. When the tenth or twentieth generation of the men who had sat at the feet of the great Patriarch arrived on the shores of Britain, it is natural to suppose that parts of the primeval revelation were lost, and that what of it was preserved was greatly obscured. But in the darkest eras of our country, as we shall afterwards see, the rites of the worship were publicly observed. And with worship there are necessarily associated two ideas—a Supreme Being, and a life to come.

There is one fact which throws a pleasing light on these remote times of our country—No idol or graven image has ever been dug up in our soil. The cists and cairns of our moors contain the implements of the hunter and of the warrior, but no traces of the image-markers—no gods of wood and stone. The museums of Egypt are stocked by the thousand with the gods her inhabitants worshiped in old time, and scarce can we cast up a shovelful of earth in Cyprus, but we find in it some memorial of pagan idolatry. In the lands of Italy, of Greece, of Assyria, and of India, long-buried deities are ever and anon cropping up and showing themselves in the light of the day, but no such phenomenon has ever occurred on the soil of Scotland. Ancient Caledonia would seem, by some means or other, to have been preserved from a taint which had polluted almost every other land. Relics of all sorts have been found in our soil, but never idol of British manufacture; nor is one such to be seen in any of our museums. "The relics," says Wilson, "recovered from the sepulchral mounds of the great valley of the Mississippi, as well as in the regions of Mexico and Yucatan, display numerous indications of imitative skill. The same is observable in the arts of various tribes of Africa, Polynesia, and of other modern races in an equally primitive state. What is to be specially noted in connection with this is, that both in the ancient and modern examples the imitative arts accompany the existence of idols, and the abundant evidences of idolatrous worship. So far as we know,

the converse holds true in relation to the primitive British races, and as a marked importance is justly attached to the contrasting creeds and modes of worship and policy of the Allophylian and Aryan nations, I venture to throw out this suggestion as not unworthy of farther consideration.[5]

May we not infer from a circumstance so anomalous and striking that the ancient Briton had not lapsed into the gross polytheism which the Greeks and Romans abandoned themselves. Lying off the highway of the world, and shut in by their four seas, they would seen to have been exempt, to a large extent, from the corrupting influences which acted so powerfully on the classic nations around the Mediterranean. They stood in "the old paths,' while the latter, yielding to an idealistic and passionate temperament, plunged headlong into a devotion which at length crowded their cities with temples and altars, and covered their valleys and hills with gods and goddesses in stone.

We do not lay much stress—although some lay a great deal—upon the mode of burial practised by the ancient Briton as a means of spelling out his creed. His weapons were interred along with the warrior. "Why?" it has been asked. "Because," it has been answered, "it was an article of his belief that he would need them in the spirit world." In times still later, the war horse of the chief, his favourite hound, his attendants in the chase, or his followers on the battlefield, were all interred in company, that all might together resume, in a future life, the occupations and amusements in which they had been wont to exercise themselves in this. With fleeter foot would they chase the roe and hunt the boar. With even keener delight would they mingle in the strife of battle, and as on earth, so again in the world beyond, they would forget the toil of the chase and the peril of the conflict in the *symposia* of the celestial halls.

It was not within the gates of Valhalla only that the departed warrior was permitted to taste these supreme joys. Between him and the world in which he has passed his former existence, there was fixed no impassable gulf, and he had it in his power to return for a space to earth, and vary the delights of the upper sky with occasional pastime under "the pale glimpses of the moon." Popular belief pictured the spectral warrior mounted on spectral steed, returning from the halls of Odin and entering his sepulchral barrow and becoming for a while its inhabitant. There, joined by those

with whom he had fought, and hunted, and revelled, and whose bones lay in the same funereal chamber with his own, he would renew those carousals with which it had been his wont to close a day of battle or of chase during the period of his mortal life. The tumulus or barrow was sacred to his memory. His spirit was believed to haunt it, and might on occasion hold fellowship with surviving relations and friends who chose to visit him in it. The wife would enter it and lie down by the side of her dead lord, in the idea of having communion with him, or she would bring meat and drink to regale him, which she would place in little cups provided for the purpose. Helge, one of the heroes of the Edda, returned from the hall of Odin on horseback, and entered his tumulus accompanied by a troop of horsemen. There his wife visited him, and for some time kept him company in his grave. This superstitious idea protected these barrows from demolition, and to it is owing the preservation of so many of them, forming as they do the only contemporaneous and authentic record we possess of the age to which they belong. On the advent of Christianity, burial with "grave-goods" ceased.

It is one of the lessons of history that unaided man, whatever his stage of civilization, always paints the life to come in colours borrowed from the life that now is. His heaven is the picture of earth. It is a freshened, brightened, glorified life which he promises himself, but still, in its essentials and substance, an earthly life. The thinking of the mightiest among the Greeks on the question of the life that is to come, moved, after all, in the same low groove with that of our early forefathers. The philosopher of Athens, when dying, fancied himself departing to another Academe, where the same subtle speculations, and the same intellectual combats, which had ministered so much pleasurable excitement to him in the Porch or in the Grove, would be resumed, with this difference, that there his powers would be immensely refined and invigorated, and consequently should have attendant on their exercise a far higher and purer happiness than he had ever tasted here. The idea of a new nature, with occupations and pleasures fitted to that new nature, was an idea unknown alike to the Greek and to the barbarian. It is a doctrine revealed in the Bible alone.

ENDNOTES

1. It is curious to mark that the order in which the four metals are arranged in the image of Nebuchadnezzar is the same with that, generally speaking, of their discovery and prevalent use in the world. In the image the head of gold came first; next the breast and arms of silver; then the belly and thighs of brass; and fourth, the legs of iron. In the earliest days gold was the most plentiful metal, though, from its great softness, of little practical use. It is found frequently with the bronze in our cists, and recent explorations in the plain of Troy attest its great abundance in that age. Next comes silver, though scarce, and represented by the short-lived kingdom of Medo-Persia. Third comes the period of bronze and brass, as exemplified in the powerful brazen-coated Greeks. And fourth comes the iron kingdom of Rome. These four metals came into use and dominancy in the same order in which they are seen in the image. The historic eras are, the golden, the silvern, and brazen, the iron.
2. Wilson, *Pre-historic Annals;* Dawkins, Early Man.
3. Wilson, *Pre-historic Annals*, pp. 353, 354.
4. Wilson, *Pre-historic Annals of Scotland,* ii. 146; Thurnam Davis, *Crania Britannica,* Part xii.; Greenwell, *Ancient British Barrows*, p. 450.
5. Wilson, *Pre-historic Annals*, pp. 341, 342.

CHAPTER VII.

THE DRUIDS—THE SUN WORSHIP OF ASIA AND CALEDONIA.

We have travelled back thirty or forty centuries, and dug up the early Scottish world which, all the while, was lying entombed in our barrows and cairns. The historian of a former day never thought of looking into these ancient repositories, and hearing what they had to tell respecting the doings of a long past time. He obeyed, as he thought, a high authority, when he refused to entertain the hope of finding "knowledge or device in the grave." He knew of no record save a written one, and so turning to ancient chronicles, he accepted the picture which some pious father had painted in the twilight of his monastery, as the true and genuine image of the ancient world. He was all the while unaware that what he was in quest of was lying close at hand—in fact, under his feet. In yonder barrow, which he had passed and repassed a hundred times, but never once paused to inspect, was that same old world embalmed, and waiting through the long centuries to come forth and reveal the secrets of ancient times to the men of a later and more civilized age.

It is to this record we have turned. It is hardly possible that there should be deception or mistake in the picture. In truth it is no picture, it is the thing itself. It is that veritable world in all its barbarism: its battles, its boar hunts, its rude handicrafts, its earth-dug dwellings, its huts of wattled osiers plastered with mud, its feasts, its burials—in short, the men with all the scenery of their lives around them. It is not tradition speaking to us through the fallible voice of a hundred or more generations; the information comes direct, we receive it at first hand. For while the centuries have been revolving, and outside that tumulus races have been changing, and dynasties passing away, changes there have been none on the world within the tumulus, the ages have there stood still, and as regards the validity and certainty of the evidence it furnishes, it is all the same, as if we had opened that barrow on the morrow immediately succeeding the day on which it was raised and closed in.

From the barrow and the cist, where the history of the Caledonian is written in the weapons with which he fought and the tools with which he worked, we turn to another chapter in his history, one partly written and

partly monumental. We have seen the Caledonian on his battlefields in the first age slaughtering or being slaughtered with his stone axe; in the next, plunging at his foe with his bronze sword; in the third, riding into battle in his iron chariot, and hewing down his foes with a sword of the same metal. We have seen him essaying the more profitable labours of art; first moulding the clay with his hand, not caring how unshapely his vessel if it served its purpose, then turning it on the wheel, and taking a pride in the symmetry and beauty of the cup out of which he drank. We have traced, too, his progress in dress: at first he is content to envelope himself in fur of fox or skin of deer, but by and by he aspires to be differently clad from the animals he pursued in the chase. With a stone whorle and spindle he converts flax into thread; and when the metals come to the assistance of his art, he spins wool, and clothes himself with a garment of that texture. Probably some visitor from the Phoenician shore, where the art is well understood, initiates him into the process of dyeing, and now his moors grew illuminated by the bright and glowing colours of the Caledonian tartan. We have seen his banquets and his funeral arrangements; but there is one chapter of his history we have not yet opened. How did the Caledonian worship?

There must all the while have been growing up at the heart of that barbarous world a higher life. Human society, however debased and barbarous, is ever at the core moral. Feeble, exceedingly feeble, its pulse may be so feeble as to be scarce perceptible, but that pulse never can totally cease. For the moral sense of society is no acquired quality, it was given it by the law of its creation. But how can its moral consciousness be developed, unless in some rite, or system of rites, by which it gives expression to its sense of a Being above itself? By what rite, or system of rites, did the early Caledonian indicate his knowledge—vague, shadowy, and undefined it may have been—of a Supreme Being? Let us observe him as he worships, we shall have a truer knowledge of him, not of his art or his bravery merely, but of himself, his thoughts and feelings, than when we see him chipping arrow heads, or tipping the spear with stone or bronze for the chase or the battle.

We have abundant evidence, both monumental and historic, that the Caledonian worshipped, and not only so, but that his worship was purer than that of most early nations, and purer even than that of some

contemporary nations who were far higher in the scale of civilization. Fetichism appears never to have defiled, grotesque, hideous and horrible, as are objects of worship to some savage nations in our own day. We find no trace that such deities or demons were ever adored or dreaded by our early ancestors. The bestial idolatry of Egypt had not reached them. Their religious level appears to have been higher even than that of the Greeks and Romans. For, as we have said, by the side of the skeleton that three thousand years ago was a living man, there lies no image or god graven in stone, or in silver, or in bronze. Had such been in use by the men who sleep in these ancient cists, they would infallibly have been found in their graves. Around the dead man we discover that entire order of things amid which he lived: his battle-weapons, the trophies of the chase, the cups, clay or bronze, that graced his table, and brimed at his banquets; the trinkets of stone or of jet that he wore on his person, all are around him in the grave; but one thing is lacking, and, curious enough, it is that one thing which we should beforehand have made ourselves most sure of finding there, and which, had it formed part of the system amid which he lived, would infallibly have been there—the objects of his worship even. That the dead should sleep with their stone axe of their bronze sword by their side, and yet not seek to hallow their cist and guard their rest by the image of their god, is strange indeed. Yet so it is. We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that the early Caledonians had no notion of a Supreme Being, in short, were atheists, or that their conceptions of God were higher and more spiritual than those entertained by many contemporaneous peoples.

It is the latter conclusion which is undoubtedly the true one. The Caledonian saw a Being above himself, All-powerful and Eternal. He had brought this great idea with him from his Aryan home, or rather—for that idea is not restricted to locality, or found only where man first began his career—it is the cornerstone of his constitution, and equally indestructible, and accordingly he instituted rites in honour of that Being, and reared, with his barbarian hands, structures, rough, huge, majestic, in which to perform these rites. This is a point which recent archaeological discoveries in many and far-sundered lands have placed beyond dispute, and it enables us to pass to a very important phase of our country's early history—the Druidic, to wit.

Among the vestiges of a remote time that linger on the face of our country, none are more remarkable than the tall upright stones, ranged in circle, and the broad, massy horizontal slabs, resting table-wise on supports, that are so frequently met with on our moors and hillsides, and sometimes in the depth of our forests. To both learned and unlearned these unique and mysterious erections are objects of curiosity and interest. The questions they suggest are, In what age were they set up, and what purpose were they meant to serve? Immemorial tradition connects them with the religious rites of the earliest inhabitants of Scotland, and teaches us to see in them the first temples in which our fathers worshipped. Till lately, the universal belief regarding these singular erections was in accordance with the immemorial tradition. It was not no more doubted that these great stones, ranged in solemn circle, filling the mind of the spectator with a vague awe, had been set up with a view to worship, than it was doubted that the stone hammer and axe, their contemporaries, had been fashioned with a view to battle. But in more recent times opinion on this point has shifted. The theory that referred these structures to a far-off time, and which saw in them the work of men unskilled in art but reverent of spirit, began, some half century ago, to be discredited. We were told that we were ascribing to them an antiquity far too high, and that we ought to seek for their origin in an age much nearer our own.

Yet another theory has been broached to account for the existence of monuments so unique in point of rugged grandeur, and so unlike any that are known certainly to belong to historic times. There are archaeologists of our day who will have it that they are graveyards. They are the mausolea of a barbarous age in which sleep the dead of a long-forgotten past: chieftains of note and warriors of renown, but whose names have gone into utter oblivion. This is a theory only a little less improbable than that on which we have been commenting. Where, we ask, are the signs and tokens that they are sepulchres? Are they placed near city, or seat of population, as we should expect a great cemetery to be? On the contrary, they are found in the solitudes and wildernesses of our land, in spots not then, or ever likely to become, the scene of populous life. It may indeed be said that these remote and solitary spots were chosen on purpose, the prince and warrior might sleep apart in lonely grandeur amid silence undisturbed. They, why were these supposed mausolea constructed on so vast a scale? A few feet of earth will suffice for the greatest monarch,

and as regards a funeral pile to draw the eye to his resting-place, a cairn like those that rise on our northern moors, or a tumulus like that which towers on the plain of Troy, or a mountain of stone like that beneath which Cheops sleeps, will serve the purpose far better than an open ring of monoliths enclosing some hundred or so of acres We must surely grant to the builders of these structures some reasonable sense of fitness. Or if it again be urged that these places were meant to afford burial not to a few men of note only, but to the multitude, then, we ask, Did the thinly-peopled Orkney require a graveyard on the scale of the circles of Bogar and Stennes? Or did the England of that day demand a necropolis of a size so vast as Stonehenge and Avebury?

And then, too, where are the memorials of the dead supposed to have been interred in these ancient graveyards? When we dig into the barrow or the cairn, we are at no loss as to their character and design. Their contents make it clear that they were meant to be receptacles of the dead; for there to this day is the skeleton of the chieftain or warrior who was committed to its keeping, and along with their leader, it may be, the bones of the men who fell fighting around him, and now sleep in a common tomb. But when we search around the Cyclopean monoliths on the plain of Stonehenge, or the wilds of Stennes, we fail to discover relic or memorial of the dead. We light on nothing to show that bier of prince or of peasant was ever borne within their precincts; nothing, at least, to show that the dead of a nation, great and small, and not for one generation only, but for many, were brought hither and interred, as must have been the case, if they were national burying places.

It is the fact, no doubt, that, in some instances, explorers have found the remains of mortality beneath or adjoining these stones. But this is just what we should expect. If these structures bore a sacred character, and were the scene of religious rites, as we believe them to have been, what so likely as the men of note should wish to lie within their hallowed enclosure, and that the wish, in some cases, should be acceded to. But these few solitary graves only strengthen our contention that these places were temples, not graveyards, for if these exceptional burials still attest themselves by the presence of stone cists with their mouldering contents, why should there not be traces also of that great multitude of burials which must have taken place here, if they were public receptacles for the

dead? Why have the few been preserved, while the majority have disappeared? In fact, many of these stone circles and cromlechs stand on a bed of rock, where grave never could have been dug, or the dead interred.

Moreover, it is not a fact universally true of all early nations, that their first great monuments were reared not in memory of their dead, but in reverence of their deities? They honored the departed warrior by piling over his remains a heap of stones, the height of the cairn corresponding to the rank of the deceased: their common dead they disposed of with less ceremony. In short, they did not need public graveyards; their earliest buildings were altars, or sacred towers. The tower on the plain of Shinar, the earliest monument of which we read, being an instance in point [1] We may adduce, also, in corroboration of our assertion, the colossal temples of Egypt and India, and the less immense, but more beauteous, fanes of Greece and Italy. They were not mausolea, but shrines. The race started with the idea of the Deity strong in them, and it was their delight to expend the appliances of their labour and the resources of their skill in rearing structures that might be worthy of Him The proudest of their edifices, those that challenged admiration the most by their size, or by their strength, or by their glory, rose not in honour of their dead, not even in honour of their kings, but in adoration of their gods. This fact, so universal as to amount to a law, authenticates the tradition which connects the grandest of our early fabrics with the service of our early worship.

The oldest of our monuments are stones set on end, and standing singly, or in groups. All savage nations are seen rearing such memorials; they are their first attempts to communicate with posterity. Some event has happened deemed by them of importance, and which they wish, therefore, should be known to those who are to come after them. How shall they hand it down to posterity? They have not yet acquired the art of committing transactions to writing: they know not to engrave or to paint; but they have simpler and readier methods. They set up a tall stone on the spot where the occurrence took place. Farther tells to son the story of the Pillar. It is a public and perpetual memorial of the fact; for should the tempest throw it down, pious hands will set it up again, that the event committed to its keeping may not fall into oblivion.

In the pages of the Bible, especially in its earlier pages, we meet with numerous traces of this custom. It was thus the patriarchs marked whatever was most eventful and memorable in their lives. Jacob sealed the vow which he made to the august Being who was seen by him in his dream, by setting up a stone on the spot when the morning broke, and anointing it with oil. The covenant betwixt the same patriarch and Laban, made on the summit of Gilead, instead of being written and attested by the signatures of the contracting parties, had, as its sole record, a cairn on the top of the mount. Twelve stones, rough as when taken from the bed of the river, rose, on the banks of the Jordan as the perpetual witnesses of that miraculous act which opened to the Tribes the gates of the Land of Promise. At times the column of stone rose as a trophy of victory, and at other times as a symbol of personal or domestic sorrow. When Jacob laid his Rachel in the grave, he set up a pillar to mark the spot. By this simple act, the stricken man signified his desire that his descendants in days to come should mourn with him in a sorrow, the shadow of which was destined to hang around him till he reached the grave. And well, as we know, did that pillar fulfil its trust; for there was not an Israelite but knew where Rachel slept, nor ever passed her tomb without rehearsing the touching story of her death.

Simple blocks of unhewn stone were the earliest altars. Such were the altars, doubtless, which Abraham, and after him his son and grandson, built on the scene of their successive encampments as they journeyed through Palestine. Man in the earliest ages had no tools with which to quarry the rock; but the agencies of nature came to his assistance. The tempest, or the lightning, or the shock of earthquake, or simply the winter's frosts, tore up the strata, and made it ready for his use, whatever the purpose to which he meant to devote it, whether the record of a vow, or the seal of a covenant, or the trophy of a victory, or the symbol of grief. But of all uses to which stones were put in the early ages, none was more common than the religious one. They were shrines at which worship was performed. In the instances that have already come before us, the pillar simply indicated the spot hallowed by some special appearance, and henceforth set apart at the place where the family or the tribe was to assemble, at stated times, to worship Jehovah. When the knowledge of the true God waxed dim, the Sun was installed as his Vicar,[2] and

worshipped as the Power who daily called the world out of darkness, and yearly awoke the vitalities and powers of nature. Towers or temples now rose to the sun and his goodly train of secondary gods, the moon, and the seven planets, or "seven lights of the world." The more civilized nations embellished the centres of their idol worship with great magnificence of art, but ruder nations, having neither the skill nor the materials for the construction of such splendid temples, were content to rear humbler shrines. They took a tall stone, unhewn and uncouth, as the tempest or the earthquake had torn it from the strata, and setting it on end, and consecrating it as the representative of the sun, or of some deified hero, they made it the rallying point and centre of their worship. Descending yet a stage lower, the stone so set up was no longer a mere stone like its fellows in the quarry, having neither more or less virtue than they; it was now a consecrated pillar, and, as such, was filled with the spirit and potency, to some degree at least, of the god who it represented. Worship *at* the stone passed easily, naturally, and speedily into the worship *of* the stone. Lower still, and now it was believed that these stones were inhabited by a race of genii, or inferior gods, to whom had been given power over the destinies of men, and whom, therefore, it was the interest of man to propitiate by offering and sacrifices. And thus it is that we find the worship of stones one of the earliest forms of idolatry, and one of the most widely-spread and universally practiced. Palestine bristled throughout with these demon-stones when the Israelites entered it. Hardly a hilltop without its cluster of monoliths, or grove without its altar of unhewn, massy block, on which fires burned in honour of the Sun of Bel, or human victims bled in propitiation of the deity who was believed to haunt the place. Hence the command to the Israelites to break down and utterly destroy these hateful and horrible objects, and to cleanse their land by sweeping from off its surface the last vestiges of an idolatry so foul and bloody. The specification of these idolatrous objects is very minute, and might equally apply to the Druidic shrines of Caledonia. It includes the *menhir*, or single stone pillar, and the altar-dolmen, as well as the graven image. Over both the Divine injunction suspended the same doom—entire and utter demolition.[3] Their stone pillars were to be demolished, their graven images of gold were to be battered and broken with the hammer, their wooden deities hewn with the axe, their sacrificial dolmens overturned, and the groves in which these demon-altars had stood were to be burned with fire. It is the very picture of Scotland

some thousand years later; and hence the fallen menhirs, the broken and ragged stone circles, and the over turned and moss-grown dolmens that strew the face of our country,—the ruins which a once flourishing superstition has left behind it to attest its former prevalence and dominancy in our island.

This form of worship came to Scotland from the far east. We trace it by the footprints it leaves behind it as it journeys westward. It accompanied, probably, not the first, but the second great wave of immigration which poured itself forth from the great birthplace of nations in Central Asia. East and west we behold this mighty system extending its dark shadow, and enveloping all lands. For though it has now passed away, at least in the names and rites it then sanctioned and made obligatory, it has left its roots in the supposed mystic virtue of rites, images, and holy places, as well as in the rude Cyclopean monuments which it set up, and which, after enduring the shock of the tempest and the violence of thousands of years, still show their gigantic fragments cumbering the soil of almost all countries. Yonder, in the far east, on the mountains of India, we descry the menhir, the ancestor of the obelisk. Tribes that knew no other art knew to rear the stone column in honour of the sun. Rude stone monuments are found in the hills of the Ganges, and in the heart of Africa; on the plains of Persia, and amid the mountains of Spain; in the countries bordering on the Dead Sea, and on the shores of the Euxine and the Baltic. They are found in Tuscanty and in Orkney. We lose trace of them among the Negro races. Their builders, it is supposed, were the sprung of an early Asiatic stock, which preceded the Aryans and Semitic races, and flourished in the prehistoric stone and bronze ages, and whose migration westward into Europe can be traced by the etymological as well as monumental proofs.[4]

The Land of Moab bristles from valley to mountain-top with menhirs, stone circles, and cromlechs, offering at this day the very spectacle which some of our moors present. The Phoenician plain afford a magnificent theatre for this worship where it was fed by the riches of an opulent commerce, and embellished by the skill of a consummate art. Westward along either shore of the Mediterranean these idol-altars flamed. Travelling beyond the Pillars of Hercules, this system turned northwards, and extending along the western shores of Europe—then the farthest

knows West—it ultimately reached our island. Here grafting itself upon an earlier and purer system, it reared, with barbarous strength a rude pomp, its cromlechs, and its circles of tall, shaggy columns, and taught to the men of Caledonia the names of new deities, and the practice of new rites.

We have thought it necessary thus to trace at some length the early rise and eastern origin of this form of worship, because it throws light on the history of our country, and on its oldest existing monuments. It enables us to guess at the time when these monuments were erected, and it leaves hardly a doubt as regards their character and use. They were reared for worship. They form a part of that great system of sun-worship which spring up soon after the Flood, and which, with essential unity, but great variety of names and forms, travelled over the earth, and set up its altars, and taught the practice of its foul and cruel rites in every land and to every people.

ENDNOTES

1. The dwellers on the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates reared towers of from 500 to 700 feet in height for astro-theological uses. Some they dedicated to the sun, others to the moon, or to the seven planets. These towers were of brick, sun-dried or burned, and cemented with bitumen. The builders began by rearing a high and solid platform. On this basis they erected a series of receding towers, rising storey on storey to the height we have indicated. In the upper chamber was placed sometimes an image of the god for whose worship the tower was raised; at other times it was occupied by a priestess. The ruins of these earliest temples still remain in the mighty mounds that rise on that great plain, and which mark the site of its earliest cities. Our ancestors did the best they could to imitate these structures by piling up an altar of huge blocks, and drawing around it a grand circle of tall, shaggy columns.—See Smith and Syce's *Babylonia*; Rawlinson's *Ancient Monarchies,* vol. I.

2. Grivet quotes an Accadean (the earliest race) liturgy, in which Merodach is called, "I am he who walks before Ea—I am the warrior, the eldest son of Ea—the messenger." This is strickingly like the language of one who claims to stand before God in the way of being His vice

regent or vicar. This would seen to indicate that idolatry crept in at first, not by a direct denial of the true God, but by a claim on the part of a class, or more probably a single usurper, to wield the power of God, and to act in His room.

3.See Lev. xxvi. 1.

4.Conder, *Heth. and Moab*, p. 196. London, 1883.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DRUIDS—THEIR RELIGION, DEITIES, HIERARCHY, DOCTRINES

It is delightful to watch the first budding of art and the first kindling of patriotism, and see in these the great imperishable elements in man—in even savage man—asserting themselves, and fighting their way upward through the darkness of savage life into the light of civilisation. But there is a power which is still more potential as regards the development of society than either art or liberty, for it is the nurse of both. Its divine touch awakens them into life, and not only puts them in motion, but guides them along the road that leads to their supreme goal. To watch the expanding sphere and the growing influence of this power is a truly delightful and profitable study. Religion is the glory of man and the crown of the State. This can be said, however, of but one religion, that even which, having its origin neither in man nor on the world on which he dwells, but descending from a sphere infinitely above both, sits apart, and refuses to own either equality or kindred with the crowd of spurious faiths that surround it. These others, though classed in the category of religions, may blast rather than bless society. Their power in this respect will depend on the degree in which they retain the essential elements of that one religion which is divine. Had the Caledonians a religion, and what was it? A history of Scotland with this great question left out would be a husk with the kernel lacking—a skeleton of dry facts but with no soul under "the cold ribs of death."

We have already said that the Caledonians had a religion, and that the religion was Druidism. It must, however, be acknowledged that the religion of early Caledonia is a point on which all are not agreed. Some go the length of maintaining that the Caledonian had no religion at all: that altar he never set up, and that god he never worshipped, but all life long went onward, never once lifting his eye to heaven, in a night of black atheism. A dismal past, truly! But happily we are under no necessity to accept it as the actual past of our country. To maintain, as some have done, that the Druids are an entirely fabulous class of men, like the Fairies, Kelpies, and similar beings with which superstition peopled our moors and lochs, is a bold position in the presence of the numerous and palpable

footprints which the Druid has left behind him. In truth, the Druidic age is as plainly written on the face of Scotland as the stone age, and the bronze age, and the iron age. Our cairns and cists do not furnish more convincing evidence as to the tools with which the Caledonian worked, and the weapons with which he fought, than the stone fanes, the ruins of which dot the moors and hills of our country, testify to a time when the creed of the Druid was dominant in our land, and the Caledonian worshipped accordingly. Besides the names attached to numerous localities clearly connecting them with the Druidic religion, the traces of its ancient rites still lingering in the social customs of the people, and keeping their place though all knowledge of their origin and meaning has been lost, present us with indisputable proofs of the former existence of a powerful but now fallen Druidic hierarchy. These footprints of the Druid will come more fully under our notice at a subsequent stage.

But farther, we hold, on the fundamental principles of man's nature, that the profession of downright atheism is impossible to a savage or barbarous people. Such a thing can only take place in a nation that has made certain advances in what it deems enlightenment, and has so far cultivated the faculty of reason as to be able to make this woeful abuse of it. One must have eyes before he can be subject to the illusion of the mirage, and in like manner one must have considerable practice in the science of sophistry before he can be able to reason himself into a position so irrational as that there is no God. Atheists are not born, but made.

Did Druidism spring up on the soil of Scotland, or was it imported from some other and remote region? This is the first question. We have already more than hinted our belief that Druidism—we mean the system, not the name—arose in a very early age, and had its birth in the primeval seat of mankind. Druidism is a more venerable system than the paganism of Italy, or the polytheism of Greece. It had a less gross admixture of nature worship, and it was more abstract and spiritual. Druidism was an elder branch of sun-worship which arose in Chaldea. Leaving its eastern birthplace at an early period, and travelling northward, where for ages it occupied an isolated position, it had no opportunity of studying the newest fashions of sun-worship, and it consequently retained till a late period its comparative simplicity and purity. Such is our idea, and that idea has of late received strong corroboration from the inscribed tablets and

hieroglyphic records which have been dug up in the buried cities of Assyria and Chaldea. And to the same conclusion do all the recent philosophical investigations which have been made into this creed tend. Reynaud, in France maintains that "the ancient Druids were the first clearly to teach the doctrine of the soul's immortality, and that they had originally as high conceptions of the Deity as the Jews themselves. If they afterwards encouraged the worship of subordinate deities, it was," he says, "for the purpose of reconciling Druidism to that class of uneducated minds of which the cultus of demi-gods and angels has more attraction than the worship of the Unseen One."[1]

The countryman of Reynaud, M. Amedee Thierry, who has subjected the religions of ancient Gaul to analytical and philosophical enquiry, comes to substantially the same conclusion. He finds traces of two distinct religions in ancient Gaul. One resembled the polytheism of the Greeks. The other was a kind of metaphysical pantheism, resembling the religions of some eastern nations. The latter appeared to him to be the foundation of Druidism, and has been brought into the country by the Cymric Gauls when they entered it under their leader Hu or Hesus, defied after his death.[2] In other words, this writer, with whom agrees the historian Martin, finds, as the result of his enquiries, that Druidism comes from the East, that in its earlier stages it was a comparatively abstract and spiritual system, but in its later days became mixed in the West with the nature worship of the Greeks, its votaries adorning deified heroes as representing the sun, as also storms, groves, fountains, and streams; taking the natural agencies for the action of the invisible spirits that resided in them. Pinkerton, though he wrote before the polytheisms had been tracked to their original birthplace, could not help being struck with the oriental features borne by Druidism, and ascribed to it an eastern origin. He says briefly but emphatically, "Druidism was palpably Phoenician."[3] Had he gone farther east he would have become still nearer the truth.

BEL (sun-worship) was, in sooth, the prodigal son who left his father's house and travelled into far countries, under various disguises and amid great diversity of fortune. The wanderer changed his name and his garb to suit the genius of every people, and aspired to be accepted as the true son of the Great Father over all the earth. As he passed from land to land, he accommodated himself to the predominating tastes and passions

of the peoples among whom he successively found a home. Idolatry was philosophical and abstract among the Orientals. It was darkly mysterious, but boundlessly voluptuous among the Egyptians. It came to the Greeks in the garb of poetry and beauty. Among the warlike Romans it marched at the head of their armies, delighting in the clash of arms and the shout of them that overcome. Among the Caledonians it affected a severe simplicity and majesty, as befitted the people and the cloud capped mountains which were their dwelling. It was the real Proteus who assumed a new name and a new shape in each new land. And as the consequence of these endless transformations, its votaries in one country strove with its votairs in another for the supremacy of their several deities, blindly mistaking for rivals those who all the while were in truth but one. "Religion," says James, "assumed almost in every country a different name, in consequence of the difference of language which everywhere prevailed. Among the ancient Hindoos it was called 'Brachmanism,' and its ministers 'Brachmans': among the Chaldeans 'Wisdom,' and its ministers 'wisemen'; among the Persians 'Magism,' and its ministers 'Magi'; among the Greeks 'Priesthood,' and its ministers 'priests'; among the ancient Gauls and Britons 'Druidism,' and its ministers 'Druids';—all synonymous terms, implying 'wisdom and wise men, priesthood and priests.'" [4] This was the link which united the Scotland of those ages with the far-off Chaldea, this overshadowing idolatry, to wit, which made its deities, though under different names, be adored all round the earth—in the temples of Babylon and the fanes of Egypt, in the shrines of Greece and the Pantheon of Rome, in the woods of Germany and the oak forests of Scotland.

This essential oneness of the false religions accounts for the fact, otherwise inexplicable, that in all of them we find more than mere naturalism. The idolatries are not, out and out, the institution of man, they all embody conceptions above man, and like man himself, exhibit amid the ruins of their fall some of the grand uneffaced features of their glorious original. They all contain, though to no real practical purpose, the ideas of sin, of expiation, of forgiveness, and of purification. This is owning to no unanimous consent or happy coincidence of thought on the part of widely dispersed tribes; the fact is soluble only on the theory of the origination of all the idolatries in a common source, and their propagation from a common centre. These doctrines could no way have grown up in the

field of naturalism; they are, as history and etymology attest, the traces, sadly obscured, of what was once more clearly seen, and more firmly grasped by the race. They are at once the twilight lights of a departing day; and are the morning tints of a coming one.

Were the gods of Druidism one or many? This is the next question, and the answer to it must depend upon the stage of Druidism to which it applies. In the course of its existence from one to two thousand years, Druidism must have undergone not a few modifications, and all of them for the worse. In its early stage it had but one Deity, doubtless, whom, however, it worshipped through the Sun as His symbol, or through Baal, the Chaldean representative of the Sun. In its latter stages it aspired to be like the nations with whom it had now begun to mingle. Caesar, the first to describe the Druids, paints their pantheon in a way that makes it bear no distant resemblance to the Olympus of the Greeks. The Druidic gods, it is true, have other names than those under which the Greek deities were known, but they have the same attributes and functions, and we have but little difficulty in recognising the same deity under his Celtic appellative, who figures in the Greek pantheon under a more classic cognomen. In the Teutates of the Druids Caesar found Mercury, the god of letters and eloquence. In Belenus or Bel he saw a likeness to Apollo, the god of the sun. In Taranis, which is Celtic for thunder, he found Jupiter the thunderer. And in Hu or Hesus he thought he could detect Mars.[5] The Caledonians had no Olympus, lifting its head above the clouds, on which to enthrone their deities; they could offer them only their bare moors, and their dark oak forests. There they built them temples of unhewn stone, and bowed down in adoration unto them.

The hierarchy of the Druids formed a numerous and powerful body. The priests were divided, Caesar tells us, into three classes. There was, first, the Chroniclers, who registered events and, in especial, gave attention to the king, that his worthy acts might be handed down with lustre unimpaired to the ages to come. There was, second, the Bards, who celebrated in verse the exploits of the battlefield, and sang in fitting strains the praises of heroes. Then, third, came the Priests, the most numerous and influential of the Druidic body. They presided over the sacrifices, but to this main function they added a host of multifarious pursuits and duties.[6] They were the depositories of letters and learning,

and had a great reputation for vast and profound knowledge. The estimate of that age, however, our own may not be prepared to accept, unless with very considerable modification, They were students of science, more especially of astronomy and geometry, in which they were said to have been deeply versed. The astronomy of those days was mainly judicial astrology: though there can be no question that the early Chaldeans made great attainments in pure astronomy, and recent discoveries in Babylonia have given back to the Chaldean astronomers an honour which has hitherto been assigned to the Egyptians, that, even, of determining and naming the constellations of the zodiac. In geometry the Druids were so greatly skilled as to be able, it is said, to measure the magnitude of the earth. At least they had enough geometry to settle disputes touching the boundaries of properties. They searched into the virtues of herbs, and by this useful study qualified themselves for the practice of the healing art. They were the interpreters of omens—a branch of knowledge so seductive that their class in no land has been able to refrain from meddling with it. Their divination was founded mainly on their sacrifices. They narrowly watched the victim, sometimes a human one, as he received the blow from the sacrificial knife, and drew their auguries from the direction in which he fell, to the right or to the left, the squirting of his blood, and the contortions of his limbs.

At the head of the priesthood was an arch-Druid.[7] The post was one of high dignity and great authority. Being an object of ambition and of emolument, the office was eagerly sought after. It was decided by a plurality of votes, and the person chosen to fill it held it for life. The rivalships and quarrels to which the election to this great post gave rise were sometimes so violent and furious that the sword had to be called in before the priest on whom the choice had fallen could mount the Druidic throne. The official dress of the arch-Druid was of special magnificence and splendour. "He was clothed in a stole of virgin-white, over a closer robe of the same fastened by a girdle on which appeared the crystal of augury cased in gold. Round his neck was the breastplate of judgment. Below the breast plate was suspended the Glain Neidr, or serpent's jewel. On his head he had a tiara of gold. On each of two fingers of his right hand he wore a ring; one plain, and the other the chain ring of divination."[8]

The Druids acted as judges. By this union of the Judicial and the sacerdotal

offices they vastly increased their influence and authority. A tumulus, closely adjoining their stone circle, or even within it, served for their tribunal. At other times they would erect their judgment seat beneath the boughs of some great oak, and when the people came up to sacrifice, or gathered to the festivals, they had the farther privilege, if so they wished, of having their causes heard and decided. The Druids were also, to a large extent, the legislatures of the nation. Their position, their character, and above all, their superior intelligence, enabled them easily to monopolise the direction of public affairs, and to become the virtual rulers of the country. No great measure could be undertaken without their approval. They were the counsellors of the king. With their advice he made peace or he made war. If he chose to act contrary to their counsel it was at his own peril. It behooved him to be wary in all his dealings with a class of men who enjoyed such consideration in the eyes of the vulgar, and whose power was believed to stretch into the supernatural sphere, and might, if their pride was wounded or their interests touched, visit the country with plague, or tempest, or famine, or other calamity. So powerful was the control which the Druids wielded, Caesar informs us, that they would arrest armies on their march to the battlefield. Nay, even when rank stood confronting rank with levelled spears and swords unsheathed, if the Druids stepped in betwixt the hostile lines, and commanded peace, the combatants, though burning to engage, instantly sheathed their weapons and left the field.

The Druids held an annual general assembly for the regulation of their affairs. This convocation, Caesar informs us, was held in the territory of the Carnutes in Gaul, by which Dreux, north of the Loire, is most probably meant. Their place of rendezvous was a consecrated grove. Whether delegates attended from Caledonia we are not informed. It is not likely that they did, seeing the Scottish Druids regarded themselves as an earlier and purer branch of the great Druidic family, and were not likely to own submission to a body meeting beyond seas. They had their own convocation doubtless on their own soil, and framed their own laws for the guidance of their affairs. The convention at Dreux, besides enacting general decrees binding on all their confraternities throughout Gaul, gave audience to any who had private suits and controversies to prosecute before them. It was understood that all who submitted their quarrels to their arbitrament bound themselves to bow to their decision. The court

was armed with terrible powers for enforcing its judgment. If any resisted he was smitten with excommunication. This penalty stript the man of everything. It placed him beyond the pale of all natural and social as well as ecclesiastical rights. No one durst speak to him or render him the least help, even to the extent of giving him a morsel of bread, or a cup of water, or even a light. His extremity was dire, and alternative he had none, save to submit to Druidic authority, or be crushed by Druidic vengeance.

This powerful class enjoyed, moreover, large and special immunities. Whether a national provision was made for them does not appear. They hardly needed such, considering the wealth which must have flowed in upon them from a variety of sources. "Their endowment," says Yeowell, [9] "was five free acres of land," without making it clear whether it was each individual Druid or each fraternity that was so endowed. They are said to have imposed a tax on each plough in the parish in which they officiated as priests."[10] They were the judges, physicians, and teachers of their nation, besides being the dispensers of the sacred rites; and it is not easy to believer that all these functions were void of emolument. The Druids enjoyed, besides, other and very special privileges. Their persons were held inviolable. They could pass through the territories of hostile tribes without dreading or receiving harm. His white robe was protection enough to the Druid. When he journeyed he was welcomed at every table, and when night fell he could enter any door and sleep under any roof. He was exempt from land tax. He was never required to grid himself with sword or risk life on the battlefield. He was not obliged to toil at the plough, or the spade, or the loom. He left these necessary labours to others. "They contributed," says Toland, though the sentence, after what we have said, will be felt to be too sweeping—"They contributed nothing to the State but charms."

It is a question not less important than any of the preceding, What were the doctrines that formed the creed of Druidism? We can answer only doubtfully. Not a scrap of writing has come down to us from hand of Druid; and in the absence of all information at first hand touching their tenets, we are compelled to be content with the fragmentary notices which Caesar and Pliny and Tacitus and Pomponius Mela and others have been pleased to give us. These are not exactly the pens from which we would

expect a full and accurate account of Druidic theology. These writers but pause in the midst of weightier matters to bestow a glance on what they deemed a curious if not barbarous subject. With every disposition to be accurate, we may well doubt their ability to be so. But we must accept their statements or confess that we know nothing of the creed of Druidism. On the more prominent doctrines—especially those discussed in the schools of their own country—these writers could hardly be mistaken, and with their hints we may venture on an attempt to reconstruct the framework, or rather, we ought to say exhume the skeleton of Druidic theology from its grave of two thousand years.

Philosophy begins at MAN; the starting point of the theology is God. What were the notions of the Druids respecting the first and highest of all Beings? From all we can gather, they cherished worthier and more exalted ideas of the Supreme than the other peoples of their day. They brought with them from the East, and would seem to have long preserved, the great idea of one Supreme Being, infinite, eternal, and omnipotent, the maker of all things, and the disposer of all events, who might be conceived of by the mind, but of whom no likeness could be fashioned by the hand. Such is the account transmitted to us by Pliny,[11] and his statement is corroborated by Tacitus, who says, that "they do not confine their deities within buildings, nor represent them by any likeness to the human form. There merely consecrate bowers and groves, and designate by the names of gods that mysterious essence which they behold only in the spirit of adoration."[12] it is further authenticated by the negative testimony of our cairns and cists. In these, as we have already said, no image of God, no likeness of the Invisible has hitherto been found. This fact is striking, especially when the state of things in Egypt and Greece is taken into account, and is explicable only on the supposition that the Caledonians abstained from making images of the object of their worship, and cling to the nobler and more spiritual concepts of their early ancestors.

Some doubt is thrown on this, however, by the statement of Caesar already quoted, that the Druids worshipped a plurality of gods. His words were spoken with an immediate reference to the Druids in Gaul. The Druidism of Britain, he admits, was not exactly of the same type; it was purer. Nor does it follow from Caesar's statement that the British Druids made images of their gods, even granting that they had now come to worship

the Supreme under a variety of names. In Caesar's day the more abstract and spiritual Druidism of an early time had come to be mixed and debased both in Gaul and Britain with the polytheistic notions of the Greeks. The light of primeval revelation which the first immigrants brought with them, imperfect from the first, had faded age after age, as was inevitable where there was no written record, and where the memorials of the primitive faith were committed solely to tradition. And though preserved longer in a state of purity in Britain than anywhere else, those who now inhabited our island cherished less worthy notions of the Deity, and were more polytheistic in their worship than the men whom the transport fleet of canoes had carrier across to its shore.

That they believed in the immortality of the soul, and consequently in a state of existence beyond the grave, we have the explicit testimony of Pomponius Mela. And he assigns the motive which led the priests to inculcate this doctrine on the people, the hope even that it would inspire them with courage on the battlefield. His words are, "There is one thing they teach their disciples, which also has been disclosed to the common people, in order to render them more brave and fearless; even that the soul is immortal, and that there is another life after death."[12] The testimony of Caesar on the point is to the same effect. The soul's immortality, and a life to come, in which every worthy and valorous deed shall receive reward, forms, he tells us, part of the teaching of the Druids. And he notes, too, its salutary influence in heightening the courage of the warriors by removing the fear of death as the end of existence. There was no such certain belief on this point in the country of the great Roman, and the teaching of the Athenian sages was, too, less clear and definite touching a life after death. But a doctrine unknown, or but dimly seen in the noon of Greek and Roman civilization, was fully apprehended in the barbaric night of the remote Britain. To this extent the Druidism of Caledonia surpassed the paganisms of classic lands, and to the extent in which it excelled them did it approximate primeval revelation.

The Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls has been attributed to the Druids, but on no sufficient evidence. Transplanted from the hot valley of the Nile to the scarcely less genial air of Athens, that tenet might flourish in Greece, but hardly in the bleak climate of Caledonia. In fact, the doctrine of the future life as a scene of rewards and punishments,

and the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, are hardly compatible, and could scarce be received as articles of belief by the same people. If in the life to come the hero was to receive honour and the coward to meet merited disgrace, was it not essential that both should retain their identity? If they should change their shapes and become, or appear to become, other beings, might not some confusion arise in the allotment of rewards? What was to hinder the coward running off with the honours of the hero, and the hero being subjected to the stigma of the coward? Besides Pomponius Mela, in his few pregnant sentences on the Druids, communicates a piece of information touching a curious burial custom of theirs, which is certainly at variance with the belief that souls, after death migrate into other forms with a total forgetfulness of all that passed in their previous state of existence. He tells us that when they inurned the ashes of their dead they buried along with them their books of account and the hand notes of the moneys they had lent when alive, but which had not been repaid them by their debtors, that they might have the means of prosecuting their claim in the world beyond the grave.[14] They were clearly not of opinion that death pays all debts. But if they accepted the doctrine of transmigration as a truth, it was idle to take with time to the grave the accounts of their undischarged acceptances; for, amongst the multitude of shapes into any one of which the debtor might chance to be metamorphosed, how was it possible for the creditor to discover and identify him, so as to compel him to discharge the obligations which he had shirked in the upper world? On the theory of transmigration the thing was hopeless.

This is all that we can with certainty make out as regards to the religious beliefs of the Druid. And, granting that all this is true, how little, after all, does it amount to! He is sure of but two things, a Being, eternal and omnipotent, and an existence beyond the grave, also eternal. But these two awful truths bring crowing into his mind a thousand anxious enquiries, not one of which he can answer. He has no means of knowing with what dispositions the great Being above him regards him, and so he cannot tell what his own eternal lot and destiny shall be. The two lights in his sky are enough, and only enough, to show him the fathomless night that encompasses him on all sides, but not his way through it. Travel in thought, or strain his vision as he may through the appalling succession of ages, eternity rising behind eternity, it is still night, black night, and he

never comes to streak of morning, or to golden gleams as from the half opened gates of a world beyond these ages of darkness. Such was Druidism in its best days.

In what an air of mystery and wisdom did the Druid wrap up the little that he knew! He abstained from putting his system into writing, and communicated it only orally to select disciples, whom he withdrew into caves and the solitude of dark forests; and there, only after long years of study, in the course of which their minds were prepared for the sublime revelation to be imparted to them did he initiate them into the highest mysteries of his system.[15] This retreat and secrecy he affected, doubtless, not only to guard his sacred tenets from the knowledge of the vulgar, but to aid the imagination in representing to itself how awful and sublime a thing Druidism was, when its last and profoundest doctrines could be whispered only in the bowels of the earth, or the deepest shades of the forest, and to none save to minds trained, purified, and strengthened for the final disclosure, and so conducted step by step to those sublime heights which it might have been dangerous and impious to approach more quickly. Had the Druid made the experiment of reducing his system to writing, and stating it in plain words and definite propositions, he would have seen, and others too would have seen, that his vaunted knowledge might have been contained within narrow limits indeed—compressed into a nutshell.

When the intercourse between our island and Phoenicia and Greece sprang up and became more frequent, the golden age of British Druidism began to decline. It was natural that the eastern trader should bring with him the newest fashions from these noted theatres of paganism, and should strive to teach the unsophisticated islanders a more aesthetic ritual. And yet there is no evidence that the change effected was great. The British Druid fought shy of these foreign novelties, and continued to walk in the "old paths;" and Caesar, long after, found the system flourishing here in a purity and perfection unknown to it in other lands, which made it be looked upon as a product peculiar to Britain, and forming a model and standard for Druidism everywhere else. Those in Gaul who wishes to be more perfectly initiated into its mysteries than was possible in their own country, crossed the sea to what they believed to be its birthplace, and there "drank at the well of Druidism undefiled."[16]

ENDNOTES

1. Reynaud, *L'Esprit de la Gaule; Encyclopeodia Britannica,* vol. Vii., 9th Ed., article *Druidism.*

2. Amedee Thierry, *Histoire des Gaulois Ency. Brit.*, vol. Vii., article *Druidism.*

3. Pinkerton. *Enquiry into the History of Scotland,* i. 17.

4. James' *Patriarchal Religion of Britain*, p. 34. London,1836.

As regards the etymology of the word Druid, the author, instead of offering any opinion of his own, is glad to be able to quote the high authority of Don. MacKinnon, Esq., Professor of Celtic Languages, History, and Literature in the University of Edinburgh. That gentleman has favoured the author with a note on the subject, which it gives him much pleasure to insert here:—

"I think there is no doubt that 'Druid' is connected with and derived from the root that gives *opus, oevopov, oopv*, in Greek; *drus*, 'wood,' in Sanskrit; *tree* in English; *doire*, a 'grove,' and *darach*, 'oak,' in Gaelic.

"That the word came, perhaps after the fall of the system, to mean a 'wise man' is undoubted. Jannes and Jambres (2 Tim. iii. 8) are called 'Druids' in an Irish gloss of the 8th century; in an old hymn our Saviour is called a Druid; in the early translation of the Scriptures the 'wise men' are Druids (Matt. ii. 1).

"In our modern language 'Druidheachd,' *i.e.*, 'Druidism' means is magic, sorcery, witchcraft. Instead of saying 'Druid' means 'wise man,' I would say the word is derived from the word for 'an oak,' which as you point out, figured so largely in their worship. It came in Celtic literature to mean a 'wise man,' a 'magus,' a 'sorcerer.'"

5. Caesar, *Bell, Gall.* vi. 17.

6. These three orders are said to have been distinguished by the different colours of their dresses: the chroniclers wore blue, the bards green, and the priests white—none but a priest durst appear in white. See Myurick's *Costumes of the Ancient Britons*; Dr. Giles's *History of the Ancient Britons*; Wood's *Ancient British Church.*

7. Caesar, *Bell. Gall.*, vi. 14.

8. Nash, *Taliesin: the Bards and Druids of Britain*, p. 15. London., 1858.

9. Yeowell, *Chronicles of the British Church*, London, 1847.

10. Ibid.
11. Plinii, *Nat. Hist*., lib. xvi. Cap. 44.
12. Tac. *Trib. Ger*. c. 9.
13. Unum ex iis quae praecipiunt, in vulgus effuxit, videlicet ut forent ad bella meliores, oeternas esse animas, vitamque alteram ad manes. Pomponii Melae, De Situ Orbis, Libri Tres, cap. 2, Ludg. Batav., 1696.
14. Itaque cum mortius cremant ac defodiunt apta viventibus olim. Negotiorum ratio etiam et exactio crediti deferebatur ad inferos erantque qui se in rogos suorum, velut una victuri, libenter immitterent. Pom. Mel., lib. iii. cap. 2.
15. Docent multa noblissimos gentis clam et diu vicennis annis in specu, ut in abditis saltibus. Pom. Mel., lib. iii cap. 2.
16. *De Bello Gallico*, lib. vi. cap. 14.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DRUID'S EGG—THE MISTLETOE—THE DRUID'S SACRIFICE.

We have essayed to reproduce the theology of the Druids so far as we can glean it from the fragmentary notices of the classic writers. Had these writers been of the number of its inner disciples, and sat at the feet of Druid in dark cave or in gloom of oak forest, we should have known more of the tenets of those venerable teachers who might be seen in former ages traversing, in long white robes, the same fields and highways which are now trodden by ourselves. Instead of a meagre outline we might have had a full body of Druidic divinity transmitted to us. And yet it might not have been so We shrewdly suspect that we are in possession of all the truths which Druidism contained, and that what we lack is only the shadowy sublimities in which they were wrapped up, and which, by removing them beyond the sphere of clear and definite comprehension, made them imposing.

From the theology of Druidism we pass to its worship and rites. Some of these rites were curious, others were picturesque, and others were repulsive and horrible. If the first, the curious, but not less credulous than curious, was the Druid's egg. This egg appears to have been an object of some interest to the ancients, seeing they speak of it, and some of them aver having actually seen and handled it. Of the number who have specially described it is Pliny. If half of what is related of this egg be true, it must be to us, as it was to the ancients, an object of no little wonder. It was formed of the scum of serpents. As the snakes twisted and writhed in a tangled knot, the egg, produced in some mysterious way, was seen to emerge from the foaming mass of vipers, and float upward into the air.[1] It was caught by the priests while in the act of falling. The Druid who found himself the fortunate possessor of this invaluable treasure took instant measures to prevent being stript of it almost as soon as he had secured it. Throwing himself upon a horse that was kept waiting for him, he galloped off, pursued by the snakes, nor halted till he had got on the other side of the first running water to which his flight brought him. His pursuers were stopped by the stream; they had power to follow him no farther. The egg was his. It was an

inexhaustible magazine of virtues, a storehouse of mighty forces, all of them at his command, and endowing its happy possessor with the enviable but somewhat dangerous attribute, so liable to be abused, one should think of obtaining almost all he might desire, and of doing nearly all that he pleased. Of those who have testified to have seen this egg, we do not know one who was witness to its birth, or was prepared to speak to the extraordinary circumstances said to accompany its production, or the wonderful deeds performed, or that might have been performed, by the Druid who was so fortunate as to get it into his keeping.

The story of the mistletoe is less curious but more credible. The mistletoe grew upon the oak, the sacred tree of the Druids. The mighty parent trunk, its tender offshoot clinging to it, with its evergreen leaves and its bunches of yellow flowers, was a thing of beauty. But what made it so pleasing in the eyes of Druid was not its loveliness, but its significance. The mistletoe was the emblem of one of the more recondite mysteries of his creed. Its finding was an occasion of great joy, and the ceremony of gathering it wore the sunny air of poetry, reminding one of some of the festivals of ancient Greece, of which it had the gaiety but not the voluptuousness. The mistletoe—the child of his sacred tree—the Druid held in high veneration, and the serving of it from the parent oak was gone about with much solemnity. It was gathered on the sixth day of the moon. A procession was formed, and walked slowly to the oak on which the mistletoe grew: a priest in white robes climbed the tree, and cutting away the plant with a golden sickle, he let it drop into a white sheet held underneath, for it might not touch the ground without losing its virtue. The sacrifice of two milk-white bulls concluded the ceremony.

The reverence in which the Druids held the mistletoe, and the ceremonies connected with it, have led to the formation of some very extravagant theories respecting this system, as if it was almost, if not altogether, an evangelical one. While some will have it that the night of the ancient Caledonia was unbroken by a single ray from the great source of Divine revelation, there are others who are equally confident that Caledonia was nearly as brightly illuminated as Judea itself, and place the priesthood of the Druids only a little way below the priesthood of the Hebrews.[2] These last find in the ritual of the mistletoe an amount of Christian doctrine and evangelical sentiment which we are very far from being able to see

in it, and which we believe the Druids themselves did not see in it. Their views, however, have been set forth with great plausibility, and it may be right, therefore, that we give a few moments to the statement of them. The Druids named the mistletoe the "Heal-All;" and they made it, according to the theory of which we speak, the emblem of the Great Healer who was to appear on the earth at a later day, and by his sovereign interposition cure all our ills. The oak, out of which the mistletoe sprang, was held to represent the Almighty Father, eternal, self-existent, defying all assaults, and living through all time. From him was to come the "Branch" foretold by the prophets of Israel, and sung of also by the poets of classic antiquity. Virgil, speaking of this plant, calls it the "golden branch," and says that "by its efficacious powers alone could we return from the realms below." Homer, too, makes mention of the "golden rod or branch." Above these doubtful utterances, a far greater voice is heard predicting the advent of the Messiah, and saluting him as the "branch," "the rod from the stem of Jesse," the plant of renown." The Druids, catching up and prolonging the strain of the inspired prophet, hail the coming deliverer, and adopt the mistletoe as his symbol; they see in this plant, as it clings to the great oak, the figure of one who was to spring from an eternal stock, and who was to grow up as a tender plant, full of heavenly virtue, the desired of all nations, and by whose efficacious death man was to return from the realms of the grave. Such is the evangelical garb the system of Druidism has been made to wear.

Most pleasing would it be to be able to put a little Bible light into the dark mysteries. Most pleasing assuredly would it be to think that our fathers heard in these legends the voices of the prophets, and saw in these rites the day of a coming Saviour. A new and more touching interest would gather round their sleeping places on moor and hillside. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that these notions lack footing in historic fact; and neither do they receive countenance from a critical analysis of the system. Without the key of the prophets we should not have so unlocked the arcana of Druidism, and without the lamp of the apostles we should never have seen such evangelical things in it. The fact is, we bring these evangelical meanings to Druidism, we do not find them in it. Druidism was the worship of the fire—the world of Baal. Still it was better for Scotland that Druidism should be, than that it should not be. It was a link between man and the world above him. It kept the conscience from

falling into the sleep of death; it maintained alive a feeble sense of guilt and the need of expiation, and to that extent it prepared the way for a better system, and a more sovereign remedy for the many maladies of the human soul that ever grew on oak of Druid.

As the great symbol in Druidism was the mistletoe, so the central act in its worship was sacrifice. Here, again, we approximate in point of form the divinely appointed worship of the Hebrews. In common with the whole heathen world, the druids connected the idea of expiation with their sacrifices. They offered them to propitiate the Deity. Nevertheless their sacrifices were *pagan* not *evangelical*. The victim on the altar of the Druid was itself the propitiation; the victim on the Jewish altar was the type, and nothing but the type, of that propitiation. The Hebrew looked beyond his sacrifice to the divine victim typified and promised by it. And whose blood alone could expiate and cleanse. Of this divine victim we have no proof that the Druid knew anything, beyond sharing, it may be, in the vague and uncertain expectation which then filled the world of the coming of a Great One who was to introduce a new and happier age, which should make the "golden morning" of which the poets sang, be forgotten in the greater splendour of the world's noon. Beyond these vague hopes, the priests of Druidism had no settled beliefs or opinions, and to their own sacrifice, and that a sacrifice as yet in the distance.

It is long since the baleful fires of Druid were seen on our hilltops. A purer light has since arisen in the sky of Scotland. But we are able to recall the scene which for ages continued to be witnessed in our land. Like all false religions, the spirit of Druidism was terror, and we can imagine the awe it inspired in the minds of men over who it had been its pleasure for ages to hang the threefold cloud of ignorance, superstition, and serfdom.

The festival has come round, and this day the fires are to be lighted, and the sacrifice is to be offered on the "high place." The procession has been marshalled. At its head walks the high-priest, a venerable and imposing figure in his long-flowing robes of white.[3] His train is swelled by other priests, also attired in white, who follow, leading the animal destined for sacrifice. It is the best and choicest of its kind; for only such

is it fit to lay upon the altar. It is a bullock, or a sheep, or a goat, or, it may be, other animal. It has been previously examined with the greatest care, least, peradventure, there should be about it defect, or maim, or fault of any sort. It has been found "without blemish," we shall suppose, and now it is crowned with flowers, and led away to be slain. As the procession moves onward, songs are sung by the attendant bards. The multitudes that throng round the priests and the victim perform dances as the procession, with slow and solemn steps, climbs the sacred mount. The height has been gained, and priests and victim and worshippers sweep in at the open portal of the stone circle, and gather round the massy block in the centre, on which "no tool of iron has been lift up," and on which the sacrifice is to be immolated. The more solemn rites are now to proceed; let us mark them.

The priest, in his robes of snowy whiteness, takes his stand at the altar. He lays his hand solemnly upon the head of the animal which he is about to offer in sacrifice. In this posture—his hand on the sacrifice—he prays. In his prayer he makes a confession of sin, his own, and that of all who claim a part in the sacrifice. These transgressions he lays—such is his intention—on the victim, on whose flower-crowned head his hand is rested. It is now separated—devoted—for even the Druid feels that with sin is bound up doom, and that on whomsoever the one is laid the other lies also. Wine and frankincense are freely used in the ceremony of devotement. Set free from human ownership, the animal is now given to the deity. In what way? Is it dismissed to range the mountains as no man's property? No: bound with cords, it is laid on the altar; its blood is poured on the earth, its flesh is given to the fire, its life is offered to God.

Such was the worship of the Druid. It consisted of three great acts. First, the laying of his offence on the victim. Second, the offering up of the life of that victim. Third, the expiation, as he believed, thereby effected. The three principles which underlie these three acts look out upon us with unequivocal and unmistakable distinctness. We can neither misunderstand nor misinterpret them. We do not say that the three principles were full and clear to the eye of Druid in his deep darkness. But though he had become unable to read them, that no more proves that they were void of significance and taught no truth, than the inability of the barbarian to understand a foreign tongue or a dead language proves

that its writings express no intelligible ideas, and that it never could have been the vehicle of thought. We leave its meaning to be interpreted by the men to whom it was a living language. So in respect to these rites, we look at them in the light of their first institution, and we place ourselves in the position of those to whom they were, so to speak, a living language, and when we do so the three doctrines that shine out upon us from the sacrificial rites of the Druid are the doctrine of the Fall, the doctrine of a substitutionary Victim, and the doctrine of Expiation and Forgiveness. Such is the testimony borne by the altars of the Druid to the three earliest facts in human history, and the three fundamental doctrines of revealed religion.

How came to the Druids to worship by sacrifice? No philosophy is sounder than that which, following up these traces, arrives at the conclusion of an original revelation, of which this is the remote and dim reflection. Sacrifice is no mere Druidic rite, transacted nowhere save in the oak forests of Scotland. A consensus of all nations had adopted sacrifice as the method of worship, and wherever we go backward into history, or broad over the earth, to ages the most remote, and lands the farthest removed from each other, we find the altar set up and the victim bleeding upon it. Strange and amazing it is the nations of the earth, the most polished as well as the most barbarous, the Greek with his passionate love of beauty, and the untutored and realistic Goth, should with one consent unite in a worship, the main characteristics of which are BLOOD and DEATH. Who told man that the Almighty delights to "eat the flesh of bulls and drink the blood of goats"? Left to the prompting of his own instincts, this method of worship is the last which man would have chosen. From what he knew of the Creator from nature, he would have judged that of all modes of worship this would prove the most unacceptable, and would even be abhorrent. "What!" he would have reasoned, "shall He who has spread loveliness with so lavish a hand over all creation; who has taught the morning to break in silvery beauty and the evening to set in golden glory; who clothes the mountain in purple, dyes the clouds in vermillion, and strews the earth with flowers—shall He take pleasure in a sanctuary hung in gloom, may, filled with horrors, or delight in an altar loaded with ghastly carcases and streaming with the blood of slaughtered victims?" So did the firstborn of men reason; and in accordance with what he judged fit and right in the matter, he brought no

bleeding lamb, he laid upon the altar instead an offering of new-gathered flowers and fruits. And so would the race have worshipped to this day but for some early and decisive check which crossed their inclinations and taught them that it was not only idle but even perilous to come before the Deity, save with blood, and to offer to Him but *life*.

Apart from the idea of an original divine appointment, there is no fact of history, and no phenomenon of the human mind more inexplicable than this consensus of the nations in the rite of sacrifice. A problem so strange did not escape the observation of the wise men of the heathen world; but their efforts to solve it were utterly abortive. To those of the moderns who refuse to look at the inspired explanation of this phenomenon, it remains as abstruse and dark as it was to the ancients.

These red prints—these altars and victims—which we trace down the ages, and all round the earth, what are they? They are the footprints which have been left by the soul of man. They are like the etymological and archaeological traces, which the early races have left on the countries which they inhabited, and which so surely attest the fact of their presence at a former era in the regions where these traces occur. So of these moral traces. They could no more have imprinted themselves upon the mind of the species apart from causes adequate to their production, than the etymological and archaeological ones could have written themselves upon the soil of a country, without its previous occupation by certain races. These moral vestiges lay a foundation for philosophical deduction, quite as solid as that which the other lay for historic and ethnical conclusions. They form a chain by which we ascend to the fountainhead of history. We have in them the most indubitable attestation of the great fact of the fall. We have its historic imprint made visible to us in the sense of guilt, so deep, so inextinguishable, and so universal, which that primal act of transgression has left on the conscience of the world, and which has transformed worship, in every age, and among every people, from an act of thanksgiving into an act of propitiation. This is the world's confession that it has sinned: it is the cry of the human soul for pardon.

We have DEATH in the worship of man; we have GUILT in the conscience of man: and these two facts compel us to infer the existence of a third great fact, without which the first two are inexplicable, even SIN in the

history of man. No other solution can even philosophy accept.

ENDNOTES

1. Plinii, *Nat. Hist*., lib. iii c. 12, xvi. 44.
2. *Religion of Ancient Britain historically considered.* London, 1846; Yeowell,
Chronicles of the Ancient British Church. London, 1847; Nash, Taliesin, pp. 12, 13. London, 1858.
3. Toland, *Hist. of the Druids*, p. 69. Lond. 1726.

CHAPTER X.

THE TEMPLES OR STONE CIRCLES OF THE DRUID.

From the worship of Druidism we pass to the structures in which it was performed. These were so unlike the temples of later ages that we hesitate to apply to them the same name, or to rank then in the same class of edifices. The whole idea of their construction was borrowed from eastern lands and from patriarchal times. The models on which they were reared had come into existence before architecture had grown into a science, or had taught men to build walls of solid masonry, or hang the lofty roof on tall massy column. In the temple of the Druid no richly coloured light streamed in through mullioned oriel, and no pillared and sculptured portico, or gate of brass, gave entrance to the long train of white-robed priests, as they swept in, leading to the altar the flower-crowned sacrifice. But if these graces were lacking in Druidic structures, they possessed others in some respects even more in harmony with their character as religious edifices. They had a rough, unadorned grandeur which made them more truly imposing than many a fane which boasts the glory of Byzantine grace or of Gothic majesty. If the simplest, they were notwithstanding among the strongest of all the fabrics of man's rearing. They have outlasted races and empires, nay, the very deities in whose honour they were set up. And while the pyramids, which it cost millions of money and millions of lives to build, are bowing to the earth, or have wholly vanished from it, these simple stones still stand erect on field and moor, and link us in these western parts with the world's morning and the first races of men.

We have three examples of these, the earliest of British fanes, in a state of tolerable preservation: Stennes, Stonehenge, and Avebury. All these are partially in ruins, but enough remains to show us the mode of their construction and to give us an idea of their magnitude and grandeur when they were entire, while the fact that they have survived, through only in fragmentary condition, to our day, sufficiently attests their amazing and unsurpassed strength. Nothing could be simpler than the plan of their construction. They consisted of single stones, rough and shaggy, as when dug out of the earth, or when taken from the quarry, set on end, and ranged in a circle, each stone a little way apart from the other. The area

which they enclosed was consecrated ground, and in the centre of it was the altar, an enormous block of stone.[2] The chisel had not approached those great blocks; ornament and grace their builders knew not and indeed cared not to give them. We look in vain for carvings or inscription upon them. They were the work of an illiterate age. They possess but on quality, but that is the quality which of all others the barbarian most appreciates—size, colossal size.

The description of these structures belongs to the archaeologist, and hardly falls within the province of the historian. The latter has to do with them only as they shed light on the social and religious condition of the people, among whom and by whom they were reared. At Stennes, in Orkney there are two circles, the larger, called Brogar, consisting originally, it is believed, of sixty stones, of which only thirteen remain erect, and ten lie overturned; the smaller being a half circle. The greater circle was a temple to Baal, or the sun-god, while the smaller was dedicated to the moon. Others see in the smaller a court of judicature. The Druids, adding the office of judges to their functions as priests, generally set up their courts hard by their temples. The Norse rovers of the ninth century found these circles standing when they took possession of the island, for the spot is referred to under the name of Steinsness by Olaf Trygresson, when recording the slaughter of Earl Harvard (970). Designating the spot by its most remarkable feature, the Norsemen called it, in their own language, the Steinsness—that is, the Ness of the Stones—the Stone's ness.

Stonehenge [2] is the second greatest stone circle that remains to us. It stands on the open plain of Salisbury, with no bulky object near it to mar its effect by dwarfing its apparent size. It must be visited before its weird splendour can be truly judged. The length of the tallest stone is 21 feet; the number of stones still erect is 140; and the diameter of the circles which they form is 106 feet. The circle appears to have had a coping, or corona, of headstones, but nearly all of these are now displaced. Henry of Huntingdon, writing in the twelfth century, calls Stonehenge one of the four wonders of England. It was old even in his day, for he confesses that he knew nothing of its origin, or of the means by which such stupendous columns had been set up.

Diordorus Siculus quotes a passage from Hecataeus says, "The men of the island are, as it were, priests of Apollo, daily singing his hymns and praises, and highly honouring him. They say, moreover, that in it there is a great forest, and a goodly temple of Apollo, which is round and beautified with many rich gifts and ornaments."[3] Mr. Davies, author of the "Celtic Researches," reasonably concludes that the island here spoken of is Britain, and the temple in which harpers sang daily the praises of Apollo is Stonehenge and the Druids. If so, Stonehenge was in existence B.C. 300. And supposition is strengthened by Pindar, the Greek lyric poet, who speaks of "the Assembly met to view public games of the Hyperboreans." [4] It was the custom of the ancient to celebrate games and races on the high festivals of their gods; and that they did so at Stonehenge when the people assembled for sacrifice is rendering almost certain by the discovery of Dr. Stukeley (1723) of a "cursus," or hippodrome, half a mile north of Stonehenge, about 10,000 feet in length, and 350 feet in width. It runs east and west, and is lined by two parallel ditches. At the west end is a curve for the chariots to turn, and on the east a mound where the principal men might view the contest, and the judge award the prizes to the victors.

These stones have a weird spell to which the imagination not unwillingly surrenders itself. Standing on the bare, solitary plain, they suggest the idea of a Parliament of Cyclops met to discuss some knotty point of the stone age; for with that age, doubtless, are they coeval. As the centuries flow past, new races and new arts spring up at their feet, still they keep their place and for part of the British world of today. They saw the Celtae arrive and bring with them the bronze age. They were standing here when Caesar and his legions stepped upon our shore. Their tall forms were seen on that plain when One greater than Caesar walked our earth. They saw the Romans depart, and the Angles and Saxons rush in and redden the land with cruel slaughter. They heard the great shout of the Gothic nations when Rome was overturned. They saws the sceptre of England handed over from the Saxon to the Norman. They have waited here, fixed and changeless while a long line of great kings—the Johns, the Edwards, the Henrys, of our history—have been mounting the throne in succession and guiding the destinies of Britain. And now they behold the little isle in which they first lifted up their heads become the centre of a worldwide empire, and the sceptre of its August ruler—the daughter of

a hundred monarchs—stretched over realms which extend from the rising to the setting sun, and far to the south under skies which are nightly lighted up with the glories of the Southern Cross. Such are some of the mighty memories which cluster round these old stones. To see them morning by morning, freshening their rugged forms in the radiance of the opening day, and to watch them at eve solemnly and majestically withdrawing themselves into the dusk and cloud of night, is to feel something of the awe with which they inspired our forefathers of three thousand years go.[5]

But wonderful as Stonehenge is, it is eclipsed by the grandeur of Avebury. According to the remark of Aubrey two hundred years ago, and quoted by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, "Avebury does as much exceed in greatness the so-renowned Stonehenge as cathedral does a parish church."

A vast earthen rampart or mound sweeps round the site of the rude but majestic fane. Inside this mound is a fosse or ditch, and the perpendicular height in some places from the bottom of the fosse to the top of the mound is 80 feet. Halfway up the mound, on its inner side, is a broad ledge, running round the entire circle, on which the spectators could seat themselves by hundreds of thousands and witness the rites which were celebrated on the level floor, 28 acres in extent, which the vallum and rampart enclosed and overlooked. Just within the fosse was a second rampart of great stones, set on end, and sweeping round the entire area, stone parted from stone by an average interval of 27 feet. The row consisted of an hundred stones from 17 to 20 feet in height, not one of which had known chisel or hammer. To give them firm hold of the earth they were sunk to a depth of 10 feet, making the actual length of the stone about 30 feet. There are remains of an inner row, showing that this encompassing circle of grand monoliths was double. The diameter of the area enclosed by the fosse is 1200 feet and of that enclosed by the great outer mound 1400 feet.[6]

In the centre of the area rises a beautiful little artificial hill of which we shall presently speak. On each side of the mount, and equally distant from it, stood a double concentric stone circle, formed of the same columnar masses as the great outer ring, presenting us with two small fanes enclosed within the great fane. The outer ring of these two little

fanes contains thirty, and the inner twelve pillars, and the diameters of the rings were respectively 270 feet and 166 feet.

The conical mount in the centre is 125 feet high. Seldom disturbed by foot it has a covering of the freshest and loveliest verdure. It is wholly composed of earth, with an area at the top of 100 feet, and 500 at the base. Dr. Stukeley says that in his time ((1740) its height was 170 feet. It was ringed with stone pillars at the base. What its use was, whether an altar or a judgment-seat, it is now impossible to say.

This grand temple, with its fourfold circumvolution and it's inner sanctuaries, is approached by two grand pathways which sweep on with a slight curve (the one from the northeast and the other from the northwest) for upwards of a mile. These approaches are spacious, thousands might journey along them without jostling, their breadth being not less than 45 feet, and they are lined throughout with a grand balustrade of pillars. They remind one of those grand avenues of sphinxes that lead up to the great temples of ancient Egypt; and doubtless the impression they made on the Druidic worshipper as he drew nigh the grand shrine, was not less solemn than that which the marvels of Edfou made on the mind of the Coptic devotee; for what impresses the barbarian most is not artistic grace, but colossal size. It was when the Romans had passed the climax of their civilisation, and begun to decline once more towards barbarism, that, despising the Athenian models, they began to rear piles remarkable mainly for their stupendous magnitude.

All round the level plain on which these monuments occur swell up the ridges or low height of Avebury. These little hills are dotted thickly over with sepulchral tumuli. If the great temple which enclosed by this zone of graves be one of our earliest cathedrals, as in a sort it no doubt is, may we not, in the well-nigh obliterated sepulchres around it, see one of the earliest graveyards of our country? Here king and priest, warrior and bard mingle their dust, and sleep together. They have gone down into a land of "deep forgetfulness," for even Tradition has grown weary of her task, and has long since ceased to repeat their names and tell the story of the exploits which doubtless made these names, however forgotten now, famous in their day.

In comparison with these cyclopean structures, which it required only strength, not art, to rear, the grandest temples of Greece and Italy, on which science had lavished her skill, and wealth her treasures, were but as toys. The special charm of the Greek temple was beauty: majesty was the more commanding attribute of the Druidic fane. The snow-white marble, the fluted column, with its graceful volutes and sculptured pediment, the airy grace which clothed it like sunlight, was a thing to fascinate and delight, but in proportion as it did so it conflicted with the spirit of devotion, and lessened the reverence of the worshipper. The stone circle of the Druid, severe, sombre, vast, its roof the open heavens, was a thing to engender awe, and concentrate, not distract the mind. In our judgment our barbarian forefathers had a truer apprehension of the sort of structure in which to worship the Maker of the earth and heavens than the Greeks and Romans had.

We have already stated our deliberate and settled conviction that these monuments were reared for a religious purpose, in short are the earliest fanes ever set up on Scottish or British soil. But the recent discovery of a grand dolmen-centre in the land of Moab offers new and, we think, conclusive proof in support of our opinions. This discovery, moreover, sheds a new and most interesting light on the early history of Scotland, and corroborates the account we have given touching its first settlers, as coming from Eastern lands, and bringing with them this earliest of the forms of worship, while yet in a state of comparative purity.

No reader of the Old Testament needs to be told of the interest that invests Mount Nebo, or to have recalled to his mind the memorable occasion on which that hill was engirdled with altars and seen to blaze with sacrificial fires. Recent discoveries in that locality vividly recall the whole scene as depicted on the sacred page. The scholars of the "Palestine Exploration," enjoying a leisure for investigation which ordinary travellers cannot command, have discovered not fewer than 700 dolmens, standing or overturned, in the territory east of the Jordan. With these were mingled the remains of stone circles. This multitude of ruined shrines in one territory may well astonish us, and yet it is probable that these are only a few out of that great host of similar monuments with which that whole region bristled in former days. One shudders when he thinks of the abyss in which the inhabitants were sunk, as attested by

these relics of a worship at once lewd and bloody. These monuments appear to have been equally numerous of the west of the Jordan before the entrance of the Israelites into Palestine, and if their ruins are there more rarely met with it is owing to the Divine injunction laid on Joshua to utterly destroy these erections and cleanse the land from the fearfully demoralising and debasing practices to which they gave birth.

Mount Nebo, in the land of Moab, was an object of special interest for examination on the part of the members of the "Palestine Exploration" expedition. "Close beside the knob of the mountain they saw," says Captain Conder, "a dolmen standing perfect and unshaken." They found other dolmens on the southern slope of the mountain; and on the west side of Nebo, yet another a little way below the "field of Zophim." This latter lies overturned. There, is, moreover, a rude stone circle on the southern slope of the mountain.[7] Around this very hilltop did Balak rear seven altars, thrice told; may not these be their remains? Here stood "Balaam with the king and princes of Moab beside him," and while the smoke of the sacrifices ascended into heaven, and the dolmen tables ran red with the blood of the slain bullocks, the "son of Beor" looked down on the city of black tents in the gorge at his feet, and obeying an impulse by which his own inclination and wishes were overborne, he broke out into a lofty strain of prophetic blessing where he had hoped to pour forth a torrent of scathing maledictions.

This is the holy place of Moab, and these are the altars of Baal. But in shape, in size, in the method of their construction, in short, in every particular, they are the exact resemblances of the Druidic remains of Scotland. There are races which even at this day raise such structures in connection with religious uses. The tribes of the Khassia hills, the remains of the pre-Aryan inhabitants of India, still continue to erect menhirs.[8] The Arabs worshipped stones before the days of Mohammed: and no traveller can pass through Palestine without having his attention arrested by fields dotted all over with little pyramids of stones, the humble imitations of those statelier monuments which former ages reared for a sacred purpose. The Khonds of Eastern India, the remains of the Dravidians, still employ circles in connection with their worship of the rising sun. They offer at times human sacrifices. This was a common thought horrible practice of the Baal worshipper of ancient days. He

deemed his altar specially honoured when he laid upon it a human victim. Above the blood of bullock his deity delighted, he believed in the blood of man,

The Druids were of opinion that the higher the victim the greater its power to make expiation. On this theory the sacrifice of a human victim was of all others the most efficacious and the most acceptable to the deity. They therefore on occasion offered such, as Caesar and others assure us. It is easy to see what a fearful effect this would have in hardening the heart, and leading to waste and destruction of human life. Lucan tells us that in the forests the stone altars of the Druids were so thick, and the sacrifices so numerous, that the oaks were crimson with the blood. When a great man made atonement it was often with a human victim. Such, however, was generally selected from condemned criminals: but when these were not to be had, a victim was procured for the altar by purchase, or other means. Moloch turned the hearts of his worshippers to stone. In Caledonia, as in Judea, the mother shed no tear when she threw her babe upon the burning pile, nor did the father utter groan when he offered his son to the knife of the Druid. Sigh or tear would have tarnished the glory of the sacrifice.[9]

Nor was a single victim enough for the Druid's altar. He constructed, on occasion, castles of wickerwork, and filling their niches with young children, whose shrieks he drowned in the noise of his musical instruments, he kindled the pile, and offered up all in one mournful and dreadful hetacomb. But human sacrifices are not the reproach of the barbarous races to the exclusion of civilized peoples. It was not the Moabite and Druidic altar only that flowed with the blood of man. These ghastly holocausts were seen among the Greeks and Romans, and that, too, in their most enlightened age. The same city that was the centre of ancient commerce was also the theatre of human sacrifices. The altars of Phoenicia—whence Greece borrowed her letters and arts—smoked with the bodies of infants immolated to Moloch. At Carthage a child was yearly offered in sacrifice, and the custom was continued down to the days of the proconsul Tiberias, who hanged the priests on the trees of their own sacred grove. The rite of human sacrifice was not abolished at Rome, according to Pliny, till B.C. 87. Idolatry at the core is the same in all ages and among every people. It is a thing of untameable malignity,

and unsatiable bloodthirstiness. Despite of arts and letters, and conquest, and all counteracting influences, it hardens the heart, that fountain of life and death, and slowly but inevitably barbarises society. What a difference betwixt the circle of unhewn stones on the Caledonian moor and the marble temples of Greece! What a difference betwixt the unadorned ritual performed in the one, and the graceful and gorgeous ceremonial exhibited in the other! But whatever the people, whether painted barbarians or lettered Greeks, and whatever the shrine, whether a fane of unchiselled blocks, or a temple of snow-white marble idolatry, refusing to be modified, was the same malignant, cruel, and murderous thing in the one as in the other. It was invincibly and eternally at war with the pure affections and the upward aspirations of man. It converted its priests into man slayers, and made the mother the murderess of her own offspring.

Of the old prehistoric stones that linger on moor or in forest of our country, we do not affirm that all are remains of religious or Druidic structures. Some may have been set up to commemorate some important event in the history of a clan or of a family. These are like the memorial-stones of the Patriarchal and Jewish history. But whatever the original use and purpose of these venerable monuments, they have now become, all of them, in very deed, "stones of remembrance," and the sight of them may well move us to thankfulness that the "day-spring" has risen on the night of our country, and that the advent of Christianity, by revealing the "one great sacrifice," has abolished for ever the sacrifice of the Druid

ENDNOTES

1. In Craigmaddie, Stirlingshire, is an enormous Druidical altar or dolman; the top-stone is eighteen feet in length, and three or four feet in thickness. It rests on two perpendicular stones placed triangularly to one another. It is believed to be the largest in Scotland.

2. An Anglo-Saxon name, borrowed from one of the features of the monument, the imposts, or "hanging stones" which are denoted by henge. "The ancient or Cymric name," says Gidley, "appears to have been *Gwaith Emrys*, divine, or immortal." And ancient coin of Tyre has on it two stone pillars with the inscription, "Ambrosiae petrae," ambrosial stones. Stukeley quotes Camden as speaking of a remarkable stone near Penzance, Cornwall, called Main Ambre, or the Ambrosial stone. It

was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers. The ancient name of Stonehenge is preserved probably in the neighbouring town of Amesbury.
3. Diod. Sic., lib. iii. c. 13.
4. Pind. Pyth. x. 30.
5. "Stonehinge itself is enclosed by a double mound or ditch, circular in form; and there is an avenue or approach leading from the northeast; and bounded on each side by a similar mound or ditch. The outer mound is 15 feet high, the ditch nearly 30 feet broad, the whole 1009 feet in circumference, and the avenue 594 yards long. The whole fabric consists of 2 circles and 2 ovals. The outer circle is about 108 feet in diameter, consisting, when entire, of 60 stones, 30 uprights, and 30 imposts, of which remain only 24 uprights, 17 standing and 7 down 3 ½ feet asunder, and 8 imposts. The smaller circle is somewhat more than 8 feet from the inside of the outer one, and consisted of about 30 smaller stones, of which only 19 remain, and 11 standing. The walk between these two circles is 300 feet in circumference. At the upper end of the adytum is the altar, a large slab of blue coarse marble, 20 inches thick, 16 feet long, and 4 broad: pressed down by the weight of the vast stones that have fallen upon it. The whole number of stones when the structure was complete is calculated to have been about 140. The heads of oxen, deer, and other beasts have been found on digging in and about Stonehenge, and human bodies have also been discovered in the circumjacent barrows."—*Encyclopoedia Britannica*, vol. xx. P. 709, eighth edition, Edin., 1860. "At the summer solstice the sun would be seen by one standing on the altar stone to rise over the summit of the bowing stone."—Stonehenge, Rev. L. Gidley, p. 49, Lond., 1873.
6. *Rust*., p. 116.
7. Conder, *Heth and Moab*, pp. 147. 149.
8. Conder, *Heth and Moab*, p. 200.
9. Speaking of the sacrifices of the Druids, Caesar says, "Quod pro vita hominis nisi vita hominis reddatur." And Tacitus says that the first care of the Romans in Britain was "to destroy those groves and woods which the Druids had polluted with so many human victims."

CHAPTER XI.

THE "ALTEINS" OR STONES OF FIRE—BELTINE OR MAYDAY AND MIDSUMMER FESTIVALS.[1]

The names which the first settlers of a country gave to the particular localities which they occupy, are not mere brands, they are significant appellatives. Such were the names of the ancient Palestine. They expressed some quality or incident connected with the town or valley or mountain which bore them, and despite the many masters into whose possession that land has since passed, and the diverse races that have successively peopled it, the aboriginal names still cling to its cities and villages though now in ruins. It is the same with Scotland. Its first inhabitants gave names in their vernacular to the localities where they reared, their wattled dwellings or dug their underground abodes. There have since come new peoples to mix with the ancient population of the land, and a new tongues to displace the original speech of its inhabitants, nevertheless the names given to hamlet and village in olden times are, in numerous instances, they names by which they continue to be known at this day; and these names carry in them the key which unlocks the early history of the place to which they are affixed. Some of these names are simply the footprints of the Druid.

Of these footprints one of the most noted is the term *clachan*. Clachan is a Gaelic word signifying *stones*. From this, which is its primary meaning, it came to denote, secondarily, a stone erection, and, in especial, a stone erection for religious observances. Gaelic lexicographers define "Clachan" to be "a villager or hamlet in which a parish church is situated."[2] Before a hamlet could be promoted to the dignity of a clachan it was required of it that it should possess two things—a stone fabric and a place of public worship. But the curious thing is that in many of these clachans there is not now, nor ever was, a parish church or place of Christian worship of any sort. And farther, these hamlets have held the rank of *clachan* from a date when there was not a stone house in them, and their inhabitants dwelt in mud huts, or in fabrics of wattles. How, they came they by their name of *clachan* or "stones," when they had neither parish church nor stone house. Simply in this way, and only in this way can the name be accounted for, that they had a "stone circle,"

which was their parish church, inasmuch as they assembled in it for the celebration of the rites of Druidism. Hence to go to the "stones" and to go to worship came to mean the same thing. "Going to and from church," says Dr. Jamieson, "and going to and from the clachan are phrases used synonymously."[3] Even till recently this was a usual form of speech in the Highlands, and is probably in use in some parts still. Thus has Druidism left its traces in the language of the people as in the localities.

Altein is another of these footprints. Altein is a name given to certain stones or rocks found in many districts of Scotland, and which are remarkable for their great size, and the reverence in which they are held by the populace, from the tradition that they played an important part in the mysteries transacted in former days. *Altein* is a compound word—*al*, a stone, and *teine*, fire, and so it signifies "the stone of fire." It is corrupted sometimes into Alten, Altens, and Hilton. One of these *alteins*, or "stones of fire," is found in the neighbourhood of Old Aberdeen. It is termed the "Hilton Stone," and stands a mile west of the cathedral, upon what have always been church lands. It is a truly magnificent column of granite, rhomboidal in form, each of its sides a yard in breadth, and measuring from base to top 10 feet. The religious use to which it was destined is certified by the near proximity of two stone circles, each thirty yards in diameter, and having, when entire, eighteen granite columns. The eastern circle remained untouched till 1830. Spared so long by tempests and other and worse agents of destruction, it was demolished in the year just named, and its monoliths broken up and utilised as building materials. The western circle, too, has all but vanished. It is represented at this day by but two stones, standing doubtless, in the position in which Druid placed them long ages ago. When entire, these two granite circles, with the grand rhomboidal "stone of fire" standing betwixt the, would form a tolerable complete Druidic establishment; and thence, not improbably, was borrowed the name of the neighbouring cathedral city, which is often spoken of as the Alten-e-Aberdeen, or, to render the Gaelic appellatives into modern vernacular, *the stone of fire as the city on the mouth of the black river*.[4] Were the dead of seventy generations ago, which sleep in the neighbouring churchyards, to look up, they would describe for us the scenes that were wont to be enacted here, and in which they bore their part. They would paint the eager upturned faces of the crowd that pressed around this "altein" expectant of the fire which,

as they believed, was to fall upon it out of heaven. And not less vividly would they picture the yet greater crowds, that, on high festival days, gathered round these "stone circles," and looked on in silent awe, while the white-robed Druid was going through his rites at the central dolmen. Victim after victim is led forward and slain—mayhap in the number is babe of some poor mother in the crowd, who seeks by this cruel and horrid deed to expiate her sin—and now the altar streams with blood, besmeared are hands and robe of officiating priest, and gory prints speckle the grassy plot which the granite monoliths enclose. The sound of the rude instruments waxes yet louder, till at last their noise drowns the cries of the victim, and the smoke of the sacrifices rises into the sky and hangs its murky wreaths like a black canopy above the landscape.

Altiens are met with in various parts of Scotland. Every locality to which such name is affixed, is marked by its great rocklike stone, on which the fire of Druid was wont to blaze in days long past. Here Druid no longer kindles his fire, but the stone remains as if to bear its testimony to the beliefs and usages of old times. There is the liateine, or stone of fire, in the parish of Belhelvie, corrupted into Leyton. A few miles to the west of Edinburgh is the parish of Liston. The name has a similar derivation and has undergone a similar corruption as Leyton and Alton. Liston is at once the compound and the corruption of *Lias-teine*, and being rendered from the Gaelic into the vernacular, signifies the "stone of firebrands." Thus translated, the name opens a vista into far back ages. It recalls the ceremonies of that eventful night, October 30th, on which as Druidic ordinance enjoined, the fire of every hearth in Scotland, without one exception, had to be extinguished, and the inhabitants of its various districts were to repair to their several "stone of firebrands," at which, on payment of a certain specified sum, they would receive from the hands of officiating Druid a torch kindled at his sacred fire, to carry back to their homes, and therewith rekindle their extinguished hearths.

The stone of Liston,[5] at which this ceremony was wont to be enacted, is nine feet and a half in height. It is to be seen in a field a little to the east of the mansion-house of old Liston, not far from the stone circle and dyke which surround the mound called "Huly Hill." Other and more exciting scenes has this quiet neighbourhood witnessed than the ordinary rural occupations that engross its inhabitants in our day. Here Druid has left

the print of his foot, and it is not difficult, and it may not be unprofitable, to recall the scenes in which he was here pleased to display the extent of his power and the mysteries of his craft, year after year, through long centuries.

The day has again come round. It draws towards evening, the last gleam of sunlight has faded on the summits of the Pentlands, and the shadows begin to lengthen and thicken on the plain at their feet. The gloom is deepened by reason of the absence of those numerous lights which are wont, on other evenings, to flicker out from dwelling and casement on the departure of the day. No lamp must this night burn, no hearth must this night blaze; for so has Druid commanded. And that command has been faithfully obeyed. In every house the inmates have extinguished the brands on their hearth and carefully trodden out the last embers. But it is not in the parish of Liston only that every fire had been extinguished in obedience to Druidic authority. The command is obligatory on every house in Scotland. Not a hearth in all the land is there that is not this night cold and black; nor dare it be rekindled till first the Druid, by his powerful intercessions, has brought fire from heaven. Then only may the kindling glow again brighten hearth and dwelling.

And now comes the more solemn part of the proceedings. From all the hamlets and dwellings around the inhabitants sally forth and wend their way in the dusk of the evening across meadow and stubble-field, or along rural lane, towards that part of the plain where stands the "altein," or stone of firebrands. They carry torches in their hands, if so be, by favour of Druid, they may return with them lighted. They gather round the sacred stone, and await in awe the mysteries that are about to be enacted. A little knot of Druids have preceded them thither, and stand close around the "pillar of firebrands." All is dark—dark around the stone as throughout the whole region. Anon the silence in the crowd is broken by a voice which is heard rising in prayer. It is that of a priest who beseeches Baal to show his acceptance of his worshippers by sending down fire to kindle anew their hearths. He cries yet louder, all the priests joining in the supplication, and lo! Suddenly, a bright and mysterious light is seen to shoot up from the "altein." The flame has come down from the heaven: so do the priest assure the awestruck crowd. Their god is propitious: he has answered by fire. The multitude hail the

omen with shouts and rejoicings.

And now the people press forward around the "altein," and holding out their torches, kindle them at the sacred flame, and bear them in triumph to their several homes. Long lines of twinkling lights may be seen in the darkness moving in the direction of the various villages and cottages, and in a little space every hearth is again ablaze. From every casement the cheerful ray streams out upon the night, and the whole region is once more lighted up with the new holy fire.

These "stones of fire" form a connecting link between the early Caledonia and the ancient Phoenicia. Of this latter country, the pioneer, and to a large extent the instructress of the ancient Caledonians in the mysteries of fire-worship, the capital, Tyre, was as distinguished for its idolatry as for its commerce; and if it transmitted the alphabetic letters invented in Chaldea and Egypt to the western world, it transmitted not less to the Westerns the deities of Asia. These were but secondhand gods, though set forth by the Phoenicians as if they had been the divine aborigines of their famous coast; for the gods and goddesses of paganism start up in different countries with other names. Here Ashtaroth was born rising on her shell from the blue deep. Here her star or thunderbolt fell on the island, which afterwards became the seat of Tyre, and that city never forgot what it owed to her who had given so miraculous a consecration to its soil Here Hercules a local Adonis, reigned supreme. His dog it was that fished up the first murex from the sea, its mouth purpled with the dye. Here Adonis, killed by the wild boar as he hunted in the Lebanon glen, was mourned by Ashtaroth, the Phoenician Venus; and here rejoicing were yearly held in honour of the awakening of Adonis, the Phoenician Tammuz. These festivals of mourning and rejoicing were not restricted to the Phoenicians shore, they crept into the neighbouring country of Judea; hence the women whom Ezekiel saw in the temple "weeping for Tammuz." And here, too, as we have said, rose the altein.

The fire-pillars that blazed at the food of Lebanon burned in honour of the same gods as those that lighted up the straths of Caledonia. Ezekiel speaks of the "stones of Fire" of Tyre, and his description enables us to trace the same ceremonies at the Phoenician *alteins* as we find enacted at the Scottish ones.

When kindled, on the 30th of October, the Druid kept his "altein" alive all the year through till the 30th October again came round. It was then extinguished for a brief space, in order that a new gift of fire might be bestowed by his god. And as was the custom of Scottish Druid, so too, was that of the Phoenician Magus. His fires were kept burning, night and day, all the year round. Ezekiel depicts Tyre as "walking up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. For what purpose? To trim them and keep them alive, least should they be suffered to go out, the gods in whose honour they burned might take offence, and visit the State with calamity. They were guardian fires, and, while they shone, the glory of Tyre was safe, and her rich merchandise, spread over many seas, was guarded from tempest and shipwreck. Compassed about by these guardian fires, her invincible defence as she deemed them, Tyre believed herself secure against overthrow; but the prophets foretold that destruction would find entrance nevertheless, and the crowning feature in the prophecy—so full of magnificence and terror—of her fall, is the extinction of these "alteins," or fires [6]—"I will destroy thee, O covering cherub, from the midst of the stones of fire."[7]

The words of Ezekiel throw light on what was done in old time on the moors of Scotland. They pierce the darkness of long past time, and show us the ceremonies enacted at the "alteins" and stone circles" of Caledonia by our forefathers of three thousand years ago. Hardly can a doubt remain that the "alteins" of early Scotland, and the "firestones" of Phoenicia, were identical as regards to their character and use. We behold the same priests standing by them, and the same rites performed at them. Both were altars to Baal, or Moloch, or the sun-god. In both countries their ruins still remain, though the baleful fires that so often blazed upon them have been long extinct. In Scotland a better light has arisen in their room. On the Phoenician shore the night, alas! Still holds sway; and though there Astarte is no longer worshipped, she has bequeathed her "crescent" as the symbol of a new faith equally false, and even more barbarous.

The great days, or holy seasons of the Druid, still retain their place in our almanacs, and have a shadowy celebration in the observances of our peasantry, at least in some parts of the country. The 1st of May was wont

to be known as Beltane, and to this day figures in our almanacs under this name. It is a festival of Druidic times, and its observance has not wholly ceased even yet. In the neighbourhood of Crieff there are the remains of a Druidic stone-circle, where a number of men and women were wont to assemble every year on the lst. of May. "They light a fire in the centre," says a witness and narrator of the ceremonies; "each person puts a bit of oat cake in a shepherd's bonnet: they all sit down, and draw blindfold a piece from the bonnet. One piece has been previously blackened, and whoever gets that piece has to jump through the fire in the centre of the circle, and pay a forfeit. This is in fact a part of the ancient worship of Baal. Formerly the person on whom the lot fell was burned as a sacrifice. Now, passing through the fire represents the burning, and the payment of a forfeit redeems the victim.[8]

The rites of this festival, as practised in the district of Callandcxer in the end of last century, have been described to us in yet fuller detail by the Rev. John Robertson, minister of that parish. "Upon the first day of May," says Mr. Robertson, "which is called *Beltan*, or Bal-tein day, all the boys in a township or hamlet meet on the moors. They cut a table in the green sod, of a round figure, by casting a trench in the ground of such circumference as to hold the whole company. They kindle a fire, and dress a repast of eggs and milk in the consistence of a custard. They knead a cake of oatmeal, which is toasted at the embers against a stone. After the custard is eaten up, they divide the cake into so many portions, as similar as possible to one another in size and shape as there are persons in the company. They daub one of these portions all over with charcoal, until it be perfectly black. They put all the bits of the cake into a bonnet. Every one, blindfold, draws out a portion. He who holds the bonnet is entitled to the last bit. Whoever draws the black bit, is the *devoted* person who is to be sacrificed to *Baal*, whose favour they mean to implore, in rendering the year productive in substance for man and beast. There is little doubt of these inhuman sacrifices having been once offered in this country, as well as in the east, although they now pass from the act of sacrificing, and only compel the devoted person to leap three times through the flames, with which the ceremonies of this festival are closed." Mr. Robertson adds other facts in which we can clearly trace the rites of sun-worship. "When,," says he, "a highlander goes to bathe, or to drink waters out of a consecrated fountain, he must always approach by going

round the place, from *east to west on the south side*, in imitation of the apparent diurnal motion of the sun. When the dead are laid in the earth, the grave is approached by going round in the same manner. The bride is conducted to her future spouse in the presence of the minister, and the glass goes round a company in the course of the sun. This is called, in the Gaelic, going round the right or the *lucky way*."[8]

Next comes Midsummer. Then again the Druid lighted his fires. Alike on the Chaldean plain and on the moorlands of Caledonia, the summer solstice was a noble and sacred season. In Assyria the midsummer fires blazed in honour of the return from the dead of Adonis or Tammuz.[10]

In Scotland this festival was celebrated with more immediate reference to the harvest, which Baal the sun-god was invoked to bless and ripen. "These midsummer fires and sacrifices," says Toland, "were to obtain a blessing on the fruits of the earth, now becoming ready for gathering, and the last day of October as a thanksgiving for the harvest. . . . It was customary for the lord of the place, or his son, or some other person of distinction, to take the entrails of the sacrificed animals in his hands, and walking barefoot over the coals thrice, after the flames had ceased, to carry them straight to the Druid, who waited in a whole skin at the altar. If the noblemen escaped harmless it was reckoned a good omen, welcomed with loud acclamations; but if he received any hurt, it was deemed unlucky, both the community and himself." "Thus have I seen," adds Toland, "the people running and leaping through the St. John's fires in Ireland—the same midsummer festival—and not only proud of passing unsinged, but, as if it were some kind of *lustration*, thinking themselves in an especial manner blest by the ceremony."[11] It is not in the cities of Phoenicia, nor in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom only, that we see men passing through the fire to Baal; we behold the same ordeal undergone on the soil of our own country, and doubtless in the same belief, even, that in these fires resided a divine efficacy, and that those who passed through them were purified and made holy.

Chambers informs us, in his *Picture of Scotland*,[12] that a fair is held regularly at Peebles on the first Wednesday of May, called the *Beltaine Fair*. It has come in the room of *the feast of the sun*. "To his hour," says Toland (1720), "the lst. of May is by the original Irish called *La*

Bealtine, or the day of the Belan's fair."[13] "These last," May and Midsummer eve, says Owen (1743), "are still continued in Wales without knowing why, but that they found it the custom of their ancestors:" as are those on Midsummer eve "by the Roman Catholics of Ireland," says Toland, "making them in all their grounds, and carrying flaming brands about their cornfields." "This they do," adds he, "likewise all over France, and in some of the Scottish isles."[14] The custom of *passing through the fire* was also observed in these countries. "Two fires," says Toland, "were kindled on May eve in every village of the nation, as well as throughout all Gaul, as well as in Britain, Ireland, and the adjoining lesser islands, between which fires the men and the beasts to be sacrificed were to pass. One of the fires was on the carn, another on the ground. Hence the proverb amongst the people, when speaking of being in a strait between two, of their being between Bel's two fires."[15] "The more ignorant Irish," says Ledwich, "still drive their cattle through these fires as an effectual means of preserving them from future accidents." The identity of these rites with those practised in Phoenicia, and in Judea in its degenerate age, and in lands lying still farther to the east, cannot be mistaken.

As the midsummer festival was one of the more important of the Druidic observances, care was taken that it should be kept punctually as to time. Outside the stone circle it was usual to set up a single upright pillar. This was termed the pointer, and its design was to indicate the arrival of the summer solstice. It stood on the northeast of the circle, and to one standing in the centre of the ring, and looking along the line of the pointer its top would appear to touch that point in the horizon where the sun would be seen to rise on the 22nd of June. When this happened the Druid knew that the moment was come to kindle his midsummer fires. At Avebury the pointer still remains. So, too, at Stennes in Orkney. In Upper Galilee, as we have already said, the White top of Hermon indicates the point of sunrise at midsummer to one standing in the centre of the stone-circles to the west of Tel-el-Kady, the ancient Dan. These stones were the clocks of the Druid: they measured for him the march of the seasons, and enabled him to observe as great exactitude in the kindling of his fires and the celebration of his festivals as the sun—the god in whose honour his sacrifices were offered—in his annual march along the pathway of the zodiac

ENDNOTES

1. We have no intention of constructing a genealogical tree of the gods. Pagan mythology is a truly labyrithic subject. What is the use of expending time and labour in tracing the genealogy and relationships of a class of beings that never existed, and which are the pure invention of the priests and poets of the pagan times? It is true, doubtless, that these deities never existed, but the *belief* of their existence exercised for ages a powerful and fearfully demoralising influence on almost all the nations of the earth. Their ceremonies, moreover, were interwoven with the life and history of the nations, and so furnish light, not unfrequently, by which we are able to explain the past, and to account for the present. Not unworthily, therefore, nor uselessly, have some great scholars devoted their life to researches into this subject. To give even the briefest summary of what they have written on the gods and goddesses of antiquity is here impossible. We mention only a few leading facts—that bare outline of the mythological tree—to enable the reader to understand the allusions tin the test. It is agreed on all hands that the first form of idolatry was the worship of the sun and moon. These were adored as the types of the power and attributes of the Supreme Being. The first seat of this worship was Chaldea. In process of time the Sun came to have his type or representative on earth, to whom divine honours were paid. This was the founder or monarch of Babylon, who was worshipped under the title of Bel or Baal, which signifies the supreme lord. Baal became the supreme god to all the pagan nations, but under a different name in the various countries. He was worshipped as Baal by all the Semitic nations—the Assytians, Arabians, Hittites, Phoenicians &c. By the Greeks he was adored as *Zeus,* and by the Romans as *Jupiter, Apollo, Saturn;* that these are names of the same god has been shown by Selden, "De Dis Syriis." cap. i. p. 123. The wife of Baal was named Beltis, which is the feminine form of the word. She was the Rhea of the Assyrians, the Istar of the Persians, the Astarte and Ashtaroth of the Syrians and Phoenicians, the Venus of the Greeks and Romans. Her worship was widely prevalent. The Jews at times offered cakes to her as the "Queen of Heaven."

2. Drs M'Leod and Dewar. *Dict. Of Gael. Lang.* Word "Clachan." Glasgow, 1831.

3. Jamieson, *Hist. of the Culdees*, p. 27.

4. Not auld town of Aberdeen, but altein-e-Aberdeen. "We never," says

Mr Rust (*Druidism Exhumed*, pp. 50-57), "say Altein-e-Edinburgh, or even Aulton o'Edinburgh, but auld toun o'Edinburgh. The two words *auld* and *town* are never abbreviated into the compound altein or aulton".

5. The term ton (town) may have been added to *lis* or *lios* by the Scotch when the Gaelic meaning of the word was forgotten.

6. Ezekiel, xxviii. 14,16.

7. Phoenicia was a chief seat of fire-worship. The Phoenicians came direct from the primitive seat of this worship, and made their new country a second Chaldea. Herodotus says that they passed over from the Persian Gulf to the Shore of the Mediterranean. The Kaft, says Conder, which are known from the bilingual decree of Canopus to be the Phoenicians, appear on the Egyptian monuments as the neighbours of the Hittites, as early as the 14th century B.C. The term Phoenicians means Lowlanders. They were so named in contrast to Giblites, who occupied the mountain, and were spoken of as mountaineers. They were the founders of Carthage, Cadiz, Marseilles. The fishers on Lake Menzaleh, Port Said, and the Neapolitans are believed to be descended from them.

8. So did Lady Baird, on whose property stood the circle, assure the late Lord John Scott, from whom the Rev. Alex. Joseph of Arbroath had the anecdote. See *The Two Babylons*, by Rev. A. Hislop, p. 148, Edin., 1862. When we mention this work, we do it no more than justice to say that it is one of vast erudition on the subject it discusses. It merits the study of all who wish to understand the structure and genius of pagan mythology with reference to Papal worship.

9. *Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. xi., pp. 620, 621. Edin. 1794. Beltane. We are happy to be able to insert the following note kindly sent us by the accomplished Professor of "Celtic Languages and Literature" in the University of Edinburgh:—

"Beltain—beltane (Bealltainn in modern Gaelic). The attribution to Baal, whether scientific or not, is very old.

"The earliest explanation of the meaning of the work known to me is that given in *Cormac's Glossary* (edited by O'Donovan & Stokes, Calcutta, 1868) (Cormac, 831-903, was prince and bishop of Cashel)—'Belltaine, i.e. bil-ten, i.e. lucky fire, i.e. two fires which Druids used to make with great incantations, and they used to bring cattle (as a safeguard) against the diseases of each year to those fires.'"

10. There are some who find the basis of the whole of the pagan mythology in the early history of the race as recorded in the first pages of the Bible.

The deities of paganism, they hold, are the patriarchs and fathers of mankind exalted to gods, and worshipped under other names (see Bochart), and the traditions, allegories, and mythical narrations respecting them, are disguised or veiled accounts of the services they rendered to their descendants. They hold, too, that the Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, the promise of a Redeemer, and even His death and resurrection, are all set forth and exhibited under the mythical veils which priests and poets have woven around these doctrines and facts. Ingenious and elaborate interpretations have been given of the heathen mythology on these lines. The recent discoveries in Assyria, which show that the early post-diluvian races had a fragmentary traditionary knowledge of the creation, the fall, and the deluge agreeing in substance with the Bible, lends some countenance to this theory, and shows that pagan mythology may not be wholly the product of the craft of priests, and the fancy of poets. But if these things be mythical representations of the great facts of inspired history, and the great doctrines of revelation, they are exhibitions which mystify, invert, desecrate, and utterly darken the facts and doctrines exhibited, and not only do they frustrate the end for which these doctrines exhibited, and not only do they frustrate the end for which these doctrines were given, but they are charged with a meaning and spirit which make them work, out the very opposite end.

11. Toland, *The Druids*, pp.107, 112.
12. Vol. i. 178. Edin., 1827.
13. Toland, pp. 101, 103.
14. Ibid, p. 107.
15. Ibid, p. 104.

CHAPTER XII.

VITRIFIED FORTS—ROCKING-STONES—DRUID'S CIRCLE—NO MAN'S LAND—DIVINATION—GALLOW-HILLS—A YOKE BROKEN.

In our vitrified forts, too, it is possible that we behold a relic of the times and observances of Druidism. This is the likeliest solution of a problem which, after many attempts, still remains unsolved. We know that on a certain night of the year immense bonfires were kindled on the more conspicuous of our hill tops, and the whole country from one end to the other, was lit up with the blaze of these pyres. The intense heat of such immense masses of wood as were consumed on these sites year by year through a series of centuries, must, in process of time have converted the stones and rocks on which they were kindled into a vitrified mass. The idea that theses vitrifications were forts is barely admissible. They occur, with a few exceptions, on mountains which possess no strategical quality, and which were not likely to have been selected in any great plan of national fortification, supporting the natives capable of forming such a scheme of military defence. The undoubted hill-fortresses of Scotland may be traced by hundreds in their still existing remains, but these are of a character wholly different from the antiques of which we are now speaking. The site selected for their erection was some hill of moderate height, standing forward from the chain of mountains that swept along behind it and which overlooked the wide plains and far-extending straths which lay spread out in front. The builders of these strengths, whoever they were, did not seek to fuse the materials with which they worked into a solid mass, they were content to draw around the mountain-tops, which they fortified, a series of concentric walls, broad and strong, constructed of loose stones, with ample space betwixt each circular rampart for the troops to manoeuver. The vitrifications, on the other hand, are scattered over our mountainous districts, with no strategical line binding them together, and in the absence of any conceivable use to be served by them, which would compensate for the toil of dragging up their materials to the elevated sites where they are found, the annual occurrence of a religious observance which, year by year, during a very lengthened period, rekindled on the same spot immense bonfires, presents us with by much the likeliest solution of their origin.

Other vestiges of this early and now fallen superstition are scattered over the face of the country, and a glance at these may help to bring back the image of the time, and strengthen the proof, if it needs further strengthening, that Druidism once dominated in Scotland. Among the more prominent of these are the rocking stones, so termed because the slightest application of force sufficed to set them vibrating. They were huge unhewn rocks, weighing from thirty to fifty tons, hoisted up and placed on the top of another rock, equal to the burden, and so nicely poised as to move at the touch of the finger.

The rocking-stone is not a megalithic curiosity known only to Scotland. It is met with in England and Ireland, and in countries lying far beyond the British seas. When we travel back in time we find mention made of it by writers who flourished twenty centuries ago. Camden speaks of one in Pembrokeshire, Wales, on a sea-cliff, within half a mile of St David's. It is so large, that, says Owen, his informant, "I presume it may exceed the draught of an hundred oxen." It is "mounted upon divers other stones, about a yard in height; it is so equally poised that a man may shake it with one finger."[1] Perhaps the most remarkable is that in Cornwall, called "the Logan Stone," at Treryn Castle, in the parish of St. Levan. It is supposed to weigh ninety tons, yet is so balanced on an immense pile of rocks that "one individual, by placing his back to it, can move it to and fro easily."[2] Rocking-stones are found in Ireland as well as in Cornwall and Wales. Toland regards them as part of the mechanism of Druidism, and so do almost all who have occasion to speak of them whether in ancient or in modern times.

"It was usual," says Byrant, "among the Egyptians to place one vast stone above another for a religious memorial, so equally poised, that the least external force, nay, a breath of wind, would sometimes make them vibrate."[3] Nor did these stones escape the notice of Pliny. "Near Harpasa, a town of Asia," says he, "there stands a dreadful rock, moveable with one finger, the same immovable with the whole body." The motion of so large a body on the application of so slight a force, Photius in his life of Isidore, tells us, formed the subject of some curious discussions. Some attributed the vibrations of the stone to divine power, but others saw in them only the working of a demon.[4] It does not surprise us to find a class

of men so astute as the priests of Druidism quick to perceive the use to which these stones might be turned in the way of supporting their system. The man conscious of guilt when he saw the ponderous mass begin to quiver and tremble the moment he laid his finger upon it, mistaking the mechanical principle, of which he was ignorant, for the presence of the deity to whom his crime was known, would feel constrained to confess his sin.

These stones were termed also Judgment Stones. They were, in fact, the Urim and Thummin of the Druid. They could not be worn on the breast like the oracle of the Jewish priesthood, they were set up in the glen or on the moor and were had recourse to for a divine decision in matters too hard for the determination of a human judge. If one was suspected of treason, or other crime, and there were neither witnesses nor proof to convict him, he was let into the presence of this dumb, awful judge, in whose breast of adamant was locked up the secret of his innocence or his guilt, and according to the response of the oracle, so was the award or doom. If the stone moved when the suspect touched it, he was declared innocent; if it remained obdurately fixed and motionless, alas! For the unhappy man, his guilt was held to be indubitably established. A judge with neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, but in who dwelt a divinity from which no secrets were hidden, had condemned him. From that verdict there was no appeal; as was wont to be said of another judge, who decisions were received as the emanations of divine and infallible knowledge, so was it said of the Duridic Infallibility.

> "Peter has spoken, the cause is decided."
> "Behold you huge
> And unhewn sphere of living adamant
> Which, poised by magic, rests its central weight
> On yonder pointed rock; firm as it seems,
> Such is its strange and virtuous property,
> It moves obsequious to the gentlest touch
> Of him whose breast is pure; but to a traitor,
> Tho' even a giant's prowess nerved his arm,
> It stands as fixed as Snowdon."

A rocking-stone was a quarry in itself, and such stones were dealt with

as such in process of time; that is, they were broken up, and dwelling-houses and farm-steadings were build out of the materials which they so abundantly supplied, and hence, though anciently these rocking-stones were common they are now rare. There was a "rocking" or "judgment" stone at Ardiffery near Boddam. Half a century ago it still existed, and called up images of unhappy persons standing before it, awaiting, trembling and terror their doom. It has now vanished, doubtless under the fore-hammer of the builder. It lives only in the pages of a local antiquary, who describes it as he saw it sixty years ago. "In walking up this solitary glen (Boddam) you come in contact with a very large stone of unhewn granite, and whose dimensions are (as measured on May 1, 1819), 37 feet in circumference and 27 feet over it. . . . .It is placed upon several small blocks of granite, so as to free it entirely from the ground, which must evidently have been done by the hands of men. As there are evident marks of fire close by it, I have every reason to believe it to have been accounted sacred, and a place of worship of the ancient Druids."[5]

By what means these great stones were placed in the position in which we find them is a problem which remains to this day a mystery. The combined strength of a whole parish would hardly have sufficed, one should think, it accomplish such a feat. It is plain that the Druids knew the art of the engineer as well as the science of the astronomer, and possessed appliances for combining, accumulating, and applying force in the transportation of heavy bodies far beyond what we commonly credit them with. They knew the uses before they knew the principles of the mechanical powers, and hence such machines as pulleys, cranes, and inclined planes have been in practice from time immemorial. They could yoke hundreds of oxen, or thousands of men to the car on which these immense masses were conveyed from the spot where they were dug up to the spot where they were to stand; but having dragged them thither, how were these enormous blocks to be lifted into the air" huge, as it were, on a needle's point, and so evenly balanced as to vibrate at the gentlest touch? This would have taxed the resources, and it might be baffled the skill of the mechanist of the present day. And yet, the natives of Scotland could accomplish this feat three thousand years ago! When one thinks of this one is tempted to half believe that the builders of these mighty structures, which war, tempest, and time have not been able even

yet utterly to demolish, did indeed process the magical powers to which they laid claim. The only magic with which they wrought was knowledge; but is it wonderful that the untaught multitude mistook a skill and craft that were so far above their comprehension, and which they saw performing prodigies, for a knowledge wholly supernatural, and, in the awe and terror thus inspired, were willing to accept the manipulations of the Druid for the intimations of the Deity?

The Druid's favourite figure was the circle—another link between Scottish Druidism and the worldwide system of Sun worship. Two things have come down to us from the earliest ages as the most perfect of their kind, seven amongst numbers, and the circle amongst figures. A certain mystic potency was supposed to reside in both. When we turn to the all-prevalent system of sun worship we see at once how this belief arose. Bunsen tells us that the circle was the symbol of the sun.[6] It came thus to be the canonical and orthodox form of all buildings reared for his worship. Wherever we come on the remains of these structures, whether in Asia or Europe, they are seen to be circular. As the Magus performed his incantations within his circle, traced, it might be, on the ground with his staff, so the Druid, when he performed his worship, stood within his ring of cyclopean stones. The spell of the magician was more potent, and the worship of the Druid was more acceptable when done within this charmed enclosure. Nor was it their religious edifices only that were so constructed; almost all their erections were regulated as to shape by their belief that there was in the circle a sacred efficacy. From their barrows on the moor to their dwelling-houses, all were circular. The well-known Pict's house was a circle. And when these huts formed a brough or hamlet, they were so arranged as to form a series of circles. Of this a curious specimen is still to be seen in the north of England. On the slope of a hill in Northumberland, about six miles south of the Tweed, in a district abounding in stone remains of a Druidic character, is a little city in which no man has dwelt these long centuries. As it has been described to us by eye-witnesses, it is a congeries of circular huts, arranged in streets, all of which form circles with a common centre.

We have already spoke of the great days of the Druid, which even so late as the seventeenth century were observed with the old pagan honours by a large portion of the Scottish peasantry; nor has their observance wholly

ceased even in our day. Fires were extinguished and rekindled, arts of divination were practised, and other ceremonies of Druidic times were performed, though in many cases all knowledge of the origin and design of these observances had been lost. "In many parts of the Scottish highlands." Says Dr. Maclachlan, "there are spots round which the dead are borne sunwise in their progress toward the place of sepulture; all these being relics not of a Christian but of a pagan age, and an age in which the sun was an object of worship." "There are places in Scotland where within the memory of living man the *teine eigin*, or 'forced fire,' was lighted once every year by the rubbing of two pieces of wood together, while every fire in the neighbourhood was extinguished in order that they might be lighted anew from this sacred source."[7]

It was accounted unlawful to yoke the plow or to engage in any of the duties of ordinary labour on these festival days; such seasons were passed in idleness, or were devoted to the practice of magical arts. There were, moreover, in various parts of the country, plots of land consecrated to the gods of Druidism, and sacredly guarded from all pollution of spade or plough. Such fields were termed, "the good man's land and the guid man's fauld." No one dared cultivate them for fear of incurring the wrath of the powerful and terrible vengeful imps of Druidism. They lay untilled from century to century, and were viewed with mysterious awe as the trysting-place of familiar spirits, who were supposed to be willing and able to disclose the secrets of futurity to anyone who had the courage to meet them on their own proper territory. So prevalent were these things that we find the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland of 1649 appointing a large Commission of their number to take steps for discouraging and suppressing these superstitious practices. We trace the action of the Commission in the consequent procedure of several of the Kirk Sessions. These courts summoned delinquents before them and enjoined on them the cultivation of fields which had not been turned by the plow from immemorial time, and they required of farmers that they should yoke their carts on the sacred festival of Yule, and of housewives that they should keep their hearth-fire burning on Beltane as on other days.

Arrogance is an unfailing characteristic of all false priesthoods. To be able to open the human breast and read what is passing therein has not

contented such pretenders; they have claimed to open the portals of the future and foretell evens yet to come. Every idolatry has its Vatican or mount of divination. There is an instinctive and ineradicable belief in the race that he to whom the events of tomorrow and the events of a thousand years hence are alike clearly known, can when great ends are to be served, make known to man what is to come to pass hereafter. It is a shallow philosophy that rejects the doctrine of prophecy in its predictive form. The second great Father of the world, before he died, gathered his children, then an undivided and unbroken family around him, and showed them what should befall them in the latter days. The race started on their path with this prophecy burning like a light, and carried it with them in their several dispersions. Their belief in it grew stronger as age by age, they saw it fulfilling itself in their various fortunes; and though the divine gift after the dispersion, remained only the family of Seth—the worshippers of the true God—all nations laid claim to prophecy, and all priesthoods professed to exercise it. The Druids of Britain challenged this gift not less than the wise men of Chaldea, the Magi of Persia, and the priests of Greece. The earliest of our writings, which are the archaeological one, attest the former prevalence in Scotland of this, as well as of all the other forms of divination and soothsaying.

By the help of these archaeological lights we can still identify many of those "high places" to which the Druid went up, that there be might have the future unveiled to himself, and be able to unveil it to others. The "Laws" and "Gallow-hills" scattered here and there all over our country attest by the name they bear that here were the divining places of the priests of the Scottish Baal. The name comes from a Gaelic word, *gea-lia*, which signifies "The Sorcery Stone,"[8] now corrupted into *gallow*. The Gaelic words *gea* (sorcery), and *lia* (a stone) enter into a variety of combinations, and appear in many altered forms, but wherever we light upon them as the names of places we there behold the Druidic brand still uneffaced, though affixed so long ago, and most surely indicating that we are treading on what was once holy ground, and in times remote witnessed the vigils of the astrologer and the incantations of the soothsayer. It must be noted as confirmatory of this etymological interpretation, that these *laws* and *gallow-hills* have the common accompaniment of a neighbourhood abounding in Druidic remains—pillar-stone or remains of circles.

The popular belief regarding these *laws* and *gallow-hills* is that in other days they were places of judgment and of execution,—in short, that here stood the gallows. But this is to mistake the etymological meaning of the name. The term is not gallows-hill and gallows-gate, but gallow-hill and gallow-gate. It is the Celtic *gea-lia*, and not the English vernacular, *gallows*, which is but of yesterday, compared with the olden and venerable word which has been corrupted into a sound so like that it has been mistaken for it. The name was affixed to these places long before the gallows had come into use as an instrument of capital punishment, and sentence of death was carried out on the criminal by the stone weapon, or by the yet more dreadful agency of fire.

In no land, if ancient writers are to be believed, did divination flourish more than in the Britain of the Druid. No, not in Chaldea, where this unholy art arose; nor in Egypt, where it had a second youth; nor in Greece, where stood the world-renowned oracle of Delphi, nor even at Rome where flourished the college of augurs. The soothsayers of Britain were had in not less honour, their oaks were deemed not less sacred, and their oracles were listened to with not less reverence than were the utterances of the same powerful fraternity in classic countries. Nay, it would seem that nowhere did their credit stand so high as in Britain. The testimony of Pliny is very explicit. Speaking of Magism, by which the ancients meant a knowledge of the future, he says, "In Britain at this day it is highly honoured, where the people are so wholly devoted to it, with all reverence and religious observance of ceremonies, that one would think the Persians first learned all their magic from them."[9] So great was the fame of the British diviners that the Roman emperors sometimes consulted them. They rivalled, if they did not eclipse the Greek Pythoness, and the Roman Augur, at least in the homage that waited on them in their own country, and the respect and submission which they extorted from all who visited the island.

The rites which they practised to compel the future to disclose itself to their eye, were similar to those which their brethren abroad—partners in the same dark craft—employed for the same end. They watched the sacrifices, and from the appearance of the entrails divined the good or ill fortune of the offerer. They drew auguries from the flight of birds,

from the cry of fowls, from the appearance of plants, as also from the drawing of lots, and the observation of omens, such as tempests and comets. To these comparatively harmless methods they are said to have added one horrible rite. They took a man, most commonly a criminal, and dealing him a blow above the diaphragm, they slew him at a single stroke, and drew their vaticinations from the posture in which he fell, and the convulsions he underwent in dying. So does Diodorus Siculus relate.[10] To these arts they added, it is probable, a little sleight of hand; and, moreover, possessing considerable skill in medicine, in mechanics, and in astronomy, it is reasonable to suppose that they made us of their superior knowledge to do things, which to the uninstructed and credulous would appear possible only by the aid of supernatural power. His unbounded pretensions being met by the unbounded credence of his votaries, the Druid foretold the issue of battles, the defeat or triumph of heroes, the calamities or blessings that awaited nations—in short, the good or ill success of whatever enterprise of a private or of a public kind, might happen to be on hand.

A truly formidable power it was with which the art of divination armed the Druid. The people among whom he practised his auguries, and who accorded him the most unbounded faith as the possessor of the terrible attributes to which he laid claim, could never very clearly distinguish, we may well believe, between the power to foretell the future, and the power to fix the complexion and character of the future. The prediction of flood, or tempest, or earthquake, or other dire elemental convulsion, and the power to evoke and direct these terrible chastisements, were doubtless, in their imagination, very much mixed up together. They had no clear conceptions of the limits of this mysterious power; or whether indeed, it had boundaries at all. He who could read the stars, for aught they knew, might be able to stay them in their courses, and compel them to do his pleasure. If he should command the ocean to leave its bed and drown their dwellings, would not its waters obey him? If he should summon the tempest, would it not awake at his call? Or if he should lift up his voice to the clouds, would they not straightway rain their hailstones and hurl their thunderbolts upon the disobedient? They saw the Druid, with all the forces, visible and invisible, of nature ready to be marshalled at his biding against all who should dare to disobey or offend him. What a miserable vassalage! And from that vassalage there was no escape.

The earth was but a wide prison, peopled throughout with invisible agents, countless in number, and malign in spirit, whose only employment and delight were to torment the race of man. Nature itself groaned "travailing in pain" under the bondage of this corruption, and waited in "earnest expectation," for the coming of Christianity that it might be brought into the liberty of a purer system. And when at length the Gospel came, and broke the divining rod of the Druid, and purged out the gross defilement of those vengeful deities with which he had peopled earth and air, sea and sky, and tumbled their dark empire—to believer in Druidism no imaginary one—into ruin, what a glorious and blessed emancipation!—not to man only, but also to the earth on which he dwelt. If as some historians say, wailings were heard to issue from the shrines and oracles of paganism, when the cry went forth and resounded along the shores of every island and continent, "great Pan is dead," well might songs and shoutings arise from the Britons when they felt their ancient yoke falling from off their neck, and the thick gloom in which they had so long sat, giving place to the morning light of a better day.

ENDNOTES

1. Camden's *Britannia*, vol. ii. p. 520, Lond. 1789.
2. Stockdale's *Excursions in Cornwall*, p. 69.
3. Bryant, *Anal. Mythol.*, vol. iii., apud Moore, *Hist. of Ireland*, p. 39, Lond. 1835.
4. Vita Isidori, apud Photium, in Moore's *Ireland*, p. 39.
5. Buchan, *Annals of Peterhead*, p. 42.
6. Bunsen's *Egypt*, vol. i., pp. 535, 537.
7. Rev. Dr. Maclachlan, *Early Scottish Church*, pp. 33, 34, Edin. 1866.
8. Rust, *Druidism Exhumed*, p. 63.
9. Plin. *Nat. His.*, lib. xxx. c. i.
10. Dio. Siculus, lib. v. c. 35.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCOTLAND AS SEEN BY AGRICOLA AND DESCRIBED BY TACITUS AND HERODIAN.

After long ages—how many we do not know, for they reach back into the primeval night, and offer us nothing to guide our hesitating steps but the dubious memorials which the poor barbarian has left behind him in cairn and cist—we gladly welcome the rising of the light of history. It is a Roman hand that carries the torch that first illumines our sky, and reveals the face of our country to us. Time has not yet come to its "fulness," nor has the world's grand epoch taken place, yet there on the coast of England is the Roman fleet searching along the shores of Kent for a place of anchorage and disembarkation. The invasion is led by the great Julius in person. That remarkable man, uniting letters with arms, touches no spot of earth on which he does not shed light; alas! Also inflict devastation. He has just set foot on a new shore, and he feels the curiosity of the discoverer as well as the lust of the invader and conqueror. We see him, on the evening after the battle, retiring to his tent, or to his ship, and noting down, in traces rapid and brief, but destined to be ineffaceable, whatever had fallen under his own observation, or had been reported to him by others respecting the appearance of the country, and the manners, opinions, and condition of the barbarians on whose shore he had just hurled his legions.

It is verily no pleasant or flattering picture to which the pen of Caesar introduces us. And the darkness of that picture is deepened by the sharp contrast which so strongly suggests itself betwixt the country of the writer, then just touching the acme of its literary and warlike glory, and the poor country which his pen seeks to portray. That contrast has since that day been most strikingly reversed. But if civilisation and empire have transferred their seat from the country of the polished writer and invincible conqueror to that of the skin-clothed man, on whose neck we see Rome now imposing her yoke, we behold in this no proof, though some might regard it as such, of the fickleness of fortune, and the instability of power and grandeur.

This change of place on the part of the two countries, looked at below

the surface, is, on the contrary, a conspicuous monument of the steadfast and unchangeable working of those laws and forces that determine whether a nation is to go forward or to fall back—forward to empire or backward into slavery. Nations may win battles, or achieve great triumphs in art, but there is a mightier power in the world than either arms or arts, though the Roman knew it not, and statesmen still make but small account of it; and in the stupendous revolution of which we have spoken we trace simply the working of this Power: a power compared with which the strength of the Roman legions was but as weakness: a power, moreover, that crowns itself with far other victories than those which the mistress of the ancient world was wont to celebrate with such magnificence of pomp and haughtiness of spirit, on her Capitol.

It is England rather than Scotland which the invasion of Caesar brings into view. No foot of Roman soldiers, so far as is known, had yet been set down on Scottish soil. Slowly the Roman eagle made its way northward into Caledonia, as if it feared to approach those great mountains, dark with tempests, which nature had placed there as if to form the last impregnable defence of a liberty which Rome was devouring. It was in the year 55 B.C. that Julius Caesar invaded Britain; but it was not till about one hundred and thirty-five years after this, that is, in the year 80 A.D. of our era, that Agricola, leading his legions across the Tweed, brought Scotland for the first time into contact with Rome. All England by this time was comprehended within the limits of the empire, and had become a Roman province. It was dotted with Roman camps, and studded with Roman cities, in which both foreigners and natives were living the life of Italy under a northern sky. England, in a word, was already very thoroughly permeated by those refining but emasculating influences of which Rome was the centre, and which she studied to diffuse in all her provinces as a means of reconciling to her yoke, and of retaining under her sceptre, those countries which her sword had subjugated. But as yet Scotland was untouched by these insidious and enfeebling influences. Roman luxury had not relaxed its barbaric vigour, nor had Roman power tamed its spirit, or curtailed its wild independence. But now its subjugation was begun.

The task of conquering it, however, Agricola found a difficult one. Scotland was not to be so speedily subdued, nor so securely retained, as the level

country of England. The forests were more dense, the swamps more impenetrable, and the mountain strengths more formidable on the north of the Tweed than in the southern country. The natives, moreover, less readily accepted defeat, and though routed and dispersed in battle, they would again renew the attack with revived desperation and in augmented numbers. But Roman disciple and perseverance at last surmounted these obstacles, though neither wholly or permanently. The legions hewed their way into the country, scattering or crushing every living thing that opposed their progress. Advancing from stream to stream, and from one mountain range to another, guarding the passes behind him with camps, erecting forts of observation and defence on the hill tops, throwing bridges across rivers, and lying down lines of roads through forest and moor, and ever presenting a stern front to the natives, who kept retreating before him, unless when at times surprised and slaughtered by his soldiers Agricola held on his way till at last he stood on the shores of the Firth of Forth. Here, in sight of the north hills, the conqueror halted, and drawing a chain of forts across the country from the Forth to the Clyde to repel the attack, or shut out the irruption of the natives still numerous in the country beyond, the Roman general fixed here for the time the boundary of the now overgrown empire of Rome. His future progress northward, and the sanguinary battles it cost him to make good this advance, will fall to be narrated in subsequent chapters. Meanwhile let us pause and look around on the country and the people amid which the triumphs of Agricola have placed both him and us.

Happily for us, in the invasion of Scotland under Julius Agricola, as in the previous invasion of England under Julius Caesar, letters and arms were once more conjoined. Not, however, as before, in the same person, although in the same expedition. Along with this Roman general came his son-in-law, Tacitus, the great historian.[1] While the soldiers, with keen eye scrutinised the strategic points of the country, and determined the movement of the legions, the historian, equally alert, noted down the more prominent and remarkable characteristics of the new region into which they had come, and the peculiar qualities and appearance of the race among which they found themselves. The touches of a feebler pen, especially when engaged on a country so obscure as Scotland then was, would have speedily faded into utter oblivion. The picture produced by the genius of Tacitus, posterity has taken care to preserve. It is vivid,

but not complete or full. To see Scotland as it disclosed itself to the eyes of the two great Romans, it is necessary to fill in the bold outline of the great master with the fragmentary and casual glimpses which we obtain from the pen of other writers, chiefly those which flourished subsequent to the time of Tacitus.

There is a time for countries as for men to be born. Till that time had come to Scotland, the country lay shrouded in night; but now the hour had arrived when the world had need of this land lying far off in the darkness and storms of the Northern Ocean. Jerusalem had newly fallen. The Seer of Patmos was closing the canon of Inspiration. The light, which had been waxing in brightness ever since its first kindling in the morning of time, was now perfected as a revelation or system of truth. It needed to be placed where it could be seen, and where the nations might be able to walk in its radiance. Providence had notified by a terrible event that henceforth it was not to occupy its old site. The city where, till now, it had been enshrined, had been cast down with tragic horror, and the Jews whose glory it had been that they were the keepers of the "holy oracles," were deposed from their great function, and scattered to the four quarters of heaven. The philosophy of Greece, after shedding a false brilliance over that fair land for centuries, had gone out in darkness, never more to be rekindled. And with the failure of Greek philosophy all the wisdom of the previous ages had failed as the great guide of men to happiness; for the schools of Chaldae, of Egypt, of Phoenicia, and of all the earth, had emptied their intellectual treasures into the schools of Greece, that, through Athens, as the embodiment of the world's wisdom, they might make trial to the utmost of what the wisdom of man could do. The answer was a people emasculated and sensuous, and a state enslaved and fallen. Rome, whose name filled the earth, and whose sword had subjugated it, was reeling under the number of her victories, and was fated to sink under the more enormous burden of her ambition and her crimes, and to pull down with her into the ruin of corruption a wisdom not of this world, so far as it had been committed to her keeping. It was as this hour of impending terrible revolution that a new country was summoned out of the darkness to be in Christian times what Judea had been in early days—a lamp of light to the world. Agricola had gone forth on the errand of Caesar, as he believed. He sought only to illustrate the greatness of Rome by adding yet another country to her already too vast dominions.

But in truth he was doing the bidding of a greater than Caesar, who had commissioned him to search in the North Sea, far away from the pride of learning and the pomp of empire, for a savage land and a barbarous people, where Christianity might build up from its foundations an empire of more durable estate and truer glory than that which Rome had succeeded in rearing after ages of intrigue and toil and blood. Neither learning nor the sword could claim any share in the brilliant achievement now to be witnesses in our solitary and barbarous isle. The work would here be seen to be entirely the doing of Christianity, and would remain a monument of its power to the ages to come. With Agricola, we have said, comes the historians of the age, whose pen alone could do justice to the wild country, and draw such a picture of it as the world would keep for ever in its eye, and measure by it the transformation the country was about to undergone, and confess that only one power known to man was able to have effected a change so marvellously vast, brilliant, and beneficent.

Let us mark it well. The Scotland of the age of Tacitus rises on the sight ringed with breakers—"lashed," says the historian, "with the billows of a prodigious sea!" Here it is upheaved in great mountains, there it sinks, into deep and far-retreating straths, and there it opens out into broad plains never burned by the plough, and where neither is sower to be seen in the molient spring, nor reaper in the mellow autumn. The clothing of the surface is various. Here it wears a covering of brown moor, there of shaggy wood. The places not covered by heath or forest lie drowned mostly in reedy swamps and sullen marshes. The sea enters the land by numerous creeks. Arms of ocean intersect in the country, and run in silvery lines far into the interior, up dusky glen, and round the base of dark, rocky mountain, their bright gleam imparting a softening touch to the rugged scenery. The tides flow and ebb along there firths. The rushing floods poured along these narrow channels by the ocean's pressure, so unlike the gentle risings and fallings of the Mediterranean, are a source of wonder to the Romans, who speak, in rhetorical phrase, of the tossing and foaming waters as presenting the picture of a sea-tempest in the heart of the quiet country.[2]

The forests are of Nature's planting. To nature, too, has been a committed the task of rearing them. they have grown wild from primeval time. Their trunks stand close together, their branches overlap and interweave, and

the gloom underneath their matted and tangled boughs is almost like that of night. If any of these great trunks lie overturned, it is the winter's tempest, not the axe, that has laid them low; scarce a branch has been lopped off. In their dark recesses lodge bears, wolves, boars, and other beasts of prey, which find secure and peaceful hiding in their labyrinths and mazes, which even the barbarian hardly knows or dares to track.

To the rivers has been extended the same exemption from man's control which the forests so amply enjoy. The torrents wander at will in the channels which nature had dug for them. No embankment regulates their current or restrains their overflow; and when the skies of winter let fall their contents, the brooks are converted into raging cataracts and the rivers expand into lakes. The devastation they work where they burst their bounds gives but small concern to the natives, for hardly are there any cornfields to drown, although it may happen now and then that herd of cattle, of the old Caledonian breed, are caught in the rising waters and swept off in the flood.

Pathways there are none, save the hunter's or the shepherd's track, which may be seen winding capriciously over hill or across heathy strath, and losing itself in the far-off hazy edge of moorland. No bridge gives passage to the wayfarer over the stream. When the snow melts, or the autumnal rains descend, and the waters are swollen, the traveller swims the flood or wades the ford, and goes on his way over black bog or trackless moor., The roads which are one day to afford the means of communication betwixt the territory of tribe and tribe, and link hamlet to hamlet, await the coming of a future age with its necessities and arts. They are not needed in this, for the hunter disdains their use, and the trader has not yet found his way to a land where there is neither taste to appreciate nor money to purchase his wares.

The seas around the coast are even more solitary than the land. Seldom or never is the white gleam of sail seen upon them. They are vexed with frequent tempests, which, descending upon them from the north, raise their waters in mountainous masses, and hurl them against the shore as if they would drown the land; and even when the tempest has spent its fury and the billows again subside, it is not to sparkle gaily in the light like the seas of southern climes, but to lie sullen and dark, as if they still

harboured their angry mood, and but waited an opportunity of renewing the war against the great rocks that guard the coast. In the long line of its rockbound shore, no beacon light shines out to guide the mariner, and no harbour opens amid the wave to give shelter to his vessel, which driven by the winds, reels onward to inevitable shipwreck. To these very real and formidable dangers, the imagination of the mariner added others, which were only the more alarming that they were vague and unknown. Rumour spoke of the region as overhung by perpetual darkness, and abounding in unknown perils and monsters of dreadful shape; and when the navigator found himself drawing nigh this haunted shore, he put his helm about and bore away to other and safer coasts. "If we trust the description of Procopius, Scotland was the real infernal region of the ancients, to which the souls of the dead passed in Charon's boat from the opposite shore of Germany' and where, of course, Ulysses must have gone to converse with them."[3]

"From earth a night
There of dim clouds ascends, and doubtful light."

Such was the Scotland which presented itself to the eyes of its first invaders, Agricola and Tacitus. What an intense earth-greed must have possessed the Roman when he coveted this poor country!

ENDNOTES

1. The author has assumed that Tacitus accompanies his father-in-law to Britain. This impression, amounting to almost certainty, was produced by his persual of the *Life of Agricola*. In describing the country and its inhabitants, Tacitus takes the attitude of an earwitness. When he speaks of those parts to which Agricola and the legions did not penetrate, he gives us the testimony of others, using the phrase, "they represent," but he drops the phrase when he has occasion to speak of what he himself must have seen, on the supposition that he accompanied the army into Scotland. Referring to former writers who had treated of Britain, he says, "I shall describe anew on the evidence of facts." Moreover, his sketches abound in minute and graphic traits, the picture of the battlefield at the foot of the Grampians, for instance, such as would linger in the memory and flow from the pen of only an earwitness. Since forming this

opinion, the author has been confirmed in it by discovering that Dr. Leonard Schmitz had come to the same conclusion, and on much the same grounds. "In A.D.78, he (Tacitus) married the daughter of Agricola," says he, "and as in the same year the latter proceeded to Britain, it is not unlikely that Tacitus may have accompanied him; for in some parts of the life of Agricola he shows a knowledge of the country which could scarcely have been acquired without seeing it."—*A History of Latin Literature*, by Leonard Schmitz, LL.D., p. 167, Lond. 1877.

2. Tacit., *Vit. Agric*., cap. 10.

3. Pinkerton, *Enquiry into the History of Scotland,* vol. ii. p.50.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CALEDONIANS AS PAINTED BY HERODIAN.

We advance to a darker feature of our country in its first beginnings. The inhabitant was as untamed as his rugged land. Those who occupied the southern half of our island, were, as the fruits of the earlier Roman invasion, a considerable cultivation of the soil was already to be seen, were known by the name of Britons. Those who inhabited the northern division, the men who roamed over the bleak moors and dark hills we have described, were called Caledonians or Picts.[1] The Scots—the contingent thrown in to attemper the general population, and give to it its predominant quality, if not its numerical strength—had not yet arrived in a country which was to bear their name in after ages. The Greek historian Herodian, who has given to our early ancestors a place in his sketches of the campaigns of Severus, may have unduly deepened the shades of his picture. He never was in Britain, and could relate only what others told him of the country and the people. But his descriptions may safely be taken as the portraiture of the Caledonian current at Rome in the age of the Emperor Severus. Herodian paints the men of Caledonia as going naked, only encircling their necks and bellies with iron rings, as others array themselves in ornaments of gold.

Their country, he tells us, abounded in swamps, and the vapours exhaled from these miry places by the heat filled the air with a continual murkiness. The natives traversed their bogs, wading up to the neck in mud, wholly regardless of the discomfort and defilement of person to which they subjected themselves. They had no raiment to soil, and a plunge into the first stream would cleanse their persons. Battle was to them a delight, and the greater the carnage the higher their satisfaction. Helmet and habergeon were unknown to them; protection for their persons they sought none, save a narrow shield of wickerwork covered with cowhide. They carried no weapon into the fight but a javelin or lance, and a sword girded on their naked loins.[2] Their bravery, their contempt of danger, and their recklessness of life, made them no despicable antagonists, even to the legions of Rome. Their flight was sometimes more fatal to the enemy than their attack. The barbarian, burdened only with his few simple accoutrements, skimmed the surface of the quaking bog with agility

and safety, and was soon out of reach of his pursuers, while the Roman soldier, weighed down by his heavy armour, sank in the morass and was held fast, till his comrades came to extricate him, or the foe he was chasing returned to slaughter him. Herodian can hardly conceal his chagrin that these untrained and unclothes warriors should have adopted a mode of fighting so alien to all the established usages of war, and which placed their opponents in so many points at a disadvantage. It was hardly to be expected that the Caledonians would consult the convenience of their haughty invaders or give themselves the least concern whether their mode of defence agreed with or crossed the usages of Rome.[3]

Their appearance, as Herodian has depicted it, must have been uncouth in the extreme. Hardly have we courage to look calmly at the apparition which his pen has conjured up. We are fain to persuade ourselves that the historian has given the rein to his imagination, and produced a picture such as would grace his pages rather than one that would find its likeness on the moors of Caledonia. And yet there must have been some foundation for the statement, otherwise, it would not have been so publicly made by writers of name, and in an age when it was so easy to test its truth. The Caledonians were in the habit, so Herodian assures us, of tattooing their bodies, after the fashion of the New Zealanders and the American Indians of our own day.[4] What we would have accounted a disfigurement they reckoned an embellishment. It cost them no little pains, and some suffering to boot, to effect this ingenious metamorphosis of their persons. By means of a hot iron the Caledonian imprinted upon his limbs the figures of such animals as he was most familiar with, or as he chose to make the symbols or interpreters of his predominating dispositions, much as the knight of our own day blazons on his shield the figures which are most suggestive of the virtues or qualities he is emulous of being thought to possess. The parts of the body touched by the hot iron were rubbed over with the juice of the plant called woad, and this brought out in blue the figures which the iron had imprinted upon the person. We can imagine the barbarian, after completing this strange adornment, surveying himself with no little pride, and thinking how formidable he should look in the eyes of his enemy, blazing all over with the shapes of monstrous and terrible animals. Before going into battle he was careful, we are told, to deepen the colour of these wild figures in order to heighten the terrors of his appearance.[5]

Besides this curious emblazoning, worn on the person, and not after the more convenient fashion of modern times, on the shield, one other circumstance helped to make their aspect savage and terrible. This was their manner of disposing of their hair. Their locks, dark and matted, hung down, shading their faces and clustering on their shoulders. This arrangement served in some sort as a vizor. It may have stood them in some stead on occasion, but it would tend to hide the fire of their eye, and so diminish the terror of their countenance, unless, indeed, when the wind blew aside their locks, or the action of battle momentarily parted them, and then their faces, burning in fury, would gleam out upon the foe.[5]

Strange looking personages, indeed, must these forefathers of ours have been, if their first historians have not done them injustice. Blue men, figured all over from head to heel with the representations of horses, bullocks, wolves, and foxes; traversing their wilds with foot almost as swift as that of the roe and deer which they chased; stalking by the shore of their lakes and their seas in the pride of barbarian independence, disdaining to plow or weave, to dig or plant, their loins begirt with skin of wolf, their long hair streaming in the wind, and their dark features brightening with keen delight when the chase was to begin, or kindling with the fire of a yet fiercer joy when battle was to be joined. Were these uncouth progenitors to look up from their resting places on lonely moor or underneath gray cairn, it is hard to say which would be the more astonished—we or they? We to see the men who went before us, they to behold the men who have come after them: we to behold the Scotland of the first century, they to see—striking contrast—the Scotland of the nineteenth!

ENDNOTES

1. That the Caledonians and Picts were one and the same people is now universally allowed."—Pinkerton, i., 105.
2. "The primitive Celtic dress," says Pinkerton, "was only a skin thrown over the shoulder, and a piece of cloth tied round the middle. Gildas mentions the last as the dress of the Scots or Irish in his time."—Vol. ii. p. 144.

Herodian says, "Tantum scuto angusto lanceaque contenti, proeterea gladio nudis corporibus dependente." Lib. iii. 268.

3. Herodiani Historia Cum Angeli Politiani interpretatione latina, Vindocini, 1665, lib. iii. p. 266-268. Neque enim vestis usum cognoverunt, sed ventrem atque crevicem ferro incingunt: ornamentum id esse, ac divitiarum argumentum existimantes, perinde ut aurum caeteri barbari.

4. The statement of Herodian that the Caledonians painted their bodies, acquires confirmation from the well known passage in Claudian:—

"Ille leves Mauros, nec falso nomine Pictos,
Edomuit."

"He the fleet Moor subdued; and painted Pict
Not falsely named."

And again—

"Ferroque notatas,
Perlegit exanimes Picto moriente figuras."

"They on the bodies of the dying Picts
Saw the rude figures, iron-graved."

5. *Herodiani Historia*, lib. iii. 267. Quin ipsa notanbt corpora pictura varia et omnifariam formis animalium quocirca ne induuntur quidem, videlicet picturam corporis ne adoperiant. Sunt auten belliciosissima gens atque audissima caedis.

6. It does not appear that the name *Pict* was an ancient one, or long continued. It probably came from the Romans. Finding the Caledonian warriors figured over with these strange devices, they would naturally speak of them as *picti*, or painted men.

CHAPTER XV.

CALEDONIAN HOUSES—LAKE DWELLINGS

Let us at this stage bestow a rapid glance on the dwellings of the inhabitants of Scotland during the first centuries of our era. The retrospect on which we now enter will bring under the eye a very different state of things from that existing at this day, and will exhibit as great a contrast between the new periods of our country's history in this particular, as that seen in the details which have just passed under our review.

The Scotland of the nineteenth century is perhaps the most perfect country on the globe. We do not say that it is the grandest: it is the most complete. It combines within its narrow limits every variety of landscape—river, lake, ocean, frith, arable plain, the flourishing wood, the dark hill. It has throned cities, lonely moors where browse the antlered herd, crags where the eagle builds her nest, and summits so lofty that, in certain seasons, the white gleam of the snow is seen upon them all the summer through. Gathered here into narrow space are all the natural beauties which the traveller must elsewhere seek for over vast areas. This is not a judgment springing from a too fond love of country, and an eye unfamiliar with the scenery of other, and what are sometimes called fairer lands. It is a conclusion which has been deliberately come to after a comparison, by personal observation, of Scotland with nearly al the countries of Europe, with, too, the more famous of the lands of Asia, and with some of those of Africa. Without being unjust to these countries, we are entitled to affirm that the landscapes of Scotland have a quiet grace, a picturesque beauty, and a delightful gradation of scenery, from the homely up to the romantic and the grand, not to be met with within the same limits in European or Asiatic countries. But these endowments and attractions are the gift of nature, and the only share man has had in them is that he has helped to develop them by a careful and skillful cultivation of the soil. Not so those other attractions to which we now turn. These are more purely the production of man, and so form a more definite measure of the advance of the inhabitants.

It is the Scotland of the first century to which we return—that which was startled by the news of Agricola's invasion. What a difference betwixt

the edifices of the land from which Agricola had come and those of the country in which he was now arrived. The former was then in its glory. The echoes of the footsteps of the great Caesar, and the eloquent accents of Cicero yet lingered amid its temples and statues. The golden house of Nero crowned the Palatine. The Pantheon, with its room of burnished bronze, had not yet lost its pristine grandeur. The little temple of Vesta, the matchless grace of which twenty centuries have not been able wholly to efface, rose like a white blossom in marble on the banks of the Tiber. The titanic pile of the Colosseum was slowly rising, storey on storey, to its completion. Many a senatorial villa and classic temple gleamed out along the Apennines; and scattered over the plains at their feet were towns and villages without number. Scarcely was there crag or fountain in all that fair land which the art of Greece, working in the marble of Italy, had not adorned with statue or shrine. Or crowned with other architectural glory. Such was the land which the Roman general had left. How different that into which he had come!

At the period of which we speak there was not a stone edifice in all Scotland. None are known to have then existed, for there are no architectural remains which dates so far back as before the age of Agricola. The first masonry the Caledonians saw most probably was the line of Roman wall which stretched across betwixt the Forth and the Clyde. Whether they took their first lesson in stone-building from it we do not know. There were already, and had been before Caesar's time, stone structures in their country; but these were reared in connection with their religion, and were of the same rude and simple kind with the memorial pillars and stone altars which the natives of these lands whence they had come, and whose rites they had brought with them, set up for worship; for history shows that the first labours of man in the department of stone-building were in connection with religion. He finds for his own dwelling a tent, or a cave, or a chamber in the earth, but he erects his altar above ground, and performs his rites in the face of the sun. Such rude temples there were already in Scotland, of which we have already spoken. But though the Caledonians, by some marvelous and as yet unexplained contrivance, demanding skill as well as strength, were able to set up immense blocks as altars of sacrifice, their art did not teach them to construct dwellings for themselves.

Of what sort, then, were the habitations of the early Caledonians? They must needs have shelter from the elements, and they must needs have a place of retreat in which to sleep at night. Their abodes, in sooth, were not greatly superior to those of the animals which they pursued on their mountains. They dug holes in the ground, and in times of war, or during the cold of winter, they burrowed in these subterranean dwellings, as did the Germans of the same age. In times of peace, or in the fine weather of summer, they left their cave in the earth, and lived above ground in rude habitations constructed of wattles and mud, and thatched with reeds of straw, of which we have spoken in a former chapter. From these humble beginnings rose the Scottish cities of the present day. While the capitals of Asia and of other lands have been slowly descending from splendour to ruin, and are now little better than mounds of rubbish, the cities of Scotland, in the same interval, have been rising from the wigwam on the moor, with the cold mist creeping round it, to the queenly metropolis that nestles at the foot of its great rock, which rises crowned with its grey castle, "a poem in stone," looking down on the silvery bosom of the Forth, and the rich plains of the Lothians.

Besides the habitations we have described, the underground cave and the structure of wattles with its roof of thatch, there was another class of dwelling which were common in Scotland. They mark, it is probable, a second stage in the humble architecture of early Scotland, seeing their construction displays a little more ingenuity and mechanical art than the rude structures that preceded them. These are known as lacustrine or lake dwellings, being found on the shores of lakes. This peculiar class of habitations is common to Scotland, with other countries of northern Europe, more especially Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. They are the memorials we are disposed to think, of unsettled times. The swampy ground on which they stood, and the cold air of the lake that overhung them, must have made them unhealthy as places of human habitation, and we can hardly see what could tempt the natives to select such sites, unless the presence of danger, which would make the facilities of defence and escape the first consideration in the choice of a place of abode. In the case of sudden attack, the occupants could cut the passage that connected them with the shore, and insulate their dwelling; and if this did not secure their safety, they could plunge into the waters of the lake, or escape in their canoes.

Abundant materials for the construction of these dwellings were ready to hand. Their builders, shouldering their stone hatchet, or their bronze axe, repaired to the nearest wood, and cut down the trees fittest for their purpose. Dragging the trunks to the lake, they drove in rows of piles, partly on the shore, and partly in the water, and laying the timbers crosswise on the top of the piles, they formed a floor a few feet above the surface of the lake. Over this first flooring they laid a second, consisting of a layer of stones, or paving of flags. This permitted a fire—a welcome arrangement in so damp and comfortless a dwelling—to be kindled, and a little necessary cooking to be done. When we dig down through the soil and turf which have accumulated above these abodes of an ancient time and—ancient people, and lay bare their remains, we find the signs of their former human occupancy clearly traceable in the ashes and charred wood which lie in heaps in the middle of their floors. Mixed with these long extinguished embers are the bones of the horse, the ox, the sheep, the deer, and other animals, the flesh of which served the inhabitants for food. Hand querns are also found, which testify to a little cultivation of the soil, and the use of farinaceous food at their meals.

Among other fragments of these banquets of two thousand years ago, are a few culinary utensils. Some of these are of clay, others of stone. Plenty, rather than elegance, doubtless reigned at these entertainments, yet the presence of these simple vessels shows that a little care had begun to be taken in the preparation of the viands, and that the meals eaten at these tables were not confined to one dish only. Nor was the adornment of the person altogether overlooked. We trace, even in these rude abodes, the presence and pride of female beauty in the little trinkets, such as beads of flint and bronze, which turn up at this day in these ancient heaps of debris. Some of these articles are of Roman workmanship, showing that the lake dwellings continued in use down to a comparatively late period. It only remains to be mentioned, that in the floor of these lacustrine abodes, which stood overlapping the margin of the lake, it was not uncommon to cut a small opening, something like a trap door, through which the fish, as they swam underneath, could be speared and caught, and so a not unwelcome addition made to the dainties of the table.

There was yet another class of lake dwellings of a superior order known

to the Scotland of those days. These distinctly point to times of danger, and show that the desire of safety was a predominant feeling in the selection of these extraordinary retreats. The lake dwellings of which we are now to speak, stood not on the bank, but in the lake itself, at some considerable distance from shore, having the water round and round, broad and deep serving as a moat for their defence. The inmates had access to the land by a long narrow pathway of planks, resting on stakes. This pathway or bridge could be cut on the approach of danger, much as the drawbridge of a castle is lifted in the face of an enemy. When the Caledonians would construct a lacustrine abode of this sort, they selected a low island, or sandbank, covered by the lake to no great depth, and proceeded to set up their structure in the following wise. They first enclosed the site with a row of strong stakes. Outside this paling they constructed a breastwork of timber, consisting of great oak beams, laid horizontally, and having upright stakes mortised into them. Great rounded trunks of trees, piled upon the others, and kept in position by the upright stakes, rose like stone rampart round castle, and completed the fortifications for these lake citadels, which must have been of no contemptible strength.

Within the area enclosed by this wooden rampart was laid first a flooring of logs. Over this were put beams of oak, and given a yet more solid footing to those who lived aboard these places, half castle, half ship, and adapt the floor to their every purpose, there came last of all a pavement of flat stones. On this upper covering was placed the hearth. The walls that rose on these foundations have long since disappeared, but there can be no doubt that they were composed of the same materials, and built up with the same care, which was bestowed on the substructions. The oak forest, as we have said, was the quarry to which the builders of those days had recourse. To fell a tree was an easy matter compared with excavating a block. Had their knowledge of art, or the tools with which they worked enabled them, they would doubtless have reared their lake dwellings of stone. There are such lacustrine fabrics. The same emergency has compelled men to the adoption, in historic times, of the same expedient to which these rude people in far-off ages had recourse. Instead of a Scotch or a Swiss lake, let us take the shallows of the Adriatic. Venice is a superb example of a lacustrine dwelling. The terror of the advancing Goths drove the population of the north of Italy to seek a

refuge in the mud flats at the head of the Adriatic Sea. There they built them a city. Its founders, however, chose, not the oak, but the marble with which to construct their lacustrine palaces, and though Venice still keeps its head above the mud of the Adriatic, it is as really a lacustrine creation as any of the buried lake dwellings of Scotland.

The most perfect specimen of a lake dwelling, or crannog, which as yet has come to light in our country, is that of Lochlea, near Tarbolton, Ayshire. It was excavated in 1879. About forty years before this time the surface of the loch having been lowered by drainage, the site of the crannog became visible in summer time as a small island about seventy-five yards from the southern shore. On a second drainage taking place, the piles of which the crannog was constructed show their heads in a circle of about twenty-five yards in diameter. Running round them there was found, on excavating, a breastwork of stakes and oak beams, in the manner we have already described, as usual in such structures. Within was a flooring of rough planks resting on transverse beams of oak. These were covered atop, near the centre, with a pavement of flat stones, which had been used as a hearth. The goodly dimensions of the fireplace is suggestive of abundance of good cheer, and of numerous retainers or guests. The castle was no hermitage. If such luxuries as grew beyond seas were not to be seen in it, it was amply stored, doubtless, with such fare as was supplied from the lake in which it stood, and the pastures and woods that lined the shore.

This central apartment—the kitchen and the dining-room in one, for the meal was probably eaten in the same chamber in which it was cooked—was farther enclosed by forming a strong breastwork all round the central pavement. Mixed with the ashes on the hearth were found the bones of the usual animals, together with instruments of deer-horn, querns, wooden dishes, spindle whorls, and numerous iron implements and weapons, such as spearheads, knives, dirks, a woodcutter's saw, a mortise-chisel, and similar articles. A long row of stakes, running landwards, showed that a gangway existed by which the inmates could hold communication with the shore. This gangway could be cut with scarce more labour, and in nearly as brief a space, as it takes to life a drawbridge, and when thus severed, the castle was completely insulated. We have been contemplating the remains of structures older, probably, than the foundations of Rome.

Most touching it is to read these simple records of a world which has so utterly passed away—not a world that existed in some far-off region, but one that flourished on the very soil on which we are daily treading, and under the same sky beneath which our modern life is carried on. Our country is a book written all over with antique tales, of loves and hates, of banquets and battles, which were acted and ended before those of which Homer sang were begun. Not a league can we journey, not an acre can we turn up, but we light on another and yet another fragment of this hoary, weather-worn, yet veritable chronicle of the olden land and the olden men.

Beneath the dark surface of Lochar moss lie embedded the skiffs in which the aborigines were wont to traverse its waters—oak-trunks scooped out into canoes by means of fire and a stone hatchet.[1] On the banks of the Clyde the tiny ships of these "ancient mariners" have been dug up in great numbers. A stranded canoe was found beneath old St. Enoch's, Glasgow. Another was dug up at the cross. Others have been exhumed in other quarters of the city, still farther from the present bed of the river. This ancient craft—how different from the iron-clads to be seen at this day on the Clyde!—are of various sizes, from six feet in length by two in width to eighteen feet by six. In those days the waters of the Clyde, instead of flowing between the stone quays, which now confine them, spread out into a noble estuary, from five to ten feet in depth, covering the site of the city, and when the west winds prevailed, lashing with their waves the base of the hill on which now stands the cathedral. It looks a wild dream, and yet it is an indubitably attested fact that fleets of canoes once careered where the streets and churches and business marts of Glasgow are now spread forth, and no inconsiderable part of the commerce of the empire is transacted in our day.

The same magical changes have been wrought along the banks of our other estuaries and rivers. The ocean overflowed the carse lands of Stirling and Falkirk, in an age long past, and the whale gambolled where now the ploughman is seen tracing his furrow in the rich soil. In the same district the yellow corn waves every autumn over buried canoes and the skeletons of sea monsters with harpoons of deerhorn beside them. In the face of the cliff that bounds the carse on the north, at an elevation

to which the tide never rises in our day, is still visible the iron ring to which the fisherman made fast his boat at eve. A broad ocean-frith, bounded by straight lines, struck far up into the country where now the Forth picturesquely winds through hamlets and orchards and cornfields. The valley of the Tay has undergone similar changes, the result of the upheaval of the land, and the consequent lowering of the sea-level around our shores, and of the retreat of the ocean from our estuaries. Hills that once rose steeply from the waters of our friths, have now a belt of delightful plain at their feet, with homesteads and church steeples rising above their woods. The domain of the finny tribes, still sufficiently ample, has been somewhat curtailed thereby, but the acquisition is a valuable one to the inhabitants of the land. The portions thus gifted to Scotland by old ocean are among the best corn-producing and fruit-bearing soils which she possesses. It is farther to be noted that the gift was a late one. The early Caledonian, if we may judge from the signs we have indicated, did not possess these lands. They came after his day, a little while before the advent of civilised man, for he only could profitably use them. It follows that we have a larger and also a richer Scotland than our ancestors knew. For in addition to the moors and mountains, which, though comparatively barren, the Caledonian, nevertheless, dearly loved and battled with a stout heart and a stalwart arm, as the patriotic struggle we are now to relate will clearly show, we at this day possess many thousands of acres of carse lands, which not only contribute largely to fill our barns, but delight the eye, seeing they form our softest and sweetest landscapes

ENDNOTE

1. Wilson, *Prehistoric Scotland*, pp. 30-40. Edin. 1851.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROMAN PERIOD OF BRITAIN—ENGLAND INVADED BY CAESAR, AND SCOTLAND BY AGRICOLA.

Such as we have described it had Scotland been from immemorial time. How impossible at that hour to have formed a true augury of its future! To a visitor from the polished and storied East, what a dismal picture would both the men and the country have presented! A land savage and untamable beyond all the lands of earth! Its air thick with tempest: its surface a bleak expanse of bog and heath and dark forest: a wild sea rolling in upon its harbourless shore: and its inhabitants of aspect even more repulsive than their country: their bodies tattooed all over: their loins begirt with the hide of wolf: their matted locks darkening their faces: brandishing the javelin with dexterity, but disdaining all knowledge of the plough or spade, and scorning acquaintance with an useful art. Here, would the visitor have exclaimed, is a land doomed to irretrievable barbarism! Here is a race whose lot it is to be hewers of wood and drawers of water to the rest of the nations! How astonished would such visitor have been if told that a day would come when his barbarous land would be one of the lights of the world—a fountain of purer knowledge than ever emanated from Greece, and a seat of wider power than Rome wielded, even when she called herself, and was called by others, the mistress of the world. But not as summer cloud settles on a mountain top does glory descend on a nation. It must agonize before it is crowned. A severe discipline, prolonged through centuries, must Scotland undergo, before it can be worthy of so great a destiny.

Not for some time did its preparation for its great future begin. Defended by a stormy strait, and not less by the vague rumours that invested the lonely isle with something of mystery and horror, the first settlers in Britain were long left in undisturbed possession of their country. No one thought it worth his while to invade their quiet, or rob them of their wild independence. The warriors who were overrunning the world, intent on higher conquests, disdained to turn aside to a little country where there were no wealthy cities to spoil, no richly cultivated fields to rob, and where there was just a little fame as wealth to reward the arms of the conqueror. The Mede, the Persian, the Macedonian had successively

passed it over. Not so the fourth great conquering power that arose in the earth. Impelled by that insatiable thirst of dominion which was implanted by Providence for its own high ends, the Roman eagle saw and alighted upon our shores. Henceforward our country belongs to history.

Julius Caesar had frequent occasion to be in Gaul. When residing in Paris, he had heard tell, doubtless, of a wild country in the North Sea that lay only some two hours' sail from the coast of France. It was visited by few, save the adventurous merchants of Gaul, and traders from the Levant, who exchanged with the natives the products of the East for the tin of the Cornish mines. It is even possible, when war or negotiation called him to the coast, that Julius may have seen, in a favourable state of the atmosphere, the chalk cliffs of that island gleaming white across the narrow channel that parted it from the Continent. For Roman to see a spot of earth of which Rome was not mistress, was to have the tormenting thirst of conquest and occupation straightway awakened in him. This island, which rose before him in the blue sea, Caesar resolved to add to the list of countries which had already received the yoke of Rome. Fitting out a fleet of eighty vessels, he crossed the Channel, and arrived before Dover. This was in the year 55 B.C.

Rumours of impending invasion had preceded the fleet across the strait. And now the rumours had become a reality. There were the dreaded galleys of invincible Rome lining their coast. Straightway a forest of barbarian spears bristled along the cliffs that overhung the shore, and thousands of dark faces scowled defiance down upon the invaders. Did they know that the Power to which they offered battle was the same which had conquered the earth? We can fancy a little disdain kindling in the eye of Caesar when he saw the poor barbarians rushing headlong upon the bosses of Rome's buckler. Be this as it may, the great warrior showed unusual hesitation in launching his legions upon the barbarous shore to which he had led them. Though little accustomed to pause in the face of danger, Caesar judged it prudent, in sight of the cliffs and the spears that topped them, to seek a more approachable part of the coast as a point of disembarkation. He gave orders to his fleet to move up channel.

But the fleet limbs of the Britons carried them along the shore faster than the ships could sail eastward. When the galley halted off the flats at

Deal, Caesar saw, to his dismay, that the cloud which had lowered over the cliffs of Dover had shifted, and now hung ominously over that part of the coast where his fleet was moored. A vast and variously armed host, consisting of war chariots, cavalry and foot soldiers, stood prepared to resist the landing of the invaders. To seize this barbarous shore, Caesar saw, would prove a harder task than he had reckoned upon. His soldiers, clad in heavy armour, would have to struggle with the fierce and fearless natives in the sea, and would fight at great disadvantage. While he delayed to give the word to land, the standard-bearer of the tenth legion, by a bold action, decided the fortune of the day. Leaping into the water, he called on the men to follow their eagle. Instantly a torrent of warriors twelve thousand in number, poured down the sides of their vessels, their armour gleaming in the westering sun of an early September day. The Britons, burning with fury, rushed into the tide to oppose their advance. A desperate grapple ensued betwixt the two. The waves were dyed with blood. Many a Briton and Roman went down together in the sea, locked in deadly embrace. But the heavy mass and stubborn valour of the Roman legionaries bore back the undisciplined hordes of the British, and before the sun had gone down, the invaders had made good their footing on shore. Britain was now linked to Rome.

Slowly the Roman eagle made its way into the interior of the country. That power which had trodden down the nations like the mire in the streets, encountered a fiercer resistance in our island than it had experienced in some countries, the inhabitants of which, more perfectly trained to arms, might have been expected to have met the aggressor with a stouter opposition. Caesar had invaded Britain, but it could not be said that he had conquered it, much less that he occupied it. It mattered little to win victories in a country where the conqueror was master of the ground only on which the battle had been fought, and which he might, the next day, have to recover by force of arms. Only to the Thames were the Romans able to hew their way into the land. The corn which was not ripe in the fields, and the bullocks that fed in the meadows, supplied the legions with food. They cut broad pathways through the forests to facilitate their advance. To guard against surprise, they cleared out the wood-built villages and towns that nestled in the forest glades or on the open plain. The palisades of timber that enclosed them went down at the stroke of the Roman axe. The brand and the sword did the rest. It was a horrible

business. An hour or so, and a smoking heap of ashes, soaked with blood, alone remained to show where the Briton had dwelt, and where his young barbarians had played. In the words of Tacitus, "they made a solitude and called it peace." After a year of this inglorious warfare, Caesar grew tired of it, and turned his face towards his own land. Great changes were impending at Rome. The republic was about to pass into the empire; the arms of the legions were needed at home, and the Romans were to taste something of the slavery which they had inflicted on others. On a day in September, before the equinoctial storms had set in, Caesar embarked his soldiers, and set sail across the Channel. It was ten o'clock at night, and the darkness soon hid from his eye that shore to which he had made his first approach just a year before, and which he was now leaving never more to return. "The deified Julius," says Tacitus, "though he scared the natives by a successful engagement, and took possession of the shore, can be considered merely to have discovered, but not appropriated, the island for posterity."[1]

After this, Britain had rest from Roman invasion for the space of ninety-eight years. But if the mailed legionary was not seen in the land all that while, the Italian merchant found his way hither and settled in its cities, Caesar having shown the country to him. Now began to be seen on our soil the early blossoms of commerce, and the first buddings of art. This was a little compensation for the year's calamities which the country had endured from the Roman sword. The reigns of Augustus, of Tiberius, and of Caligula followed, and passed in peace. But our country's discipline was not yet at an end—it was only at its commencement. In the time of the emperor Claudius an effort was made on a greater scale than before to subjugate the country. In A.D. 43, Aulus Plutius was sent to Britain at the head of an army of 50,000 men. He entered the country unopposed. He fought numerous battles, and in the end carried the Roman arms and the Roman yoke from the Straits of Dover to the Tweed. The campaign, which had for its issue the subjugation of England, threw, at the same time, a gleam of glory upon the nation.

When we look back we can discern, through the obscurity of the many centuries which have since elapsed, the colossal figure of the British leader and patriot, Caractacus. This hero, barbarian though he was, nobly stood up against the master of the world for the independence of his

native land. He was worsted in the patriotic struggle, but he manifested in defeat, as in the conflict that preceded it, a magnanimity of soul which contrasted grandly with the essential littleness of the man who had vanquished him. By the strength of the legions, Caractacus was finally driven into the mountains of Wales. Being captured, he was carried in chains to Rome, and exhibited to the servile mob of the capital, along with his wife and daughters, in a triumphal procession. He strode onward along the Via Sacra, wearing his chains as Caesar might have worn his purple. When the procession was over, the captive prince was conducted to the palace on the Palatine, and presented to the emperor. Caractacus is said to have given vent to his wonder, as well he might, that one who was so sumptuously housed, and whom so many fair and mighty realms called master, should have envied him his hut in his far-off native wilds. The dignity with which he bore himself in the imperial presence won the respect of Claudius, and he ordered his chains to be struck off. Did the emperor know, when he gazed on the British chief, that he stood face to face with the representative of that empire which in future days was to succeed his own, and by the beneficence, not less than the vastness of its sway, far eclipse it?

As yet, not a legionary had crossed the Tweed: not an acre of soil did Rome possess in Scotland. Another half century was to pass away before the march of the Roman arms should reach the northern country. The year A.D. 80 was to open a new era to Caledonia. That remote and mountainous land was now to make acquaintance with a power, which, ere it touched our soil, had carried invasion and conquest into almost all quarters of the habitable globe. Scotland was among the last of the countries which was destined to submit her neck to the yoke of that haughty mistress whose own arm, palsied by political and moral corruption, was about to let fall the sceptre of the world.

The general who carried the Roman sword into Scotland, Julius Agricola, was one of the ablest and also one of the most clement which Rome had sent forth on the conquest of Britain. He combined the qualities of the statesman with those of the soldier, and retained by wisdom what he won by valour. Tacitus paints him as a model of military virtue. He was trained to the knowledge of affairs by service in various grades and on many fields. He never shirked hardship or danger. He welcomed labour

as joyfully as other men do rest. He displayed great intrepidity in performing the services assigned him, and equal modesty in speaking of them. Thus he escaped jealousy and attained renown. He shunned pageantry and scorned pleasures, and used his high post, not for his own aggrandisement, but the greater profit of the state. Vigilant, he knew all that went on, and while he rewarded merit, he punished only the graver faults. If at any time he dealt the enemy a heavy blow, he followed it up with offers of peace: thus he was at once severe and conciliatory.[2] Such was the man who now came to subjugate Scotland to the Roman obedience. When we reflect that this portrait was drawn by the pen of his son-in-law, we may be disposed perhaps to make allowance for a little unconscious exaggeration on the part of the historian. But after all deductions, Agricola stood far above the average Roman of his day.

By this time England was included within the pale of Rome. But this did not satisfy the imperial government. The southern province was not secure so long as the more warlike north remained unconquered: the tempest would ever be gathering on the great mountains and rushing down with the destructive fury on the lowlands. Every successive Roman governor who entered Britain had it as his special task and his highest ambition, to conduct the legions to the extreme northern verge of Caledonia, wherever that might be, and affix to his name the much coveted designation of Britannicus. Agricola, of course, came cherishing the same hope which had inspired all his predecessors. Unless he accomplished this conquest he accomplished nothing. He was at the head of a powerful and well-disciplined host; he was versed in the command of armies; he was to meet half armed barbarians, whose jealousies and rivalships made them even more open to attack than their wretched military equipments. It was no unreasonable expectation, therefore, that when he went back to Rome it would be to tell that now at last the limit of the empire on the north was the polar wave. His quarrel lacked but one element of success: it had no foundation in justice.

Before turning his face towards Scotland, he took every precaution least revolt should spring up behind him. He conciliated the southern Britons by equalising and lightening the heavy taxes which his predecessors had imposed upon them. He strove to draw their activities away from arms, and divert them into channels of industry. He embellished their country

with temples and towns. He educated the sons of the chieftains in the accomplishments and arts of Italy, and the British youth now began to use the Roman tongue, and to wear the Roman toga. In these soft indulgences they forgot the hardy exercises of the field. There is a strong undertone of contempt in the words of Tacitus when he describes these changes. "Baths, piazzas, and sumptuous feasts," he says, "Were called by the ignorant people 'civilisation.' They were in reality the elements of slavery."[3]

Having made all safe in his rear, Agricola began his march towards the North. His route lay along the eastern side of the island. We gather from his historian that he signalised the beginning of his march with a stroke of arms. A border tribe, the Ordovices, who had been troublesome to his legions, he punished with extermination. The terror of the blow would travel faster than his standards, and help to open their way. Even before crossing the Tweed he had a presage of the unfamiliar land to which he was advancing in the mountain ridges and deep narrow gullies of what is now known as Northumberland. And even after he had crossed the Tweed, he did not all at once come in contact with the true Caledonian fierceness. He had to fight with the country rather than with the natives. And no better ally could the natives have had. Their country, while it offered shelter to themselves, threw manifold difficulties in the way of the invader. The hills, the rocky glens, the woods, and the morasses were so many ambushes were the Caledonian might lurk, and at any hour of the day or night, spring upon the Romans, entangled in the bog, or caught in the defile. And having delivered their assault, they could evade pursuit and defy attack, by a speedy retreat to the fastnesses known only to themselves. The Roman general saw that the task he had undertaken was one that would test to the uttermost the endurance and bravery of his troops, and exercise all his own wariness and skill. But he dared not turn back before barbarians. He must keep his face turned toward that unknown north, where the Roman eagle had never yet been seen, and to which, therefore, Agricola the more longed to point its flight. Those who submitted experienced a ready clemency: those who opposed had to endure a terrible chastisement. The red prints which the conqueror left behind him, and the terrible rumour that travelled in front of him, opened his way into the land, and without fighting a single battle he reached the summit of the Lammermoors, whence he looked down on the plains of

the Lothians and the waters of the Firth of Forth.

Here was convenient halting place. Nature herself, by drawing a strongly marked line across the country, appeared to say that here Agricola should stop. Two great arms of the sea, the one issuing from the eastern and the other from the western ocean, ran far into the land, cutting the island well nigh in two, and forming, as it were, a southern and a northern Scotland. By joining the two seas by a line of fortresses, Agricola would be able to protect the country behind him, now subject to his arms, and guard against surprise or irruption from the yet unconquered territory in front. Accordingly he constructed, as we have already said, a chain of forts, running from east to west, beginning at Borrowstouness on the Forth, and ending at Bowling Bay, near Dumbarton, on the Clyde. Agricola put garrisons in these forts. They were the first tracing out of that rampart which was erected subsequently on the same tract, and which came to be known as the Wall of Antonine.

The great hills which from this point might be seen towering up in the northern sky, warned Agricola that should he attempt to extend the limits of the empire in that direction, he would encounter far more tremendous obstacles than those over which he had to fight his way to reach the point where he now stood. And the Caledonians, when they reflected on the strength of the power whose soldiers scowled defiance upon them from their forts, might have remained content with the freedom of their mountains, and their exemption from a yoke now borne by their southern neighbours. But considerations of prudence did not weight with either side. The Caledonians grew impatient to recover what of their soil they had lost, and the Romans began to covet what of the country they did not yet possess. Prowling hordes stole down from the highlands of Stirlingshire and Perthshire to espy the weak points in the Roman entrenchment, and take advantage of them. The soldiers in the forts were kept continually upon the alert. Their eye must never be off those hills in the distance, which any moment might send forth from their glens a torrent of warriors to force their line with sudden and headlong rush, and carry slaughter and devastation into the country beyond it. The three years that followed the construction of the rampart were full of surprises, of skirmishes, and battles, which often left the ground on which they were fought, as thickly covered with the bodies of Roman dead as with the

corpses of the slaughtered Caledonians.

The third year of his stay enabled Agricola to enlarge his acquaintance with the country and its tribes. Transporting his army across the Forth he traversed Fife to the banks of the Tay. The expedition left its inglorious traces in huts burned, harvests ravaged to feed the legions, and spots red with the marks of recent skirmish. Tacitus says that "the tribes were devastated." He does not say that they were conquered. In truth, Agricola himself confessed that the expedition was abortive, when next summer—the fourth—he proceeded to construct his famous line of forts, between the Forth and the Clyde, by which, as the historian remarks he "removed the enemy, as it were, into another island."

In the fifth summer, Agricola turned his arms against the tribes of the Argyleshire hills, or scattered along the Ayrshire coast. What provocation they had given, or what advantage he could reap from slaughtering them it is hard to say. It enabled him, however, to report to Rome that he was master of the lonely rocks and gloomy mountains of the western seaboard. The real motive of his western raid, Tactitus hints, was the hope of crossing the sea to Ireland. That island was large. Its soil and climate were excellent. It had numerous harbours, the resort of merchants. It would be an easy conquest; a single legion, Agricola reckoned, would suffice to subdue it. It lay between Britain and Spain, for the geography of the age was not exact, and its occupation would help to consolidate the empire; and, adds, Tacitus, with sarcastic bitterness, "remove the spectacle of liberty from the sight of the Britons.[4]

Meanwhile the eye of the Briton did not need to look so far as across the Irish Channel for the odious spectacle of liberty. That hateful sight was close at hand. The imperial Eagle, having ventured on a short flight to the banks of the Tay, had again retired within the lines of the Forth, leaving the great hills of northern Caledonia, with the free and fierce tribes that inhabited them, untouched by the Roman yoke. Ireland must stand over till the legions had finished with Britain. Agricola again took up the thread of his Caledonian expedition, interrupted for a season by his western episode. He advanced warily, step by step, like one who gropes his way in a difficult country and amid foes of unknown numbers and force. The roads were enfiladed; every wood was suspected as a

possible luring place; an army of half-naked warriors might any moment start up on the hillside, or be vomited forth from the ravine. There came rumours of uprisings from the Grampians. A conquest which appeared so easy when viewed from the distance of Rome, was seen to be full of hazards and difficulties when looked at on the spot.

Agricola called the fleet to his aid, issuing orders that it should operate along with his land forces, and be ready at any moment to render assistance to the legions. He made his galleys sail up the firths, in the hope that a sight so unusual might strike terror into the barbarians, and fill their imaginations with the idea that his ships could sail over mountains—to use Cromwell's phrase, borrowed from Cornelius Nepos—as well as over seas. He explored the harbours on the coast, but was careful to enjoin the fleet never to move so far off as to lose sight of the land army. The ships faithfully obeyed the orders of their general, keeping so close to the marines, as Tacitus informs us, often came ashore to visit their comrades in the camp, and while all three, infantry, cavalry, and marines caroused together, they would entertain one another with tails of the valiant deeds they had done and the wonderful adventures which had befallen them in this strange land "now the 'wilds of the mountain and forest,' now the 'hardships of the storm and the billows' here the 'land and the enemy,' there the 'subject ocean,' were compared with the exaggeration natural to soldiers." [5] So passed the sixth summer of the Roman stay in Caledonia.

Season followed season, and the conquest of northern Britain was not yet accomplished. It is evident that the Roman commander feared to strike a decisive blow. His historian does not admit this in so many words, but the real statement of matters is plain from his statement, that "the native tribes assailed the forts: and spread terror by acting on the offensive; and the timid, with the appearance of being prudent persons, advised a retreat behind the Bodotria (Forth), and to evacuate the country rather than be expelled." The outlook at the moment was decidedly gloomy for the invaders. Nor did an incident which occurred just then help to brighten it. A cohort of Usipii, levied in Germany, was brought over to assist the legions. Not liking the country or the service, it would seem, they broke into mutiny, massacred the centurion and Roman soldiers which had been incorporated with them in order to their being drilled, and again embarked

in their galleys and put to sea. A tragic fate was in store for them on the ocean. Without pilot or chart, they were driven hither and thither at the mercy of the waves. When their provisions failed, they assuaged the pangs of hunger by feeding on the flesh of those of their comrades whom the inexorable lot adjudged to that revolting use. The survivors, after passing through these horrors, were captured by the Frisians and sold as slaves.

The same summer, the seventh if were rightly gather, would have brought with it another and even greater disaster to the Roman arms, if a timely discovery had not warded off the blow. The ninth legion lay encamped within two miles of Loch Leven, and the Caledonians, in whose eyes the prestige of the Romans was waning, resolved to test their invincibility by forcing upon the wager of battle. They planned a night attack on their entrenchment. When the evening fell, veiling the waters of the loch, and the summit of the neighbouring Lomond, there was neither sight nor sound of the enemy. But when the darkness had fully set in, the Caledonians mustered, and stole in silence upon the sleeping camp. Striking down the sentinel, they forced the gateway, poured in a torrent, and threw themselves with fearful suddenness and violence upon the soldiers. The darkness of night hid the fierce struggle betwixt Caledonian and Roman. In the consternation that reigned a terrible slaughter was being enacted in the camp. Not a Roman would have seen the dawn, had not Agricola, informed of what was going on by his scouts, sent his light troops at their utmost speed, to save his legion before it should be exterminated. He himself followed with the legionaries. The shouts of the troops, now arrived at the entrance of the entrenchments, and the gleam of the standards in the early light, made the Caledonians aware that succours had been sent the Romans, and that they were now being assailed in the rear. So far from feeling panic, they turned and confronted the newly arrived troops, and the gateway became the scene of a terrific struggle. The exit was beginning to be blocked up with the bodies of the slain. But the Caledonians, bravely continuing the fight, forced their way out with no great loss, through living and dead, and made their escape to their bogs and fastnesses.

The Romans, who had narrowly escaped what would have been a calamity and disgrace, claimed this affair as a victory. The Caledonians,

on their part, gathered heart and hope from the incident. It showed them that the Roman was not the charmed invincible warrior their fears had painted him, and that it was possible even yet to cast the invader out of their country, or if he should refuse to quit it, to make it his burial-place, and preserve for their sons the freedom which their fathers had transmitted to themselves. The wisdom and method with which they proceeded to make arrangements for continuing their defence were not a little remarkable. They sent messengers through all their mountains with invitations to the clans to meet and confer touching the position of affairs. We gather from the historian of the campaign that the summons met a universal and willing response. The tribes assembled, probably by their delegates, though their place of meeting is not known. The question debated was, of course, submission or war? If they should resolve on submission the way was easy: easy at its beginning, the bitterness would come in the end. But if they should resolve to continue the struggle, they must wage is with united arms. If they should stand apart, tribe from tribe, their great enemy would devour them piecemeal. Their only chance of victory, and with victory escape from slavery, lay in their union. This policy, at once so obvious and so imperative, was adopted. The Caledonians agreed to merge the interest of chief and clan in the mightier interest of country. They buried their feuds, and clans that never met before save to shed each other's blood, now met to embrace and march in united phalanx against the foe. They had learned that they must first conquer themselves would they hope to conquer the Romans. The outcome of all was the formation of a grand confederacy, to which the priests added the sanctions of religion by the offering of public sacrifices. With a not unsympathetic pen does Tacitus record briefly those touching arrangements on the part of this remnant of the nations to withstand a power which had overrun the world.

War being resolved upon, they vigorously set about the adoption of measures for its successful prosecution. We traced in these the superintendence of a mind not unacquainted with military tactics. Some of the Caledonians had gone south to assist the Britons when the Romans invaded them, fearing, as John Major has quaintly put it, that "if the Romans should dine with the Britons, they would sup with the Scots and Picts."[6] In their English campaigns they had acquired a knowledge of strategy which stood them in good service now. They removed their

wives and little ones, and doubtless also their old men, to places of security. They enrolled and armed the youth. They repaired their mountain barriers. They arranged the number of spears which each tribe should place on the field when the day of their great final stand should arrive.[7]

Their mountains were alive throughout with the din of preparations. Every glen rung with the stroke of the craftsman's hammer. The iron war-chariots were being got ready, swords scoured and sharpened, arrows pointed, and flint heads chipped by the thousand. In short, and to express it in a familiar modern phase, "the heather was on fire," And if Agricola will not come to the "Grampians," the Grampians" will go to Agricola.

ENDNOTES

1. Tacitus, *Vita Agricoloe*, c. 13.
2. Tacitus, *Vit. Agric.*, c. 4, 5, 8.
3. Tacitus, *Vit. Agric.*, c. 20, 21.
4. Tacitus, *Vit. Agric.*, c. 24.
5. Tacitus, *Vit. Agric.*, c. 25.
6. Timebant enim omnes ne si Britonibus Romani pranderent, cum Scotis et Pictis caenarent.—*Historia Majoris Britannioe,* per Joannem Majorem, cap. 12, 3d ed., Edin., 1740.
7. Tacitus, V*it. Agric.*, c. 27-29.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF MONS GRAMPIUS

Agricola was aware that a storm was gathering on the north hills. Intelligence had been communicated to him that embassies were passing between tribe and tribe, that chieftains formerly at feud were now knit together on bonds of amity, that thirty thousand armed men were now available, and still recruits were pouring into the native camps, that a combination of the states had been formed, blessed by the priests, and that the Caledonians, their fierce and warlike enthusiasm roused to the highest pitch, were prepared to stake all on a supreme effort for freedom.

This cloud in the north, which was growing bigger every hour, made the Roman commander not a little uneasy. He had now been seven years in Britain, but the Roman arms had been unable to advance beyond the line of the Forth. For five years they had remained stationary. The legions had passed the summer in skirmishes, reaping the inglorious trophies of villages burned, and their inhabitants slaughtered. The tempests of the northern sky had furnished them with an excuse for resting in camp during winter, and refreshing themselves after the toils of the summer campaign. Agricola saw that he could no longer make the war an affair of skirmishes. He must attempt operations on a larger scale. He must strike a blow for the subjugation of the whole of Caledonia, otherwise he should find himself overpowered by numbers and be driven out of the country.[1]

Accordingly, forming his army into three divisions, and commanding his fleet to cruise on the coast, and strike terror by devastating the parts within its reach, he began his march to the north. He traversed the territory lying betwixt the Forth and the Tay, without, so far as appears, seeing the enemy or meeting opposition. As the legions climbed Moncreiff Hill—for it lay upon their route—they had their first view of the valley of the Tay. As they beheld the strath running far to the north, with the Tay issuing from the bosom of the distant Grampians, much as the Tiber appears to do from the Sabines to one looking from the Capitol at Rome, the soldiers burst out in the exclamation, so often attributed to them since, *Ecce Tiberim!* For the valley of the Tay, in its general arrangements of city, river, and mountains is the valley of the Tiber over again—but

without its sky. There is one other point of difference betwixt the two. The Tay rolls along in a crystal clearness, which the Tiber, as it issues from Etrurian fountain, and sweeps onward through the Clitumnus vale with "yellow wave," might well envy.

Beyond the Tay, stretching almost from side to side of Scotland, is the "Great Strath," bounded on the south by the Sidlaws—soft as Apennine—and walled in on the north by the lofty Grampians. Across this plain lay the march of the legions. The Romans might a second time have exclaimed, *Ecce Campaniam*, for the region they were now traversing, the modern Strathmore, in the vastness of its open bosom, and the magnificence of its mountain boundary, may not unworthily be compared with the great champaign around the eternal city—another Campania, but without its "Rome," and also without that rich garniture of Patrician villa and olive-grove which clothed the Italian plain in the days of the Romans. Somewhere on the northern boundary of this great Strath, where the level ground merges with the hills, at a place which Tacitus designates "Mons Grampius," the Caledonians had assembled their forces, and there waited for Agricola in the resolution of offering him battle. The historian does not identify the locality where this first great Scottish battle was fought, beyond placing it at the foot of the Grampian chain. It has been the subject of many conjectures since. The long line of country, extending from the Tay to the shores of the German Ocean, has been anxiously but fruitlessly searched, if haply a spot could be found that fulfils all the conditions of the famous "Mons." Some have found this battlefield, as they believed, at Ardoch, on the north slope of the Ochils, near Dunblance. Their reason for fixing on a spot so far from the Grampian chain is that at Ardoch there occurs the most perfect example of a Roman camp that is to be seen in all Scotland: an excellent reason for concluding that the Romans were here, but no proof that here they engaged the Caledonians. Besides, the stay of a night, or even of a few nights, would hardly have resulted in the construction of entrenchments, which, after eighteen centuries, would be found so complete and beautiful as are the Roman remains at Ardoch.

Others have found the site of this famous battle on the plain between Meigle and Dunkeld, near the foot of the mountains. Others place the *Mons Grampius* of the historian far to the eastward at Fettercairn above Laurencekirk. There the Grampians swell up into lofty rolling masses,

and by a long descent merge into the plain. The supporters of this view rest it mainly on the statement of the historian, that the battle was fought in the sight of the ships. This however, is rather the inference of historians than the statement of Tacitus, who only says that the fleet kept pace with the advance of the army. The ships could not have been in sight at either of the first two mentioned places, unless, indeed, the fleet had sailed up the Tay. But if the action took place toward the eastern extremity of the Grampian chain, the German Sea would be on the right flank of the Roman army, and ships moored off the shore would be quite in sight. Agricola had given orders for the fleet to sail along the coast northwards, keeping equal pace with the progress of his troops on land, to give, if need be, mutual succour. After the battle the army fell back, as we shall see, on its line of fortresses, but the ships held on their way to the north, and entering the Pentland Firth, sailed westward into the Atlantic. The discovery that followed belongs to peace rather than to war.

"By Agricola's order," says Tacitus, "The Roman fleet sailed round the northern point, and made the first certain discovery that Britain was an island. The cluster of islands called the Orcades, till then wholly unknown, was in this expedition added to the Roman empire. Thule, which had lain concealed in the gloom of winter and a depth of eternal snows, was also seen by our navigators."[2]

Every hour the tide of war was rolling nearer to the foot of the great mountains. From the tops of their frontier hills the Caledonians looked down on the great strath at their feet, and watched the progress of the armed host across it. Goodlier sight, yet one more terrible, had never before greeted their eyes. They had seen their clans go forth to battle, armed with the simple weapons which their limited knowledge of art had taught them to fabricate. But here was war in all the panoply and pomp with which Rome, in the noon of her power, was accustomed to carry it on. Here were her cohorts, marshalled under their ensigns and eagles, clad in the panoply of mail, the gleam of their brazen shields lighting up the moors through which their track lay with an unusual but terrible spendour. To the Caledonians how inscrutable the motive which had brought these men from a country whose plains poured out corn and whose hills were purple with the grape, to the very ends of the earth, to a land of nakedness and hunger, where no glory was to be won by conquest,

and no profit was to be reaped from possession! But whatever the motives or hopes of the invaders, to the Caledonian, his brown moors and naked hills were dear, and he was prepared to defend them to the last drop of his blood. The signal is given from the hilltop that the enemy is near. It flashes quickly along the whole Grampian chain, from where Ben More lifts its giant head in the west, to where the range sinks into the German Sea on the east.

The summons finds the warrior tribes not unprepared. From the shore of dark lake, from the recesses of deep glen, from moor and wood, the sons of the mountain hurry forth to meet and measure swords with the invaders of their native land. Gathering in marshalled ranks on the plain, their great hills towering behind them, they stand fact to face with the legions of Rome. The chief takes his place at the head of his tribe. For lacking control, and left to itself, the wild valour of the mountains, like the tempests that gather and burst on their summits, would have dashed itself against the mail-clad phalanxes, and been annihilated. The supreme command of the confederate Caledonian tribes was assumed by a leader whom history has handed down to us by the name of Galgacus. The pen of Tacitus has ascribed to him the glory of valour and the virtue of patriotism. A stout and patriotic heart he must in very deed have possessed, to stand up at the head of his half-naked warriors against the conquerors of the world, and do battle for the dark mountains and heathery straths in his rear, and which were all that was now left of him of his once free native land. This first of Scottish heroes—the pioneer of the Wallace and the Bruce of an after-age—appears for a moment, and passes almost entirely out of view. We hear little of him after the battle in which he lost victory but not honour.

The Caledonian army was thirty thousand strong. So does Tacitus say, repeating, probably, the rough guess of his father-in-law Agricola. The Romans were twenty-six thousand; and their number would be known to a man. Numerically the two hosts were not very equally matched; but in point of discipline, and especially of equipments the overwhelming superiority lay with the Romans; and when one thought of the vast disparity between the two armies in this respect, it was not difficult to forecast the nature of the tidings which would fly fast and far through glen and strath at the close of the day. Meanwhile, the muster for battle

goes on with spirit. The Caledonians will go back to their hills as victors, or they will die on the moor on which they stand.

There is an open space between the two armies, and the Caledonians take advantage of it, before battle is joined, to show off their war chariots in the presence of the Romans. It is an early and eastern mode of fighting, which one hardly expects to find practised in Agricola's day, at the foot of the Grampians. Yet so it was. The Caledonians fight after the same fashion as the heroes before Troy. They fight as did the five kings of Syria when they crossed Mount Hermon in their war chariots, and assembled by the waters of Merom, to do battle with Joshua. The country is rough: probably there are no roads: but the nature of the surface has been taken into account in the construction of these cars. The wheel is a disk of metal, it is fixed on a revolving axile-tree, and the seat is placed between the two wheels. The machine, skillfully handled, could be driven with great rapidity over uneven ground, with but small risk of being upset. The chariots flashed to and fro in the open ground in presence of the armies, the chief acting as charioteer, and the combatants seated in the car. To see their sharp, naked scythes projecting from the axle and glittering in the sun, one could imagine with a shudder the red furrow they would plough in the packed ranks of battle, driven swiftly over the field. But in actual fight these war chariots lost much of their terrors. A thrust of the sword or of the spear brought the steeds, to which they were yoked, brought them the ground, and the chariot with its apparatus of slaughter lay stranded on the battlefield. The Roman soldiers, it is probable, contemplated this exhibition with more of curiosity than of dismay. They had encountered these engines of destruction in eastern campaigns, and knew that they were not altogether so formidable as they looked.

It was the recognised duty of the historian in those days not to permit battle to be joined till first the leaders on both sides had, in fitting phrase, harangued their troops. Tacitus gives us the speeches delivered on this occasion by Agricola to the legions, and by Galgacus to the Caledonians. He does not state in what language the latter spoke, or who reported and interpreted his words to him, but nothing could be finer or more fitting than the speech of the barbarian leader to his soldiers. In terse, yet burning words, Galgacus denounces the ambition of Rome, and paints

the miserable condition of the nations enslaved to her yoke: a condition, he adds, which they, the noblest of all the Britons, had never beheld, much less undergone.[3] "There is now no nation beyond us," continues the Caledonian leader, "nothing save the billows and the rocks, and the Romans, still more savage, whose tyranny you will in vain appease by submission and concession. The devastators of the earth, when the land has failed to suffice their universal ravages, they explore even the ocean. If an enemy be wealthy, they are covetous; if he be poor, they become ambitious. Neither East nor West has contented them. Alone, of all men, they covet with equal rapacity the rich and the needy. Plunder, murder, and robbery, under false pretences they call 'empire,' and when they make a wilderness, they call it 'peace."[4]

Tacitus himself might have pronounced this oration in the Forum. He could not in terser phrase or in more burning words have denounced the crimes of an empire which, built up in blood, was spreading effeminacy and serfdom over the earth. And had he ventured on so scathing a denunciation, the nations, east and west, would have clanked their chains in sympathetic response. But not a syllable of all this does any one at that hour have uttered at Rome. If spoken but in a whisper, its echoes would speedily have reached the ear of the gloomy Domitian in the Palatine, and before the sound of the last words had died away, the head of the speaker would have rolled on the floor of the Mamertine. Tacitus, therefore, puts the speech into the mouth of Galgacus, and thunders it forth to the world from the foot of the Grampians.

Agricola also addressed his soldiers. His speech was that of a general who contends for conquest alone. It is more remarkable for the topics which are left out than for those which the speaker introduces and dwells upon. It was hardly possible for the Roman soldier to feel the sentiment of patriotism. He fought not for country but for the world—for his empire embraced the world—and this object was far too vast and vague to awaken or sustain patriotism: and Agricola made no appeal to a feeling which he knew did not exist in his soldiers. The uppermost idea in the mind of a Roman, and the phrase that came readiest to his lips, was the greatness and glory of Rome. It was this that formed the keynote of Agricola's address to his army. He flatters their pride, by glancing back on the toils of their past marches, so patiently borne, and the glory of their many

victories, so bravely won. He next turns to the battle about to be joined, and holds out the hope of a victory by a consideration not very complimentary, one should think, to their courage, even that the bravest of the Caledonians were now in the grave, slain by the Roman sword, and that there remained only the feeble and the timid; one great day more, and the perils of the campaign would be ended, and the limits of the empire would be completed by the inclusion of the territory on the north of the hills at the foot of which they stood, and which was almost the only portion of the habitable globe over which Rome did not sway her sceptre. The speech, Tacitus adds, fired the soldiers, and they flew at once to arms.[5]

The two armies were now drawn up in order of battle. Agricola formed his soldiers into two lines. The first consisted of auxiliary infantry, with three thousand horse disposed as wings. The second line was formed of the Roman legionaries, the flower of his army; for it was a maxim of the Romans in their wars to expose their foreign troops to the brunt of battle, and while lavish of the blood of the mercenary, to be sparing of that of the Roman soldier. It was a proud boast when a general could say that he had won a battle without the loss of so much as one native life. The main body of the Caledonian army was drawn up on the plain in front of the Romans. The reserves were stationed on the heights behind, rising row on row, and overlooking the scene of action. They were to watch the progress of the battle, and, at the critical moment, rush down and decide the fortune of the day.

At its commencement the battle was waged from a distance. The Caledonians let fly showers of flint arrowheads, and the Romans replied by a discharge of their missiles, which however, were less effective than the "dense volleys" of the enemy. Galled by the shower of flints, the Romans were losing in the fight. When Agricola perceived that his men were giving way, he ordered three cohorts of Batavians and two of Tungrians to close with the foe and bring the encounter to the sword. The Caledonians met them, shouting their war-cry, but the change in the battle placed them at great disadvantage. They carried long swords, the downward stroke of which did terrible execution, but at quarters the length of the weapon made is unserviceable. It got entangled and could not be easily raised to deal a second stroke, and having no point it was

useless to thrust with. His little round shield, moreover, left great parts of the body of the Caledonian exposed to the weapon of his adversary. What made the conditions of the fight more unfavourable for the Caledonian, was that the armour of the Roman legionary was admirably adapted for a hand to hand encounter. He always carried into battle a short, sharp sword; he covered his person with a large oblong shield, and when the Caledonian approached him with his long sword, the Roman received the weapon in its murderous descent on the rim of his brazen buckler, and before his adversary had time to repeat the blow, he had despatched him with his sharp dagger-like sword. From the moment that the fight became a close one, the chances were against the native army: for what availed the brawny hand of the Caledonian when the weapon that filled it was so ill adapted to its work. That was no equal combat in which half-armed and half-naked men contended with mailed legionaries, whose daily work was battle, and who fought with what we should now style "weapons of precision."

The fight was fierce and sanguinary, and went on hour after hour. The Batavians, dashing the knobs of their bucklers in the faces of the Caledonians, and stabbing them with their short swords, forced them back over the dead-encumbered plain towards the hills. Other cohorts, catching the fury of the Batavians, rushed to that part of the field, and throwing themselves on the ranks of the hill men, and striking with sword and buckler, increased the butchery. Pressing forward in their eagerness for victory, they bore to the earth, and left in their rear, numbers who had received no hurt from the sword. To increase the confusion, the chariots became entangled with the masses of fighting infantry, and the affrighted horses, left without charioteers, careered wildly over the field, their terrible scythes mowing down friend and foe along their blood-marked track[6]

The reserves posted on the heights had been quiet observers of the fight so far. But now they rushed down with intent to outflank the Romans and assail them on the rear. If they had been able to execute their manoeuver, they might even yet have retrieved the fortunes of the day. But Agricola had foreseen and provided against this contingency. Four battalions of cavalry, kept in reserve till this moment, met them as they advanced, and put them to rout. And now the Roman general had recourse to the same

stratagem which the Caledonians had attempted against himself. He ordered the wings of the van to push forward past the flanks of the Caledonian host, and fall upon its rear, thus enclosing it before and behind with walls of steel. "And now," says the historian of the battle, "a strange and awful scene presented itself on the open plain. They pursued, they stabbed, they made prisoners, and ever as a new relay of captives were brought in, the former batch was put to the sword. Here a company of armed men would be seen in flight, there unarmed natives, not knowing what they did, would charge the foe and rush upon death. Weapons and bodies and mangled limbs lay everywhere, and the ground ran with blood."[7]

The day was lost. Overpowered and broken the Caledonians now began to leave the field, where they had so stoutly resisted, but where further resistance was vain. The soaked plain behind them, steaming with fresh, warm gore, and dotted with ghastly heaps of stiffened corpses, of bodies still palpitating with life, of dissevered limbs, broken swords shivered lances, and the multifarious wreck of battle, showing where the fiercest struggles had taken place, was an awful monument of the bravery of the men who had dared to battle with Rome for country and liberty. "Barbarians!" So did the Romans call the men whose corpses lay strewed upon the red moor. It might be so, yet their haughty foe could not withhold from them the tribute of heroism and the higher praise of patriotism.

There are few now who will have much difficulty in deciding which of the two, the barbarian of the Grampians, or the imperial slayer from the banks of the Tiber, was the nobler being. Those who could make such a stand for their fathers' graves and their children's homes, showed that they had elements in them which needed only to be disciplined and developed to take the place in the world now occupied by those who were trampling them down as if they were the vilest and most worthless of the nations. Had Agricola encountered on the south of the Tweed anything like the obstinate valour that met him on this moor, neither he nor his soldiers would ever have got within sight of those mountains at the base of which they offered this smoking holocaust to Rome.

The flight of the Caledonians was now general. They could flee but in one direction, to their great hills even, the woods and glens of which

offered them escape from the sword of their cruel foe. The Romans followed them, but they were severely punished for their temerity; for the fugitives would turn suddenly at times on detached parties of their pursuers, and cut them off. Night fell, and the darkness put an end to the carnage on both sides, the Romans desisting from the pursuit, and the survivors of the Caledonian host making their way without further molestation to their mountain fastnesses. Tacitus says that they left ten thousand dead on the field and in the flight, and that the loss of the Romans was three hundred and forty men.[8] The difference of numbers is startling, even making allowance for the great inferiority of weapons on the part of the Caledonians, and we have great difficulty in believing that the numbers have not been diminished on the side of the victors. In a hand-to-hand encounter, lasting for many hours, it could hardly be that the loss was so unequal. The Caledonian dead would, of course, not be counted, but only roughly guessed at; but if half the number the historian says lay on the field, what a trophy, ghastly yet noble, of the resolution and devotion of the natives, and, alas! What a sumptuous banquet for the wolves of the woods and the eagles of the hills!

Agricola and his men passed the night on the battlefield. The general was not able to assure himself that the victory was his, or that the battle might not have to be renewed on the morrow. With ten thousand of the enemy dead around him, and his own army comparatively intact, one would have thought that he would have felt more at his ease. But the terror of the Caledonians was still upon him. But if the general was anxious, his soldiers were not so. Tacitus tells us that the camp was a scene of jubilation. The victory had brought the soldiers store of booty, and as regards the horrors around them, they were accustomed to such sights, and had learned to regard them with indifference. Nevertheless, despite the elation of the camp, the historian hints that the hours of the night were made doleful with "the mingled lamentations of men and women," who stole back to the field to search for and carry off their dead or wounded relatives. With the first gleam of dawn on the summit of the Grampians, these mourners desisted from their melancholy task, and vanished. When day fully broke, "it disclosed," says the historian, "more broadly the features of the victory: the silence of desolation all round, the lonely hills, the smoking ruins in the distance, and no human being visible to the scouts."[9]

The silence that brooded around Agricola's camp, so emphatically marked by the historian, was deep, doubtless, and it would be felt to be all the deeper by contrast with the shouts, the clash of arms, and the shrieks of terror of pain with which it had rung the day before. Now that terrible noise had subsided into a yet more terrible stillness. The dead were at rest. The wounded! had they, too, ceased to moan? And the wolves, that already scented the corpses, were they, too, creeping stealthily down from the hills, and gathering in silence round the feast the Roman sword had prepared for them? But what of the shielings on moor and edge of loch, or by mountain torrent, from which these stalwart forms had come, that now lay still and stark on this field of death? Was there silence, too, in these dwellings? Alas! loud and bitter must have been the wail of mother and wife in the glens and straths of the great mountains, when, instead of the loved ones for whose return they waited, there came tidings of the great slaughter. But that cry of agony and woe was too far off to be heard by Agricola, and too far off to startle the ear of the wearer of the purple at Rome.

This was the first of the historic battles of Scotland, and it is interesting to reflect that it has been described to us by the pen of the prince of Roman historians.[10] Of the many fields stricken on Scottish soil during the eighteen centuries that have since elapsed, few have been so bloody as this one. But this blood was not shed in vain: it bore fruit in the centuries that followed. The ruthless slaughter of that day burned into the soul of the Caledonians a sense of wrong, and a hatred of the Roman name, which made it impossible it should ever be repeated by Roman sword. Its remembrance nerved them to resistance, and not unsuccessful resistance, in the campaigns of Severus. A mightier host—it was more than double the number of Agricola's—did that emperor lead against them. He had come, too, after great preparations, and with the firm determination to subdue them. But the dark day at the foot of the Grampians was still fresh in their memory, and nothing daunted by the mailed legions, and the terrible threats of Severus, who offered them the bitter alternative of submission to the Roman yoke, or extermination by the Roman sword, they concerted their plans, and patient as well as fierce, wise as well as brave, they perserveringly carried them out, and in the end completely baffled the invader. The land he had come to subdue

became the grave of his army.

And farther, the triumph of Agricola—won after this bloody fashion—taught a great and much needed lesson to the Caledonians, and started them upon a new career. When the Roman fleet appeared on their coast, and the Roman army marched into their country, they were fermenting and consuming in the miserable and inglorious quarrels of tribe. The apparition of this terrible Power woke them up to a sense of their madness and danger. They saw that the cause of country was greater than the cause of tribe. They hushed the din of their wretched rivalries and petty feuds, and reserved their blood for worthier contests and nobler aims. The sight of the legions did not appall them; it but sobered and united them; it evoked the instinctive fierceness and valour of the race, and they rose up, no longer an assemblage of clans, but a nation, and, uniting their hearts and their arms, they stood for their country against an enemy of tremendous strength, and of pitiless as boundless ambition. It was in this field, at the foot of the Grampians, that the cause of Scotland's independence received its first baptism.

Since that day the great struggle has never wholly gone to sleep. Its career has been checkered. It has seen not a few dark years, and even some dark centuries; nevertheless it has lived, and gone onward, though not always at a uniform rate of progress. After the Roman there have arisen other opponents with which it has had to do battle. It has had, too, to transfer its combats to other arenas besides that of the stricken field, and wage its war with other weapons than the sword. It has been called to fight in Parliaments, to wrestle in the cabinets of kings, to contend in synods and assemblies, and to suffer glorious death on the scaffold and at the stake. But in all varieties of fortune, in the sunshine of success or in the darkness of temporary defeat, it has never parted with the hope of victory, and has ever demeaned itself as befits a cause which is that of eternal righteousness, and which has wider interests bound up with it than those that exclusively appertain to the little country in which it has been waged. Looking back from the advanced stage which the long conflict has now reached, we can see that the "first *straikj* of the fight" was given on that purple moor at the foot of the Grampians—purple, not with the bloom of its heather, but with the blood of its children, poured out in torrents by the Roman sword.

Agricola did not venture on following the Caledonians into their mountains. He had sufficient experience of their fighting qualities on the plain, and he could not tell how it might fare with his soldiers should he pursue into the fastness of the Grampians, tribes so fierce and warlike, and which, though defeated, were not crushed. He led back his army by slow marches within the chain of fortresses which stretched between the Forth and the Clyde.

This was now the eighth year that Agricola had been in Britain, and yet how little progress had he made in the work of subjugating Scotland! Instead of advancing boldly into the land, he lingers summer after summer on its border, under the shelter of his forts. Nothing could be a stronger proof of the stout resistance which his legions encountered, and the fear with which the fierce and warlike tribes of the country had inspired him. He had undertaken a task evidently which he had not strength to accomplish. For a moment, and only for a moment, had the Roman eagle soared as far northward as to the foot of the Grampians, to leave there the print of its talons in blood, and again turn southwards, and seek security within the line of its forts.

ENDNOTES

1. Tacitus, *Vit. Agric*., c. 20.
2. Tacitus here expressly affirms that this was the first discovery of the Orcades, or Orkney Islands. There is some reason, however, to think that he was mistaken. Eutropius and Orosius say that Claudius not only subdued a number of the British princes, but that he discovered the Orcades. An inscribed tablet from the palace of Barberini, Rome, seems to confirm this, when it speaks of Claudius as the discoverer of several barbarous nations. The probability is that the Orkneys were first discovered in the time and manner that Eutropius and Orosius say, but that islands so remote and insignificant, were lost sight of, and all knowledge of their discovery lost by Agricola's day.
3. "Nobilissimi totius Britanniae."
4. Tacitus, *Vic. Agric*., c. 30-32.
5. Tacit., *Vic. Agric*., c. 33, 34.

6. Tac., *Vit. Agric.*, c. 36.
7. Tac., *Vit. Agric.*, c. 37.
8. Tac., *Vit. Agric.*, c. 37.
9. Tac., *Vit. Agric.*, c. 38.
10. We had almost said the first of war correspondents—a class which has sprung up in our own time, and which, at great risk and toil, have made us so familiar with what happens on battlefields, and whose minute, graphic, and often brilliant descriptions, achieved in circumstances of great difficulty, are not unworthy of their great pioneer. We may also be permitted to express our surprise that Scottish historians should have passed over this great battle so lightly, or have so little perceived the influence it had on Scotland for centuries after, so that now, for the first time, have the full details of it been laid before the English reader.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXPEDITION OF SEVERUS, AND WITHDRAWAL OF ROMANS FROM BRITAIN.

To follow the tide of the imperial conquests in Britain in its every flow and ebb is no part of our plan. A mightier power than the Roman entered our country about this time, the early conquests of which we wish we could clearly trace and minutely chronicle; but its footsteps are in silence, and meanwhile we must give our attention to a power whose battles are with "confused noise," and its victories with "garments rolled in blood." It is the fortune of the Roman arms in Britain now to advance, and now to recede. The frontier of the empire is never for more than a few years on end stationary and fixed. It is a moving line. Now it runs between the Tyne and the Solway, coinciding pretty nearly with what is now the "Border," and including the England of our day, Northumberland excepted, a county which, from the ruggedness and picturesqueness of its surface, seems rather to claim affinity with the northern land. And anon, the line that bounds the empire is pushed onward to the Firth of Forth and is made to embrace the southern shires of the modern Scotland. We have seen the attempt of Agricola to carry it even farther to the north, but that attempt was foiled by men whose valour was the better half of their armour. Here, then, is the extreme northern verge of the Roman world, and here we can imagine the sentinel going his rounds, his attention divided between the prowling native hordes outside the wall and the play of light and shade on the green Ochils in the distance, a happier man than Domitian, who, though master of an empire which touched the Nile and the Euphrates on the south, and the shores of the Forth on the north, dared not stir across the threshold of his palace for fear of the dagger.

Soon after his battle, Agricola was called to Rome to receive from his dark and jealous master the double gift of thanks and a cup of poison. His line of forts was converted into a continuous fortification, probably about A.D. 139. It formed a triple rampart, consisting of earthen or turf walls of broad ditch, and military road, thirty-six miles in length. The wall ran along in the middle, and was twenty feet high. It had the ditch on its outward or north side, forty feet wide and twenty deep. The causeway, or military road, was on the inward side. At every two miles

throughout its whole extent rose a tower by which intelligence could be signalled from end to end with a speed not greatly below that of the modern telegraph. Antoninus Pius being emperor, the work bore his name, though constructed by his lieutenant Lollius Urbicus. After eighteen centuries, traces of Antoninus's wall still remain in the form of grassy mounds; and the traveller by rail between the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow has the satisfaction of thinking that he is being carried along on the almost identical line that formed the northern boundary of the greatest of ancient empires, over the forgotten site of Roman camps and towns, and the resting-place of many a now nameless warrior.

Within less than thirty years from the battle of Mons Grampius, we find the north Britons again gathering in force, descending like a cloud on Agricola's line of forts, driving the Romans before them, and recovering the territory which the invader had wrested from its original occupants to subject it to Rome. Again the boundary of the empire had receded to the Solway. Here an arrangement of sea and land, not unlike that which farther north had attracted the military eye of Agricola, offered itself to the leader of this renewed invasion, and of this a similar advantage was taken. The Emperor Hadrian, about A.D. 120, built a wall between the Tyne and the Solway, seventy miles in length, again joining the eastern and western seas. Hadrian's wall was vastly stronger than Agricola's fortifications; it was of solid masonry, laid down in courses of great and carefully hewn blocks of freestone, strengthened with square massy towers at short distances, in which garrisons were lodged, and defended on the side towards Scotland by a broad ditch, while within, on the English side, ran successive parallel rows of earthen ramparts. Onward it went, straight as an arrow, turning aside for no inequality of ground, climbing the brow of the loftiest eminence, and again, by steep and rapid descent, seeking the valley. It was a prodigious undertaking; lofty and broad, like battlements of city—indeed, of superfluous strength—and finished almost like walls of a palace. Its magnificent remains impress with wonder the beholder at this day, suggesting as they do, the many millions that must have been lavished upon it, the hundreds of thousands of men employed in rearing it, and the engineering skill that superintended the whole. How much must Rome have respected, not to say feared, the valour of those barbarians against whom she erected this mighty bulwark! And how much must she have prized those provinces which she was

careful to defend at a cost so immense, and with labor so prodigious!

But Rome could not abide within this limit. The fortification of Hadrian was not to be a final boundary; it was only a temporary halting place, a convenient base whence Rome might conquer northwards. And soon that insatiable hunger of sea and land, which animated the mistress of the world, began—again to stir within her. Antoninus Pius had now assumed the purple. Not content with the now well-cultivated meadowlands of England, he began to covet the country of moorland and mountain that stretched away to the north from Hadrian's wall. By dint of fighting he again advanced the Roman dominion to the old line of Agricola, and once more the sentinels of Rome took up their position on the shores of the Forth and the Clyde, and their eagles were again within the shadow of the great mountains. Antonine strengthened the new frontier by converting, in the manner we have already said, Agricola's line of forts into a regular fortification, and at the same time he attempted to carry out, by means of military forts and camps, an semi-occupancy of the country on the north as far as to the foot of the Grampians.

But the near approach of the Romans to these hills awakened anew the tempest which had only slumbered. Patriotism may burn as strongly in the breast of the barbarian as in that of the civilised man, though it may not be able to express itself so finely; and one must grant that the love of liberty and of country, mingled with and ennobled that thirst for vengeance which animated the fierce and warlike tribes which now rushed down from their mountains to raise the cry of battle against a power which, mistress though she was of the fairest kingdoms on the globe, had sought them out at the end of earth to put her yoke upon their neck.

The legionaries retired before the storm that rolled down upon them from the hills. They fell back to Antonine's wall at the Forth. The barbarian host followed them thither, their numbers increased doubtless as they advanced. Even the fortification the legionaries found untenable against the fierceness of northern assault, and they had to retreat to the stronger and more southern wall of Hadrian. Again the limits of the empire are rolled back to the Solway.

It was now the year A.D. 204. The reigning emperor, Severus, incensed

by these repeated affronts to the power of Rome offered by barbarians, resolved on striking a blow which should quell, once for all, the insurrections of these northern tribes, and annex all Britain for ever to the empire. In order to this, he raised an army, which he led in person, so intent was he on the accomplishment of his design. An old man—he was now sixty—racked with gout, and unable to keep the saddle, he made himself be carried in a litter at the head of his soldiers.[1] He entered Scotland with an army of from fifty to a hundred thousand men. The Caledonians did not venture battle. This mailed and disciplined host which followed Severus was odds too great to be met in the open field. They remembered the slaughter which Agricola had inflicted upon them with half that number of soldiers a century ago, and they profited by the lesson. They sought to deprecate the wrath of the gouty old emperor by meeting him at Hadrian's wall with offers of peace. Their terms were scornfully rejected. They must first taste the vengeance of Rome, and know of what a crime they had been guilty when they rose in insurrection against her. Severus gave orders to have the roads cleared, the bridges repaired, and every obstruction removed out of the way of his troops. Thus began their march northwards. Around them, day after day, as they advanced into the land, were silent moors and gloomy forests, but inhabitants there were none that were visible. The Romans eagerly courted battle, the Caledonians as eagerly avoided it. But the legions soon began to feel that the enemy, though invisible, was never far away. The Caledonians, concealed in their numerous ambushes, which the woody and marshy country afforded them, and secure in their mountain fastnesses, left their powerful invaders to wage unprofitable war with the pathless forests, the naked rocks, and the fierce tempests of the great mountains. If the natives ventured from their lurking-places, it was only to fall on his flank and rear, and after cutting off his detached parties, to vanish once more in the friendly mist or in the dark wood.

They contrived to make their very herds bear their part in this great national struggle. The food magazines of the Romans were getting low. The Caledonians made them welcome to replenish their exhausted stores from bare moor or hunt of wild boar in the wood or thicket, if they were able; but they had taken care that no supplies should they glean from field or barnyard. They had not sowed that the Roman might eat. Ziphiline, in his abridgment of Dion Cassius, tells us that at times they would leave

a few head of cattle, as if by oversight, in the way of the legions. It was a tempting bait to hungry soldiers. They would rush upon the beeves, but as they were making merry over their prize, and in the act of bearing it off, a band of ambushed Caledonians would start up, fall upon the spoilers, and handle them so severely, that it was rare that even one escaped to carry tidings of the trap into which they had fallen. The snare was sure to be set for their comrades on the morrow. The misery the Romans endured was extreme. Worn out with their march through bogs and woods, they sank on the earth, begging their fellows to kill them that they might not die by the hands of the Caledonians.

Continuing his march in this fashion, triumphant over woods, moors, rocks, and hills, everything, in short, but the natives, Severus traversed the chain of the Grampians, descended on Strathspey, and at last reached the shores of the Moray Firth. His army encountered, in their route, hardships tenfold greater than would have been those of the most fiercely contested battle. They had to hew their way with the axe through dense forests, they had to bridge rivers, and with spade and pick extemporise roads over wild mountains. In these exhausting toils, to which were added the frost and snows of winter, fifty thousand men, it is said, perished. Even here, on this northern shore, Severus had not reached the extremity of his wild land. He would descry, rising on his startled sight, still further to the north, the precipices that line the coast of Caithness, and the great mountains that rise in the interior of Sutherlandshire. And as regarded the natives, whom he sought to conquer, he had driven them into hiding, but he had not compelled them to submission. The emperor waited here on the southern shore of the Cromarty Firth, uncertain whether to retreat or to go forward, and his stay was so prolonged that it gave him opportunity to mark the long light of the days in summer, and the equally long darkness of the winter nights.

At length Severus, breaking up his encampment, set out on his return journey. The Caledonians, feeling that each day's march brought them a new enlargement and liberty, were careful to put no obstruction in the path of the retreating host. The emperor halted at York, and there he received tidings that startled and enraged him. The whole north was in insurrection behind them. How would this inglorious campaign tell at Rome? An army wasted, but no conquest achieved.! No train of captives,

and no wagons laden with rich spoil had he to lead along the Via Sacra, and evoke the plaudits of the populace when he should re-enter the capital! Only the wolves of Badenoch fed with Roman flesh! It had been foretold that Rome he should never more see; and it required no gift of prophecy to presage that a sickly and gouty old man like Severus would never return from a campaign prosecuted amid the mists and snows of Caledonia. The master of the world had failed to make himself master of Scotland. The emperor died at York in A.D. 211, as he was planning a terrible revenge upon tribes whose crime was that they had dared, "at the extremities of the earth and of liberty,"—to make use of the words which Tacitus puts into the mouth of Galgacus —to assert their independence at the cost of the glory of Rome.

From the hour that Severus breathed his last, the Roman dominion in Britain steadily declined. The evil days had come upon Rome herself. Torn by faction, and weakened by profligacy at her centre, attacked on her extremities by the natives of Germany and Scythia, she had to gather in her armies, in order to repel that ever-increasing host of assailants whose vengeance she had provoked by her oppression, and whose cupidity she had awakened by her riches. After an occupancy of well-nigh five centuries, the Romans, in A.D. 414, quitted our shores, never more to return.

It was passing strange that the mistress of the world should so intently covet our remote and rugged isle. Her sceptre was swayed over the fairest realms and the richest kingdoms of earth. Egypt was hers: she stored her granaries and fed her populace with the harvests of the Delta and the corn of the Nile. The wealthy cities of Asia Minor, replenished with the various elegances and luxuries of art and commerce, were hers. Hers were the dates and spices of Arabia; the coral and the pearls of Indian seas; the ebony of Ethiopia; the gold, the silver, the iron, and the tin of Spain; the fruits and wines of France; the timber and hides of Germany: in short, everything which tree or field, river or ocean, yielded between the Euphrates and the Atlantic, for hers was the ample and fertile territory which in former days owned the sway of the ancient Babylon. More precious treasures by far than any which the soil produces, or the handicraft of man creates, did she possess. Greece had labored, and Rome had entered into her labours. What was the wealth of the mine or

of the mart compared with the intellectual treasures—the thinking of the greatest sages of the heathen world—which had descended to her as a peerless heritage! And yet, as if it had been nothing to possess a world, so long as she lacked the little Scotland, she strove for centuries to seize and hold that diminutive territory. For this end she freely lavished her blood and treasure. She sent great armies to subjugate it, and these, as we have seen, were at times led by the emperor in person; and when insurrection threatened to deprive her of her conquests in this remote quarter, yet greater armies did she send to make sure her hold upon them. Such attractions had our heath-clad, storm-swept, and sea-engirdled country in the eyes of her who was "Lady of Kingdoms." This is out of the common course, and cannot be explained on the ordinary principles of ambition. The hand of Providence is here. Our island has been chosen to act a great part in the future; it was to become a fountain of loftier and purer influences than any that ever emanated from the Roman capitol, or the Greek acropolis; and it pleased Providence to employ the sword to begin our education for our high destiny.

We behold the Romans quitting our shores. What benefits do they leave behind them? The Roman occupancy, it is to taken into account, lasted nearly five hundred years; that is, about as long as since the battle of Bannockburn to the present hour. Such was the duration of the Roman period in southern Britain. Its length in Scotland was somewhat shorter, being only about three centuries and a half, and its area only a comparatively narrow strip of the country. In either case there was sufficient time to allow of great changes. And great changes did take place. The face of the country was changed; the manners and dwellings of the people were changed; arts and literature, cities and city life were introduced, especially into that part of Britain which forms the modern England. In what is now Scotland, the action of the Romans was less continuous, their frontiers oscillating between the Forth and the Solway, and the impression they made on Northern Britain was less marked. The men of the hills did not so readily respond to the strong touch of the Roman hand as did their neighbours, who occupied and soft meadows and breathed the milder air of the south.

To secure their hold on the country the conquerors found it necessary to cut down woods, drain marshes, and construct roads and bridges. Their

roads were great undertakings; they were the links that knit the most distant provinces to the capital. Starting from the golden milestone of Augustus, in the capitol, they traversed the empire in all directions: this running off towards sunrise, that stretching away towards the western sea; this turning towards the torrid south, and that towards the frozen north. These roads were solidly made, as befitted an empire that deemed itself eternal. Their bed was filled in with successive layers of gravel and stones, and they were finished atop with large hewn blocks of tufa, so smooth that the luxurious Roman found no inconvenience in driving along upon them in a carriage without springs. The tempests, the earthquakes, and the wars of two thousand years have not entirely obliterated them. Vestiges of the Roman roads, in a wonderful state of preservation, are to be seen at this day, not in Italy only, but in almost all countries that once formed part of the empire of Rome.

The great road that ran northwards to Britain terminated at Boulogne. Resuming, on the English side of the Channel, on the shore of Kent, it held a straight course to London. From London it ran northwards like a white ribbon stretched across the green land, rising and falling as it passed from mountain-top to mountain-top. Trodden by the myriad feet of centuries, and ploughed by the torrents of two thousand winters, it can yet be traced, with numerous breaks, on the face of the country, and is known as "Watling Street." This great road was continued into Scotland. Crossing the valley of the Tyne near Hexham, it ran on by Jedburgh, skirted the Eildon Hills, traversed the Pentlands, and taking a westward slant to Cramond, held on its course to Camelon, on the Roman wall. This was not the only line of communication which the Romans maintained in Scotland. A second road starting from near Carlisle, and running on by Langton, it was prolonged to the western extremity of Antonine's wall, near Old Kilpatrick, Dumbartonshire. Nor were Camelon and Old Killpatrick the terminating points of the Roman roads in Scotland. The invaders had frequent occasion to act on the north of the Forth and of the Tay, and needed highways for the passage of their armies. The strath of the Earn, and the valley of Strathmore were traversed by Roman roads, which ran on till they touched the Grampians. This great chain seemed a natural boundary, setting limits to the engineering operations as well as to the military conquests of the Roman power; the solitary instance of Severus excepted. What a contrast between the dreary and silent wilds

amid which these roads drew to an end, and the pomp and luxury, the trophies of conquest and the symbols of empire which crowded the Forum, where they took their rise! We can imagine the Caledonian, as he crosses them in the chase, pausing for a moment to call up the contrast, which, after all, he could but dimly realise.

The Romans, moreover, encouraged husbandry. England was greatly greener and fairer in the last centuries of their occupancy than when Caesar first touched its shore. Its natural rich soil responded to the hand of the Roman farmer in abundant harvests. Its corn now began to be carried across the Channel and sold in the markets of France. Scotland, it is probable, with a less fertile soil, did not mark and equal agricultural advance. Nevertheless, with so practical a people as the Romans in it for more than three centuries, it could not be but that rows of fruit-trees now cheered the spring with their rich blossoms, and broad cornfields gladdened the eye in autumn with the gold of their ripened grain, where aforetime had been brown moor or dark wood. The sixth legion continued to be stationed at York for three hundred years, and the soil around the ancient city is, to this day, the better for their residence. Roman remains, too, are often dug up in it—altars, images, pottery, and even fragments of Roman furniture.

The trade and commerce of Britain did not owe their beginning to the Romans, but doubtless they received a great impulse from them. The tin of Cornwall drew the Phoenicians first of all to our shores, and these early merchants gave us our first lessons in commerce. In exchange for the ore of our mines, the Phoenicians bartered the fruits of the East, and doubtless also the curious and costly articles wrought on its looms, and in the workshops of Asia. They paid for what they carried away, at times in coin, but more commonly in rich robes, in cutlery, and in weapons for war. The war chariots in which Caesar found the natives of Britain taking the field are just as likely to have been brought across the sea, in the large Phoenician vessels, as to have been manufactured in the country. The spirit of trade thus awakened at the southwestern extremity of our island would soon spread along the shore, extend inland, and finally centre in the capital, which bore the same name it does at this day. The Romans called it Augusta, but viewing the new name as but the livery of the conqueror, it dropped it and resumed the old British appellation of

London. Tacitus [2] makes mention of London, describing it as a city renowned for the multitude of its merchants, and the extent of its commerce. But though they did not originate, the Romans greatly stimulated the commercial and trading operations of the early Britons. The arts they introduced, and the greater wealth that followed: the richer harvests, the consequence of an improved industry, the more numerous exports the Briton now carried to the foreign market, and above all, the roads with which the conquerors opened up the country, administered stimulants to trade, and furnished facilities for its prosecution, which till then had been unknown in Britain.

The Romans were great builders as well as great road makers. The wall of Hadrian remains, even in its ruins, an imperishable monument of what they could plan and execute in this way. Besides the great works undertaken for military purposes, they were the founders of towns and the builders of villas. This holds true mainly of England. Beyond the Forth the barbarian remains master of his moors, and repelled with scorn the touch of that imperious hand which sought to refine, but which sought also to enslave. Yet the Caledonian was not able wholly to keep out the subtle and permeating spirit of progress which Rome brought with her. It is calculated that there were forty-six military stations and twenty-eight large cities between Inverness and London.[3] In most cases towns grew up around the military stations, just as in the middle ages burghs sprung into existence beside the baron's castle; the inhabitants being naturally desirous of planting their dwellings where they had most chance of protection. These towns were most numerous along the line of the two walls. In the belt of country traced out between the Tyne and the Solway by Hadrian's rampart, there would seem to have been about a score of towns, great and small. These, judging from their remains, contained theatres, temples, and baths, such as the Romans were wont to frequent in their own country in quest of relaxation and amusement. On the line of the northern wall a considerable Roman population existed. There was a large Roman town at Camelon, in the neighbourhood of Falkir, and another at Castlecary, where was also a Roman station, right through the centre of which now runs the railway.

In the south of England, Roman villas and towns were frequent. Several of the latter have been disentombed of late years. One of the latest to be

laid bare was the Roman town at Wycomb, six miles east of Cheltenham, at the Coltswold hills, near the sources of the Thames. On the soil being removed, an almost entire town disclosed itself, the seat of an activity and life long extinct. The line of streets and the arrangement of the town were plainly visible. The foundations showed where private dwellings or where public edifices had stood. There was all that could minister to the luxury and the amusement of the citizen: baths, amphitheatres for his entertainment, temples for his devotion, and a tomb to receive him when dead. The tesselated pavement remained in many places; much buried money, including coins of all the emperors, was dug up on the site. Emblem of the men who used it, this treasure, prized dearly once, and kept bright and shining, passing rapidly from hand to hand, had long since been abandoned to rust, and trodden under foot, and has ceased to have part or lot in the business of the world.

The numerous remains of Roman villas which have been discovered in England we take as a certain indication that the Italian gentleman of that age, in many instances, chose south Britain as a place of residence in preference to his native land. Nor is it surprising that he should do so, for England, even the England of that day, had some attractions which Italy could not boast. Few countries in the world can compete, in point of soft and beautiful scenery, with the tract lying between Worcester and Bristol. There swellings more graceful, woods more umbrageous, and richer pastures than are to be found in Italy, regale the eye. The air temperate, the fields green all the summer through, no severe alternations of heat and cold as in Italy, the milk and butter delicious, the "roast" such as England only can show, the springtime now pleasant! The air loaded with the odours that exhaled from the blossoms of the numerous fruit trees; even the dog-days tolerable; autumn, with its clear, crisp air, wooing one afield; the dwelling embellished with the elegances of Italian art, and the library table covered with the productions of the Italian muse; it is difficult to discover why the self-expatriated Roman should not find life just as enjoyable in England as at home, and, if he loved quiet, perhaps a little more enjoyable. In the meadows of the Trent and the Avon, he was far removed from the turmoil and intrigue with which faction was now filling Italy. York, and the country around it, seem to have had not a few charms for the Romans. It was a favourite resort of theirs, and even to this day there is a Roman air, an imperial halo, as it were, round that

old city. There Constantine, the first Christian emperor, was born, and there Constantius Chlorus lived and died.

It only remains to specify, as the final benefit bestowed by our invaders, the introduction of the law and literature of Rome. For the wild justice of the native chiefs there was now substituted the regulated and equitable procedure of the Roman code. In the calm, passionless judge who occupied the tribunal, and who saw the cause but not the parties before him, the Briton was able to see the difference, in some degree, between law as a principle, and law as a mere force. The Roman tribunal became the open door through which he obtained a glimpse into an ethical world which had hitherto been veiled to him. His belief in the right, and his resolve to practice it, would be strengthened. This was a greater, because a deeper, and more lasting benefit than any direct and immediate advantages, though these were great, which flowed from a righteous administration. Some of the towns were privileged with municipal government, and thus was gradually created a sense of corporate rights. Not a few of the youth of Britain began to study the literature and to speak the polished tongue of Rome. They were henceforth conscious, doubtless, of a subtle but powerful influence revolutionising their whole intellectual being, and imparting a capacity for pleasures of a more refined and exquisite nature than any they had tasted heretofore.

Thus it came to pass that when the five centuries of their occupancy came to an end, and the Romans bade a final adieu to our country, they left behind them, in their roads, in their tribunals, in their municipal corporations, in their marts and channels of commerce, domestic and foreign, and in the mental discipline of their literature, not only the entire framework of the civilisation, as it then existed in the empire itself,—a civilisation which, as we shall see, was afterwards wholly swept away,—but what was far better, a young but pure Christianity which was destined to form the basis of the ultimate and enduring civilisation of Britain. When that civilisation which Rome imparted had, like a too early blossom, or an untimely birth, perished and been forgotten, that which the Gospel gave lived and flourished in the expanding power and growing prosperity of the country

ENDNOTES

1. Herodian says—Senex, et morbo articulari laborans: tanta autem animi virtute quanta nemo (unquam) vel juvenum. Igiter iter ingressus lectica plurimum vehebatur, nulloque cessabat locl.—Herod. *Hist.*, lib. iii. p. 265.
2. Londinum copia negotiatorum et commeatum maxime celebre.—*Tacit. Ann.*, xiv. 33.
3. Cosmo Innes, *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, p. 42, Edin. 1860.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHRISTIANITY ENTERS BRITAIN

We pause in this rapid narration of events to take note of the entrance of two mighty forces into Britain. These two powers were to find in our country the main theatre of their development, as well as a centre of propagation and a basis of action upon the nations of the world. So intimate is the alliance between them, and so reciprocal the help they tender to each other, that they may be regarded as not twain, but one. These two forces are Religion and Liberty. Their rise, and their steady, onward progress, till at last they culminate in the creation of a State which exhibits to the world the model of a more perfect liberty than it has seen anywhere else, is one of the most delightful studies to which history can address herself, and one of the most ennobling spectacles on which one's attention can be fixed. To recount the kings that flee past us, as if they were so many shadows, and of whom some, it may be, are simply the creations of the chronicler's pen; to describe in stately rhetoric the feuds that convulsed barbarous ages, and paint the battles in which the men of those times delighted to shed one another's blood, were a task which would bring with it much labour to the writer, and but small profit to the reader. History has a much higher function. It is or ought to be, occupied mainly with the *life* of a nation. And by the life of a nation is meant that predominating intellectual and moral quality which gives it corporate identity and substantive being, and in virtue of which it performs its allotted share of the world's work, and tenders its special contribution towards the accomplishment of the grand plan of Him who has assigned to each of the nations its time, and its place, and its mission.

Two thousand years ago, Scotland was a land of painted men. Why is it not a land of painted men still? Why is it at this day a land of civilised men? What has taken the darkness from the face of the savage, quenched the demon-fire in his eye, and kindled there the light of intelligence and kindliness? "Twenty centuries," some will say, deeming it a sufficient explanation of the amazing transformation Scotland has undergone, "Twenty centuries have passed since the day when Pict and Scot roamed their moors as savages; and it is impossible that these many ages should pass over them and leave them unchanged." This is an explanation that

deceives us with a show of meaning which it does not contain. The same twenty centuries have passed over the Zulus of Africa, and at the end of them they are precisely where they were at the beginning. Not a foot-breadth have they advanced. The first explanation only calls for a second. Why have the twenty centuries, which have proved themselves such powerful civilising agencies in Scotland, shown themselves so devoid of all civilising power in Africa? More than time and opportunity is needed for progress. The principle and the capacity of progress must first be implanted. It may be said that Scotland, surrounded with the civilisations of Europe, could hardly fail receiving an impulse from without, and becoming inoculated with the principles that were stirring in its neighbourhood; whereas Zululand lay remote and isolated. There was nothing to give it a start. This might be accepted as the solution so far, were it the fact that the civilisation of Scotland is simply a copy of the civilisation of its neighbours. But it is not so. It is a civilisation which is peculiar to Scotland, and is unique among the civilisations of the world. It has sprung up on its own soil; it is of a higher type, and had given to the people among whom it has taken root and developed a strongly-marked and sharply-defined individuality of national life—a richer and broader life, ever ready to expand and overflow, yet ever ready to call back its current within the embankments of right and law.

We trace progress in the stone age, we trace progress in the bronze age, especially do we trace progress in the iron age; but the civilisation of these epochs is not the civilisation of the Scotland of today. Nor would the civilisation of those eras ever have risen into the same type with the Sottish civilisation of our own era, however much it might have improved the Scots as cultivators, or as artizans, or as soldiers, it would have left them barbarians at the core, liable to be dominated at times by the beast within them; and to break out into those awful excesses which ever and anon deform the fair and tranquil surface of Oriental civilizations, and some civilisations nearer home. The civilisation of Scotland is not aesthetics, it is not art, it is not science, it is not even law; it is diviner than these. It is conscience.

How came it? An influence descended on our wild country when no man was aware. It came unheard amid the din caused by the conflict of Roman with Briton. It found for itself a home in the hearts of the people,

and from this deep seat it began to work outwards. It changed first of all, not the land, but the men who inhabited it; not their faces, but their hearts; extinguishing with quiet but omnipotent touch, the passions that raged there, and planted in their room feelings altogether new. From this day forward there was a new race in the country. There had been breathed into its sons a new moral life, and all who partook of that new life became one, being knit together by a stronger bond than the "one blood," even the "one heart." The tribes and the races which had hitherto parted Scotland amongst, them, now began to be fused into one nation. Of these "stones of the wilderness," to use the metaphor of the Great Teacher, this power raised up children to Abraham." Or, in plain language, out of Picts and Scots it formed, in process of time, jurists and legislators, philosophers and orators, champions of liberty and martyrs for the truth.

This new life created two great necessities. The first necessity was liberty. The man who was inspired by this new life must be free; for the life must needs act according to the laws of its nature, otherwise, it must cease to exist. The second necessity was law—freedom under rule. The new life being moral, brought with it a moral sense, in other words, conscience. But conscience does not more imperatively demand that it be free from human control than it demands to be free to obey divine authority. These two necessities—contradictory in appearance, but entirely harmonious in their working—conferred on the individual to whom this new life came the capacity for freedom, by combining therewith the capacity for obedience. That capacity passed over with the individual into the state. The nation felt the same need of liberty as the individuals composing it, and it felt equally with them the obligation to use this liberty within those great landmarks which the new life which had originated the necessity for it had reared around it. The first and fundamental virtue of a nation is obedience. Obedience is essential not simply to the welfare, but to the existence of society. But the only faculty capable of rendering obedience is conscience. Where there is no conscience there can be no obedience. Society may be held down or held together by force, but that is not by obedience. But conscience being the strongest power in man, and by consequence the strongest power in society, can be governed only by the strongest or highest authority—that is, by the Divine; but in order to render obedience to the Divine authority it must be emancipated from the undue interference of human

authority. Hence it is that the two things order and liberty, are bound up together. They who cannot obey cannot be free. And thus it is that the moral sense or conscience of a nation must, in every instance, be the measure of its liberty. The one can be neither more or less than the other. Not *less* because less would constitute an invasion upon the domain which conscience claims as its own. And not *more*, because more would be equally a trespass upon the domain where law reigns: a breaking through the limits which the moral sense has set to the exercise of liberty.

It is because these two necessities—the necessity for order and the necessity for freedom—have been so fully developed and so evenly balanced in Scotland, that this country has attained so perfect and symmetrical a liberty, deeply founded in a sense of law, buttressed by intelligence, and crowning itself with noble achievement. Therefore, of all historical studies, that of Scotland is the most instructive. It is eminently so at this hour when the nations are in a state of transition, and are looking out for models. Where in all history is there a finer example or better school? We are here taken down to where the first springs of national liberty have their rise. We are here shown that the creation of a moral sense is the deepest foundation-stone of States if they aspire to become great. Arms, arts, science, law, liberty, in their order, but first CONSCIENCE..

Let us follow the entrance of the new life into our country so far as the dim and fragmentary traces it has left in history enable us to do so.

From what we know of the state of the world at the beginning of our era, we conclude that Christianity would, in no long time, reach the boundary of the Roman Empire, and even the barbarous tribes beyond it. The deep slumber of the Pagan world had been broken. There was a universal expectation among the nations that a great personage was to appear, who was to give a new touch to humanity, and recall it from the tomb to which it seemed hastening. There were facilities for intercourse and the rapid communication of thought such as no former age had enjoyed. Armies were coming and going to the ends of the earth. Many of the subordinate officers in the Roman legions were converts to the Gospel, and soldiers of Jesus not less than of Caesar. The merchants of the wealthy cities of Asia Minor were diligently seeking out new channels for their commerce.

The flourishing trade carried on between the Levant and Britain had found new routes over the Alps in addition to the ancient road by the Pillars of Hercules. The wealthy traders of Ephesus, Corinth, Antioch, and other cities, the seats of flourishing churches, as well as of skillful craftsmen, often visited Rome, and at times extended their journey to Gaul, and crossing the Channel to Britain, went on to London a city even then well known to merchants. Among these visitors were, doubtless, some earnest and zealous Christians who were intent on higher objects than gain, and who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity now put in their power of communicating the "great tidings" to those with whom they came in contact. Trade and war opened the way of the Gospel into many countries. It follows the victories of Trajan beyond the Danube into Eastern Europe. "At this epoch" (close of second century), says Philip Smith, "there is good reason to believe that the faith of Christ had been received in every province of the Roman Empire, from the Tigris to the Rhine, and even in Britain, and from the Danube and the Exude to Ethiopia and the Lybian desert; that it had spread over a considerable portion of the Parthean Empire, and the remoter regions of the East; and that it had been carried beyond the Roman frontiers to the barbarous tribes of Europe."[1]

It follows that some considerable time before the Roman eagle had taken its final departure from Britain, the dove, with the olive branch of the Gospel, had lighted upon our shores. The first footsteps of Christianity are recorded in the book of "Acts," and following the track of its first missionaries, as there recorded, we are led over the various countries of Asia Minor, across the Egean, and onward to the two great capitals of Europe—Athens and Rome. But there the history leaves us. We cannot gather from the inspired record that apostolic feet ever touched our remote shores. If we would follow Christianity to Britain, we must seek other guides. Secular historians, engrossed with other matters, have found no time to chronicle the progress of a kingdom, the nature of which they did not understand, and the future greatness of which they could not foresee. Their allusions to Christianity are only incidental, often depreciatory, and at times bitterly hostile. Even Tacitus has no other name to give it than "a pernicious superstition." Still their brief and uncomplimentary references enable us to infer that the Gospel entered our country at an early period; but in what year, or who was its first missionary, or who,

of all the Britons, was the first to embrace it and to be baptized in the name of Christ, we have no information. One would like to trace the links of that chain which led to a result at the moment apparently so trivial, but in its consequences so unspeakable important and grand, as the conversion of our poor country. Who would have thought of enrolling the despised and barbarous Britain, in the brilliant procession of cities and kingdoms then crowing to the feet of the "Crucified"—Athens, Alexandria, Rome, Carthage? Who would have presumed to add the name of our little country to that of these four great trophies of the Cross, much less foreseen that the day it would be accounted the greatest trophy of the five? The Gospel will receive lustre from the philosophy of the Greek; it will derive prestige and help from the arms of the Romans; but what can the painted Briton do for it? But the Gospel came not to borrow aid, but to give it. The philosophy of Greece, no more than the barbarism of Scotland, could help the Gospel till first the Gospel had helped it. But this was a truth not then understood; and so Britain entered the pale of Christian states with hardly a line from any historian of the period to notify the fact or tell posterity when it occurred.

But though we know not who was the first of the nation of the Britons to forsake the altars of the Druid and to pray in the name of Jesus, our imagination can picture the scene. We see the skin-clothed man withdrawing from his tribe, forgetting the excitements of the chase and of the battle, and seating himself at the feet of the missionary. Entranced by the story of the Cross, he drinks in the words so new and strange, and he asks to be told them again and again. He listens till the ruggedness of his nature is melted, and the tears are seen coursing down his cheeks, What a power to subdue is shown to lie in that simple story! The barbarian hears it, and he is a barbarian no longer. He rises up from the feet of the missionary, another heart within him, and a new world around him. He has been raised all at once into a higher sphere than that of mere civilisation. He straightway becomes a member of a holy society, and from that moment his name stands enrolled in a citizenship more illustrious than that of Athens or of Rome. No wisdom known to Greece, no power wielded by Rome, could have so changed the man and lifted him up to where he looks down not only upon his former barbarism, to which he can never more return, but even upon the lettered and polished civilisations of the world, which till now had looked down upon him.

But though we know neither the day nor the hour when the Gospel entered Britain, there is a vast amount of proof for the supposition that it entered early. There is a great concurrence of testimony—scattered allusions in the classic writers, and numerous direct statements in the Christian fathers—all going to show that in the course of a few decades after the crucifixion, the "great tidings" had reached the extremities of the Roman world, and had passed beyond them. The nations had become, in a sense, of one language, and the world, in a sense, but one country, by the network of roads constructed for the passage of the legions, and which opened easy intercourse and communication from Damascus to Cadiz, and from the Tigris to the Tweed. Along these highways sped the heralds of Christianity, conquering in years nations it had taken Rome centuries to subdue.

The first indication we have that the Christian day had broken in Britain is of a touching kind. It comes from the prison of Paul and is contained in the last lines his pen ever traced. Writing to Timothy, the aged apostle, now waiting martyrdom, sends from Rome the salutations of Pudens and Claudia [2] to his former companion and fellow-labourer. Who are these two whose names Paul inscribes in his letter and lays down his pen for ever? Pudens is the son of a Roman senator, and Claudia is his wife. But of what country was the lady? It cannot be affirmed as an established fact, but there is strong grounds for believing that she was a Briton, and the daughter of a British King. The proofs that strongly lead to this conclusion are as follows. *First*, Marital has left us two epigrams, written at Rome at a date coinciding with Paul's last imprisonment, in the first of which he celebrates the marriage of a Roman of rank, named Pudens, with a foreign lady named Claudia. In the later epigram, he tells us that this Claudia was a Briton. So far the information of Martial. *Next* comes Tacitus, who mentions that certain territories in the south of Britain were ceded to King Cogidunus as a reward for his steadfast allegiance to Rome.[3] This occurred while Tiberius Claudius was emperor. But *third*, in 1723 a marble was dug up at Chichester, with an inscription in which mention is made of a British king, who bore the title of Tiberius Claudius Cogidunus. In the same inscription occurs the name of Pudens. According to a usage prevalent among the Romans, the daughter of this king would be named Claudia. Here we have a remarkable concatenation.

It is made up of very diverse parts, and these parts come from very opposite quarters, yet they all perfectly fit in together, and form a consistent body of proof. First, we have the Pudens and Claudia of Paul's letter; next, we have the Pudens and Claudia of Martial's first epigram. Then comes his second, telling us that Claudia was a Briton. Next we have the casual statement of the Roman historian, that in the reign of Claudius there was a king in south Britain named Cogidunus, a favourite with the emperor. And last of all comes the marble slab exhumed in England in the eighteenth century, with the names of Tiberius Claudius Cogidunus and Pudens upon it; the link between King Claudius and Pudens being, most probably, the marriage which Martial celebrates betwixt Pudens and a British lady of the name of Claudia, the very name which the daughter of King Cogidunus must have borne. These facts shut us up to the conclusion either that there were two couples named Pudens and Claudia living at Rome at the date of Paul's last imprisonment, and that both couples moved in the circle of the Roman aristocracy, or that the Pudens and Claudia of Paul's Epistle to Timothy and the Pudens and Claudia of Martial's epigrams were the same persons. The last alternative appears to us by much the more probable. How interesting to think that we should have at least one British name on the page of the New Testament, and that of a lady who has won the praise of the noblest constancy in Christian friendship. When others forsook the apostle, scared away by the shadow of that doom which was now gathering over him, this daughter of Britain stood his friend to the last, and was neither ashamed of the chain of Paul nor terrified by the wrath of Nero.[4] The incident gave happy augury of what Britain would become when the day now breaking in its sky should have fully opened upon it.

The next notice which we meet with of British Christianity is on the page of Tacitus. It is of a like kind with the preceding, and strengthens it. The historian tells us that Pomponia Graecina, a noble lady, the wife of the Aulus Plutius, who returned from Britain to receive a triumph at Rome, was accused of having embraced a "foreign superstition." This reference can hardly be to anything else than to Christianity. For this is the word which Tacitus usually employs to denote the Christian religion. No other religion would then have formed matter of accusation against any one. Every other religion was at the time tolerated at Rome, and the deities of all nations were admitted into the Pantheon, side by side with the gods of

the empire. There was but one faith which it was a crime to profess, and but one worship which was stigmatised as superstition, and that was Christianity. This, in all probability, was the "foreign superstition" of which this noble lady was accused: she had brought it with her from Britain, and if our inference be correct, the Gospel had reached our shores before A.D. 56, while Paul and others of the apostles were still alive.

There is historic evidence in existence amounting to a presumption that the Apostle Paul made a journey to Britain and there preached the Gospel. It is true that recent ecclesiastical historians have dismissed this idea as one hardly deserving consideration; but the evidence that satisfied Usher and Stillingfleet is not to be lightly set aside. In the course of his long life and his incessant journeyings, Paul doubtless crossed seas and visited countries which have received no mention in the brief narrative of his missionary travels in the "Acts." We trace briefly the chain of testimony, leaving to the reader his own conclusions. The supposition that Britain was one of the unnamed countries to which the Apostle's labours extended, takes its rise in Paul's own declared intention to visit Spain.[5] Next comes the testimony of Paul's fellow-labourer, Clemens Romanus. He of all men, best knew the extent of the apostle's travels. Clement says that Paul, in preaching the Gospel, went to the "utmost bounds of the West."[6] This, replies Dr. Hales, is a rhetorical expression. But those who regard Paul as the pioneer of the Gospel in Britain contend that "the utmost bounds of the West" is the usual designation of Britain among the early Christian fathers, and that the "West" was a general term comprehending Spain, Gaul, and Britain. Theodoret, for example, speaks of the inhabitants of Spain, Gaul, and Britain as dwelling in the utmost bounds of the West. Nicephorus, speaking of the progress of the Gospel, says that it "has reached the western ocean, and the British islands have been evangelised." Other passages are adduced by Stillingfleet to show how common it is to include Britain in the "utmost bounds of the West,.' And that the phrase is not rhetorical but descriptive.[7]

In the second century (A.D. 179), Irenaeus speaks of Christianity as having been spread to the utmost bounds of the earth by the apostles and their disciples, and particularly specifies the churches planted in Spain and among the Celtic nations. By the Keltae, Irenaeus had in his eye, most

probably, the people of Gaul and Britain.[8] In the end of the second and beginning of the third century (A.D. 193-220), Tertullian commemorates Spain and the places in Britain inaccessible to the Roman arms among the countries conquered by the Gospel.[9] In the fourth century (A.D. 270-340), Eusebius says that some of the apostles "passed over the ocean to the British Isles." And Jerome, in the same century (A.D. 329-420), says that the apostle who did so was Paul, who, after his imprisonment, went to Spain, and thence passing over the ocean, preached the Gospel in the western parts.[10] Those who believe that by "western parts" Jerome meant Britain, found upon the passage in his epistle to Marcella in which he speaks of "the Britains, who live apart from our world, if they go on pilgrimage, will leave the western parts and seek Jerusalem."[11]

In the fifth century (423-460), Theodoret bears his testimony to the fact that Paul, after his release from his first imprisonment at Rome, carried out his long meditated purpose of visiting Spain, and thence carried the light of the Gospel to other nations.[12] He states also that Paul brought salvation to the *islands that lie in the ocean*.[13] By "the islands that lie in the ocean," Chrysostom understands Theodoret to mean the British islands, and so, too, does Cave in his *Life of St. Paul*. The ocean was put in contradistinction to the Mediterranean, the sea of the ancients. It is now generally admitted that Paul spent two years (64-66) in Spain between his two imprisonments at Rome.[14] From Cape Finisterre to the coast of South Wales is no great extent of sea. The apostle was used to longer voyages; and there would be no difficulty in obtaining a passage in one of the many trading vessels employed in that navigation.

The reader may not be prepared to concur with Usher and Stillingfleet in thinking that these testimonies are conclusive as to Paul's personal ministry in Britain. He may still hold it a doubtful point. But he will admit, we think, that these testimonies establish the fact that it was Paul who planted Christianity in Spain, and that, of all the members of the apostolic college, it was this apostle, eminently, who laid the foundations of the Western Church. There are messages which may be enhanced by the dignity of the messenger. But the Gospel is not capable of being so magnified. It matters not whether it was an apostle or a deaconess, like Phoebe, who first carried it to our island. We must be permitted to say, moreover, that it is not British writers, but early fathers of the Eastern

and Western Church who have claimed as the first preacher of Christianity in our country, one of the apostolic rank

The rapidity with which the Gospel spread in the first age is what we have had no second experience of. In all history there is no other example of a revolution so great accomplished in so short a time. The nearest approach to it is the Reformation in the sixteenth century, which, in the course of fifty years, spread over Europe, and had enrolled the half of its nations beneath its standard. But even that movement was slow and laborious compared with the rapid onward march of Christianity at the beginning of our era. No figure can express the celerity of its triumphant advance through the cities, provinces, and nations of an empire which was the world, but the figure under which its Divine Founder had foretold its conquests, even the lightning which suddenly darts forth from the cloud, and in one moment fills east and west with its blaze. For no sooner had the apostles and the disciples begun to proclaim the Gospel, till lo! The earth, in a manner, was lightened with its glory. Let us listen to Tertullian. The language may be that of the rhetorician, but the statements are those of open, undeniable truth and fact, otherwise the orator, instead of compelling the conviction and acknowledgment of those whom he addressed, and serving the cause for which he made his appeal, would have drawn upon himself the contempt and laughter of his hearers, and lowered, instead of raising, Christianity in the eyes of men. "We are but of yesterday," he says, "yet we fill all places of your dominions, your cities, islands, castles, corporations, councils, armies, tribes, the palace, senate, and courts of judicature; we have left to the heathen only their temples. We are able and ready to fight, but we yield ourselves to be killed for our religion. Had we a mind to revenge ourselves, we are numerous enough to take up arms, having adherents not in this or that province, but in all quarters of the world. Nay, should we agree to quit our homes, what a loss would our exodus be to the empire! The world would be amazed to see the solitude we should leave behind us. You would then have more enemies than friends, for now almost all of our friends and best citizens are Christians. It would be more than a sufficient revenge to us that your city, if we were gone, would be an empty possession of unclean spirits. Therefore Christianity is not to be reckoned a pest to your cities, but a benefit; nor ought we to be accounted enemies to mankind, but only adversaries of human errors." These were eloquent

and weighty words, nor can we doubt that they were true, seeing they were no harangue spoken to a popular and sympathising assembly, but a formal and earnest appeal in behalf of his brethren to the Roman governors.[16] But if such was the power of Christianity at the centre, we may imagine the rapidity and force with which the waves of its influence were then propagating themselves all throughout the empire, and amongst the barbarous tribes in the regions beyond, and Britain amongst the rest.

This early dawn of the Christian day in our country is borne testimony to by numerous historians. Eusebius says that "the faith of Christ began to be preached in the Roman part of Britain even in the apostles' times."[17] Gildas, the oldest of British historians, places this in the reign of Nero. Doubtless the disciples of the Gospel were few in number, and in humble station. We can look for no organised church at that early stage. Those who had received the faith, fed upon it in secret, hardly daring to avow it, it may be, amid the troubles of the times, and the ignorance and barbarism of their country, but when the wall of Antonine was built, and the government of the Romans was extended to the Forth, and comparatively settle order of things was established, there followed, Bede informs us, a corresponding extension of the Gospel, which had another period of revival and growth about a century later, under Marcus Aurelius.[18] In these comparatively tranquil days the disciples would begin to show themselves openly; they would draw to one another; the Christian legionary and the native convert would blend their voices in the same psalm, would kneel together in the same prayer, and thus small communities or churches would spring up in Britain by the same gradual and natural process by which the Campagna round Rome was at that very time being covered with societies of believing men. Those of their number whom they deemed the fittest for the post they would appoint to preside in their worship, and when it happened that the little flock was visited by an ordained pastor, he would confirm their choice of instructor, and give the object of it more formal admission into office.

The wall of Antonine, which, as the reader knows, extended betwixt the firths of Forth and Clyde, set limits to the empire, but it could not bound the progress of the Gospel. In A.D. 196, we find that the day has fairly risen on Scotland. It is Tertullian who so unmistakably announces that the last watch of the long night was past, and that the morning had come.

In that year his father published his treatise against the Jews, and in it, while arguing with them that Jesus is the Messiah on the ground that in Him had been fulfilled what the psalm foretold, even, that "the uttermost ends of the earth would be given him for his possession," he adduces it as an undeniable fact that "those parts of Britain which Caesar could not conquer have been subdued to Christ."[19] So, then, we behold the Christian missionary passing the sentinel on the Roman wall, the limit where the legions were compelled to halt, going on his way and penetrating the moors and mountains beyond, and spreading the triumphs of the Cross among the Caledonians of the north. Origen says of his time (A.D. 212), "the land of Britain has received the religion of Christ." These averments have the greater weight from the circumstance that they occur not in rhetorical but in controversial works, where every fact was sure to be sifted, and if in the least doubtful, was certain to be challenged. We know of no contradiction that ever was given to any of these statements.

A century after (A.D. 302) came the persecution under Dioclesian, which pushed Christianity outwards beyond its former limits. Of all the terrible tempests that burst upon the early church, this was the most frightful. It raged with a violence which threatened for a while to leave not one disciple of the Gospel alive, nor a single vestige of Christianity upon the fact of the earth. Hundreds of thousands of confessors perished by every kind of cruel death; the flourishing churches of Asia and Africa were laid in ruins. The destructive sweep of that tempest was felt in Britain. The previous nine persecutions had not touched our shore, but this, the tenth and greatest, smote it with terrible force. "By this persecution," says Gildas, "the churches were thrown down, and all the books of the Holy Scriptures that could be found were burned in the streets, and the chosen priests of the flock of our Lord, with the innocent sheep, murdered; so as in some parts of the province no footsteps of the Christian religion did appear."[20]

Of the Christians, some sought refuge in caves and woods; but many fled beyond the wall of Antonine, where they found among the Picts the safety denied them within the empire. Their presence gave additional strength to the Christianity of these northern regions. The storm passed; with Constantine came a period of peace, the sanctuaries which had been destroyed were rebuilt; from the blood of the martyrs sprang a numerous

army of confessors, and the consequences was that in Britain, as in lands where the blow had fallen with more crushing force, and the ruin was more complete, the Christian Church rose stronger than ever, and filled limits wider than before. We may accept as the tokens of its prosperity the historic fact, that three of its chief pastors were present in the council of Arles, A.D. 314. This council was summoned by Constantine, and the three British pastors who took their seats in it, were Eboreus, from the city of York; Restitutus, from the city of London; and Adelfius, from the city of Caerleon. The last was accompanied by a deacon. The Chronicle that records the fact gives the delegates the name of bishop, but is still regarding the extent of their dioceses, the powers of their jurisdiction, and the mode in which they were deputed to the council. A church just emerging from a terrible persecution was not likely to concern itself about rich sees and lofty titles for its ministers. Words change their meaning and titles expressive of high office and great magnificence in one age, may, in another, especially in a thinly-peopled and semi-barbarous country as England then was, designate only the humblest rank, and the most limited powers. The three British bishops of the Arles Council were, in all probability, the simple shepherds of single flocks, each in his own city. It is observable that they brought with them a deacon but no presbyter; an omission for which it is not easy to account, save on the supposition that they themselves were presbyters, and that in the British Church of those days the same simple classification obtained as in the Philippian Church, where the only distinction among the clergy was that of "the bishops and deacons." We trace the continued existence of the British Church, and her recognition by the sister churches of the empire, in the presence of three British bishops in the subsequent Council of Sardica (A.D. 347). But we fail to trace any increase of influence and wealth on the part of the British pastors, for the three "bishops" who served in the council of Sardica were so poor that they were indebted for their maintenance, during the period of their attendance, to the public exchequer, and had to endure the gibes of their southern brethren, who had already begun to ape the state of grandees of the empire.

Certain writers of the legendary school have affirmed that Britain sat in darkness till Rome, compassionating our doleful plight, was pleased to send the light to us, and that it was the monk Augustine, the missionary of Pope Gregory, who, in A.D. 596, first kindled the lamp of the Gospel in

our island. The inference, of course, is that we are bound in all coming time to follow the guidance of her who was the first to lead us into the right road. The facts we have stated show how little foundation there is for that fond boast. Four hundred years before Augustine set foot on our soil, there had been Christians and a Christian Church in Britain. The fact is attested by a chain of evidence so conclusive as to leave not a shadow of doubt upon the point. When those fathers, whose testimony we have quoted, wrote, the condition of the remote Britain was well known: the legions were continually going and returning; the ships of the Levant were constantly voyaging to and fro, and had the land been still Pagan, and the altar of the Druid still standing in it, the first legionary, or the first ship that returned from Britain, would have proclaimed the fact, that in that land, said to have its Christian sanctuaries and its Christian congregations, there was as yet neither church nor discipline; and what would the consequence have been? Undoubtedly, the opponents of Christianity, so watchful and malignant, would speedily have silenced its apologists by convicting them of the crime of propping up their cause by falsehoods. The Christian fathers maintained openly in their writings that the light of the Gospel had travelled as far as to Britain, and that from the mountains of the farthest north had come back echoes of the song sung at midnight in the vale of Bethlehem, and not one of the many vigilant and bitter enemies of Christianity dared to contradict them. Founding on the silence of foe, as well as on the testimony of friend, we conclude that there were disciples of the Gospel in Britain certainly by the middle of the second century, and probably before the end of the first.

It remains to be asked by what route did the first "light-bearer" arrive on our shore? Or setting out from the Levant, did he sail through the Pillars of Hercules, and coast along by Spain? By whatever road the herald travelled, or in whatever guise, whether that of the soldier, or of the merchant, or of the missionary, thrice blessed the feet that first carried thither the "good news!" There were three channels, apart from the direct missionary agency, by which the Gospel may have entered our land. It may have come to us in the ships employed in the commerce carried on between Britain and Phoenicia. Or the legions who came to conquer our country for Caesar may have brought thither tidings of one who was greater than Caesar—a Saviour as well as a King. Or Britain may have been envangelised by its own sons. Its natives were beginning

to be drafted off to serve in Italy and Greece, and on their return to their native land, what so natural as that they should inform their countrymen of what they had heard or seen of new and strange abroad. It is not necessary that we should suppose that by one only of these channels did the waters of life enter our country. It is much more probable that they flowed into our land by all three. Let us look at them again.

Had we taken our stand on St. Michael's Mount, off the coast of Cornwall, any time during the first and second centuries of our era, we should have seen, approaching from the south, long lines of ships steering in the direction of the English shore. In these bottoms the tin of the Cornish mines was transported to the Levant. The crews that manned these vessels were from the trading towns of Phoenicia, and the seaports of Egypt and Greece, the very regions where the Gospel was then being preached, and where congregations were being formed. Aboard these ships were, doubtless, disciples of the Gospel, and it is not conceivable that they would visit this dark land and traffic with its natives without seeking to dispel their ignorance by speaking to them of the life and death and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. Thus would they convey to our shore a richer treasure than any they carried away from it. What greatly strengthens this view is the fact that our early Christianity bore unmistakable the stamp of the East. The great church festival of those days was Easter, and the manner in which this observance was kept was the main point of distinction between the Eastern and the Western church. The Church of Asia Minor observed Easter according to a mode of reckoning which made the festival fall on the fourteenth day of the month, whatever the day of the week. The Church of Italy, on the other hand, observed Easter by a mode of reckoning which made the feast always fall on a Sabbath, whatever day of the month that might chance to be. The Christians of Britain, following another custom than that of Italy, always observed Easter on the fourteenth day of the month. On this great testing question they were ruled by the authority of the Eastern Church, and in this they plainly showed that their first Christianisation came not from the City of the Caesars, but from the land which was the cradle of the Gospel and the scene of the ministry of the apostles.

Among the historical authorities who have traced British Christianity not to a Latin but an Eastern source, we can rank the great name of

Neander. After setting aside the legend of King Lucius, this historian goes on to say, "The peculiarity of the later British Church is evidence against its origin from Rome; for in many ritual matters it departed from the usage of the Roman Church, and agreed much more nearly with the churches of Asia Minor. It withstood for a long time the authority of the Romish papacy. This circumstance would seem to indicate that the Britons had received their Christianity either immediately, or through Gaul, from Asia Minor—a thing quite possible and easy, by means of the commercial intercourse. The later Anglo-Saxons, who opposed the spirit of ecclesiastical independence among the Britons, and endeavoured to establish the Church supremacy of Rome, were uniformly inclined to trace back the church establishments to a Roman origin, from which effort may false legends might have arisen."[21]

But there is no inconsistency in supposing that, along with the traders and mariners on board the Phoenician ships, who, doubtless, were our first teachers, the Roman legionaries bore a part, though a subordinate part, in dispelling the darkness which had so long brooded over our land. Troops were continually arriving from Italy during these centuries, and among them, doubtless, were some, probably many converts of Christianity, for by this time there were numerous disciples of the Saviour in the armies of Rome. These, we may believe, would show an equal zeal to subdue the country to Christ which their fellow-soldiers displayed in conquering it for Caesar, and they would talk of that of which their own heart was full with the poor natives with whom it chanced to them to mingle in the camp or in the city, and with whom, it may be, they sat in converse at eventide on the wall which bounded the empire of Caesar, though not that of the Saviour.

And, as we have hinted, there was a third channel through which the message of life may have extended to our country. When the Briton or the Caledonian returned, at the end of his military service, from Italy, or from the more distant fields of Asia Minor, nothing more wonderful had he to carry back than the story of the "crucified." Of all the wonders he had to recount, and which he had witnessed abroad—Rome, then in its prime—the temples of Greece, as yet untouched by decay—the monuments of Egypt, not yet bowed down with age—all sank into insignificance compared with that of the Cross—the Tree on Calvary, on

which the God-man had accomplished the world's redemption. We see the worn and scarred veteran rehearsing the amazing tidings to the circle of eager and entranced listeners gathered round him, till their hearts begin to burn, and they become, in their turn, preachers of the good news to others, their countrymen, Thus would the Gospel spread. By its own divine energy it opened barbarous hearts, unlocked the fastnesses of our country, penetrating where the eagles of Rome had feared to enter, replaced the stone circle of the Druid with holier sanctuaries, and his obscene rites with sweeter sacrifices, and in process of time, the foreign mariner, voyaging on our coast, instead of the horrid war-whoop of tribe battling with tribe, which had aforetime stunned his ear, was not regaled by the "melody of joy and praise" which, borne on the evening breeze, came wafted towards him over the waters. Justly did the fathers of the primitive church regard the conversion of Britain as a signal fulfilment of ancient prophecy, and one of the most convincing proofs of the Gospel's power; for after the painted savages of Caledonia, what barbarism could not the Gospel tame? what darkness could it not illuminate? Although little could these fathers foresee that the day now breaking on the mountains of this poor land would gather brightness from age to age, till at last other and far distant skies would be filled with its refluent light

ENDNOTES

1. *The History of the Christian Church*, by Philip Smith, B.A., p. 78. Lond. 1884.
2. Tim. Iv. 21.
3. *Vita Agricoloe*, c. 14.
4. J. Williams, M.A., *Claudia and Pudens*, Lond. 1848; Conybeare and Howson, *Life and Writings of St. Paul*, p. 780.
5. Rom. xv. 24.
6. Epi., *ro, reppua rns svoews.*
7. *Origines Britan*, p. 38.
8. *Irenoeus*, lib. i. Cap. 2 and 3.
9. Tert., *Adversus Judoeos*, cap. 7.
10. *De Script. Eccles*., and in *Amos*, cap. 5.
11. *Epist. Ad Marcellam*, p. 128.
12. In 2nd Ep. Ad Tim. iv. 17.
13. Tom. i. In Psalm cxvi.

14. Conybeare and Howson, *Life and Epistles of St.Paul*, p. 746, Lond., 1870.
15. For a full and learned discussion of this point see *Tracts on the Origin and Independence of the Ancient British Church*, by the Bishop of St. David's, Lond., 1815.
16. Apology, chap. xxxvii. p. 46; and to Scapula, Deputy of Africa, chap. xxvi. p.92.
17. Euseb., *Proeparat. Evangel.* lib. iii. c. 7.
18. Bede, *Hist: Eccles*., lib. i. c. 4.
19. *Contra Judoeos*, cap. vii.
20. Gillies, *Hist. Col*., bk. i. chap. 1
21. Neander, *General Church History*, vol. i. p. 117.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CRADLE OF THE SCOTS.

The drama in Scotland opens before the arrival of the main actors in it. The Scots had not yet appeared in the country, nor was there at this time a Scotland in existence—that is, a country passing under that name. But it does not therefore follow that the recital we have given is aside from the main story, or that the events we have detailed refer to a race wholly distinct from that which forms the Scottish nation of the present hour. On the contrary, the men with whom the Romans maintained so arduous a warfare, and whose country the masters of the world were able only partially to subdue, contributed their blood and bravery to form that heroic race which, in a subsequent age, fought under the standards of Bruce, and which, in a still larger age, rallied to the nobler battle for freedom which was led by Knox. In order to the formation of that race, there must be the accession of new elements, and there must also be the engrafting of finer qualities, but all this is seen to take place upon the aboriginal stock. There is no routing out of the old trunk, no planting of a new tree. The old root—the top rising continually higher, and the branches spreading ever wider around—which had hold of the ground when Agricola crossed the Tweed with his legions, and which refused to be torn up, even by the iron of Rome, remained fixed in the soil, and still stands rooted in it.

But what was destined to form the main constituent in the nationality now in process of formation had not yet arrived, and for the coming of the Scots, preparation had to be made both in the country they were to occupy, and on the race with which they were to be mingled, and which they were to impregnate with their higher qualities. We have seen what manner of country Caledonia was when history first raises the curtain and permits us a sight of it; and we have seen, too, what manner of men they were who inhabited it. Country and inhabitant alike present themselves before us in all the rudeness and savageness of nature. The former is scarred and broken, upheaved in sterile mountains, or laid down in swampy plains by the long continued action of volcanic fires, and the storms of countless winters, the only agents which as yet have moulded it; and the latter is deformed by the play of ignoble passions and familiarity with rude and violent pursuits; and yet in both are latent

capabilities far beyond what the keenest observer might have guessed to be present, and which wait only the hour of development. Dreary as is the aspect of the country—a far extending vista of marsh and woodland, shut in by a wall of rocky mountain, and the sun able only at times to struggle through its thick air; yet its framework is such, that the hand of culture and skill may contrive to create in it landscapes more picturesque, and to fashion it as a whole into a more perfect and complete country than perhaps is to be met with in any other corner of Europe. And as regards the natives who know only as yet to paint their bodies, to brandish the spear, to hunt the boar, and to shout their war-whoop as they join battle with the foe, they furnish a hardy and vigorous stock which, when its native robustness shall have been tempered by an engrafting of the nobler qualities of knowledge and patriotism, many one day yield fruits which will delight the world.

It is necessary to cast a glance back on that great movement of the early nations, which resulted in the second peopling of the earth. This will enable us to guess at the relation of the Scots to the other branches of mankind, and assign them their true place in the genealogical tree of the world. We have followed, in the early chapters of our history, the great wave of population, which, rising in the mountains of Armenia, and flowing northward between the Exude and the Caspian, rolled down the slopes of the Caucasus, and finally touched the shores of Britain. We know only the beginning and the end of this great march, but that enables us with certainty to infer much of what lay between. When history returns to the scene, reinforced by the light of archeology and etymology, we can discern that this great people, though divided into numerous septs, are sprung of the same stock, the Gomeric—the same that set out ages before from the heights of Armenia.

This great Cimric family, which needed no inconsiderable part of the northern hemisphere to accommodate its prolific swarms, was again divided into two great septs or clans. We drop out of view the numerous smaller tribes, each occupying its own little territory, and each bearing its special name, of which these two great divisions of the Cimric race were composed. The mention of them would but confuse our aim, which is to present a general outline of the ethnical arrangement of Europe, say from one thousand to five hundred years B.C., in order to reach the native

regions of the Scots, and fix the particular branch of the great ancestral tree on which they grew. The one Cimric family are divided into the northern and southern. The northern, who inhabit from the shores of the German Ocean to the confines of Asia, and beyond, are known by the general name of Scythians.[1] The southern, who dwell in Belgium and France, and overflow—for their lands were fertile—into the mountains of Switzerland and the north of Spain, were the Gauls. Both peoples, as Tacitus informs us, spoke the same language, though differing slightly in dialect, and that language was the Gallic or Celtic.

In process of time the memory of their common parentage was lost, and the tribes or nations of later formation, the Scythians and the Gauls, began to weigh heavily upon the early Cimric races, by whom the various countries of Europe—empty till their arrival—had been peopled. The Scythic or Gallic masses began to shift about and gravitate to larger or more fertile territories, and the result of this pressure was to become mixed with their neighbours, and in some instances to displace them, and occupy, in their room. It was thus that Britain, whose population till now was the early Cimric, received into it three new varieties, the Gaul, the Pict, and the Scot. There exists abundant evidence to show that all the inhabitants of Britain, from this early period onward, were all sprung from the same stock, though they arrived in our island by different routes, and are known by different names. There is a remarkable agreement on this point among the writers of highest antiquity and of greatest weight. And their testimony is corroborated by the evidence arising from substantial identity of language and similarity of religious rites. The ancient BRETONS, who were most probably the early Cimric settlers, for the Cimric are found in Britain a thousand years before Christ; and the PICTS, the same people with the Caledonians; the BELGAE, or Gauls, in the south of England; and the SCOTS, in the west Highlands, were but four several branches from the same root, and that root Gallic or Celtic.[2]

The three quarters whence came the three importations by which the aboriginal population of Britain was partly mixed and partly displaced, were Germany, Gaul, and Spain. When Caesar invaded Britain, he tells us that he found the inhabitants of the south of England, Belgic, that is, the Galli. He concluded, and concluded rightly, from the strong similarity between the population of the south of England and the great nation of the

Gauls on the hither shores of what are now known as France, Belgium, and Holland, and their substantial identity in speech, in manners, in their style of building, and in their mode of fighting, that the former were a colony from across the channel, which the hope of plunder had drawn into Britain, and the rich pastures and milder climate of their new country retained in it. Tacitus, writing a century later, agrees in this opinion. And Bede, in the eighth century of our era, adds his testimony, when speaking of the same people; he says, "They were Celts, and came from Armorica," that is, Britany.

Caesar, moreover, made inquiry touching the sort of people that occupied the interior of the island, but could learn nothing of them. There were no written records, no traditions, and no monuments to throw light on their origin. He could tell neither the time when they arrived in Britain, nor the country whence they came, and in these circumstances he had recourse to the Greek idea, even that they were aborigines, that is, men sprung from the soil on which they lived.

We now turn our eyes in another quarter. Our main interest centres in that multitudinous horde which have found a dwelling beneath the northern Bear, and who go under the general name of Scythians. "The original principle of motion," observes Gibbon, "was concealed in the remote countries of the north." It is not difficult to discover the latent cause to which the historian refers, and which has given birth to the numerous emigrations, at times destructive, and at times beneficent, which the north has sent forth. It converted the vast tract of land in Europe vaguely described as Scythia, extending from the Exude to the shores of the Rhine, into a fountainhead of nations.[3] The snowstorms and icy winds of that region made it the nursing-ground of hardy constitutions, and of adventurous and valourous spirits. Journandes called it the "workshop of nations."[4] Its inhabitants were strong of arm and keen of eye; they were bold riders and dexterous bowmen. Their occupation was shepherds, but to the patient labourers of the fold they added the active exercises of the chase. They maintained their vigour, and perfected their courage and skill, by daily combats with the angry wild boar, or the not less ferocious tiger, ever ready to spring upon them from the thicket. And thus, though no two modes of life appear to lie farther apart than the pastoral and the military, all experience has demonstrated that the

hardihood and patience learned in the one is an admirable training for the endurance and daring required in the other, and that nothing is easier than to transform the shepherd into the warrior. The terrible phalanxes which, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, did battle, at times as the allies, and at times as the enemies of Austria, were drawn from among the herdsmen of the Alps; and in their own day, in the British army, the regiments most distinguished for their heroism are those which have been recruited from the sheep-walks of Sutherlandshire. Scythia, a land of shepherds, became a school of war, and a camp of soldiers.

If we are to believe the Greek writers, this people were as distinguished for their strength of understanding as for their vigour of body. Dio bears his testimony to their intelligence. Thucydides says that the Scythians in point of valour and wisdom were the first of nations.[5] And Herodotus testifies that they were both learned and wise.[6] The names still survive of individuals among them eminent in law, in medicine, in philosophy, and in poetry. As regards their courage, let their enemies testify. When no Roman could be found to lead the armies of the empire in its last struggles for existence, two generals of this nation, Stilicho, a Vandal, and Belisarius, of Thrace, by their intrepidity and valour delayed for a short space, but they could not prevent, the fall of Rome. In that age it was to Scythia, not to Italy, that men might turn in the hope of finding the virtues of temperance, of fortitude, of hospitality and humanity.

It is true, no doubt, that *Scythia* has become to be equivalent, in the vulgar apprehension, to *Barbaric*. But, as has been well observed, "their enemies have been their historians." There are some to whom virtue in a garment of Scythian fur will appear barbarism, and vice in the spangled robes of dissolute Italy, civilisation. The Scythians formed a main element in the Gothic inundation which, when the "original principle of motion, which was concluded in the countries of the north," had attained its perfect development, and the cup of Rome was full, rolled down upon the effeminate empire and crushed it. And though we have no wish to diminish the terrors, the sufferings, and the agonies of that awful time, it may yet be doubted whether the sack and burning and slaughter which accompanied the overthrow of the empire by the Goths was nearly so great as the butcherings and blood-sheddings, the holocausts of cities, and tribes and nations, by means of which Rome had, in a former age,

effected the conquest of the world. It was partial displacement, not total extermination which the Goths inflicted. The victors mingled with the vanquished, and soon became one people with them. They did not destroy with blind barbaric rage; on the contrary, they spared much which they deemed tasteful in architecture, wise in legislation, and good in institutions. In that invasion, it is true, there were leaders of terrible name, for the mention of Attila and his Huns still thrills us, and it is also true that the progress of the northern arms was marked by some scenes which are to be ranked amongst the darkest in history; yet, as Pinkerton has observed, the preservation of "the language of Italy, France, and Spain, which is mere Latin corrupted by time, sufficiently shows that very few of the old inhabitants perished." "The Romans," he adds, "often shed more blood in one war than the Goths in conquering the Roman empire.[5]

In pursuing our argument, we have been carried past that point in our narrative where the Scots make their first appearance, not indeed as yet as a distinct nationality, for they still lie embedded in the great Scythic mass, and have not been blocked out, and made to stand apart on the human stage. We must turn back some centuries. Prior to the general outbreak of the Scythic nations by which the Roman empire was overthrown, smaller emigrations had gone forth from this prolific source of young and hardy races. About five hundred years before Christ, according to ancient writers, the Scythians began to press upon the Cimbri, or Celts, and pushing them before them, compelled they to fall back into the western parts of Europe, which they had been the first to people. One of these adventurous bands, by a long and circuitous route, found its way to Scotland. Almost all ancient testimony points to Scythia as the original cradle of the Scottish race.

And first, as to the name *Scots*. Though, as Innes [8] observes, it is not met with till the third century, it can hardly be questioned that it is the same as *Scyths*. There is a resemblance between Scythae and Scoti, and only a difference in the pronunciation according to the different accent of the several peoples that spoke of them. Thus as *Gethi*, *Gethicus*, are the same as *Gothi*, *Gothicus*, so also from *Scythoe*, *Scythicus*, come Scoti, Scoticus. Gildas, in the sixth century,[9] and Nennius in the ninth, use the names *Scyuthoe* and *Scoti* for the same people.

King Alfred, in his translation of Bede, and other writers of that time, use *Scytisc* for *Scottish*, so that *Scyt* and *Scot* were synonymous. Several of the classic writers do the same thing, making use of Scythia and Scotia, and Scyth and Scot alternately. The Irish writers uniformly say that the Scots were Scythians, and Nennius tells us the same thing.[10] Ware confirms this origin of the nation when he shows that Scythoe and Scoti were but different names for the same people, and that both are called Scutten by the Germans.[11] The two names, Scythe and Scot, signify the same thing—an archer or bowman. The Welsh, as Camden observes, call both Scythians and Scots by the term Y-Scot. And from them the Romans, who now began to encounter them on the battlefield, called them *Scoti*.

We see the colony of shepherds and hunters setting out from their northern dwelling uncertain where their journey may end. They do not, like other emigrants, leave home and country behind them. Their tent is their home, and their camp is their country, and around them are their associates, their herds and flocks, and their whole possessions. Every few days' march places them under fairer skies, and in the midst of richer pastures. They seek, if haply they may find a country which has not yet been drained, nor have the dykes of Holland been built to restrain the waves of the North Sea which overflow where, in a future age, meadows with their kine, and fair cities with their thriving populations are to be seen.

The Scythic host go on still towards the south. They are now in the territory of the Belgae. A vast champaign country; its surface, which is made up of woods, grazings, cultivated fields, and towns, stretches onwards to the Alps. The emigrants which we beheld leaving Scythia have been buried on the way, and the bands we now see wandering hither and thither amid the rivers, forests, and vinelands of Gaul are their sons of the second or third generation. The richer soil on which they now tread, invites them to become cultivators and strike permanent root, but the disposition to wander is still strong in them, and the Belgae are no ways enchanted with the prospect of having as neighbour those children of the north, who can play the warrior as well as the shepherd, and who may one day become their masters. They may pass through Gaul, but they cannot remain in it.

From this point two routes are open to them. They may traverse the Pyrenees and descend on Spain, or they may cross the sea and enter Ireland. Should they adopt the first, there ample room for their swarms on that magnificent and fertile expanse, which stretches along at the foot of the Pyrenees, now known as the plains of Castile; or, if that tract is claimed by earlier comers, they can turn to the vast and goodly mountain-chain that runs along on its northern edge, pushing its bold, towering masses far into the Atlantic, now known as Cape Finisterre. There they may follow the pursuits which had occupied them in their primeval home. The valley will afford pasturage for their flocks, and they can hunt the boar in their woods and rocks. Or, if they should direct their march on Ireland, they will find a thinly-peopled island ready to receive them, with a milder air than northern Gaul, and richer pastures, which the midsummer heats do not burn up.

The common tradition is, that they came round by Spain. Their stay in that country would seem not to have been long. The Iberia of that day was the battleground of the Carthagenians and the Romans, and the Scythic colony, or Scots, for we must begin to call them by the name, which they were afterwards to bear, quitted a land that was full of roils and misery, and crossed the sea to Ireland. Hardy and warlike, they fought their way from the south to the north of the island, and there, growing into a numerous people, they sent across a large colony, or, rather, successive colonies, to Scotland, which laid the foundations of the Scottish nation.

We have followed, as above, the course of these emigrants which, describing a compass by Gaul and Spain and Ireland, ultimately entered Scotland on the west. From them springs the line proper of the Scottish nation. But some considerable time before their arrival, a body of kindred people had entered Scotland on its eastern side. The great Scythic stream flowing southward would seem to have parted on its way, and the diverging current, taking a westward course, crossed from Jutland to our shores; or, it may be, this last was an independent migration, originating in the same prolific region, and set in motion by the same propelling principles as the migration of which we have spoken. Travelling by a shorter route, they anticipated the others, and appeared in Scotland, probably about three hundred years before Christ. Nennium says that the

Picts came to Orkney nine hundred years after Eli, which would fix their arrival in our island at the period we have mentioned, and would make it contemporaneous, or nearly so, with the supposed entrance of the Belgae into southern Britain.[12]

Tacitus, who is the first to mention them by the name of Caledonians, gives it as his opinion that they were of German origin. [13] And Bede says that they came from Scythia, the vague appellation, as we have said, of northern Europe. Though of Scythian origin, and therefore the kindred of the Scots, they do not make their appearance in history under that name, but as Picts or Caledonians. The former name they received most probably from their custom of painting of tattooing their bodies, after the manner of certain tribes inhabiting about the parts from which they had come. Displacing the ancient Cymric inhabitants, or, what is more probable, mingling with them, they came to occupy the eastern half of Scotland.

They brought with them to our island the northern iron. Nursed amid the icy blasts of Scythia, the rains and frosts of Caledonia did not dismay them. They were wild, hardy, brave. Their swift foot and sure eye bore them in safety over the treacherous bog, and through the gloomy, trackless wood. They were addicted to the chase, as the relics of their feasts attest. They were terrible in battle. They met Agricola at the foot of their own Grampians, and conducted themselves in such a manner as fully to satisfy his legions of their intrepidity and skill in war.

They rushed on the foe in their chariots. To their early predecessors, the Cymri, the war-car was unknown. We trace in this an advance in the arts. They joined the battle with a shout: they grappled with the enemy at close quarters, and while covering themselves with their small, round shields, they strove to pull their antagonist from his horse or his car, with their long hooks, and despatch him with their swords. Their common dead they buried: their great men they honoured by burning, selecting the most odorous of their woods for his funeral pile. The ashes were put into an earthen urn, and the barrow thrown up was in proportion to the rank of the chief whose remains it covered.

Their dress was a skin thrown over their shoulders, and a cloth tied

round their loins. The Roman writers, who saw them only in summer, speak of them as going naked. It is possible that even their scanty winter clothing they deemed an encumbrance in the warmer months, and went abroad in their bare skin, the rich fanciful picturings on which were to them as a garment; a more modest attire, after all, than the transparent robes in which the Roman beauties of the period were beginning to array themselves. Their power of enduring hunger was great. They could subsist for days on the roots that were readiest at hand. But when they feasted, their voracity made amends for the rigour of their previous abstinence. They mustered in rows along the four sides of their great hall, their chief in the middle. The board groaned under whole carcases of roast boar, reindeer, horses, and oxen. To this substantial fare, freely partaken of was added a pot of goodly dimensions, brimful of mead or beer, from which the guests drank as oft and as deeply as they pleased, using for this purpose cups made of horn Then came the song of the bards, celebrating the last fought battle, and bestowing fitting praise on the heroes who had fallen in it. It was loud, wild, passionate, and highly metaphorical, but the better adapted on that account to delight an audience no ways critical.

The tiger and other beasts of prey have their combats and their victories, but they never celebrate their wars in verse. Their conflicts never rise above the low groove of mere animal passion and brute rage. Not so man: not so even barbarian man. With his combats there always mingle in some degree mental and moral sentiments. It is these when the strife is over, and the animal passions have subsided, that vent themselves in song. Hence war, with all its miseries, is, in rude ages, an educating and elevation process. The beasts fight for food or to gratify their rage, and never get beyond these sordid objects. The lion is not a more chivalrous combatant toady than he was a thousand years ago. He but caters for his cubs, or he ravens for himself. Man fights, first, to display his prowess, next he combats for his clan, and finally he does battle for country and liberty, all the while the brute instinct in him is weakening, and the higher faculties are developing apace, and embracing in their aims still grander objects. Of the songs of love and war sung on the occasions, and they were many doubtless, not one remains. The very language of the Picts has perished. Only one word has come down to us, preserved by Bede, Peanfahel.[15] It is thought to mean "the head of the wall," that is, the

eastern end of Antonine's wall, and to be identical in site with the modern town of Keneil. The universal language of Europe at that day was the Celtic in its various dialects, and it is probable that the speech of the Picts differed only slightly from that of the Scots, the Welsh, and the Gauls. It is hardly necessary to add that the religion of the Pict was Drudism, and he repaired to the oak wood and the stone circle to worship

ENDNOTES

1. "The ancients," say Strabo, "commonly called the northern people *Scythes*." —Strabo, lib. xi.
2. Such is the conclusion at which Buchanan arrives, after an exhaustive examination of all existing Greek and Latin authorities, together with the early English chroniclers, and though Pinkerton demurs somewhat to Buchanan's conclusion, it has not been seriously disturbed, much less overthrown, and may now be said to be all but universally acquiesced in.
3. Tacitus and Pomponius Mela call this vast tract *Germany*, and make it include all the northern nations of Europe to the Artic Ocean. Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny, and, after them, Bede, speak of it as *Scythia*.
4. Jornandes, *De Rebus Giticis*, lib. i. cap. 4.
5. Thucyd., lib. ii. cap. 21.
6. Herod., lib. iv. Cap. 46.
7. Pinkerton, *Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians, or Goths*, Preface, xi.
8. Innes, vol. ii. 536, Lond. 1729.
9. Gildas, cap. 15.
10. Pinkerton, ii. 46.
11. Pinkerton, ii. 49.
12. Innes (*Crit. Essay*, vol. i. p. 47) makes the Picts a detachment of the Belgae, and brings them from Gaul. There is nothing in this inconsistent with the view given in the text. They were not Cymric, but Celtic, and were probably, the second grand immigration which reached our shores, coming either by way of Gaul, or across the German Ocean. The Picts are first mentioned by Eumenius in his panegyric on Constantius, A.D. 297, then by Ammianus Marcellinus in the fourth century. They appear too, in the verse of Claudian. Dr. Skene, in his *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, says, "The inferences to be drawn from tradition clearly range

the Picts as a people with the Gaelic division of the great Celtic race." In the sixth century the Picts of Buchan were the same race as the Scots of Down

13. Tacit., *Vit. Agric*., c. 11.

14. The Geloni in Thrace, Virgil informs us, were accustomed so to adorn themselves. And Claudian, speaking of them (lib. i.), says, "Membraque qui ferro gaudit pinxisse, Geloniis."

"And the Geloni who delight
Their hardy limbs with iron to imprint."

The same poet mentions the Getae in Thrace as ornamenting their bodies in a like fashion. Other Gothic tribes did the same. When the Romans built their wall across the island, it is probably that of the natives whom it parted in two, all on the south, under the sway of Rome, ceased to paint their bodies, while those on the north continued the practice, and so were specially denominated Picts.

15. So was it when Sir. Walter wrote the *Antiquary*, Since that time there has been discovered a considerable number of Pictish words. The phonetic changes in these exhibit Pictish as occupying an intermediate place between Cymric and Gaelic. Dr. Skene thinks that Cymric and Gaelic has each a high and low dialect, like high and low German, and that Pictish was a low Gaelic dialect.—Forbes' *Life of St. Ninian; Histories of Scotland*, vol. v. p. 277; Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, p. 138.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMING OF THE SCOTS TO IRELAND

In the previous chapter we traced the progress of the Scots from Scythia, that "workshop of nations," to Ireland. There can be no doubt regarding their starting point; but there is some variety of opinion touching the route by which they travelled. They may have crossed from the Cymric Chersonesus, and passing between the mainland of Scotland and the Orkneys, entering Ireland on the north. Or they may have taken the longer and more circuitous road by Gaul and Spain. There is a concurrence of early Irish tradition in favour of the latter route, and in deference to that tradition we have adopted it as that by which these Scythic emigrants travelled. But it is of more importance to enquire, at what time did the Scots arrive in Ireland?

Some have placed their advent so early as the tenth or twelfth century before Christ. This opinion has neither proof nor probability to support it. If the Scots were in Ireland ten centuries or even five centuries before the Christian era, how comes it that of the historians and geographers that speak of Ireland, not one mentions the name of the Scots till the third or fourth century? Ptolemy, the geographer, in the second century, enumerates some score of different races as inhabiting Ireland, but the Scot is not of the number. Caesar, Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Mela, Tacitus, Pliny, though they mention Ireland, know nothing of the Scots. The name by which the country was then known among the writers who speak of it, was *Hibernia, Ierne*, or *Britannia Minor*; and they had no name for its inhabitants save *Hyberni* and *Hyberionoe*. The first writer in whose pages the term Scoti appears is Ammianus Marcellinus in the end of the fourth century, and he speaks of them as a people who had been wanderers through diverse countries, and who even yet were hardly settled down in their new homes.[1] Having made their appearance, the Scots do not again pass out of view. On the contrary, they continue to make their presence in Ireland felt, as they do also in the country on the higher side of the Irish Channel; and hardly is there a writer of any eminence in the ages that follow who has not occasion to speak of them. Claudian, Jerome, Orosius, Gildas, all make mention of the Scots. This is wholly unaccountable on the supposition that this people had been resident in

Ireland for twelve or thirteen centuries, but it perfectly accords with the theory that makes their arrival to fall at the beginning of the Christian era, or soon thereafter. As spoken of by their first historians, the Scots have about them the air of a new people. They are of hardier fiber that the soft and peace-loving aborigines among whom they have come to dwell, but with whom they do not mix. Ammianus hints that the disposition to roam was still strong in them, and already, before they have well established themselves in their new abodes, they are on the outlook for larger territories, and have their curraghs ready to pass over and explore the land, whose blue mountain-tops they can descry on the other side of the narrow sea.

The world was then on the eve of one of its greatest revolutions. The north was about to open its gates and send forth its numerous hardy races to overflow and occupy the fertile lands of the south. The manhood of the Greeks and Romans was extinct. There was neither piety in their temples, nor virtue in their homes. The Senate was without patriotism, and the camp without courage. A universal dissolution of moral principle had set in, and society lay overwhelmed. Unless the world was to stand still or perish, new races must be brought upon the stage. The Frank was to be planted in Gaul, the Goth was to inherit Spain, the Vandal was to have possessions in Africa, and the Ostrogoth and Lombard were to pitch their tents in Italy. Of all this offspring of the fruitful north, it is a historic fact that the Scot was the first born. He occupied the van in this great procession of nations which we see about to begin their march to the south: for he was the first to leave his northern home and set out in quest of a new country. He arrived too early on the scene to fare well in this new partition of Europe, for Rome was still strong, and kept the gates of her fairest provinces closed against the northern hordes. Had he come later, when the empire was more enfeebled, the Scot might have been able to choose his lot amid the corn-lands of Spain, or the vineyards of Italy, like the Goths, the Huns, and other swarms who follow him. As it was, he was constrained to turn northwards, and fix his abode under the humid skies of Ierne, and amid the heath-clad mountains of Caledonia. Nevertheless his was the better part. If the inheritance assigned him lay at the extremity of Europe, and looked rugged and barren, compared with the happier allotments of others, it brought with it a countervailing advantage, which was worth, ten times over, all possible attractions of

soil and climate. It made him all the more able to maintain his liberty and his faith. A new and deeper slavery was preparing for the nations. The Scot, standing afar off, was the last to come under the yoke of the second Rome, and among the first to escape from it.

As we dimly descry him on his first appearance in Ireland, the Scot has about him a marked individuality. He is seen moving about, a man of iron among figures of clay. His arrival brings the country into historic light. He takes upon himself the burden of ruling the land, and he infuses something of his own spirit into the natives. The aborigines appear to have been a submissive and unwarlike people, who occupied themselves in tending their herds of cattle and swine amid their woods and bogs. Such at least would seem to have been the report brought of them to Agricola. The Roman general had been able to do little more than stand his ground before the Caledonians at the foot of the Grampians, with the Roman army in force, and yet he undertook, with a single legion and a few bodies of auxiliaries, to subdue and occupy Ireland.[2] Plainly Agricola recognised a vast difference between the spirit of the men on this side of the Irish Channel and on that. And such do the aborigines of Ierne appear, as seen in the earliest Irish writings which we possess. We refer to the "Confession of St. Patrick."[3] Being the autobiography of Patrick, and not the history of Ireland, it is only side-glimpses which it gives us of the inhabitants of the country; but these are full of interest, and amply bear out all that we have said regarding the character and relative position of the two races then inhabiting Ireland, the Hiberni and the Scoti. There is seen to be a marked distinction between the two. The Scots are the military class; they are the nobles. So does Patrick style them when he has occasion to speak of them in his "Confession," and also in his letter to the Irish Chieftain, Coroticus. But his language is different when he has occasion to refer to the aboriginal inhabitants. The latter are spoken of as the commonalty, the sons of the soil, a quiet, yielding, and inoffensive people, dwelling carelessly in their pleasant insular abode, plowing their fields, reaping their harvests, skilled in the rearing of cattle and swine, but inexperienced in the art of war, from the sight of which their situation happily removed them; yet destined, a few centuries later, to attain the fame of learning, and then Ireland would shine in a glory which would attract to its shore the youth of Europe, to drink in the wisdom of its schools.

Very different is that other people who now make their appearance, and whose career is destined to be so eventful. It is in Ireland that we first meet them. But Ierne is not their native soil. They have arrived in it, Ammianus Marcellinus tells us, after long wandering through many countries, and, doubtless drivers perils. They give kings to their adopted land. They send an armed expedition across the Channel, to aid the Picts in overrunning the Provincials, and driving back the Romans. They are constantly finding work for the legions which guard the frontiers of the now tottering empire. Now it is the Scots that conquer, and now it is the Romans, and the belt of country between the two walls becomes the scene of many a bloody fray. They go back again to Ireland, but soon they return in strength to Scotland, and settle down in it as if they felt that for better for worse this must be the future land of the Scots. They still cherish their warlike spirit, and are on the outlook for a foe. The Roman has vanished from Britain, but the SAXON has come in. The Scots unite their arms with the Picts, and push back the new intruder. At length the two form one people. The northern rover now appears on their shore, but it only to find a grave. The barrows on the northern and western coasts of our island, where sleep the Viking and his followers, "slain with the sword of the Scot," show that their prowess had not suffered decay. The Dane had conquered the SAXON, but he cannot prevail against the Scot. For ages the nation maintains its independence in a country which some would have deemed not worth invading, but which nevertheless was the object of repeated attack on the part of its powerful neighbours, but with no other result than to renew from age to age, and to work into the soul of its people, the love of country, and the passion of liberty. In this summary of the Scottish people we have gone a few centuries forward, and must now retrace our steps.

ENDNOTES

1. Amian. Marcel., lib 27. *Scoti per diversa vagantes.*
2. Tacitus, *Vit. Agric.*, c. 24.
3. *Confessio S. Patricii*. We shall have frequent occasion to refer to this work at a subsequent stage of our history. All that we deem it needful to

say of it here is, that it was written by himself in the fifth century, and first published by Ware from very ancient MS., and its authenticity is acknowledge by all the learned.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Planting of the Scottish Nation.

The Scots make their first appearance on the stage of British history in the year A.D. 360. At this date they did not own an acre of land out of Ireland, and they had as yet planted no colony on the Caledonian side of the Channel. Ulster was still the headquarters of their race, and the sway over them was exercised by princes of the renowned line of the Hy Nial. But in the above year we see them crossing the sea, and for the first time, so far as is known to history, setting foot on the shore of their future home, not as colonists, but only in the character of strangers, or rather of military adventurers. On this side the Channel they promise themselves larger scope for the restless and warlike spirit that stirred so strongly within them, The Caledonians are still dwelling amid their old hills, but now they have come to be known by the name of Picts. The new name, however, has wrought in them no change of sentiment towards the Romans, or effaced the remembrance of the cruelties they suffered at their hands. The Picts, that is the Caledonians, still cherish the hatred which the terrible campaigns of Agricola and Severus burned into them, and the growing embarrassments of the empire present at this moment a tempting opportunity of vengeance, of which they are not slow to avail themselves. They welcome, perhaps they invite these hardy fighters, the Scots, to wit, from across the Irish Channel. Store of booty, the excitement of battle, and, after the fight, pleasant allotments in the conquered land, were the inducements, doubtless, held forth by the Caledonians to the Scots of Ulster to join them in a raid upon the enfeebled and dispirited garrisons cantoned along the Roman wall. The whole earth was rising against Rome, the North and the East were in motion. Why should they let the hour pass without calling their old enemy to a reckoning for their fathers' blood? It was the quarrel of Scot not less than of Pict, for should the tottering empire recover its strength, what could they expect but that Rome would come back upon them with her scheme of universal empire to be set up in the midst of an enslaved earth. The Scots must not promise themselves exemption in the Irish Sea, or think that there they were beyond the reach of this all embracing tyranny. Rome would find them out in their isle, hitherto inviolate, and they should have to wear her chain with the rest of the nations.

Perhaps these considerations of policy were not needed. To the Scot, with his keen spirit and sharp sword, it may be that adventure and battle were inducement enough. But whatever the motive which drew them across the Irish Channel, here are the Scots fighting side by side with the Picts against their common foe, the Romans. The theatre on which we find the allied host slaughtering and burning is the wide district lying between the two walls, that of Antonine on the Forth, and that of Hadrian on the Solway. Inhabitants of that intermediate territory had come to be a mixed race, made up of Briton and Roman, with perhaps a few strangers of Caledonian, that is, Pictish blood, who had stolen down from the region of the Grampians to settle in the pleasant vales of this more fertile and picturesque land. This mongrel population passed under the general name of Meatae, and afterwards when the Scots came to mingle with them, and still farther diversified their blood, they were sometimes spoken of as Attacotti.[1] Lying between the Roman and Caledonian provinces of Britain, they were exposed to assaults on both sides. It was from the north that the present storm burst upon them. Besides the grudge which both Scot and Pict bore the men of this district as the subjects of Roman power, the region offered special attractions to the marauder. It had for a long time—with frequent intervals of lapse, however—been in possession of the Romans, and was now redeemed from barrenness. But its blooming cultivation speedily withered beneath the feet of the invaders. We see the allied host of Pict and Scot bursting over the northern wall, never a strong defence, and now weaker than ever—driving away or slaying the natives, and planting themselves down in their fields and dwellings. The success of the spoilers drew them on into the good land beyond. There was neither spirit in the Britons, nor power in their Roman protectors to check the ravages of this wild host. Onward they swept, giving free licence to their swords and full scope to their rapaciousness, till they had reached a line south of London. Here this pitiful work was at length put a stop to for the time. Theodosius, esteemed the best general of his age, and the father of a line of emperors, was dispatched against them from the Continent with an army, A.D. 369.[2] On arriving, he found that all that had been left to Rome in Britain was a narrow strip along its southern coast. Homesteads in ashes, fields pillaged, terror everywhere, showed who, for the time, were masters of the country, from the foot of the Grampians to almost the English Channel. Theodosius, on arriving,

found Kent swarming with the northern hordes, and had to fight his way to Augusta, "an old town," observes Ammianus Marcellinus, "formerly named London." Roman discipline prevailed over the wild fury of the invading tribes. The northern tempest was driven back to its native birthplace. The Roman dominion was reestablished, and the limits of the empire were once more extended as far north as to the Forth. The territory lying between the two walls was erected into a Roman province, and named in honour of the reigning emperor Valenta. It was a short-lived principality, for the Romans retiring from Britain soon after, the name, which was the badge of subjection, fell into disuse when the legions departed. It is curious to mark that the Scots when they first come before us are seen battling with Rome. How often in after years were these two powers fated to come into conflict, though not precisely after the same fashion in which we here behold this little band of vagrant warriors measuring swords with the mistress of the world?

The weakness of the empire was too marked, and her British provinces were too tempting to permit the spirit of invasion long to sleep. In A.D. 384, just fifteen years after Theodosius had re-extended the Roman government in north Britain to the old line of Antonine, the Scots and Picts are again seen in arms; again they swarm over the northern wall, and again they rush down like an inundation, carrying slaughter and devastation throughout the ill-starred territory that intervenes between the Roman power on the south, which is waxing feebler every year, and the continually growing mass of warlike barbarism which presses upon them on the north. The intervals that divided the episodes of invasion were becoming shorter, and every new raid was being attended with more calamity and bloodshed than the one that has preceded it. On this occasion, the region itself yielded a contingent to swell the arm of plunderers. The Meatae and Attacotti were becoming disaffected to the Romans; their invaders had sown the seeds of revolt amongst them; and they possibly judged that should they cast in their lots with the Picts and Scots, their condition would be less miserable than if they retained their allegiance to a power which had become unable to defend either their lives or their heritages. They had the alternative of plundering or of being plundered. They did not hesitate. Seizing brand and torch, they threw themselves into the stream of marauders, and went on with them to slay and burn. The few veterans left on the wall of Hadrian looked

down with dismay on their multifarious horde, surging at the foot of their feeble rampart. They might as well have thought of keeping out the sea when the tide is coming in, as of preventing their irruption into the province they had been appointed to guard. The hostile tribes scaled the wall and rush down in a torrent, or flood rather, on the rich homes and corn-lands of England. The Romans again came to the help of the afflicted provincials, and driving back the invaders, gave them another short respite from rapine and slaughter.

Rome, which has so long fought for glory, was now fighting for existence, and the overburdened empire would have relieved itself by abandoning Britain, had it not been that it needed its revenue to replenish its exchequer, drained by the numerous armies it was compelled to maintain to quell the insurrections on its frontier. But now the Picts and Scots were gleaning more from Britain than its Roman masters, and the time evidently was near when the province would be left to defend itself. One effort more, however, did the expiring empire make on behalf of its wretched subjects. Again the barbarian host had gathered in augmented numbers and fiercer audacity. Again they were seen dashing over the Roman walls and spreading like an inundation over the territory occupied by the provincial Britons. The torment of the land was great, and its cry for assistance was loud. This induced Stilicho, the vigorous minister of the effeminate Honorius, in A.D. 400, to respond with help. The country was once more cleared by the sword of the legionaries, and the Picts and Scots being driven out, the frontier of the empire, so often effaced and so often traced out anew, was once more drawn along the ancient line of Antoniene's wall. It was superfluous labour. The hour had almost come when the wall would be levelled, never again to be rebuilt. In anticipation of their near departure from Britain, the Romans repaired the breaches in the rampart, and otherwise strengthened it, and having performed this last friendly office to the Britons, they took leave of them, committing the wall to their keeping, with some friendly advice to the effect that as henceforth they should have to rely upon themselves for protection against their troublesome neighbours, it would be their wisdom to cultivate a little hardihood and courage, and not, lean on an empire which, having now to fight for its seat and capital in Italy, was in no condition to lavish either money or soldiers on the defence of its distant provinces.

Meanwhile, heavier cares began to press upon Stilicho, the minister who was heroically struggling to uphold a falling empire. Civil war within and barbarian insurrection without, gave token to Rome that the horrors of her overthrow would be great as her territory had been wide, and the darkness of her night deep, as the splendours of her noon had been brilliant. The ancient terror had departed from her name; her legions had lost their old discipline and bravery; one man alone, energetic, upright, and patriotic, strove to redeem from ineffable and universal contempt the venal, debauched, and cowardly crowd that inherited the names and bore the titles, but lacked the virtues of Rome's ancient patricians. In the distant and unknown regions of Scythia, storm after storm was gathering and rolling up against the empire. The legions on Hadrian's wall, in the far north, were recalled in this hour of extremity. The garrisons of the Rhine were withdrawn; and the Gothic hordes, swarming across that river, rushed through the passes of the Julian Alps to assail her which had so often sent her legions through the same passes on a like errand. Italy, which now disclosed her fruitful face to their greedy eyes, did but the more inflame the courage of these terrible warriors. The youthful and luxurious Honorius fled in terror from his palace of Milan, at the approach of Alaric. The victory of Stilicho on the bloody field of Pollentia (A.D. 403), only delayed for a short while the catastrophe of the empire. It was the man against nations. No skill, no bravery could suffice against odds so tremendous. The north continued to send forth through its open gates horde after horde. Rome fell: and with her fall darkness descended upon the world. The volume of Holy Writ alone can supply us with adequate imagery to depict the confusions and horrors of that awful time: "The sun became black as sackcloth of hair," "the stars of heaven fell unto the earth," "and the day shone not."

On the extinction of the Roman dominion in Britain it is not surprising that our country should fall back into the darkness in which it had been sunk before the arrival of Julius Caesar. Dissevered from the Western world. Mixing itself in no way with the affairs of the struggling nations around it, it passes out of sight. For a full century it is lost. Did Britain, retired within her four seas, enjoy security and quiet, while the nations of the Continent were enduring the throes of a revolution unexampled before or since in the history of the world? Among the last indications of its condition, just before the curtain drops upon it, is the despairing

cry of the aboriginal Britons to the Romans for help against the barbarians. The document to which we refer is the well-known letter of the Britons to Aetius, the Roman governor in Gaul, which has been preserved by Bede. Never was more pathetic supplication addressed to ruler. "To Aetius," say they, "thrice consul, the groans of the Britons. The barbarians drive us to the sea—the sea throws us back on the swords of the barbarians. We have, alas! no choice left us but the wretched one of being drowned or butchered." This lamentable cry leaves us in no doubt what the country's fate was during this unhistoric century. It was a century full of wretchedness and horror. The Picts, Scots, and Attacotti, and ultimately other tribes from beyond the German Sea, breaking over Hadrian's wall, on which not a single legionary now kept guard, swept on into the heart of the fair land, hardly encountering any resistance, slaying, spoiling, and burning, in short, enacting within the narrow limits of our island, the same upturnings and cruelties which the Goths, the Huns, and so many other barbarous nations were perpetrating at that time on the wider theatre of Europe.

The truth is, that the government of the Romans, which worked so beneficially at the beginning for Britain, became destructive in the end. The tendency of despotism is to grow ever the more crushing. The Roman tyranny, after a continuance of five centuries, produced a Britain of spiritless men. Denied all local government, and held in serfdom, they had no heart either to cultivate or to fight for a country which was not theirs, but their masters. When the Romans withdrew, they were virtually without a king. There remained neither order nor industry in the land. The consequence of their neglect to plough and sow was a mighty famine. Hunger drove them to resume the pursuits of agriculture. After its rest, the earth brought forth plenteously; but the overflowing harvest brought down upon them their old enemies the Picts, who emptied their barns, as fast as they filled them. It was from the depth of this manifold misery that the Britons uttered their "groan" to Aetius. But the Roman governor could only give them the counsel which had already been tendered them; "Take courage, and fight your own battle." This is one of the few distinct historic incidents of that unrecorded time.

When the silent years, with all their untold sufferings, draw to an end, vast political and social changes are seen to have taken place in Scotland.

Here, then, at this well-defined epoch of our country's history, we resume our narrative.

Britain, on again emerging into view, has a settled look, instead of landmarks perpetually shifting, and tribes always on the move, our island has become the dwelling-place of four nations—the Britons, the Picts, the Scots, and the Saxons—each in the main content to abide within definite limits. It will help us to realise the Britain of that age, and the relative position of the four nations that occupied it, if we shall figure to ourselves an oblong area, with a line drawn through its centre from north to south, a second line drawn from east to west, and cutting the former at right angles, and so dividing the area in four compartments. In each of these four distinct and separate compartments is a nation. In the northeastern division are the Picts, and in the northwestern the Scots; in the southeastern are the Anglo-Saxons, and in the southwestern the Britons. This is a rough outline of the Britain of the sixth century. Let us go over the ground a second time, tracing out a little more precisely the boundaries of these four nations.

We stand beside the cradle of a great power: a future, which the boldest imagination would not then have dared to picture, is here just beginning. If the birthplace of great rivers strike the mind with a certain awe, how much more the fountainheads of nations destined to arrive at imperial sway. The command had now gone forth with regard to Rome, "Remove the diadem!" How astonished would she have been had she been told at this hour, "Here is your successor." Yet so it was eventually to be. The lesson has often been taught the world, but, perhaps, never more strikingly so than in this instance, that "what is destined to be great must begin by being small."

Of the four nations which had partitioned Britain amongst them with their swords, we begin with the Anglo-Saxons. This was a people from the other side of the German Sea. They occupied the lower country lying along the coast of North Germany, beginning at the Rhine. Their original seats were Holstein, Schleswig, Jutland, and the islands at the mouth of the Elbe, and their transference across the sea to the English shore, which was effected in successive bands or expeditions, took place in the middle of the fifth century, and continued during a great part of the following

one. Gildas and Nennius, the earliest British writers, have recorded their arrival in our country, with substantial truth doubtless, but it may be also with some admixture of fable. They say that they were invited over by the Britons, who beheld with alarm and terror, their Roman defenders being now gone, the Pictish swarms gathering on their northern frontier. The Saxons crossed the sea at the first as allies, but in the end, and mainly as invaders. They had heard tell that the Romans had quitted Britain, or were preparing to do so, and they hoped to serve themselves heirs, with their swords to the fruitful land the legions were leaving. Their own country was penurious and infertile. In order to subsist, they were compelled to betake themselves to the ocean and prey upon its commerce. In these circumstances it was not unnatural that they should wish to possess a country which lay so near to them, and the wealth of which would so well reward the trouble of conquest. The invading host was made up of three tribes, the Angles, the Jutes, and the Frisians, to which is given the general name of Saxons, but all three belonged to a common race, laboured under common disadvantages, and addicted themselves to common pursuits; in short, they were sea-pirates, and, it is unnecessary to add, hardy and adventurous. They are said, by the writers to whom we have referred, to have followed the standard of two famous leaders Hengista and Horsa. They advanced, driving the Britons before them, who would seem to have been much enervated by their long subjection to the Roman power, and unable to make any successful resistance. The vanquished Britons retired into the west and the northwest of England, where we shall find them forming a distinct kingdom by themselves. The boundaries of the Saxons in Britain extended from the Wash south to Portsmouth. Future conquests, as we shall see, enlarged their dominion on the north at one time as far as to the shores of the Firth of Forth, infusing the Anglian element into the shires of Lothian-and Berwick, which is still found in that population.

The new kingdom of the BRITONS lay along the west coast of the island, extending from Cornwall, and running northward by Wales, the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, and onwards to the Clyde. The capital of this kingdom was the strongly fortified position on the rock Alcluith, the Dumbarton of today. On the east the forest of Ettrick divided between them and the Angles who dwelt from the Tyne to the Forth. The ancient boundary between these two peoples can still be traced on the face of

the country in the remains of the high earthen dyke, known as the Catrail, which beginning near Galashiels, holds on its course over the mountainous land till it ends at Peel hill in the south of Liddesdale. The Britons were of Celtic origin; no history records their arrival in the country; the Romans found them in it when they invaded it. But early as their coming must have been, they were preceded by a still earlier race. So do the sepulchral monuments of England testify.

The PICTS, or Caledonians, are the third in order. Speaking generally, they occupied the whole eastern half of Scotland from the Forth to the Pentland Firth. They dwelt within well-defined boundaries, their limits being the German Sea on the east, and on the west the towering ridge of the Argyllshire and Perthshire mountains, a chain of hills to which was given the name of Drumalban. Tacitus describes them as "large limbed and red-haired" They were at first ranged in fourteen independent tribes; latterly they came to be grouped into two great bodies, the Southern and the Northern Picts, so called according as they dwelt on this or on the hither side of that great mountain chain which, running from Lochabar to Stonehave, parted their territories. In the later half of the sixth century they embraced Christianity, and became united into one nation under a powerful king.

Ample and goodly were the territories of the Picts. Theirs were the corn-lands of Fife; theirs was the rich carse of the Tay; theirs was Strathmore, the queen of Scottish plains, which spreads out its ample and fertile bosom between the Sidlaws on the south, and the towering bulwark of the Grampians on the north; theirs were the wooded and picturesque valleys which the Dee and the Don water; theirs was the plain of Moray, blessed with the climate of Devonshire; theirs the rich grassy straths of Ross-shire; theirs the gigantic platform of moorland and mountain, with its not infertile border, which constitutes the counties of Caithness and Sutherland. Rounding Cape Wrath, theirs were the giant headlands, with the islands dispersed at their feet, which nature would seem to have placed here as a bulwark against the great surges of the Atlantic, as they come rolling up before the tempest from the far-off shore of a then undiscovered world. In a word, theirs was nearly all that was worth possessing in Scotland, the Lothians excepted.

We turn last of all to the SCOTS. They were as yet strangers in the land to which they were afterwards to give an imperishable name. Of all the four nations, the possessions of the Scots were the most diminutive and the least fertile. The corner of Scotland which they had appropriated, appeared a mere assemblage of rocky mountains, parted by arms of the sea, liable to be deluged by torrents of rain, and obscured by frequent mists. An inhospitable land it must have seemed, compared with the rich and level country of Ulster, from which they had some. Either they were straitened in their former home, or abridged in their dearly prized independence, or they were inspired by the love of adventure, and cherished the confident hope of becoming in the end of the day the lords of this new land, when, forsaking the green shores of Loch Neah and the fertile plains of Antrim, they chose for their dwelling this region of gloomy hills.

The limits of the Scots were strongly marked. On the south their boundary was the Firth of Clyde. On the east it was the long and lofty mountain chain termed Drumalban, the "dorsal ridge of Britain," as Adamnan the biographer of St. Columba, terms it. These hills are, in fact, the watershed of the district, parting the rivers that flow to the west from those that flow two the east, as at this day they part the counties of Argyll and Peth. At a point in the Drumalban chain—the precise point it is impossible to say, but as far to the northward as to include the Crinan Moss—the boundary line struck westwards through Morvern, and climbing the shoulder of Ben More in Mull, it came out at the Atlantic. So petty was the Scotland of that day. It comprehended Kintyre, Cowall, Lorn, and the islands of Islay, Jura, Colonsay, and Iona—names which remain the ineffaceable imprints of the chiefs who led thither the first Scottish occupants of this soil.

We have traced the narrow boundaries—identical almost with those of the modern county of Argyll—which then enclosed the kingdom and nation of the Scots; this brings us to a more important question. Whence came the people whom we now see planting themselves amid the fiords and rocky promontories of south Argyll? All agree in saying. They came from Ireland. The early chronicler, whose guide is tradition, and the modern historian, who walks by the light of ascertained facts, tested by ethnological and physiological proofs, are at one here. They show us a

little band of colonists crossing the narrow strait that divides the north of Ireland from the Mull of Kintyre, in their leathern coracles, under the leadership of Fergus Mor, son of Erc. This was in A.D. 502. From what more remote country they came originally, we have already shown. We now join their company where history makes us acquainted with them as a settled people, and that is in that part of Ireland which now forms the county of Antrim. At some remote period, not now ascertainable, a body of wanderers had arrived in the north of Ireland. About the time that Rome was laying the first stone of her capital in the marshes of the Tiber, this people, it may be, were establishing themselves on the shores of Loch Neah, or clustering around the basaltic cliffs of the Giant's Causeway. In course of time one of their number had the influence or the art to make himself be elected king. The name of this chief was Riadha, his sons succeeded him in the government; and those over whom they reigned were called Dalriads, from the name of the founder of the dynasty, and the territory which they occupied came to be known as Dalriads. This is the territory which figures as Scotia in the pages of the chroniclers; for it is always to be remembered that when the early historians speak of Scotland, it is the Irish Dalriada, in other words, the present county of Antrim, which they have in their eye. The name Scotia began to be of more general application, and to be given to the whole of Ireland. It was not till the twelfth century that the name of Scotland was applied to the country on this side the channel, that, is to the Scotland of today.

It was a descendant of this early king of Ulster who, according to the testimony of the oldest Irish chronicler, Abbot Tigherac, led a body of these Dalraids or Scots from Antrim, across the channel, to find for them new homes amid the friths and mountains to the south of Loch Linnhe. The name of this chieftain, we have said, was Fergus Mor. Thus was founded a new Dalriada, and we now behold a Scotia on both sides of the Irish Channel.[3] The capital of the new Dalriada, or hither Scotland, was situated at the head of Loch Crinan. In the middle of what is now the great Moss of Crinan rises an isolateld hill. On its top are the vestiges of former fortifications of great strength, while the wastes around are strewn with a miscellaneous debris of stones and cairns. These remains are supposed to mark the site of the earliest capital of the early Scotland. It stood on the banks of the Add, a streamlet that still winds through the morass; hence its name Dunadd.

This infant colony carried in its bosom a seed of great power. These Dalriads, whom we see crossing the sea in their modest wherries, were Christians. Their Christianity, we grant, may have been very elementary. It had not been built up into system by the learning of the exegete and the labours of the commentator; it was the simple faith of the early ages, and would not be expected to furnish those bright examples of evangelical virtue which may be looked for where a fuller knowledge is enjoyed, and where, consequently, the influence of the truth is greater. To whom little is given, from him little will be demanded. But between a people under the influence of Christianity though only partially so, and a people sunk in the practices of heathenism, as were the Pictish populations around these new settlers, there will ever be found a mighty intellectual and moral difference. This difference was seen to exist in the present instance. Naturally hardy and brave, with a noble independence of spirit, these settlers brought with them yet higher qualities, even such as are engendered by that living faith which they had embraced. There was henceforth a Divine force acting in Scotland. The seed of the new life, it is true, had been deposited in only a corner of the country. It had been entrusted to the guardianship of but a little community, but it took root in the soil; it germinated, it sprang up, and every year it spread wider through the land. It had a fair springtime in the ministry of the Culdees. Under the missionaries of Iona, this young vine began to shoot forth its branches so widely, as to touch the Alps on the one side, and the shores of Iceland on the other. But that goodly tree was destined to be visited by furious tempests before attaining its full stature. A winter intervened: its boughs were rifled ; its trunk was stripped bare; but, despite these ravages, its root still remained in the ground. When the sixteenth century came, a plenteous dew from above descended upon it, and awoke into mightier energy than ever the life that lingered in the old trunk. The sapling of the Culdean era became the giant of the Knoxian period.

Fergus Mor, when he crossed from Antrim to what is now the Scottish shore, was accompanied by his two brothers Angus and Loarne. They were the fathers of three tribes, termed "the three powerfuls of Dalriada," among whom the new Dalriada was partitioned. Cowall and Kintyre fell to the lot of the descendants of the great-grandson of Fergus, Comgall by name, and that name, slightly altered, we can still recognise in the

"Cowall" of today. The islands of Jura and Islay formed the possessions of the descendants of Angus. They had the sea for their border; and their territories were neither infertile nor wanting in picturesqueness of landscape, the fine outlines, and the rich purple colourings of the mountains of the former island in particular often tempting the tourists of today across the troubled strait that separates it from the mainland. To the descendants of Loarne was assigned the district that still bears the name, scarcely altered, of their ancestors. In a central position, between the territories of Cowall and Lorn, was placed, as we have already said, the capital of the little state, Dunadd.[4]

Each tribe was subject to the immediate authority of its chief. While owning the limited claims of chieftainship, the tribes recognised at the same time the superior and larger authority of the king, who exercised sway over the whole confederacy. The sovereignty among the early Scots was not confined to a single family, in which it descended as a hereditary possession. Each tribe, in its turn, supplied an occupant for the throne when it became vacant. At first the prerogative of furnishing a king was divided betwixt the tribe of Comgall and the tribe of Fergus, afterwards it came to be shared between the two tribes of Comgall and Loarne. It was in accordance with the Irish law of Tanistry that the sovereign power passed thus alternately from the one tribe to the other. This division into tribes became, in after days, a source of frequent calamity. When these tribes came to be split up into others, and the nation was parted into numerous subdivisions of clans, feuds often sprang up touching the boundaries of their respective territories, and furious battles were fought over the question of who should possess this tract of barren moor, or who should call himself the owner of that mountain, whose rocky soil and steep sides bade defiance to the operations of the plough.

The fortunes of the Scots of Dalriada had their ebb and flow; but though chequered, their affairs were in the main progressive. They lived at peace with their powerful neighbours the Picts, and they reaped the benefit of this wise policy in a century of almost unbroken prosperity and progress. During this, the happiest period of their early annals, they build up their country into a compact and, viewing it in relation to the tribes bordered upon them, powerful state. Set free from the exacting and impoverishing demands of war, they were at liberty to concentrate their energies on

bringing their territory under tillage, so far as its mountainous character permitted. The area which their boundaries enclosed was a narrow one, but they strove to augment its fertility with the plough rather than to extend its limits by the sword. Better, they judged a rich though small, than a great but barren domain.

Their petty kingdom was shut in at almost all points by the far ampler possessions of the Picts. The territory of that warlike people ran up along the entire eastern boundary of the Scots, and then sweeping round on the north, it descended along the shore, and partially enclosed them on the west, leaving open only the shot line of the Clyde, and the seaboard looking towards Ireland. Scottish Dalriada lay in the embraces, as it were, of Pictland. The Picts, as the more numerous and the more powerful people, might, if they had a mind, driven the colonists into the sea or across the channel. They did, indeed, soon after their settlement, make some attempts to dislodge them, but whether they thought these new neighbours too few and too insignificant to be at pains to expel them, or whether they deemed their mountains not worth the trouble of subjugating, or whether they encountered a stouter resistance than they had reckoned upon, it is now hard to say; but one thing is certain, the Scots kept their ground, and refused to withdraw or rectify their frontier in presence of the Picts. There would have ensued, in all probability, a series of raids and fights between the two nations, which would have occasioned great effusion of blood, and left no record save the cairns that would have dotted the moors and the hillsides, but for the occurrence of an event which powerfully influenced the relations of the two peoples, and formed so beneficent a bond between them, that for a hundred years there after never was Pict seen fighting against Scot, nor Scot against Pict, nor did either covet a foot-breadth of the territory of the other, nor was there battle or bloodshed between the two nations.[5] Let us turn to that event.

ENDNOTES

1. Attacotti bellicosa hominum natio – *Ammian Marc.*, xxvii. 8.
2. Ammian Marcell., lib. xxviii. c. 8.

3. Tigh., 502-574. *Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 130. Adam., *Vit. Colum.* (Reeves), App. 2, p. 435. Bed., *Eccl. Hist*., lib. iii., c. 3.
4. Skene, *Celtic Scotland*, vol. i. p. 229.
5. Skene, vol. i. 276.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KINDLING OF THE LAMP OF IONA.

One day, about half a century after Fergus Mor and his two brothers had crossed the channel to find for themselves and their companions new homes amid the blue lakes and the heath-clad hills of Argyllshire, a solitary coracle might be seen approaching the Scottish shore. As the tiny craft rose and sank on the swell of the Atlantic, nor token nor badge of any sort was discernible from which one might infer the rank of those on board, or guess the errand on which they were bound. No pennon floats at the masthead of the little ship, no blazoned shield is hung out at its bows: humbler wherry never crossed the sea. It draws near: it is rowed into a little shingly bay that opens amid the rocks of Iona, and now its occupants drop the oar and make ready to disembark. As they step on the shore, one after one, we can count them. They are thirteen in all; a little company, verily! And then their garb, how plain! Their air, how void of assumption; and yet there is a loving look and a conscious dignity in their faces which bespeak them more than they seem, and make it manifest that they have crossed the sea on an errand of peace and blessing. There is, moreover, about one of the number that which reveals the master, and in the deportment of the others is that which befits the character of scholars and disciples; but disciples that follow not from authority, but from reverence and affection.

The ripple of the calm sea on the pebbly beach, so musical and soft, as the feet of these venerable men touch the shore of the little island, sounds in the Sabbath-stillness like a hymn of greeting. We see the newly-arrived strangers cross the narrow strip of meadow that lines the bay, and we hear their voices in sweet converse as they proceed to explore the island. One of their number, leaving the group, climbs with slow steps the little hills and seeks the highest point. Having gained the summit, he halts and looks around him. Islet, and narrow firth, and long line of rocky coast, with the mountain-tops of Mull, and the western ocean stretching away to unknown regions, lie spread out beneath the warm beams of a Whitsuntide sun. The tranquil, loving gaze which the venerable man bestows on the scene falls like a benediction on land and sea. His survey finished, he comes back to his companions. The strangers have had their

first sight of their future home. Here, they well know, there await them long years of privation and toil, for they have come to work for the emancipation of Pictland. But here, they also know, there await them glorious triumphs. And the thought of these triumphs kindles the light of a deep joy in their eyes: not the fierce light that burns in the eye of conqueror, for not with the sword are their victories to be won: the faces of these men glow with the serene light that shines in a higher sphere. "Break out into singing, ye dark mountains," we hear them say, "for fairer morning than ever yet guilded your summits is about to break upon you. And ye woods, clap your hands; for no longer shall Druid make your recesses horrible with his sacrifices, or crimson your oaks with the blood of his victims. We come to cleanse your glades from deep pollution and make your solitudes vocal with songs. Harken ye islands of the western sea: listen ye shores, ye heath-clad plains, ye blue hills of the ancient Caledonia: Fallen is Druid: Broken is his yoke: your redemption is come."

The passage of this osier-built craft, with its venerable freight, across the Irish Channel, is one of the great voyages of history. From the moment its keel touched our strand we date the commencement of a new era to Scotland, and also to lands far away, beyond the limits of that little country on which we see these voyagers planting their first footsteps.

The arrival of Columba and his fellow-labourers—the second founders of the Scottish nation—is deserving of more space than we have here given it. Our aim at this stage is hastily to note that event as one in a chain of causes which powerfully contributed to place the relations of the Scots and Picts on a right footing: *first*, by inspiring both nations with a common sentiment; *second*, by imparting to both the latent capacity of fighting the battles of freedom and religion; and *thirdly*, by leading on the country to its first great landing place, namely, the union of the two peoples under one crown, and the consolidation of a land partitioned among independent clans, weakened by rivalries, and torn by tribal feuds, into one powerful state. At its proper place, which will soon occur, we shall dwell more at length, and with fuller enumeration of incident, on the arrival of Columba on the Island of Iona, and the vast consequences that grew out of that event. Meanwhile we wish to pass rapidly on to the era of the union of the two crowns, without lingering over the intervening transactions, or wasting our time with the phantom kings that occupied

the Scottish and Pictish thrones—if we may dignify these paltry seats by such lofty terms—or the battles in which they so freely shed the blood of their subjects: occurrences of a class which, though each, doubtless, contributed its modicum of influence to make Scotland what it is, and what it has since done, or may yet do, nevertheless merit only the most general narration, and were we to attempt a minute and lengthy recital regarding kings of uncouth name, and battles where the slaughter was as great as it was useless, and which, moreover, are encompassed by such a mythical haze, the reader, if he does not turn away, would forget the story as soon as he had finished its perusal. "The annals of the Dalriads," says Mr. Robertson, "are totally devoid of interest before the reign of Conal, fourth in succession from Fergus Mor, who, by the shelter he afforded to the exiled Abbot of Durrow, furthered the conversion of the northern Picts to Christianity."[1]

Two years did Columba expend in erecting buildings and framing rules for the regulation of the brotherhood over which he presided, and now he was ready to begin the great evangelistic campaign for which he had crossed the Channel. He made a commencement in his own neighbourhood. The Pictland of that day, from the Grampians northwards, was sunk in the gross and cruel superstition of Druidism. Thither, therefore, did the great missionary of Iona direct his steps (A.D. 565). He obtained an interview with the Pictish king, Bruidi, son of Malcolm, at his Dun or castle, on the banks of the Ness, near where the river issues from its parent loch. The barbarian monarch took the missionary into his cabinet, and shut the door behind him. The conversation that passed—the objections that Bruidi may have urged, and the reasonings and explanations with which Columba was able to remove his difficulties, we do not know. The issue only is known to use. When the door of the royal closet opened, and the king and the missionary walked forth, Bruidi declared himself a convert to Christianity. The Pictish king became a Christian sovereign.[2]

In those days the conversion of a king was the conversion of his people, for no subject ever dreamed that he had a right to be of a faith different from that of his prince. King Bruidi, in his closet, had renounced Druidism and embraced Christianity. With him the whole nation of the northern Picts had passed from the altars of Baal to the Christian rite.

They were no longer a pagan people. So did the age account it. But Columba did not bow to the maxims of his age. He knew that no rescript from cabinet of monarch could rend the veil of darkness on the intellects and hearts of a people. Light from the book of Heaven only could do; and the chief value of Bruidi's conversion, doubtless, in Columba's eyes, lay in that it opened the gates of his kingdom to the entrance of the light-bearers. Columba made haste to send thither the missionaries of Iona. Opening the Book of Life, they taught the Picts there from the story of the Cross. The sacrifice of the Druid was forsaken: his stone circle fell into ruin, and in its room rose the Christian sanctuary. Schools were planted, and the youth educated. The darkness of an ancient barbarism gave way before the twin civilising powers of Christianity and letters.

Before this time, as we shall afterwards see, the southern Picts had embraced the Gospel. The northern portion of the nation, however, had still continued pagan; the chain of the Grampians being the boundary between that part of the kingdom on which the light had arisen, and that where the darkness still brooded. But now the whole country to the shores of the Pentland Firth, as the results of Columba's efforts, had become professedly Christian. Another watch of the long night was past.

With the conversion of the Picts came important political and social changes—consolidation at home and peace beyond the frontier. Pagan Pictland had been blotted out. It was as if the chain of the Grampians had been levelled. In the suppression of a pestiferous superstition a source of irritation and division had been extinguished, and the whole nation now met around one altar. But this was not all. The most friendly relations were established between the Picts and the Scots. From the day that the missionaries of Iona had been seen crossing Drumalban no warlike host had mustered on the banks of the Spey, or on the moors of Ross-shire; and no cry to arms had sounded along the shores of Loch Awe, or awoke the echoes of the mountains of Dalriada. The hates and passions which set nations at variance had been trodden out, and the sword rested in its sheath for many a long year thereafter. "During the entire period of a century and a half which elapsed since the northern Picts were converted to Christianity by the preaching of Saint Columba," says Mr. Skene, "there is hardly to be found the record of a single battle between them and the Scots of Dalriada."[3]

We must avert our eyes for a moment from Scotland and fix them on a country which has not yet come to be known by the name of England, but it soon to be so. Here we are met by a very different spectacle from that which we have just been contemplating. In North Britain a lamp of singular brightness is seen to shine out in the darkness, and the hostile tribes are beheld walking in its light and dwelling together in peace. While this is taking place in the north, in the south an ancient people are suddenly plunged into all the horrors of barbarian war. There seems, at first sight, but small relation between the peaceful labours of the Columban brotherhood at the one end of our island, and the furious tempests which are seen to devastate it at its other extremity. But no event in history stands alone, and sometimes events most dissimilar in their outward form are closely connected in their inward relations. The kindling of the lamp of Iona, as regards both the hour when, and the spot where, it was lit, has a close reference to the terrible revolution which at this same epoch was being accomplished in southern Britain. We must bestow a momentary glance of that revolution.

The light of Christianity, as we have seen, broke on England not later than the middle of the second century. We trace continued existence through the third and fourth centuries by the presence of British pastors in the Councils of the age. But the Christianity which the disciples of the apostles had planted in South Britain, and which had withstood the terrible tempest of the Dioclesian persecution, was fated to disappear before the yet fiercer storms that were about to burst upon it from the north. Or should it survive, in any feeble measure, it would be only in those remote corners of the land, such as Wales and the kingdom of Strathclyde, where a feeble remnant of the ancient Britons, saved from the sword, were to find hiding from the face of their cruel invaders. We shall not repeat the often told story of the Anglo-Saxon conquest. The Jutes, the Saxons and the Angles were invited over by the Britons, now abandoned by the Romans, to repel the Picts and Scots, whose inroads had become incessant. They came and did their work; but the Britons had soon more reason to be afraid of their new allies than of their old enemies. Their deliverers had cleared the land not for the Britons but for themselves. Entering by the Isle of Thanet, they held open the door, and troop after troop of fierce warriors from the same prolific seaboard rushed across to swell the

Anglo-Saxon bands already in the country. Starting with the conquest of East Kent (A.D. 449), they advanced westward and northward into the very heart of the land, fighting battle after battle, following up sanguinary battle with still more sanguinary massacre, and those whom it was their pleasure not to kill they reduced into slavery. It was a war not of conquest but of extermination. Of all the provinces of the worldwide empire of Rome, now overrun by Goth and Vandal and Hun, and enduring the miseries of fire and sword, not one was so terrible scourged, or so entirely revoluntionised, as the province of Britain. Here the ancient inhabitants were exterminated, and the new races took sole possession of the country. The two remote districts we have already named excepted, England was now occupied by the Anglo-Saxon race from the German Sea to the mountains of Wales on the west, and from the shores of the English Channel to the Forth on the north. So fell the Roman province of Britain; and with it would have fallen the ancient Caledonia, and Scotland, whether name or people, would have found no place among the nations, but for the stubborn resistance of its inhabitants to Agricola and Severus.

But along with the expulsion of the Britons from a country which they had occupied for five, and it may be ten centuries, before our era, there came an entire change of religion. Their conquerors were pagans. The gods whom the Anglo-Saxons worshipped were Wooden and Thor. Their hatred of the Christian faith was greater even than that of the Germanic tribes that overturned the empire, for the latter permitted themselves to be conquered by those whom they had vanquished with their swords when they consented to be led to the baptismal font and conducted within the pale of the Christian church. But not so the Anglo-Saxons. Contemning the gods of the Britons, they mercilessly slaughtered the clergy, razed the churches, and on their site erected temples to Thor. England was again a pagan land.

It is the bearing of this unexpected and mysterious occurrence on Scotland that it chiefly concerns us to note. What is it we behold? It is the early Christian day of England overtaken by sudden eclipse, and a wall of heathenism drawn between Scotland and continental Europe. For a brief space, Scotland is a second time isolated from the rest of the world. For what purpose? Evidently that the pure evangelism of Iona may be shielded from the now corrupt Christianity of the Western Church. Before

this time the tide of declension in that church had begun to flow. But now it was vastly accelerated by the admission of the northern nations within the Christian pale. These nations were received without undergoing any instruction in the faith, and without evidencing any renewal of nature or any reformation of manners. The church, within whose open gates we behold them passing with all their superstitions, incorporated their rites into her worship, and even erected a Christian Valhalla for the reception of their deities.[4] Instead of lifting them up, she stepped down to them. How changed the church of the seventh century from the church of the second! Her pastors had grown into princes; a brotherhood had been converted into a hierarchy, the members of which stood in graduated ranks round a centre which was more like the throne of a monarch than the chair of a minister of the Gospel. The spirit of the first Roman had entered into the second. "Conquest" was her cry, even as it had been that of her predecessor. She sought to reduce all nations to her obedience. And in that age it was not difficult to make such conquests as she coveted; and had the road been open into Caledonia, had no such partition wall as this new-sprung paganism in south Britain barred her way, she might have advanced her standards farther into the north than the first Roman had been able to do. The feeble Christianity of south Britain would have been an easy conquest to her art, her missionaries, her pompous rites. Instead of obstructing, it would have facilitated her advance on Iona, where she would have replaced the Bible with Tradition, and the doctrine of Columba with the teaching of her Pontiff. But the Anglo-Saxon conquest of England, and the darkness that ensued, delayed her advance into the ancient land of the Scots and the Picts for two centuries.

But Iona stands related—a relation of contrast and antagonism—to an event of even greater consequence than the sudden irruption of Anglo-Saxon paganism into Britain. About the same time that Conal, King of the Scottish Dalriada, was giving Iona to Columba (A.D. 563), that he might there kindle a lamp of evangelical light, the emperor Phocas was giving Rome (A.D. 606) to Bishop Boniface, that in the old city of the Caesars he might consolidate the papal power, and set up his throne as the Vicar of Christ. The contemporaneousness of these two events, though far separated in point of space—for the whole of Europe well nigh lies between—attests the ordination of Him who is the creator both of the light and of the darkness. At the same epoch we behold the day breaking

at the one extremity of Europe and at the opposite we see the night beginning to descend. From Rome the shadow continues to creep northward. It threatens the world with universal night. But in the opposite quarter of the sky and the day all the while is steadily waxing, and we know that the light will conquer. The nations are rushing to and fro; the seats of ancient and powerful kings are being overturned, but here, at the extremity of the earth, shut in from the great winds that are shaking the world, there is found a little territory where the evangelical lamp may burn in the calm, and where for nearly two centuries it continued to defuse its brightness.

The men of Iona were not dreamy enthusiasts, but energetic workers; and the work they did was such as the times needed. Iona was more than an evangelical church, it was an active propaganda. It was a training school of missionaries; for Iona, like Rome, aimed at making conquests though conquests of a different sort, and it was here that soldiers were provided for carrying on the war. The plans of this mission-church were wide. Her own country had of course the first claim upon her; and no long time elapsed till churches were planted in numerous districts of Scotland, supplied with pastors from the theological school of Iona, where the textbook of study was the volume of Holy Writ. Before Columba died, he had the satisfaction of thinking that the ancient Caledonia, for even in his time it had not become to be known by the name of Scotland, might be regarded, both north and south of the Grampians, as a Christian country. The Druidic darkness had not in deed been entirely dispelled, but there were now few districts in which the light had not been kindled.

But the labours of these evangelists were not restricted to Caledonia. The mission-field of Iona was Christendom Surveying Europe from their rock in the western sea, they saw the cloud of paganism coming up from the south and projecting its dark shadow over lands once enlightened with the truth. Rome, instead of combating was, they saw, courting the rising superstition, and unless Iona should throw itself into the breach there would be none to fight this battle of a beleaguered Christianity. Columba was now in his grave: but his spirit lived. The fame of his institution was extending year by year, and hundreds of youth, athirst for knowledge, divine and human, were crowding from the Continent to sit at the feet of its doctors. When their studies were finished, and “the

hands of the elders of Iona had been laid upon their head," they returned to their native land to communicate to their countrymen what they had learned in this famous school of the west. The youth of Caledonia and of Ireland, too, enrolled themselves among its pupils, and when duly qualified they swelled the mission bands which from this renowned isle travelled far and wide, spreading the evangelical doctrine. They attacked the darkness of England, carrying the olive branch to those who had offered only the sword to the Britons. Crossing the Channel they might be seen, staff in hand, and wearing long woollen garments, traversing France, the Vosges, the Alps, and the northern plains of Italy. They pursued their labours, surrounded by the manifold distractions and miseries of the time—plague, battle, fanatic mobs, barbarous tribes, and the wolves of the deserts and the woods. Turning to the north, they traversed Germany. They were not content that the dry land should be the limit of their missionary tours. Embarking in their leathern coracles, they launched out on the unknown seas of the north, and sought out the islands that lie beneath the star of the pole, that they might proclaim to their inhabitants the message of the Great Father. No age has witnessed greater zeal and intrepidity. The countries they visited were more inaccessible to them than India and China are to us, and the labour and peril attendant on their missionary tours were unspeakable greater than those which the missionary of our day, unless in very exceptional cases, has to encounter. The details of this great movement will come before us at a future stage. We note it briefly here as a step in our country's progress. For undoubtedly the Christianity that emanated from Iona was one of the main forces that acted on the "rude and undigested" masses of the then Scotland. It cemented Scot and Pict, and of the two peoples made in due time one nation. This was the first great landing-place of our country

ENDNOTES

1. *Scotland under her early Kings,* vol. i. p. 6, Edin. 1862
2. Tighernac, 563., Bede, *Hist. Eccls.*, lib. iii. c. 4, 5, 26; Adam., *Vit. Colum.*, lib i. c. 37.
3. *Celtic Scotland*, vol. i. p. 266, Edin. 1876.
4. This is confessed by the Benedictine monks in the *Historie Litteraire*

de la France, tom. Iii., Introduc., pp. 8, 11, 13.
Gregory the Great, in the orders given to the Anglo-Saxons, permits them to offer the same sacrifice to the saints on their respective holidays that they had been accustomed to offer to their gods. *Epist*., lib. xi., lxxvi., p. 1176, tom. Ii. App. Edit. Benedict. See also Wilkins' *Concilia Magnoe Britannioe*, tom. I. p. 18. Chateaubriand (*Etud. Hist*.) and M. Bengnot admit the same thing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BATTLES, POLITICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL.

Columba is not the first light-bearer who appeared amid the darkness of Caledonia. He had pioneers as early as the second century. But history has found no place on her page for the humble names of the men who first carried the message of Heaven to our shores. In the fourth and fifth centuries there were evangelists among the southern Picts, who may be regarded also as predecessors of the great missionary. An hundred and fifty years before the light of Iona was kindled, a Christian sanctuary rose on the promontory of Whithern; and the gleam of its white walls greeted the eyes of the mariner as he steered his vessel amid the tides of the Irish Channel towards the Scottish shore. This was the scene of the ministry of Ninian, who strove to diffuse the evangelical light along the shores of the Solway, and over the wilds of Galloway. When Ninian rested from his labours, there appeared, in the same region, Kentigern, or, as he is sometimes called, St. Mungo. His memory still survives in the West of Scotland, where, humble and courteous, he evangelised, and where he is popularly revered as the father of a long line of pastors, which have been the glory of a city whose cathedral church bears his name. To this age, too, belongs Palladius. Of him we know little beyond the name. He has left no distinct footprints, and his story belongs to legend quite as much as to history. Servanus was another of these early pioneers. He established his hermitage on the north shore of the Forth, at the point where the waters of the Firth, issuing through the strait at Queensferry, expand into an inland lake, encircled by banks of picturesque beauty. He is said in latter life to have travelled as far as to Orkney, preaching the "crucified" at the very threshold of the high sanctuary of Druidism, whose rugged grandeur lent dignity, as it ruins now impart an air of melancholy to those northern wilds. There is another name we must include in this roll of early Scotch evangelists. That name is Patrick. True, the scene of his labours was not the land of his birth. Nevertheless it was Scotland that in the end reaped the largest benefit from the achievements of her illustrious son. In our judgment, Patrick was the greatest of all the reformers which arose in the church of Britain before Wickliffe, not even expecting Columba, for the mission of the latter to Iona was a reflex wave of the great movement which Patrick set on foot

on the other side of the Channel. In boldness, in popular power, in elasticity of mind, in freedom of action, and in the grasp with which he laid hold of Divine truth, he resembles rather the reformers of the sixteenth century, than the men of his early day, whose light was dim, and who seldom permitted themselves a wider range in their evangelistic efforts than the maxims and canons of their age prescribed. But the subject of Patrick is a large one, and place will be found for it afterwards.

The men of whom we have spoken, the evangelists of the fifth century, Patrick excepted, were, no doubt, men of genuine piety, of ardent zeal, and of holy life; but they were men of small build, and moved in a narrow groove. They were lights in their several localities, and the age owed them much, but they stood apart and lacked the appliances which organisation would have furnished them with for making their influence wider than the sphere of their personal effort, and more lasting than the term of their natural life. To them the Gospel was not a kingdom—the figure under which its Divine Founder had set it forth, it was a life, a holy life; but their piety had a strong tendency to run into asceticism, and asceticism is often but another form of self-righteousness. There is abundant evidence that these men had their own share in the weaknesses and superstitions of their age, and there could not be a greater mistake than to speak of them as the giants of an early time, who were sprung of a virgin soil, the virtues of which, having since waxed old and feeble, can no longer produce as aforetime, and therefore it is vain to look for men of the same lofty stature now as were seen upon the earth in those days. The truth is, that these men were not above but below their successors. Nevertheless they towered above their contemporaries, and their names deserve, and will receive, the reverence of Scotchmen in every coming age, as the lights of a dark time, and the pioneers of a better day, inasmuch as they were among the first to tame the rudeness and instruct the ignorance of their country.

The first attempt on a large scale to Christianise Scotland was that of Columba. He was no solitary worker, but the centre of a propaganda. Around him were twelve companions, who had drunk into his spirit, and had voluntarily placed themselves under his rule, the better to carry out the great enterprise to which he and they had become bound by a common consecration. This organisation was consonant with the methods of the

age, and was the only form of church-life which the circumstances of Columba made possible. He stood in the midst of his fellow-labourers, not as a master among his servants, but as a father amongst his family. The preliminaries settled, the work was begun in earnest. It consisted of two parts: first, the training of missionaries; for the little staff on Iona was not sufficient to do the service at headquarters, and at the same time occupy the mission fields of the mainland. The second was the actual evangelisation of the country by personal visits. As yet no Christian missionary, so far as is known, had crossed the Grampians. We trace a feeble dawn in the south, but not a ray had penetrated the thick darkness that still shrouded northern Scotland. Columba, as we have seen, was the first in person to venture into that region over which till his coming, the Druid had reigned supreme. The door which Columba had opened he succeeded in keeping open. Band after band of missionaries, from the feet of the elders of Iona, poured in and took possession of the land. Following the course of the rivers on the banks of which the thin population of that day was mostly located, the evangelists kindled the light in numerous districts, both highland and lowland. That light was a new life in the hearts which received it. There was a sweetness in the hut of the Caledonian, and a brightness in the faces of his children, till then unknown. He flung down sword and lance, and seized hold of mattock and plough, and soon a blooming cultivation clothed valley and strath. After the church came the school. Letters and arts grew up beneath the shelter of Christianity. Columba had enriched the world by calling a new civilisation out of the barbarism. One fruitful century—from the middle of the sixth to the middle of the seventh—had sufficed to enrol a new nation under the banners of knowledge and liberty. As if the limits of Caledonia were too narrow, these light-bearers carried their torch into England in the south, and Ireland on the west, and for a century and a half Iona continued to be looked up to as the mother church by institutions which followed her rule and owned her sway in all the three kingdoms.

We have already said that a century of comparative quiet followed the first kindling of the light on the Rock of Iona. With its rays a spirit of peace seemed to breathe over the land. Animosities died out, feuds were forgotten, and battle ceased between Pict and Scot. This calm was the more remarkable, inasmuch as outside the borders of Caledonia the fiercest storms of barbarian war had been let loose on the world. England

was in the throes of the Anglo-Saxon invasion; the sky of Europe, from side to side, was dark with northern tempests; around the lamp of Iona alone the storm slept. The solution is not far to seek. It was Iona that had chained the winds in this northern land, where before they were seldom at rest. Columba was the friend of both the Pictish and the Scottish monarchs—both were now converts to Christianity, and their joint consent had been given to the planting of this institution at a point that was intermediate as regards the territories of both. His purity and nobility of character made him be looked up to both kings; his counsel was often sought, and his advice, doubtless, was always thrown into the scale of peace. His sagacity would anticipate, and his meekness would compose, quarrels before they came to the arbitrament of the sword. Besides, every branch institution that was planted in either the Pictish or the Scottish kingdom was a new bond of amity between the two peoples; an additional pledge of peace. But it is not in a day that the passion of war is to be rooted out of the heart of a nation; and though at this period there is no recorded outbreak between the Scots and Picts, the sword did not entirely rest. Both peoples indulged themselves with an occasional raid into the neighbouring territories of the Britons of Strathclyde and the Angles of the Lothians, and had to suffer the unavoidable penalties of retaliation.

It is now that the kings of Scotland—the little Dalriada—come out of the dubious light in which they are hidden before the days of Columba, and that the work of tracing the transactions of their reign becomes a not altogether ungrateful task. Conal, king of the Scots, gifted, as we have said, the little island to the great missionary; Bruidi, king of the north Picts, most probably concurring. Dying three years after (A.D. 566), he was succeeded by his brother Kinnatell, who, old and sickly, reigned only a few months. After him came Aidan. Before his accession, Aidan had entered the Monastery of Iona, and put himself under the tuition of Columba; and when he mounted the throne the abbot-missionary anointed him as king, charging both monarch and people, said Buchanan, "to remain steadfast in the pure worship of God, as they valued his blessing and dreaded His chastisement." A clearer historic light falls on the reign of Aidan than on that of any Scottish monarch before the union of the Picts and Scots. We have it on the concurrent testimony of Tighernac and the "Saxon Chronicle," as well as of Adamnan, that he was endowed with

princely qualities, that his policy was wise, and that his reign on the whole was prosperous. His first labours were undertaken for the internal pacification of his kingdom. He made an expedition against the robbers of Galloway, punished and suppressed them. He held conventions of his Estates. He renewed an old league formerly existing with the Britons. He strengthened himself on all sides; but the England of the day was too full of broils, confusions, and battles, to make it easy for even the most peace-loving ruler to escape entanglements and keep war from his borders.

The throne of Northumbria, at that time the most powerful kingdom of the Heptarchy, was filled by Ethelfrith. His territories extended from the Humber to the Forth, and from the rock of Bamborough, across the chalk downs of York, westward to the border of Wales, in which the Saxon sword had cooped up the Britons. The restless ambition of the pagan Ethelfrith made him the terror of his neighbours. Seizing with the lust of extending his dominions, he led his army against the Britons, whose kingdom extended from the Clyde to the Dee. Cadwallo, their king, demanded of Aidan, who had renewed with him the league mentioned above, that he should send him help. He obeyed the summons and sent him a contingent. Meanwhile the terrible Ethelflrith held on his way to Chester. The inhabitants trembled as he approached. Twelve hundred and fifty monks belonging to the Monastery of Bangor, after preparing themselves by a three days' fast, came forth and posted themselves betwixt the city and the Northumbrian army. Kneeling on the ground and extending their arms to heaven, the besought help of God. The heathen Ethelfrith, observing them in that unusual attitude, asked who they were, and what they did. Being told that they were praying, he answered, "Bear they arms or not, they fight against us when they pray to their God." In the rout that followed, twelve hundred of these British clerics were slain. The Scotch contingent, carrying arms suffered less than the poor monks, who were butchered without striking a blow.[1]

A more fatal field for Adian and the Scots was that of Daegsastan, fought a few years later. It was a terrible blow to the Britons of Cumbria and Strathclyde as well. The engagement was a bloody one; the allied host of Briton and Scot was completely overthrown, and the power of Ethelfrith more firmly established than ever, and his name made a word of terror both on the Forth and on the Clyde. About the same time that

Adian sustained this defeat he received intelligence that Columba was no more. The death of his faithful counsellor affected the king even more than the loss of the battle. Unable to bear up under these accumulated misfortunes, he retired, Fordun informs us, to Kintyre, and died about the age of eighty.

When Adian went to the tomb, the line of the Scottish kings becomes again only dimly traceable. But if the royal house falls into the background, the Institution of Iona, though Columba was now in the grave, comes to the front, and for a full century after the death of its founder, stands full in view, shining with a light undimmed, and working on the country with power undiminished.

Iona was the heart of Caledonia. It was the nurse of the nation. It met the successive generations of Scotchmen, as they stepped upon the stage, and taken them by the hand, lifted them up to a higher platform; and when the sons succeeded their fathers, it started them on the higher level to which it had raised their progenitors. Thus, storey on storey, as it were, it built up, steadily and solidly, the social pyramid. As an illustration of the duality that is often observable in the world's affairs, at that very time an event of precisely the opposite significance was taking place at the other extremity of the island. Augustine and his monks from Rome were entering England (A.D. 597) by the very door by which Hengista and his warriors had entered it a century before—the Island of Thanet. The pomp that marked the advent of Augustine and his forty-one attendants is in striking contrast to the quiet and unostentatious arrival of Columba and his twelve companions on the shores of Iona. Preceded by a tall silver cross, on which was suspended an image of Christ, and chanting their Latin hymns, the missionaries of Gregory marched in triumphal procession to the oak beneath which Ethelbert, King of Kent, had appointed to receive them. The interview with the pagan king, held in the open air, for fear of magic, resulted in the grant of the ruinous chapel of Durovern for their worship. On the site of this old fabric, once a church of the Britons, there stands at this day the stately pile of Canterbury. Despite that these two occurrences are parted by the whole length of Britain, there is a close relation between them. Augustine and his monks stand over against Columba and his elders. It may seem to be one and the same faith that is being planted at this epoch at the two extremities of

our island; and we do not deny that in this mission host there may have been some sincere lovers of the Gospel honestly bent on the conversion of the pagan Saxons. But this band comes from one who has begun to scatter tares in the field, and the intentions and wishes of the sower, be they ever so earnest and good, cannot prevent the seed flung from his hand bearing fruit after its kind. The moment when that seed is deposited in the earth is not the time to prognosticate what will certainly come out of it. We must wait till the tree has grown and its fruits have ripened, and then we shall be able to judge between seed and seed. When we unroll the sixth and the thirteenth centuries, and hang up the two side by side, we find that it is a contrasted picture which they exhibit. In the sixth century the legate of Pope Gregory is seen bowing low before King Ethelbert, and accepting thankfully the gift of an old ruinous building for his worship. In the thirteenth century it is King John who is seen kneeling in the dust before the legate of Pope Innocent, and laying crown and kingdom at his feet. The seed planted in the sixth century has become a tree in the thirteenth, and this is its fruit.

When we return to Iona, it is to experience a surprise. Among the scholars, from many lands, seated at the feet of the elders, and drinking in the doctrine of the sacred volume, is a pupil, of all others the last we should have looked to find here. He is of royal lineage, but not more distinguished by birth than he is for his loving disposition, his diligence, his reverence for his teachers, and his readiness to share with his fellows the labours of the field as well as the studies of the school. Who is this youth? He is the son of the cruel, ambitious and bloodthirsty King of Northumbria, the pagan Ethelfrith. Ethelfrith has been slain in battle in 617. Edwin has seized his throne and kingdom; his children, chased from their native land, have found asylum among the Scots, and the youth before us is Oswald, the eldest son of the fallen monarch. We shall again meet him. Meanwhile Edwin, whom we now behold on the throne of Ethelfrith, gave a new glory to the English race. His success in war raised Northumbria to the first rank in the Heptarchy, and made its sovereign overlord of its seven kingdoms. He displayed not less genius in governing than bravery in fighting. He made security and quiet prevail from end to end of his realm, which reached from Kent to the shores of the Forth, where he has left a monument of his reign in a city that bears his name, and is now the capital of Scotland.

Ethelbert, King of Kent, gave Edwin his daughter to wife. With his bride came Paulinus, one of the missionaries of Augustine, "whose talk, stooping form, slender aquiline nose, and black hair, falling round a thin, worn face, were long remembered in the North."[2] There followed frequent discussions at court between the two faiths—that of Woden, and that of Rome. These discussions resulted in the baptism of Edwin. The conversion of the King of Northumbria woke up the slumbering zeal of the worshippers of Thor. A strong reaction set in on the side of the old paganism. The converts of Augustine, though somewhat numerous, had not strength to stem the tide. Augustine was now dead, and of the bishops whom he had appointed to carry on his mission in England, all fled save one, leaving their flocks to face the gathering storm as best they could. Penda, the pagan King of Mercia, stood forth as the campion of the Thunderer, his zeal for his ancestral gods being quickened, doubtless, by the prospect of throwing off the lordship of Edwin and recovering the independence of his kingdom. The quarrel soon came to the battlefield. The two armies met at Hatfield, A.D. 633. Edwin was slain in the fight, and victory remained with Penda.

Tidings soon reached Oswald, the son of Ethelfrith, in the quiet retreat of Iona, of what had happened on the battlefield of Hatfield. The young scholar had given his heart to his Saviour by a real conversion. All the more was he prepared for the task to which the fall of Edwin summoned him. He panted to kindle in Northumbria the fire that burned at Iona, but in order to this he must first seat himself on the throne of his ancestors. Inheriting the courage though not the paganism of his father Ethelfrith, he set out for his native land, and gathering round him a small but resolute band of Northumbrians, he began the struggle for the throne. The distractions into which Northumbria had been thrown by the fall of Edwin favoured his enterprise. Planting with his own hands the Cross as his standard on the field on which the decisive battle was about to be fought, and kneeling with his soldiers in prayer before beginning the fight, he joined battle with the enemy, and when it was ended he found himself master of the field and of the throne of Northumbria (A.D. 634). Oswald's reign of nine years was a glorious one. To the bravery of his father Ethelfrith, and the wisdom and magnanimity of Edwin, he added a grace which neither possessed, but which alone gives the consummating touch

to character—genuine piety. Northumbria speedily rose to the preeminence it held under Edwin in the new England.

We have seen that it was good for Oswald that, instead of being on the throne of Northumbria, he was sitting all these years at the feet of the elders of Iona. We are now to see that it was good also for his subjects. A little space sufficed to allay the tumults amid which he had ascended the throne, and then Oswald turned to what he meant should be the great labour of his life, and the crowning glory of his reign. He longed to communicate to his people the knowledge which had illuminated his own mind. The bulk of the Northumbrians were still worshippers of Thor. The Christianity which Gregory had sent them through Augustine, had not power in it to cast out their pagan beliefs, and dethrone their ancestral deities. Oswald turned to the north for a Christianity drawn from an apostolic source and instinct with Divine fire. He sent to the elders of Iona, begging them to send a missionary to preach the Gospel to his subjects. They sent him a brother of the name of Corman. The choice was no a happy one. Corman was an austere man, who would reap before he had well sowed. He soon returned, saying that so barbarous and stubborn a people were not to be converted. "Was it milk or strong meat you gave them?" enquired a young brother sitting near, and conveying by the question as much reproof as a sweet and gracious voice could express. All eyes were turned on the questioner.
Brother, you must go to the pagans of Northumbria," said they all at the same moment. Aidan, for so was his name, joyfully accepted the mission. He was straightway appointed to the charge, Bede tells us, adding, that "Segenius, abbot and presbyter, presided at his ordination.[3]

Bishop Aidan, as Bede called him, whom we now see ordained by Presbyter Segenius, and sent to King Oswald, had a wide diocese. He had all Northumbria, and as much beyond as he could overtake. But a fellow-labourer came to his side in the cultivation of this large field; and that fellow-labourer was no less than the King of Northumbria. Oswald and Aidan made their missionary tours in company, the missionary preaching and the king acting as interpreter.[4] Never was there a more beautiful exemplification of the fine saying of Lord Bacon, "Kings are the shepherds of their people." Ultimately there arose a second Iona on the coast of Northumberland, in the Monastery of Lindisfarne, or Holy

Island. The missionaries that issued from it, the lands they visited, chasing before them the pagan darkness, and kindling the light of the Christian revelation, belong to the Celtic evangelisation of the seventh and eighth centuries, which will find a place farther on.

There was peace between Northumbria and Scotland all the days of Oswald. That noble and gracious monarch was too sensible of what he owed to the elders of Iona, in sheltering his youth and opening to him the springs of Divine knowledge, ever to think of invading their country. But when Oswald was succeeded on the throne by his brother Oswy, the relations between the two nations began to be strained. The preponderating power of Northumbria pressed heavily upon all its neighbours, the Scots and Picts included. The latter wished to recover from the Northumbrian monarch the Pictish provinces on the south of the Forth, though they refrained from pressing their demands to open rupture. But religious affronts came to embitter the feeling growing out of political wrongs. Wilfrid, a young Northumbrian, educated at Rome, and a zealous devotee of the Latin rite, appeared at the court of Oswy, and began to proselytise in the interests of the Pontiff. Crafty and ambitious, expert alike at planning an intrigue or conducting a controversy, he succeeded, after several conferences and disputations, the famous Synod of Whitby among the rest (664), in inducing the king and his court to renounce their allegiance to the church of Iona and transfer it to the Bishop of Rome.[5] As the first fruits of Oswy's perversion, the Scotch missionaries were driven out of his dominions. By this time Aidan was dead; but Colman and Finan had been sent in his room from the Presbyters of the Western seas. The enforced return of the missionaries to their own country was felt as an affront by the Picts and Scots, and intensified the feelings rankling in their hearts, and engendered by other causes. Nevertheless, during the lifetime of Oswy, the peace remained unbroken. At this period a plague desolated all Europe, "such as has never been recorded by the most ancient historians'; The Scots and Picts alone are said to have escaped."[6]

Oswy dying in 670, he was succeeded on the throne by Egfrid, and now the storm which had lowered so long burst. With "the doves of Iona peace would seem to have taken flight from the realm of Northumbria. The reign of the new king was little else than a continual successions of wars in the midst of which Rome worked unceasingly to consolidate in

England her ecclesiastical supremacy, ever the foundation of her political dominancy. First, the Scots and Picts broke in to regain their independence, but the attempt was premature. Next Egfrid turned westward, invaded Galloway, and drive the Britons out of Cumbria, annexing the district, of which Carlisle was the chief city, to the dominions of Northumbria, and enriching the Monastery of Lindisfarne, from which the Columban missionaries had already been expelled, with part of the spoils. His success in arms having brought him to the shores of the western sea, Egfrid crossed the Channel and invaded Ireland. The Irish of the day were cultivaing, not arms, but letters, especially Divine letters. They were reaping the harvest which Patrick had sowed, and their schools were the glory of their country, and the light of Europe. But their church was not of Roman planting, and their nation found no favour in the eyes of the Northumbrian king. He ravaged their seaboard, and would have carried his ruthless devastations into the interior had not the peaceful Irish, stung into sudden passion, taken arms and driven him out of their country. He next turned northward on an expedition from which he was never to return. At the head of a mighty army he crossed the Forth. The Picts pursued the same strategy to entrap Egrid by which their ancestors had baffled Agricola. They drew him, by a feigned retreat, on through Fife, and across the Tay, and into Angus, luring him nearer and nearer the mountains. Pursuing a flying foe, as he believed, he marched on to the spot where the Pictish army waited for him in ambush. The place was Lin Garan, or Nectan's Mere, a small lake in the parish of Dunnichen, Forfarshire. The battle that ensued was decisive (685). Egfrid lay dead on the field, and around him, in ghastly array, lay the corpses of his nobles and fighting men.[7] A few fugitives, escaping from the field, carrying to Northumbria tidings which too sadly realised their presentiment of evil which weighted upon the hearts of his subjects when they saw their king setting out. The woes denounced by the Irish pastors, as he sailed away from their ravaged coast, had in very deed fallen upon the unhappy monarch. The consequences of their battle were important. The fetters of the Scots and Picts were effectually broken. Never again, Nennius tells us, was Northumbrian tax-gatherer seen in their territory. From the height of its fame as a military power, Northumbria fell never more to regain its supremacy. The Northumbrian-Roman bishopric, which had been established at Abercorn on the southern bank of the Forth, was swept away by the same victory which wrested the Lothians from the

sceptre of the Northumbrian kings, and its bishop, Trumwine, fled, panic stricken, on receipt of the news from Nectan's Mere, nor halted till he was within the walls of Whitby. This bishopric was an advanced post in the army of aggression which was marching slowly upon Iona with intent of garrisoning the evangelical citadel with Roman monks, or razing it to the ground. The lesser Institution of Lindisfarne had been captured, and was now being worked in the interests of Rome; but the victory was not complete so long as the parent institution retained its independence. Had Egfrid triumphed at Nectan's Mere, the extinction of Iona as an evangelical school would have speedily followed: its teachers would have been driven out as those of Lindsfarne had already been. But the defeat of the king gave it a respite, and for half a century longer it remained a fountain of Divine knowledge to the Picts and Scots, and to lands beyond the sea. The blood spilt on this Pictish moor was not in vain.

Nectan's Mere killed others besides those whom the Picts slew on the field with the sword, and history sometimes imparts its finishing touch to a national disaster by singling out an individual woe. At the time of the battle the good Cuthbert was bishop at Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, and waiting trembling for news from the battlefield. When tidings came that king and army lay cold on that fatal moor, the aged Cuthbert sickened and died. The circumstances of his last days have a deep pathos. Cuthbert was born at the southern foot of the Lammermoors. Meditative from childhood, when ye grew up he entered the Monastery of Melrose, a branch of that of Iona. Daily he wandered by the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot, instructing all he met, whether young or old, in the truths of Holy Writ. He climbed the hills and talked with the shepherds, as they tended their flocks amid the Cheviots; he crossed the wide moors, where the silence seem holy, and entered the lonely huts with the message of life. The flame of his sanctity spread through all the regions. Happy would it have been for Cuthbert if his last years had been passed amid these peaceful scenes, and in the pursuit of these pious labours. But it was fated to be otherwise. King Oswy, as we have seen, at the Council of Whitby, declared in favour of Latin Christianity. The Columban monks were expelled from Holy Island. "Icabod" was written upon the walls of the monastery. And now the question came to be, where could one be found of so great repute for piety, that his appointment as Bishop of Lindisfarne would bring back the glory that had departed. Cuthbert was

sought out and installed in the office. Disgusted with the atmosphere of intrigue and selfishness which he here breathed, he fled from the monastery and built himself a hermitage on the mainland. He was dragged from his retreat, and brought back to his post in the island. He had not long returned till the crushing news of the death of the king at Nectan's Mere, and the consequent distractions of Northumbria, came upon him and broke his heart. He retired to his hermitage on the mainland to die. They who watched at his dying bed agreed to notify by signal to the monks on the island the moment of his departure. They would place a candle in the window of the hut in which he lay. One of the brotherhood, stationed on the tower of the monastery, remained on the outlook. At last the eventful moment came. Peacefully Cuthbert drew his last breath. The faithful attendant by his bedside rushed to the window with a light. The pale gleam, carried the fatal tidings, shot across the narrow belt of the sea that parted the island from the mainland. It was caught by the watchful eye of the monk on the tower. Hurrying down to the chapel, where his brethren were assembled, he announced to them that their bishop was no more, just as it happened to them to be chanting, with dirge-like voices, the mournful words of the sixtieth Psalm, "O God, thou has cast us off, thou has scattered us, thou hast been displeased. Thou has shewed thy people hard things, thou hast made us to drink the wine of astonishment."

ENDNOTES

1. Extinctos in ea pugna ferunt de his qui ad orandum venerunt viros circiter mille ducentos.—Beda, lib. ii. cap. 2
2. Green, *History of the English People*, p, 19, Lond. 1875.
3. Aydanus accepto gradu episcopatus quo tempore eodem monasterio Segenius abbas et presbyuter praefuit.—Beda, lib. iii. cap. v.
4. Beda, lib. iii. cap. 3.
5. Wilkins, *Concilia,* p. 37; Beda, lib. iii. cap. 25.
6. Buchanan, *Hist.*, lib. v. cap. 55.
7. Buchan., *Hist. of Scot.*, lib. v. cap. 56; Robertson, Scotland under her Early Kings vol. i. p. 12.

CHAPTER XXV.

IONA AND ROME; OR, THE SECOND ROMAN INVASION.

After these commotions the three nations—the Northumbrians, the Picts, and the Scots—settled down into what might be termed, in that era of worldwide revolution, tranquillity. Nectan's Mere—the Flodden of the seventh century—had adjusted and sweetened the relations between all three. The humiliating defeat on the Pictish moor had purged Northumbria of its ambition, and made it content to abide within the narrower limits. The Picts had recovered their corn lands on the south of the Forth. The Scots of Dalraida were no longer struck at through the side of Galloway with the Northumbrian spear; and the Cymric Britons were allowed to possess in peace the vale of Strathclyde, all that was now left them, Wales excepted, of a country once wholly their own. The Lamp of the North, the Latin corps having been arrested in its covert advance to inflict eclipse or extinction upon it, continued to burn and to diffuse, among the two nations of the Picts and Scots, its vivifying and healing influences. Of all the instrumentalities which combined to lift up the country, this was the first and greatest, and preeminently so. Without it the rest would have been powerless to subdue the barbarism of the people. The touch of Iona had in it a plastic power that was omnipotent. It planted a conscience in the breast of the savage; and conscience is the first thing to sweeten the bitterness of humanity, by curbing its selfishness and passion. Every decade that Lamp continued to burn was an inestimable gain, not only to the country in which it shone, but to every land to which its rays. extended.

At that juncture, moreover, two princes, exceptionally enlightened and wise, exercised sway over the two nations of Northumbria and the Scottish Dalriada. This helped to deepen the peace that happily prevailed, and prolong the period of its duration. Egfrid, who had fallen in the great battle with the Picts, was succeeded by his brother Alfred. The Alfred whom we now see mounting the throne of Northumbria is not to be confounded with the Alfred of the ninth century, whose name has come down to us across the ten intervening ages in the pure gold of leader in the Divine work of Bible translation. Nevertheless this earlier Alfred was a learned and magnanimous prince. Eschewing the war path,

in which his brother had found only destruction, he sought in the pursuit of peace and letters the glory of his reign and the welfare of his subjects. It was now that English literature had its springtime, and ventured to put forth its earliest buds, though the air was not as yet genial enough to expand them into blossom. It was under this king that Bede—the venerable Bede, as we now style him—the father of English ecclesiastical history, flourished. He lived in the convent of Jarrow, and spent his whole life in the tranquil grandeur of study. His fame for learning drew round him six hundred scholars, to whom he ministered daily instructions. His school rose into great repute, rivaling those earlier seminaries in Ireland, which had been the glory of a former age. Now at their light was waning, the school of Bede was beginning to take their place in the eyes of the nations of the West. His life was one of unbroken labour; he was monk, schoolmaster, and historian all in one; upwards of forty volumes from his pen, on all the sciences, as his age knew them, are the monument of his prodigious industry. His favourite study was Holy Scripture; and his last labour, as well known, was the translation of John's Gospel; the last line was dictated with his last breath, and written down by a young scribe with the last ray of eve—Bede and the day setting together, but the one as sure to reappear as the other, and to have dark night turned into glorious morning.

But truth compels us to add that the great scholar and devout Christian did not wholly escape the blight which the Latin Church, ten years before he was born, at the Conference of Whitby, had begun to inflict on England. The shadow of Rome was upon him. But for this how much clearer would have been his vision, and how much wider his sympathies! He speaks lovingly, it is true, of the Columban missionaries who came to enlighten the pagans of Northumbria: he awards them the praise of humility and piety, and lauds the exemplary diligence with which they travelled from village to village instructing the ignorant; but one thing was lacking to their perfection, the Roman tonsure even. It was hard for those who had not received the mark of the bishop of Rome to enter into the kingdom of heaven. So Bede thought, nor has he a word of condemnation for the cruel slaughter by the pagan Ethelfrith, instigated by the Romanising party of the twelve hundred clergy of Bangor who had stood up for the independence of the British church by refusing to have their heads shorn by the agent of Pope Gregory's missionary. The same cause abridged

the good flowing from his labours after he was gone. When the great Alfred arose in the middle of the next century, he found that the goodly promise of the school of Jarrow had come to nothing. It had been mowed down by the sword of the Dane, who descended on the coast of England after Bede's death; but its premature extinction had been mainly caused by the breath from the cemeteries of ancient paganism on the banks of the Tiber, now creeping over England. Christian products cannot flourish in the air of the grave. The pious king, without very clearly perceiving what had wrought the ruin he lamented, sought how he might remedy it. He began working on the lines of Bede, but his own labours, in their turn, crumbled into dust in the same poisonous air which had blighted those of the monk of Jarrow, and which, so far from being purified and healed, became, century after century, only the more deadly and killing.

It so happened at that epoch (about 690) that there was, as we have already said, a scholar on the throne of Scotland also. He figures in the list of our early kings as Eugene the sixth. Congeniality of taste and study cemented the bonds of friendship between him and Alfred of Northumbria. Accordingly, during their reigns, there was peace between their kingdoms. "Both kings," says Buchanan, "Were profound scholars, according to the literature of the times, especially in the theology."[1] Fordum, speaking of the Scottish king, says, "He was, for those times, a learned prince, being educated under Adamnan, abbot of Icolm-Kill." Fordun affirms of Alfred of Northumbria also, that he was trained in the Monastery of Iona; a not improbable occurrence, seeing his youth was passed in adversity, and at a distance from the Northumbrian court. The western world of that day may be divided into three great zones in respect of knowledge. There was a broad and dark belt in the middle space, and on either side a zone of light. The Gothic nations had brought night with them into Europe, extinguishing the lamps of ancient learning, and obscuring those of the Christian faith before they were well kindled. On the south, science, art, and philosophy flourished among the Saracenic nations—a distinction which they owed to their possession of the writing of the Greeks and of the eastern nations, which strengthened their minds and stimulated their inventive faculties. On the north of the central zone was, too, an illuminated region, in which sacred letters especially were studied. It owed its light to its possession of a Book of all others the most powerful in quickening and enriching the mind and expanding the

soul. In the southern region the light was scientific and artistic solely. In the northern it partook largely of the humanistic and moral element, and the civilisation based on it was therefore deeper and more varied. We can give full credit, therefore, to Fordun and Buchanan when they tell us that in the North, scholars were found, not only in the church and in school, but even on the throne itself.

The reign of Eugene VI. of Scotland lasted ten years. The peace between him and the king of Northumbria was profound. His relations with his neighbours the Picts, whose kingdom had become of late very powerful by the accession of the Lothians, so as greatly to overshadow the little Dalriada, were less satisfactory and at times critical; but their occasional quarrels that threatened the peace between them were adjusted without the intervention of a pitched battle. Ever as either king put his hand on his sword's hilt, a voice was heard from Icolmkill in the interests of peace, before the weapon could be unsheathed or blood spilt.

The eighth century of our country rises in a hazy light, and that haze overhangs it to its close. Its kings, Scottish and Pictish, pass before us without individuality, and therefore without interest. Doubtless some of them, perhaps many, were worthy prices, and did worthy deeds, but they have failed to find a historian who was able to do more that cite their names and say of a particular king, that he fought so many battles, reigned so many years, and died. It does not follow that these kings lived in vain. Not one of them but helped to make Scotland what it is; each brought his stone to the building; although now it is impossible to assign his stone to the individual king, or award the measure of praise due to him for placing it there, and contributing thereby to the solidity and grandeur of the edifice.

It is with events, rather than men, that our history has to do, and from the shadowy potentates of Dalriada—for the Scotland of the eighth century was still enclosed within the narrow boundary of the Clyde and the Drumalban chain—we turn to a transaction which we see taking place on the larger stage of the Scotland of the future, known as yet as Pictland. The occurrence we are about to narrate did not receive great attention or awaken much alarm at the time—the loss of a battle would have occasioned more—but its consequences did not die out for nine centuries.

We have already touched on the extraordinary eagerness of the first Rome to occupy Britain. The second Rome was not less eager and persisted in her attempts to seize our country. The imperial legions had hardly left our soil till the feet of an army of monks were planted upon it. The burden of the mission of these foreign propagandists was the supremacy of the Roman See, and the authority of the ecclesiastical constitutions. The badge of submission to these two powers, on the part of the convert, was the Roman tonsure on his crown, the same which distinguished or dignified the priests of Isis and Osiris. The Columban missionaries laboring in Northumbria did not object to have their heads shorn after any pattern that seemed good in the eyes of the monks of Augustine. It was a matter of indifference to them what form the tonsure took, whether a circle, or a square, or a triangle. What they objected to was the yoke thereby imposed upon their conscience. The tonsure in the form proposed—the coronal, to wit—was the badge of subjection to a strange bishop, and of the reception of constitutions which they has not examined, and which, for aught they knew, might contain things contrary to Holy Scripture. Would not this new obedience be a manifest renunciation of their prior vow to their own church, and especially to the Word of God as the supreme and infallible standard of faith and duty? They would virtually perjure themselves. It was the sheerest tyranny to exact such a thing; and compliance would have been cowardice and treachery. The Columban missionaries resolutely stood their ground. Mindful of the honour of Iona, on which their submission would have entailed disgrace, and mindful, too, of the honour of their brethren, on whose integrity their fall would have brought suspicion, they chose to quit their adopted country and the work they were so zealously and successfully prosecuting in it, rather than submit their heads to the scissors of Rome in token of passing under the crook of the shepherd of the Tiber. Finan, Coman, and their brethren disappeared from the halls of Lindisfarne and the mission-walks of Northumbria, and their place was taken by men whose heads bore the orthodox tonsure, but whose words were strange. By this victory the Latin pale was extended to Edinburgh and the Forth, the farthest limit of the old empire.

But the chief of that church was not content that this should be the final boundary of his spiritual dominions. Beyond that limit there burned in the northern sky a star of apostolic brightness, and till its light should be

extinguished he deemed that his own kingdom was not secure. The order was now issued to march on Iona. Accordingly, in the second decade of the eighth century (about 717), we find the Italian monks at the court of Nectan Macderiloi, king of the Picts, and there setting on foot the same maneuvers which had resulted in the Roman victory at Whitby half a century before. Nectan, on a certain day, assembled the nobles of his court at Restenet, Forfarshire, and gave audience to the papal envoy and his attendants. Nectan and his people, according to the envoy, whose name is said to have been Boniface, were sunk in three deplorable heresies. They celebrated Easter on the wrong day; their clergy lacked the true tonsure; and their churches were not so constructed as to permit of an efficacious administration of the Christian rites. The Picts were in peril of losing their salvation by indulging in these gross and wicked courses. They might be ever so well instructed in the doctrines of the faith, but to what avail when they sinned so grievously in the all-important matter of form? What benefit could they hope to receive through Christ's death, unless they commemorated His passion on the anniversary of the day on which it was endured? And what power to convert could possibly be possessed by a clergy whose crowns were not shorn, or not shorn in the orthodox fashion? Was it not immense presumption in Nectan and his Picts to set themselves, in these vital matters, in opposition to the whole of Western Christendom? Was he not cutting off himself and his people thereby from the body of the church and from the channels of grace, for what grace could the Eucharist contain if celebrated on the wrong day, or by a heretically-tonsured clergy? These were pertinent interrogatories, and Nectan felt that there was great weight in the arguments which they implied. The Christian system, he saw, had been wonderfully simplified! All its doctrines were here gathered into the one great doctrine of the Eucharist, and all the duties of the Christian life were comprehended and summed up in the one cardinal virtue of keeping Easter on the right day of the moon. It was not the Bible but the Calendar that must be Nectan's guide. It was not the one anointed priest in the heavens to whom he was to life his eyes, it was a tonsured priesthood on earth which was to be to him and his people the fountain of grace. So did Boniface teach him.

In an evil hour for himself and his kingdom the Pictish monarch permitted himself to be persuaded by Boniface. Nectan exchanged the Gospel

which Columba had preached to his predecessor, Bruidi, for the sweeter doctrine and the easier yoke, as he believed it, of Rome. He issued an edict from the "Hill of Faith," at Scone, appointing Easter to be observed henceforward on the day fixed in the calendar of the Roman Church, and commanding all the clergy of his dominions to receive the coronal tonsure. To complete the reformation of his kingdom, Nectan sent to Coelfred, abbot of Wearmouth, for architects skilled to build churches so constructed as that all that was said, and especially all that was done in them, might be efficacious. The ecclesiastical revolution was now complete. The three instrumentalities by which Nectan had effected his new reformation were the calendar, the scissors, and the architects.[2]

The first fruit of the new faith was persecution. The Columban clergy were required to have their heads shorn in the orthodox way, and from this time forward to take their instructions, not from Iona, but from Rome. On their noncompliance they were straightway separated from their flocks and driven across Drumalban into the Scottish kingdom of Dalriada, where the lamp of Iona still continued to burn, though with decaying brightness. The livings left vacant by their expulsion were filled by priests from the kingdom of Northumbria and the south of Ireland. In both countries the novel doctrines and rites of which Boniface was the propagator, had already taken root and were flourishing.

The second consequence of these ecclesiastical changes was the interruption of the peace which had so long existed between the two nations. For a full century, as we have already seen, after the arrival of Columba, hardly was there a battle between Scot and Pict; but now the period of amity comes to an end, and it is Rome that is seen stirring the embers of strife. Those whom the evangelist of Iona had united in one Christian confederacy the emissaries of the Vatican again part into two rival and hostile kingdoms. The flag of battle is again unfurled, and an element of intense bitterness is infused into the strife than had ever been known even in the days of Druidism

What success these new teachers who filled the vacant charges and walked so straightly by canon and rubric had in convincing the ancient Caledonians that they could not be saved unless they observed the great Christian festival on the right day, and were soundly instructed by a

tonsured clergy, we know not. One thing is certain, however, that Nectan did not much prolong his reign after these events. On the seventh year after he had driven out the Columban pastors, he vacated his throne and entered a monastery. Whether, in assuming the cowl, he sought escape from the cares of government, or whether he was drawn to the cell in the hope of doing expiation as a monk for the sins he had committed as king, or whether he simply yielded to the importunities of his monkish advisers and masters, who may have wished to place a more pliant ruler in his seat, we know not, but the fact is that Nectan adopted the fashion, even then becoming prevalent, and since his time followed by mightier monarchs, of forsaking, in their last days, crown and courtiers, for the sombre, if not sanctified, companions of the cloister, and engaging in the mortifying but not purifying observances of asceticism.[3]

From this date there opens an era of trouble and convulsion in the Pictish kingdoms. The conversion of Nectan to the Roman rite had disrupted the bond which joined the two peoples in one. The flight of the pastors of the old faith across the Drumalban into Dalriada, carried thither the tidings of the spoliation to which they had been subjected in the Pictish realm, had also inflamed the wrath of the Scots. That mountain barrier, virtually annihilated so long as the faiths of the two peoples were one, was upreared again; and instead of the feet of those "who bring good tidings, and publish peace," there were now seen upon these mountains heralds bearing the flag of defiance, and blowing the trumpet of war. Armies crossed and recrossed Drumalban, carrying into the territories of Pict and Scot battle and bloodshed. It were unspeakably wearisome to recount the story of these savage and sanguinary conflicts, even were it possible. Who could dwell with interest over such a recital, or who could be the wiser or the better for it? We look down into a mist, as it were: we see combatants rushing to an fro, we see host encountering host, we hear the din of battle perpetually rising; anon there comes a cloud that hides all, and when it again lifts and the light is let in, new champions are seen struggling on the stage, and the new battles are going forward, but the cause in which they originate, and the interests they advance, we find it hard, often impossible, to ascertain. The ages seem running to waste. Now it is the Picts and Scots that are seen contending with on another. Now it is the Scottish clans that have fallen out among themselves, and are laying waste their country by intestine broils. Now the Dalriadans are seen rushing

across the Clyde to assail the Britons of Strathclyde. And now the Picts and Scots make peace between themselves, that they may join their arms against the Angles of the kingdom of Northumbria. But what fruit comes of all these bloody encounters does not appear; nor of many of them does there remain record or memorial, save the cairn which has come down to our day through the tempests of a thousand winters, and the sepulchral urn which the plough or the mattock lay open, to tell that here warrior fought and died, and though his name and deeds have long since passed into oblivion..

ENDNOTES

1. Buchanan, lib. v. cap. 57.
2. Bede, *Eccl. Hist.*, bk. v. c. 21; Skene, bk. i. c. 6; Robertson, *Early Kings*, vol. i. p. 9, 10,
3. Tighernac, Skene, vol. i. p. 284.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNION OF THE SCOTS AND PICTS—THE SCOTTISH NATION

In A.D. 787 new troubles came from without to complicate the affairs of the four kingdoms into which Scotland and England were then divided, and to add to the miseries with which they were already full. Ships of ominous look, from beyond the sea, appeared suddenly like a flock of vultures off the coasts of Britain. They made their appearance simultaneously on both the eastern and western shores of the island. Their prows moulded like beak of eagle, and their sterns tapered and curling like tail of dragon, gave dismal presage of the errand on which they were bent. Their long narrow build, and the rows of oars by which they were impelled, made their passage through the waves like that of bird hasting to the prey. They were the terror alike of the Scot and the Pict, of the Angle of the eastern kingdom, and the Briton of the western, all of whom suspended their mutual feuds to wage united battle against this common and formidable foe. From Norway and Denmark had come this horde of ravagers. The old chronicler, Simeon of Durham, who alone related the occurrences of these unhappy times, tells us that fearful prodigies heralded the arrival of these sea pirates. Dragons of fire and warriors in flame filled the night skies, and shook with terror the men of Northumbria and Mercia. And when at last these frightful prognostications received but too terrible fulfilment in the arrival of the Vikings, Simeon goes on to give us a harrowing description of the slaughter which they inflicted. It is signal that the first burst of this northern tempest should have fallen upon the two great religious institutions of the age. The riches known to be hoarded in these establishments was what, doubtless, drew thither these spoilers. "In the same year," (793) "the pagans from the northern region came with a naval armament to Britain like stinging hornets, and overran the country in all directions like fierce wolves, plundering, tearing, and killing not only sheep and oxen, but priests and Levites, and choirs of monks and nuns. They came, as we before said, to the church of Lindisfarne, and laid all waste with dreadful havoc, trod with unhallowed feet the holy places, dug up the altars, and carried off all the treasures of the holy church. Some of the brethren they killed, some they carried off in chains, many they cast out naked and loaded with insults, some they drowned in the sea."[1]

A few years thereafter a like calamity befell the older institute of Iona. The northern storm-cloud was seen to divide in two when it approached the shores of Britain. One tempest made its descent southward along the English coast, its track marked by the ruins the old chronicler so graphically describes. The other tempest crossed the Orkneys, sweep round Cape Wrath, and descended on the western shore of Scotland, expending its destructive rage on the Hebrides. The marauders bore off to their ships the spoil of the wretched inhabitants, destroying what they were unable to carry away, and after slaughtering the owners and setting fire to their dwellings, they departed, leaving the western isles and the adjoining coast a scene of desolation. The sanctuary of Iona had no exemption from these awful calamities. Neither its fame, nor the inoffensive lives of its inmates, could procure it reverence or consideration in the eyes of these barbarians. It was spared on occasion of their first visit (794), but in four years the Vikings returned to harry and slay; and in A.D. 802, as the Annals of Ulster record, Ikomkill was burned by these sea robbers, and in A.D. 806 its destruction was completed by the slaughter of its whole community, amounting to sixty-eight persons.[2] This beacon of evangelical light, which had burned for two centuries, redeeming the land from pagan darkness, drawing to the feet of its elders scholars from other and distant countries, and so wonderfully shielded amid the tempests of battle between Pict and Scot which had raged around it for a hundred years past, but the light of which has begun to wax faint and low, was not fully put out by the hand of violence.

But the fallen Institute rose up again, though not on its old rock, nor in its former glory. Iona, up to the period of its suppression, had continued to be the recognised head of the Columban church in both Ireland and Scotland, but the authority in the Columban church, which till now had been *single,* was henceforth *dual.* The question had come to be, shall the seat of supremacy in the communities of Iona be placed in Scotland or in Ireland? That question was determined in a way not to give umbrage to either nation. It was resolved that henceforth there should be two parent or presiding institutions, one at Kells in Ireland, and another in Dunkeld in Scotland. In the little cuplike valley where the Tay struggles through the southern range of the Grampians, Constantine, king of the Picts, laid the foundations of a second Iona, a very few years after the

destruction of the first. The relics of Columba were afterwards dug up and brought from the island of Hii, to sanctify the soil on which the new temple stood; for men had begun to believe in a holiness that springs out of the earth, rather than in that which comes down from heaven. It was easier consecrating the soil with the bones of Columba, than animating the new institution with his spirit; easier rearing a new temple than rekindling, in its first brightness, the old lamp.

The conversion of the Pictish monarch in 717 to the rite—we say the *rite* rather that the faith of Rome; and the enforced exodus of the Columban pastors from his dominions, were, there is reason to think, the originating causes of those political changes and social convulsions that were immediately consequent on the change of religion, although few of our historians appear to suspect the connection between these two events. In order to see how these two things stood related, let us glance a moment at what Scotland had now become.

We do not hesitate to avow it as our belief that Scotland at the end of the seventh and the opening of the eighth century was the most Christian country in Europe. Perhaps we might venture to add the most civilized, for Christianity and civilisation are never far apart. The Christianity of Scotland, unlike that of Italy and of most Continental countries at that same period, was drawn from the Bible, and was of that kind which goes to the roots of individual and national life, and instead of expending itself in rites and ceremonies of hierarchical magnificence, develops in the quiet and enriching virtues of purity, truth, industry, and sobriety—the true civilisation. Iona had now for a century and a half been shedding its evangelical light over the country. Five generations of Scotsmen had been reared under it. The land was fairly planted with churches, its thin population considered. The pastors who ministered in them were thoroughly trained in Divine learning, and were a race of pious, humble, laborious, and, in many instances, studious and scholarly men. The education of youth was cared for. The population, happily relieved from the distractions of war, cultivated the arts of the time, both ornamental and useful. The same men who interpreted Scripture to them taught them how to use the pen and the chisel, how to construct their dwellings and cultivate their fields. The sons of princes and nobles were proud to enrol themselves as pupils in the school of Iona. Scholars from abroad

came to visit a land that had become so famous, that thereby they might increase their stores of knowledge; and kings when dying commanded that their bones should be transported across the North Sea, ferried over to the island of Icolmkill, and laid beneath the shadow of its saintly towers. Where, in the Europe of that age, it there seen another country with a halo like this round it, unless it is Ireland in the fifth century?

But soon after the opening of the eighth century we find this fair picture deformed by sudden tempests. Whence and of what nature were these storms? The Dane had not yet set food on our soil, and even when his piratical hordes appeared off our coasts, the nation rose and drove him away, or limited his ravages to the islands and parts of the seaboard. The convulsions of this era had their origin within the country. Who or what was it that set Pict against Pict, and Scot at times against both? Historians have been unable to discover any cause of this sudden outbreak, and have spoken vaguely of it as referable to the wildness and barbarism of the age. But the age in Scotland was not barbarous: on the contrary, it was pious and peaceful; this being the fifth generation which had given the plough the preference over the sword, and cultivated peace rather than war with their neighbours. It begins now to be seen that these disturbances had a religious origin, and that they grew out of the visit of the papal envoy to the court of King Nectan of the Southern Picts, and his attempts to impose, at the sword's points, on the pastors of the church, the badge of submission to the new faith and the foreign authority which he sought to install in the country. It is here, too, that the solution lies, as is strongly suspected, of what is so startling and inexplicable, even that when the troubles we now see beginning come to an end, the numerous and powerful nation of the Picts have entirely disappeared, if not from the soil of the country, yet from the page of history, and the comparatively small handful of Scots in Dalraida have come to the front and grasped the supremacy, and henceforward given their name to the nation and to the country. The point is a curious one in our history, and deserves a little examination.

It is to be noted, first, that the commencement of these troubles is coincident with the arrival of Boniface at Nectan's court, and the expulsion of the pastors from the Pictish territory on their refusal to have their heads shorn in the Roman fashion. This raises a presumption against the strangers

as mischief-makers. But, farther, at this same time, we find a great political revolution or convulsion within the Pictish kingdom apart from the troubles to which the expulsion of the clergy across Drumalban into Dalriada may have given rise with the Scots. We see the two great divisions of the Picts, north and south of the Grampians, bursting into sudden flame, arraying themselves in arms against each other, and this is followed by a century of strife and bloody battles. We know of no political occurrence which could have so suddenly and violently disrupted the bonds between the two. But in the change of religion in southern Pictland we have a sufficient solution. It rallied the Pictish people under two creeds, and parted them into two churches. The Picts of the northern kingdom continued loyal to Iona. Their pastors, unaffected by the decree of the southern king, continued to feed their flocks as aforetime, preaching the evangelical faith of Columba, whereas those on the south of the Grampians had forsaken the faith of their fathers for novel rites and doctrines, and wore the coronal tonsure in token of their submission to a foreign master. War is just what we should expect in the circumstances. The animosities and hatreds which this great secession from the Columban church engendered could not fail to provoke it. The crisis would be rendered more acute by the consideration that it imperilled the political independence of the country, as well as undermined its ancient faith. It opened the door to invasion from Northumbria, with whom the southern Picts had become one in religious rite; and ambitious chiefs on both sides, under pretext of religious or patriotic aims, would find the occasion favourable for enlarging their territories or acquiring greater personal authority.[3]

The fact that the Scots appear as the allies of the northern Picts throughout this tumultuous and bloody century, corroborates the idea that religion mainly had to do with its troubles. The Scots, it is to be remembered, never fell away from Iona, and they would naturally sympathise with their co-religionists, the northern Picts, and be ready to help them in their conflicts with their Romanised countrymen on the south of the Grampians. The sudden and unexpected reappearance of Nectan from the monastery to which he had retired, the moment he saw a chance of recovering his throne, is also suggestive of the religious element in these complications, and shows that the foreign monks were pulling the wires that plunged the Pictish tribes into murderous internecine war.

It helps to throw light on the condition of our country, and the opinions that agitated it at that era, to reflect that when the establishment of Iona was plundered and burned by the Norsemen, the foundations of a new church were immediately thereafter laid in the realm of the Picts by the hands of a Pictish monarch. Plainly the old faith had still many adherents among the southern Picts, for Constantine who founded the new Columban sanctuary at Dunkeld, would not have adventured on showing so decided a mark of favour for the apostle of Iona unless he had known that among his subjects were many to whom the memory and doctrine of the abbot of Icolmkill were still dear. The act was a virtual revocation of the ban pronounced against the Columban clergy by his predecessor Nectan, and a virtual permission to the extruded shepherds to return and feed their former flocks. Some—perhaps many—did, doubtless, return, and found admission into the heritages and livings which their predecessors, a century before, had been forced to vacate. In what way their influence would be employed it is no ways difficult to guess. It would be put forth for the reestablishment of the Columban faith, and by consequence the ascendancy of the race by whom mainly that faith was held—the Scots, to wit. "The Pictish chronicle," says Mr. Skene, "clearly indicates this as one of the great causes of the fall of the Pictish monarchy."[4] So long as both branches of the Columban church, the Irish and the Scottish, was governed from one centre, and that centre Iona, the Scots must have felt that they were one with the Irish, being linked to them by the most sacred of all bonds, but when the bond was broken by the erection of two parent institutions, the Scots doubtless felt that they were parted as a church, and parted as a nation, and that henceforth their thought must be turned more exclusively to the acquisition of influence and territory in the country where they had fixed their abode.

The Roman rite, we have said, does not appear to have made its way beyond the Grampians. The spirit of Columba still predominated in the North, and the pastors, sent forth from Iona, continued to feed their flocks, though, we fear, not in the same simplicity of faith, nor with the same fulness of knowledge and zeal, which had characterised them in an earlier and better age. But even among the southern Picts there would appear to have been two powerful religious parties all along during the dark century,—that intervened between the conversion of Nectan and the

founding of the church at Dunkeld. We cannot otherwise account for the transference to the Pictish territory of the northern Institute. Rome would not have suffered such a monument of the old faith and the old liberty to exist, had she been quiet mistress among the southern Picts. The policy of King Constantine, in founding Dunkeld, was plainly one of conciliation. He aimed at securing the good will of those of his subjects who had not yet been brought to believe that Easter was more honoured by being kept on this day rather than on that, and that the chief glory of a pastor lay not in the depth of his piety, but in the form of his tonsure.

The conciliatory policy of Constantine, king of the Picts, was followed up by Kenneth Mac Alpin, the first Scot who reigned over the two peoples, when he brought the relics of Columba to consecrate the new church at Dunkeld—a proceeding which, he must have judged, would gratify his new subjects, and tend to consolidate his government over them. Nor was this all Kenneth Mac Alpin took a still more decided step in the same direction. He set the Abbott of Dunkeld over the church of the Picts.[5] This was to undo the work of Boniface, and to restore the supremacy of the Columban Church over the whole of Scotland. The peace and quiet in which this revolution was accomplished may be accepted as a proof that the faith of Rome had not gone very deep among the southern Picts after all, and that a goodly portion of them had continued to cling to the old doctrines of the north, and refused to yield their faith to the novelties which the Roman missionary had brought with him from the sensuous and ritualistic south.

It is now the opening of the ninth century, and Scotland is in sight of its first great landing place. Constantine, able and patriotic beyond the measure of the sovereigns of his age and country, is on the throne of the southern Picts. He reigned, thirty years, dying in A.D. 820.[6] He was succeeded in the government by several kings whose reigns were so short, and whose actions were so obscure, that their names hardly deserve, and seldom receive mention.[7] The Pictish kingdom had now for sometime been on the decline. When the southern and northern Picts were united, and one king ruled the land from the Firth of Forth to the Pentland, the Picts were a powerful people. Their numbers, and the surpassing bulk of their territory, quite overshadowed the Scots in their little domain of Dalriada. But from the day that Columba arrived on the western shore

and kindled his lamp on Iona, the disproportion between the little Dalriada and the greater Pictland gradually grew less. The moral influence which radiated from Icolmkill, and the scholars it sent forth, gave power at home and influence abroad to the Scots, despite their foot-breadth of a kingdom. The names of greatest literary glory in France in that age were those of Scotsmen. When the emperor Charlemagne founded the University of Paris, it was to Scotland he turned for men to fill its chairs of philosophy, of mathematics, and languages. Among Scotsmen in France eminent for their attainments in literature and piety, was Joannes Scotus, or Albinus its equivalent. He left behind him not a few monuments of his genius, one of which Buchanan says he had seen, a work on Rhetoric with his name inscribed.[8] Clement, another distinguished Scotsman, proved a thorn in the side of the popedom. He stood up in the centre of Europe in opposition to Boniface, whom Gregory II. had sent to the Germans, and maintained in public disputation the sole authority of the Scriptures against the traditionalism of Boniface.[9] The tide was turning against the Papal missionary, when the eloquent and undaunted Clement was seized, sent off under a safe guard to Rome, and never heard of more. We may venture to affirm that Scotland had the honour of furnishing the first martyr who suffered under the papacy. This by no means exhausts the list of Scotsmen who, by their learning and piety, placed their little country on a pedestal whence it was seen all over Europe.

But ever since the day the foreign monks appeared among the southern Picts, a process had been going on amongst them exactly the reverse of that which Columba originated among the Scots. The new comers introduced religious dissensions, and these eventually broke up the union betwixt the northern and southern kingdoms. The dissolution of the union was followed by war. The strength of the Picts departed, and though a gleam of prosperity visited them in the days of Constantine, their power never fully returned and what they had gained under Constantine they more than lost during the reigns of his feeble successors. Moreover, there was a party among the Picts themselves who from community of faith favoured the Scotch succession. As the result of these concurring causes there had come to be a crisis in the Pictish supremacy. Is it Pict or Scot who is to be the future ruler of the land? And by what name shall North Britain be known henceforward? By that of Pictland, or by that of

Scotland? Such was the question now waiting solution in the ancient Caledonia.

At this juncture the male line of Angus, king of the Picts, became extinct, and the throne was claimed by Alpin. Alpin was a son of the Achaius, king of Dalriada, with whom Charlemagne of France is said to have formed an alliance. Achaius had for wife a sister of Angus, the Pictish sovereign. Thus Alpin, the claimant of the Pictish throne, was a Scot by the father's side and a Pict by the mother's. He advanced his claim in A.D. 832. Modern historians incline to the belief that the transference of the sovereignty of the Picts to the line of Dalriada was effected by peaceable means. Not so, say the older historians; the Pictish sceptre, they tell us, was not grasped by the Scottish line till after several bloody battles. We prefer to follow the historians who stood nearest the event, and who moreover have tradition and probability on their side. The greater people were not likely to yield up the rule to the smaller without bringing the matter to a trial of strength on the battlefield. The first encounter between the two armies took place at Restennet, near Forfar. When night closed the battle, the uncertain victory was claimed by Alpin; but even this doubtful success had cost him dear, for a third of his army lay on the field. The Pictish king was among the slain, but the Picts notified that they did not hold the death of their monarch as deciding the issue of the war, for they straightway proceeded to elect another in his room.

The second battle was fought in the neighbourhood of Dundee. It was the Picts who triumphed in this fight, and they won the battle by a stratagem similar to that which Bruce employed four hundred and eighty years after at Bannockburn. The camp attendants were instructed to mount the baggage horses and make their appearance on the heights around the field when the combatants should be in the thick of the fight. This make-believe of a second army advancing to the aid of the Picts threw the Scots into panic. They broke and fled: the king and his principal nobles were taken captive on the field. The nobles were slain on the spot but Alpin was reserved for more ignominious execution. All ransom being refused for him he was bound, led away, and beheaded, and his head, fixed on a pole, was carried in triumph round the army. This barbarous exhibition over the gory trophy was stuck up on the walls of the Pictish capital, supposed to have been Abernethy.

There followed a few years' cessation in the war.[10] Elated by their victory, the Picts broke out in fiercer dissensions among themselves than ever. It happened, too, about this time, that they were assailed by the Danes, and one of their most powerful tribes all but exterminated.[11] Thus the Scots had respite, and were able to recruit their strength, much impaired by their disastrous defeat. Kenneth, the son of the fallen Alpin, a brave and worthy prince, was placed on the throne. The young monarch was naturally desirous to prosecute the quarrel against the Picts, and his ambition to enlarge his realm by adding the Pictish territories to it was quickened by the cruel indignities to which his father had been subjected, and of which he was touchingly reminded by some adventurous youth, who took down the head of the murdered Alpin from the walls of Abernethy and carried it to the young Kenneth. He convoked an assembly of his nobles and strongly urged upon the a renewal of hostilities against the Picts' but the older and more experienced of the nobles, were averse, believing that the time for another trial of strength was not yet come. Kenneth allowed the matter to sleep three years longer.

But in the fourth year Kenneth revived the project, and succeeded in overcoming the reluctance of his nobles by the following extraordinary stratagem, as Fordum relates, and in which Boethius, Buchanan, and others follow him. He invited the nobles to a banquet in the palace, and prolonged the festivities to so late an hour that the guests, instead of departing to their homes, sunk down on the floor of the banqueting room overcome by wine and sleep. The king had previously selected a youth, a relation of his own, whom he instructed in the part he was to play, providing him at the same time with a luminous robe, made out of the phosphorescent skins of fish, and a long tube which was to serve the purpose of a speaking trumpet. It was now past midnight: all was dark in the chamber were the feast had been held, and the silence was unbroken, save an occasional interruption from the heavy slumber of the prostrate mass that covered the floor. Suddenly a terrible voice rang through the banqueting room and awoke the sleepers. On opening their eyes, they beheld with amazement a figure in the middle of the hall, in a blaze of silvery glory, speaking in a voice of more than mortal power, commanding them to gird on the sword and avenge the murder of King Alpin, and thundering in their ears dreadful maledictions should they not obey. No sooner had the

spectre delivered its message than it disappeared as noiselessly as it had entered, leaving those whom it had dazzled, or terrified by its unearthly brightness, bewildered by its mysterious exit. When morning broke the nocturnal apparition was the topic of conversation, and all were agreed that a celestial messenger had visited them in the night, and that it was the will of the Deity that they should renew the war with the Picts. They were confirmed in this conclusion by the king, who assured them that the same celestial visitor had appeared to himself, bringing with him a message which left him no alternative but a resumption of the war. The character of the times made the success of such a stratagem possible, and so makes the story credible.[12]

But whatever we may think of the story, we now find the Scottish nobles, who had hitherto held back, rushing into the field, and plunging, noble and soldier alike, into furious battle with the Picts. Crossing Drumalban, and advancing into the low grounds of Stirlingshire, the Scots, shouting their war-cry, "Remember Alpin," flung themselves upon the ranks of the Picts. The Pictish army was broken and routed. But one battle was not enough to decide the issue of the wear. The Picts rallied; battle followed battle, and when we think how much was at stake, and how inflamed were the combatants on both sides, we can well believe that these encounters were as sanguinary as the chroniclers say. At last the matter came to a final trial of strength near Scone. When this last battle had been fought the Pictish king lay dead on the field; and around him, in gory heaps, lay the bulk of his nobility and army. The Tay, which rolled past the scene in crimsoned flood, making flight impracticable, increased the carnage of the battle.[13]

That severities and atrocities were consequent on victory, to awe the conquered country, and prevent insurrection and revolt among the Picts, is highly probable. Submission was a new experience to this impatient and warlike people. But the legend that assigns to the Pictish race, as the result of its conquest by the Scots, the fate of utter extermination, is wholly incredible. Such an effusion of blood, even had it been possible, would have been as profitless as it would have been revolting. It was blood far to precious to be spilled like water. If that ancient and valorous race had been swept off, the Norsemen from across the sea, and the Anglo-Saxons from the other side of the border, would have rushed in

and taken possession of the empty land. How sorely should the Scots have missed the Picts in the day of battle! They were of the old Caledonian stock, descendants of the men who fought the Romans at the roots of the Grampians, and their blood instead of being poured on the earth was to be mixed with that of the Scots, to the invigoration of both. Mixed blood is ever the richest, and gives to the race in whose veins it comes a notable robustness and variety of faculty. It was not extermination but absorption or incorporation that befell the Picts at this epoch. It is true that their name henceforward disappears from history; but so, too, had the earlier name of Caledonian at a former epoch. It as suddenly and completely disappeared as that of Pict does now: but no one supposes that the people who bore it suffered extermination . In both cases it was the named only, not the race, that became extinct.

In A.D. 843 Kenneth Mac Alpin ascended the throne as ruler of the whole land. Under him the two crowns and the two peoples were united. The conquerors and the conquered gradually merged into one nation, and from the opening of the twelfth century the only terms employed to designate the country and its inhabitants were SCOTLAND and the SCOTS

ENDNOTES

1. Sim. Dun., *Hist. Regum.,* ad an 793; Sken, i. 303.
2. *Ul. Ann.,* Skene, i. 304.
3. Tighernac, Skene, i. 287, 288.
4. Skene, *Celtic Scotland,* i. 315.
5. *Chron. Picts and Scots,* p. 361; Skene, i. 316.
6. *Ann. Ulster,* Skene, i. 305.
7. Robertson, *Scotland under her Early Kings,*_ i. 20,
8. Buchanan, *Hist.,* lib. v. cap. 53.
9. Alter qui dicitur Clemens, genere Scotus est, Bonificii epistola ad Papam, Labbei concilia ad ann., 745.
10. Chron., *Picts and Scots,* p. 209; Sken i. 206; Buchan., *Hist.,* lib. v. c. 58.
11. Skene, i. 387, 308.
12. Fordun, lib. iv. Cap. 4; Buchanan, lib. v. cap. 60.
13. Buchan., lib. v. cap. 62.

Contents

History of the Scottish Nation

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VOL. II.

THE CELTIC CHRISTIANISATION:

EMBRACING THE EPOCHS OF NINIAN, PATRICK, COLUMBA, COLUMBANUS, AND THE CULDEE CHURCH.

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CHAPTER I.

A NEW AGE FROM THE NORTH.

THE opening of the fifth century brought with it changes of transcendent magnitude and importance in Europe. For ages the arms of the South had overflowed the countries of the North, but now the tide of conquest turned, the North was bearing down on the South, and that haughty Power which had subjected to her sceptre so many tribes and realms, was about to suffer in her turn the miseries of foreign invasion, and taste the bitterness of a barbarian yoke. These changes were preparatory to the erection of a kingdom which was destined to flourish when the victories of Rome had crumbled into dust.

We must here pause in order specially to note the deadlock into which the affairs of the world had come at this great turning-point of its history. Its three leading nations are seen to be unable to advance beyond the point at which they had now arrived. Hence the necessity of bringing new races upon the stage if the human march was to go forward. This extraordinary position of matters must be taken into account and distinctly apprehended if we would intelligently follow the course of succeeding events; and especially we would understand the place of the Scots in general history, and the part they were selected to fulfill in the cause of Christian civilization and constitutional liberty. It is here that we find the key of modern history.

Till this epoch the business of the world had been left in the hands of the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman. These were its three leading nations. The march of all three was towards the same goal, but they approached it on separate lines. The world's work was too onerous to be undertaken by any one of them singly, and accordingly we see it partitioned among the three, in fit correspondence with the age in which each flourished, and the peculiar idiosyncrasy with which each had been endowed.

Each rendered a distinct, and, in truth, brilliant contribution to the world's one work. The Jew came first; for his share of the mighty labour had respect to the foundations. He presented us, although in figure and symbol, with a system of spiritual truth, to which we have been able to make no

material addition, and which we accept as by far the mightiest instrumentality for regenerating the race, and building up society. The Greeks followed, furnishing us, by means of their great thinkers, with the laws of thought, and moulding for us, by their great orators, the most melodious of the tongues of earth. Last of all came the Roman. After the spiritual and the intellectual had been supplied by his two predecessors, the Roman added the political. He gathered the scattered races into one empire, and taught them to be obedient to one law. So far the work was done, but done only up to a certain point. At this point the workers found themselves arrested, and farther progress impossible to them; but though they left their great task incomplete, the world never can forget what it owes to those who sowed the first seeds of that rich inheritance of truth and knowledge and liberty which awaits it in the future.

These three workers—the Jew, the Greek, the Roman—had brought the human family to the confine of a new age, but they were unable to conduct them across the boundary. At the portals of this new era they must demit their functions as the pioneers in the human march, and from the van, which they had occupied till now, they must fall into the rear, and leave to others a work which they were no longer able to carry forward. In truth the very fitness of these three nations to do the world's work in the times that preceded the advent of Christianity, made them unfit for doing it in the times that followed that great revolution. All three had been engrossed with the forms of knowledge, rather than with knowledge itself. They had seen and handled only the images or pictures of truth. This in process of time produced an intellectual and moral incapacity to apprehend the verities which lay hid beneath the forms and symbols with which they were versant. The Jew would have given us a religion of the letter, but he never would have given us a religion of the spirit. The Greek would have given us a philosophy of syllogism, but never would he have given us a philosophy of fact. And the Roman would have given us a polity shaped by a power outside society, but not a polity springing from forces acting from within—a polity in accordance with the will of Caesar, but not in harmony with the rights and wishes of humanity. In a word, the Jew never would have evolved Christianity, nor the Greek the Baconian philosophy, nor the Roman constitutional government.

Under this incapacity did all three labour, hence the arrest of the world;

nor was it possible for it to resume its march till fresh races had come forward to break through the trammels in which long custom had enchained the old nations. The Jew had lived two thousand years amid ceremonial ordinances and ritualistic observances. These had become to him a second nature: they were to him what the senses of seeing, hearing, and handling are to the soul; and should he be cut off from the means by which he held intercourse with the spiritual world, truth would be placed beyond his reach, and he would account himself condemned to dwell in a world of utter isolation. He would have resisted the change as he would have resisted the destruction of truth itself,—for to the Jew the change was equivalent to the destruction of truth. Had it depended on the Jew, the Temple would have been still standing, the sacrifices of bullocks and rams still burning on its altar, and the sublime doctrines of Christianity still shining dimly through the veils of ceremony and type.

His syllogistic philosophy had as completely enslaved the Greek as his ceremonial religion had fettered the Jew; and the former equally with the latter needed emancipation. The Greek was familiar with but the form of wisdom. His philosophy was a philosophy of ingenious speculations and syllogistic reasonings. It assumed as its basis not the ascertained facts of the natural and moral worlds, but the conceptions or dreams which had their birth in the minds of the great thinkers who stood at the head of their respective schools. Lyrics of melting sweetness, epics of thrilling and tragic grandeur, statues of dazzling beauty, philosophies theoretically perfect, only lacking foundation in nature, the loves, revels, and battles of gods and goddesses that did not exist, celebrated in an empyrean, which was as unreal and imaginary as the divinities with which the Greek imagination had peopled it: all this and much more the Greek could and did give us; but a science with enough of truth and substance in it to form a solid basis for the arts of life, such as those which the modern world has at its service, the Greek could not give us, because he turned away from the quarter where alone the materials for such a science are to be found. He refused to look at nature. Shirking the patient induction of facts, and the careful registration of laws, he set his imagination to work, and that enchantress found for him the materials on which his wondrous intellect worked, and out of which it wove these brilliant but baseless philosophies, which dazzled the world before the advent of Christianity.

And so was it as regards the Roman. He excelled all the nations that had been before him in the order and organization of his empire, but that very organization at last fettered his mind, stereotyped all his ideas in that special department of the world's work which had been committed to him; and henceforward the farther progress of the race under the Roman became impossible. His empire was but a vast political machine for carrying out the will of one man. His scheme of government took no cognizance of individual rights; it did not train the citizen in independence and self-government; it made no provision for gathering up and combining the myriad wishes of the people into one supreme sentiment or will, and making that the governing power. The day of constitutional and representative government was yet afar off. The despotism of Rome was perhaps the most lenient, the most equitable, and the most moral despotism which has ever, either before or since, flourished upon the earth. It was a despotism, nevertheless, and the more its organization was perfected, the more complete and irresistible that despotism became, being but the vehicle for carrying into effect that one will which the empire made supreme over all rights, over all liberties, and over all consciences. The government of Rome, although unrivaled in point of organization among the governments of the ancient world, could, by the very necessity of its constitution, only work downwards,—it never would have elevated the masses into self-government; it never could have given liberty.

Thus all three nations, at the period we speak of, had come into a deadlock. The Jew could not get beyond Moses; the Greek could not advance beyond Plato; and the Roman could not rise above Caesar. The Jew, while the spell of ritualism was upon him, would never have worked his way to the doctrine of Justification by faith. The Greek, bound in the fetters of syllogism, and not daring to stray beyond the narrow confine of his own ratiocination—that unfathomed and inexhaustible well of wisdom in his eyes—never would have given the world the mariner's compass, the printing press, the steam-engine, and the mechanical and chemical arts, which so abundantly minister to the comforts and elegancies of modern life. And the Roman, with the yoke of imperialism on his thoughts, would never have introduced the era of free parliaments and constitutional government. Here, then, the world had halted, and over this same spot we should have found it anchored today had not a new objective revelation

been made to all three—to the Jew the Cross; to the Greek, Nature; and to the Roman, Society.

But the old nations were not able to enter the new road now opened to them. The Jew disdained to accept the religion of the Cross. The Greek showed equal contempt for the teaching of Nature. And the Roman refused to make his government conformable to the laws and rights of Society. The enchaining power of habit, the blinding prestige of past achievement, and the pride of high attainment, incapacitated all three for compliance with the great intellectual and spiritual revolution, which was needed if the world was to advance. The Greek and the Roman were no more able than the Jew to become as a little child, that they might enter this new kingdom. The Great Ruler, therefore, made choice of a new race, and into their hands was the world's farther progress committed—a race, which having no past to forget, and no acquisitions to unlearn, might sit down, docile and obedient, at the feet of new and better instructors, and in process of time resume the work at the point where their predecessors had left it.

Such a race was at that hour growing up amid the forests of northern Europe. That race was strong in those very points in which the Greek and Roman peoples were weak. Self-reliance and the passion of individual freedom were powerfully developed in them; and when, as afterwards happened, the Divine graft of Christianity, and the human product of Greek and Roman culture, came to be incorporated with that hardy stock, the result in due course was a race of more varied faculty, and capable of a wider and higher civilization than any nation that had yet flourished on the earth. Hence that great revolution, which divided the ancient from the modern times: a revolution in which the heavens and the earth that had been of old—to use the sublime metaphor in which the Hebrew Seers had foretold that grand transition—were taken down, and the ecclesiastical, the literary and the political firmaments shaken and removed. We behold the world of the Jew, the Greek, and the Roman dissolving in ruins, that the new heavens and the new earth of spiritual Christianity and constitutional liberty may be set up.

CHAPTER II.

THE SERVICES OF THE SCOTS TO CHRISTIANITY IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE Scots are missing from the roll of barbarous nations that descended from the North in the fifth century upon the Roman empire and overturned it. Historians have been careful to enumerate the other races that left their homes in the deserts of Scythia at this eventful epoch, and journeyed southward on a mission of transcendent consequence to the world, though unknown to themselves. The Huns, the Vandals, the Lombards, and other nationalities whose existence was unknown till the gates of the North opened and revealed them to the world, all figure in that terrible drama. But the Scots have been passed over in silence. Yet the truth is that the *Scoti* ought to have stood at the head of this roll, inasmuch as they formed the van of the procession, and had an important part to play in the great revolution that followed the advent of these races.

This omission on the part of historians is not surprising. The Scots came early, in fact, pioneered the movement. We are accustomed to connect this uprising of the fresh, unbroken, vigorous barbarism of the North upon the effeminate and corrupt civilization of the South with the fifth century. As a general date this may be accepted as accurate, for in that century this great ethnical movement was in full flood, but in truth this upheaval of the nations neither began nor ended in the fifth century. It had begun before the Christian era. Rome was yet in her zenith: along the vast sweep of her frontier no enemy dared show himself; and, far as her eye could gaze into the wildernesses beyond, sign of danger there was none. Yet even then the first contingent of what was to grow in the future into a myriad host, was on the move, but their march was with steps so noiseless that Rome neither heard nor heeded their advance; and when at last she came to have some knowledge of their peregrinations, the matter had no interest for her. Looking with eyes of pride, she deemed their movements not deserving her notice. The Scots were to her but a tribe of herdsmen and fighters, wandering hither and thither in quest of richer pastures, or it might be of more exciting combats. It was not likely that they would court battle with her legions. With the warrior tribes of Scythia, their neighbours, they might engage, but surely they would never incite

destruction by thrusting themselves upon the bosses of her empire—so did Rome reason. In what a different light would she have viewed the matter had Fate lifted the curtain, and shown her behind this little vanguard the terrible and almost endless procession of barbarous nations that was to follow—the Frank, the Goth, the Suevi, the Ostro-Goth, the Hun, the Vandal, the Lombard, and others from the same mysterious and inexhaustible region. In the southward march of this little company of *Scoti* the mistress of the world would have heard the first knell of her empire.

The descent of the Scots from the North was divided by a considerable interval from that of the other nations. This is another circumstance that has prevented historians viewing the Scottish race as an integral part of the great irruption of the Scythean nations. The Scots left their original settlements probably about the times of the first Caesar; but it is not till the last emperors had filled up the cup of Rome's oppression, and of the nations' endurance, that the full stream of northern invasion began to flow. The four or five centuries that intervene between the appearance of the Scots on the scene, and that of the hordes which were the last to issue from the gates of the North, do not affect the character of the movement, or invalidate the claim of the first, any more than it does that of the last, to be ranked as actors in this great providential drama. The Scots opened it in truth. They were sprung of the same stock as those who succeeded them; their dwellings had been placed under the same iron sky; they had been buffeted with the same northern blasts; they had tasted privation, and learned endurance on the same sterile earth; the same mysterious impulse acted on them that moved the others; and we are shut up to speak of them as part of that great torrent of emigrants which may be variously described as warriors or as missionaries, according as we view the work—destruction or restoration—that they were sent forth to execute.

Another circumstance which tended to mislead historians, and to hide from their view the connection of the early Scottish immigration with the great movement which required centuries for its accomplishment, and which was so prolific in ethnical and political changes, was the comparative smallness of the numbers of the Scots. They were a mere handful compared with the swarms—countless as the sands of the sea—that followed them. This hid the importance of the movement from the

age in which it took place and has helped to conceal its peculiar character and preeminent significance from succeeding times. A contemporary historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, speaks disdainfully of the *Scoti* as "wanderers," whose migratory steps and shifting encampments it were bootless attempting to follow. Today on this stream, tomorrow on the banks of that, as the necessities of water and pasturage demand, but ever holding on their course, by slow stages, to the South, and summer by summer drawing nearer the line guarded by the victorious standards of Rome. Even should they cross that line, why should Rome take alarm, or tremble for her empire? Her realms are wide enough surely to afford water and pasturage to the flocks of those roaming herdsmen without greatly taxing her own resources. Or should they drop their peaceful pursuits, and transform themselves into warriors, were they likely to cause undue dismay to the legions, or put their valour to any severe test? A capable statesman would have read this apparently trivial incident differently. He would have seen more in it than met the eye; and instead of counting the number of those he saw, he would have essayed to compute the millions or myriads he did not see, and which lay concealed in the dark recesses of the north. The appearance of these roving bands gave sure intimation that there were forces at work in the heart of the Scythean nations that might yet breed danger to Rome. They warned her to set her house in order, for she should die and not live. Who could guess how many swarms, far larger than the present, the same vast, populous, but unknown region might send forth; and having once tasted the corn and wine, the milk and honey of the south, it would not be easy to compel these hungry immigrants to go back to the niggard soils and scanty harvests which they had left behind them.

But able statesmen was just what the Rome of that age signally lacked. It is always so with empires fated to fall. Decay is seen at the council table before it has become manifest in the field. Corruption creeps in among the senators of a State, then discipline and valour forsake its armies. But even had Rome been as plentifully as she was sparingly supplied with sagacious statesmen, it is hard to say whether any forecast could then have been formed of the danger that impended. That danger was new; it was wholly unknown to former ages. Till now the ethnic stream had flowed in the opposite direction. The South had sent her prolific swarms northward to people the empty spaces around the pole. That the tide

should turn: that the North should pour down upon the South, overwhelming the labours of a thousand years in a flood of barbarism, and quenching the lights of science and art in the darkness of a northern night, was what no one could then have presaged. The Roman sentinel who first descried on the northern horizon the roving tents of the Scottish herdsmen, and marked that morning by morning they were pitched nearer the frontier he guarded, had the coming hailstorm prognosticated to him, but he could not read the portent. He failed to see in these wanderers the pioneer corps of a mighty army, which lay bound on the frozen steppes of the North, but which was about to be loosed, and roll down horde on horde on the fair cities of Italy, and the fruitful fields of the Romans.

In the march of these nations we see the advent of a new age. The world, as we have already said, had stopped, and had a second time to be put in motion. Now we see it started on lines that admitted of a truer knowledge and a more stable liberty than it had heretofore enjoyed, or ever could have reached on the old track. But first must come dissolution. Much of what the wisdom and labour of former ages had accumulated had now become mere obstruction, and had to be cleared away. This was a work to which the nations of the classic countries would never have put their hands. So far from destroying, they would have done their utmost to preserve the splendid inheritance of law, of empire, of religion, and of art, which the wisdom, the arms, and the genius of their fathers had bequeathed to them. But no veneration for these things restrained the children of the savage North. The world of Greek art and Roman power, into the midst of which they had been so suddenly projected, fell beneath their sturdy blows.

Like a great rock falling from a lofty mountain, so fell the Gothic tribes upon the ancient world. Codes and philosophies, schools and priesthoods, thrones, altars, and armies, there all prostrated before this rolling mass of northern barbarism, broken like a potsherd, ground to dust; and thus a political and mythological order of things, which might otherwise have lingered on the earth for long centuries, and kept the nations rotting in vice and sunk in slavery, was swept away.

It has been customary to raise a wail over the destruction of letters and arts by the breaking in of this sudden tempest. But, in truth, letters and

arts had already perished. It was not the Goth that wrought this literary havoc, it was the effeminate and dissolute Roman, it was the sensuous and enslaved Greek. The human intellect was no longer capable of producing, hardly even was it capable of appreciating, what former ages had produced; and never, to all appearances, would the world have recovered its healthy tone but for the new blood which the northern races poured into it.

Nor had the world lost only its literary and artistic power, it had lost still more signally its moral vigour. The records of the times disclose a hideous and appalling picture. They show us a world broken loose from every moral restraint, greedily giving itself to every form of abominable wickedness, and rushing headlong to perdition. Greek and Roman society was too rotten to sustain the graft of Christianity. It was on that old trunk that it was set at first, and there its earliest blossoms were put forth; but the stock to which it was united lacked moral robustness to nourish the plant into a great tree which might cover the nations with its boughs. That plant was already beginning to sicken and die; the living had been united to the dead, and if both were not to perish the union must be broken, and Christianity set free from its companion which was hastening to the tomb. It was at this juncture that the Goths came down and saved the world by destroying it.

The work of bringing in the new age consisted of two parts. The Old had to be broken up and removed, and over the field thus cleared had to be scattered the seeds from which the New was to spring. This work was partitioned among the newly arrived nations. To certain of them was assigned the work of demolition. To others the nobler part of reconstruction. The fiercer of these tribes were to slay and burn. But when the Hun, the Vandal, and the Goth had done their work, the Scots were to come forward, and to lay, not by the force of arms, but by the mightier power of principles, the foundation of a new and better order of things. But they must, first, themselves be enlightened, before they could be light-bearers to a world now plunged into the darkness of a twofold night. They had to stand apart, outside the immediate theatre on which the tempests of barbarian war were overturning thrones and scourging nations, till the sword had done its work, and then their mission of reconstruction would begin. It may startle the reader to be told that it is

to this little pioneer band of northmen, the Scots to wit, that the modern world owes its evangelical Christianity. This may appear a too bold assertion, and one for which it is impossible to find authority or countenance in history. Let the reader, however, withhold his surprise till he has examined the trains of proof we have to lay before him, and we venture to anticipate that before he has closed the volume he will find himself shut up to the same conclusion, or at least he will find himself much nearer agreement with us than he now deems possible. The honour of preserving Christianity, and transmitting it to modern times, is commonly awarded to Rome. She herself claims to have performed this great office to the nations of Europe. The claim has been so often advanced, and so generally concurred in, that now it passes as true, and is held a fact that admits neither of challenge nor of denial. It is nevertheless a vulgar fallacy. The history of all the ages since the era of the Gothic invasion refuses to endorse this claim, and assigns the honour to another and far humbler society. An error of so long standing, and which has come to be so generally entertained, can be met only by the clear, full, and continuous testimony of history; and this we shall produce as, stage by stage, and century by century, we unfold the transactions of churches and nations. But it may not be amiss to glance generally at the subject here.

What do we see taking place as soon as the Gothic tempests have come to an end, and something like settled order has again been established in Europe? From the sixth century onward pilgrim-bands of pious and earnest preachers are seen traversing the various countries. In the midst of perils, of poverty, and of toil, these scholars and divines—for they have been taught letters and studied Scripture at the feet of renowned teachers—have come forth to enlighten races which have been baptized but not instructed, which have bowed before the chair of the Pontiff, but have not bowed before the cross of the Saviour. We behold them prosecuting their mission on the plains of France, among the woods of Germany, and in the cities of Italy. Scarce is there tribe or locality in the vast space extending between the Apennines and the shores of Iceland which these indefatigable missionaries do not visit, and where they do not succeed in gaining disciples for the Christian faith. As one generation of these preachers dies off, another rises to take its place, and carry on its work; and thus the evangelical light is kept burning throughout these ages, which

were not so dark as we sometimes believe them to have been, and as they certainly would have been but for the exertions of these pious men. The monkish chroniclers have done their best to bury the memory of these simple evangelists, by disguising, or perverting, or wholly expunging their record; but we trace their footsteps by the very attempts of their enemies to obliterate them, as also by the edicts of Popes to suppress their missions; and especially do we see their traces in the literary and theological writings they left behind them in the various countries they visited, and which modern research has drawn forth from the darkness of the museums and convents to which they had been consigned, and where for ages they had slumbered. We have a farther monument of the labours of this great missionary host in the training institutions which they planted in France and Germany and the north of Italy, and which existed for centuries as nurseries of missionaries and schools of evangelical light, but which eventually fell as evangelical posts, and were seized and made the foundation of Romish institutions.

Who sent forth these missionaries? From what school or church did they come from? Was it Rome which commissioned those evangelists to teach the ignorant and savage tribes she had received within her fold, and on whose persona she had sprinkled her baptismal water, but whose hearts she had not purified by communicating to them a knowledge of the truth? No! these preachers never visited the "threshold of the Apostles." Rome disowned them. They had come from the missionary schools of Iona and of Ireland. They were Scotsmen from Ireland and Scotland—the two countries which were at that time the common seat of the Scottish nation.

These northern evangelists soon find coadjutors. As they pass on through the countries of Europe they kindle in the hearts of others the same missionary fire that burns so strongly in their own. Little parties of natives, whose souls their words have stirred, gather round them, and take part with them in their work. We see them opening schools on the Rhine, in the forests of France, and south as far as the Alps; gathering the native youth into them, and having instructed them in divine things they send them forth to instruct their countrymen. It was thus that the well of living water from Iona, as it flowed onward, widened into a river, and at last expanded into a flood which refreshed the thirsty lands over which it diffused its waters. These missionaries from the Scottish shores had not

a little to do, we cannot doubt, with that remarkable awakening which the eleventh and twelfth centuries witnessed in the south of France, and which drew whole populations to the Evangelical faith. Along the foot of the Alps sounded forth the same Gospel which had been preached on the shores of the lake of Galilee in the first century; and the provinces of Languedoc and Dauphin became vocal with the melody of the Troubadours, who published in their rich and melodious language, the evangelical tenets. Next came the sermons of the Barbes; and lastly there appeared in the field a yet more potential instrumentality, which at once quickened and consolidated the movement. This was the translation of the New Testament into the Romance language; believed to be the earliest vernacular version of modern times. The printing press was not then in existence; and copies of the Romance New Testament could be produced not otherwise than by the skill of slow and laborious scribes: but a speedier and wider diffusion was given the truths of the inspired volume by the traveling Troubadours, who recited them in song in the towns and villages of southern France. Barons, provinces and cities joined the movement, and it seemed, as if in obedience to the summons sent forth from Iona, the Reformation was to break out, and the world to be spared three centuries of spiritual oppression and darkness.

But the morning which it was believed had already opened, was suddenly turned into the "shadow of death." The most astute of all the mitered chiefs who have ruled the world from the Vatican now stood up. With Innocent III. came the crusades. Armies of soldiers and inquisitors poured down from the Alps to extinguish a movement which menaced the kingdom of Rome with ruin. The smiling provinces of Languedoc and Dauphine were converted into deserts. The crusaders, armed with sword and torch, reddened the earth with blood, and darkened the sky with the smoke of burning towns. But this terrible blow did not extirpate this evangelical movement. In countries more remote from the seat of the Papal power, the missionary still dared to go forth sowing the good seed; and here and there, in convents, or in forests, or in the shady lanes and nooks of city, individual souls, or little companies, enlightened from above, fed in secret on the heavenly bread, and quenched their thirst with living water. So did matters continue till the days of Wycliffe. Wycliffe and his Lollards took up the work of the Elders of Iona. After Wycliffe came John Huss and after Huss came Luther, and with the rising

of Luther the darkness had fulfilled its period. Before expiring at the stake, Huss had foretold that a "hundred years must revolve," and then a great voice would be heard, and to that voice the nations would give ear. The words of the martyr did not fall to the ground. The century passed on amid the thunders of the Hussite victories. And now the number of its years are complete, and the skies of Europe are seen to brighten, not this time with an evanescent and transitory gleam which after awakening the hopes of men is to fade away into the night, but with a light that is to wax and grow till it shall have attained the splendour of the perfect day. Such are the historic links that connect the first missionary band that is seen to issue from Iona in the seventh century, with the great army of evangelists and teachers, with Luther at their head, which makes its appearance in the sixteenth century.

What share has Rome in this work? Her claim is that she is the successor of the apostles, and that to her the nations were committed, that she might feed and rule them. Where is the seal and signature of this? If she is the Light of the world, and its one Light as she claims to be, it must lie just as easy to trace her passage along the ages as it is to trace the path of the sun in the firmament. The one can no more be hidden in history than the other can be hidden in the sky—their beams must reveal both. Where is the splendour Rome sheds on the world? We do not mean the splendour of power, of wealth, of authority; of that sort of magnificence there is more than enough: but where is the splendour of knowledge, of piety, of truth, of holiness? We see her exalting her chief bishop to the throne of Cæsar, and, to maintain his state as a temporal monarch, enriching him with the territories, and adorning him with the crowns of three kings whom she had conquered by the arms of the Franks. Entered on the road of worldly ambition the Roman church makes for herself a great position among the princes and nations of Europe. She has armies at her service; her riches are immense, her resources are boundless; but what use does she make of her brilliant opportunities and vast influence? We see her building superb cathedrals, setting up episcopal thrones, loading her clergy with wealth and titles; but what efforts does she make to instruct and Christianise the ignorant and superstitious nations of the North who had now come to occupy southern Europe, and whom she had received within her pale? Where are the mission-schools she founds? where are the preachers she sends forth? and where are the copies of the Scriptures

which she translates and circulates? The new races, though under the crook of the Christian shepherd, are still substantially the same in heart and life as when they lived in their native forests. They have been led to the baptismal font, and entered on the church rolls, but other Christianisation they have not received from Rome.

From the fifth century onward any assistance which Christianity received from the Church of Rome was incidental. The order established at the beginning was Christianity first, and the church second. But after the fifth century, to take the latest date, that order was completely inverted. Henceforward it was the church first, and Christianity second. The main and immediate object was lost sight of. Instead of a spiritual empire which should embrace all nations, and be ruled by the sceptre of the Heavenly King, Rome aspired to build up a monarchy which should excel that of Cæsar, with a loftier throne for her earthly head, and wider realms for her sway, and she recognized Christianity only in so far as it might be helpful to her in the execution of her vast project. She soon came to see that an adulterated Christianity would serve her purpose better than the pure and simple Gospel, and she now began to work her way steadily back to paganism. It was the speediest way of procuring reverence in the eyes of barbarous nations, and of reconciling them to her yoke. These were the *conversions* which illustrated the power of the "church" in the sixth and seventh centuries.

This was the Christianity which the Church of Rome propagated east and west, and which she transmitted to modern times. This was the Christianity which she sent Boniface to preach to the Germans; and this, too, was the Christianity which she missioned Augustine and his monks to proclaim to the Saxons. This is the only Christianity which we find in the Church of Leo X., at the close of the dark ages, when the new times were about to open in the Christianity which Luther found partly in the Old Bible of the Erfurt Library, and partly in the proscribed doctrines of Wycliffe and Huss. The Christianity of the age of Leo X. was Paganism. The demoniac worship and hideous vices of the age of the Cæars would have been rampant in Europe at this day, but for the great missionary enterprise of the seventh and following centuries which had its first inception in the school and church of Icolmkill. An utter arid desert would the middle ages have been but for the hidden waters, which, issuing from

their fountain-head in the Rock of Iona—smitten like the ancient rock that the nations might drink—flowed in a thousand secret channels throughout Europe.

True, there were individual souls who knew the truth and fed upon it in secret, and who lived holy lives. But they were the exceptions, and their light is all the sweeter and lovelier from the dark sky in which they are seen. We speak of the general drift and current of the Roman Church. The set of that current, as attested by the policy of her Popes, and the edicts and teaching of her councils, was away from Apostolic Christianity, and steadily and with ever increasing velocity and force towards the paganism of old Rome. The laudations which the monkish chroniclers have pronounced on the Roman Church can avail but little in the face of the public monuments of the times which are overwhelmingly condemnatory of that church. These chroniclers naturally wished to glorify their own organisation, and their knowledge of Christianity being on a par with that of their church, they wrote as they believed. But we cannot make the same excuse for later historians, who have been content to repeat, one after the other, the fables of the monkish writers. They ought to have looked with their own eyes, instead of using the eyes of the "holy fathers," and they ought to have interpreted more truthfully the monuments of history, which are neither few nor difficult to read; and if they had done so they would have been compelled to acknowledge, that if Christianity has been preserved and transmitted to us, it has been preserved and transmitted in spite of the efforts of Rome, continued through successive centuries, and perseveringly put forth to disguise, to corrupt, and to destroy the Christian faith.

There is another service which the laudators of the Roman Church have credited her with, but which we must take leave to challenge. She preserved and transmitted, say they, letters and arts. They are loud in praise of her fine genius and the patronage she lavished on men of letters, and they are pleased to compare her taste and enlightenment with the Vandalic barbarism, as they style it, of the Reformation. History tells another tale, however. The unvarnished fact is, that under the reign of Papal Rome letters and arts were lost, and what the "church" suffered to be lost to the world she never would have been able to recover for it. The vulgar imagination pictures medieval Europe astir from side to side,

with busy hives of industrious monks who devote their days and nights to original studies, or to the transcription of the writings of the ancients. The picture is wholly imaginary. We see the monks busy in their cells; but about what are they busy? With what occupations do they fill up the vacant spaces in the weary routine of their daily functions? Who are their favourite authors? What books lie open before them. Of this learned and studious race, as the imagination has painted them, few have Latin enough to understand the Vulgate. Not one of them can read a page of the Greek or Hebrew Bible. The sacred tongues have been lost in Christendom. The great writers of Pagan antiquity have no charms for the ecclesiastics of that age. They take the parchments to which the grand thoughts of the ancients had been committed, and to what use do they put them? They "palimpsest" then, and over the page from which they have effaced the glorious lines traced by a Homer or a Virgil they gravely write their own stupid legends. It is thus they preserve letters! What fruit has come of the toils of the laborious race of schoolmen, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth century? The modern world has long since pronounced its verdict on that mass of ingenious speculation which they have transmitted to us, fondly believing that they were leaving a heritage which posterity never would let die. That verdict is— "rubbish, simply rubbish." It is utterly worthless, and is now wholly disused, unless, it may be, to back up a papal brief, or to furnish materials for the compilation of a textbook for some popish seminary. A few names belonging to those ages have survived; but the great multitude have gone into utter oblivion. Bede, and Anselm, and Lafranc, and Bernard, and Aquinas, and Abelard, and a few more have escaped extinction. But what are these few when distributed over so many ages! What are six or a dozen stars in a night of a thousand years!

The truth is that we owe the revival of letters to the Turk; but the sense of obligation need not oppress us, seeing the service was done unwittingly. It was no part of the Turks' plan to make it day in the West, when his arms plunged the East into night: yet this was what happened. When Constantinople fell in the fifteenth century the scholars of the Greek empire sought refuge in Europe, carrying with them the treasures of antiquity. These they scattered over the West. A new world was unfolded to the eyes of men in Europe. The original tongues of the Scriptures, Hebrew and Greek, were recovered. The immortal works of ancient Greece and

Rome were again accessible. These were eagerly read and studied: thought was stimulated, minds strengthened, the age was illuminated by a new splendour, and modern genius, kindling its torch at the lamp of ancient learning, aspired to rival the great masters of former days. The Reformation arriving in the following century the movement was deepened, and its current directed towards a higher goal than it otherwise would ever have attained. But it must be noted that the Renaissance broke on no Europe bathed, as the result of the genial patronage of Popes, in the splendour of letters and arts; it rose on a Europe shrouded in intellectual and spiritual darkness. We must except Celtic literature and art, of which many monuments still remain scattered up and down in the museums and libraries of Europe,—the attesting proofs of the refinement that accompanied the great missionary enterprise of which we have spoken. This Celtic art was indigenous to Scotland, and in simple beauty was excelled by no art of any country or age.

But the new learning which the Renaissance brought with it found only a limited number of patrons and disciples among the hierarchy of Rome. We must go to the camp of the Reformation to find the scholars of the age. At Wittenberg, not at Rome, was the true seat of the Renaissance. The Grecians and Hebraists, the jurists, historians, and poets of the time are found among the reformers. The court of Leo X. was rich in dancers, musicians, players, jugglers, painters, courtesans, but it had little besides to boast of. When the Pope sought among his theologians for some one to proceed to Germany and extinguish the rising flame of the Reformation, he could find only Dr. Eck and Cardinal Cajetan, and the armour of these champions was shivered at the first onset of Luther, and they fain to shelter themselves from the piercing shafts of his logic behind the ægis of the papal authority. The Pope can hardly claim Raphael and Michael Angelo. True, they worked for him, and took his wages—as they were entitled to do—but they declined submission to his creed. The same may be said of the two earlier and mightier names, Dante and Petrarch: they were Protestants at the core. Rome meted out persecution to them when alive, and appropriated their glory when dead. To do the Popes justice, however, they have enriched the world with one work of prodigious magnitude, the Bullarium, to wit. It is a monument of their labour; we wish we could add, of their charity.

It is with sincere regret that we find ourselves unable to write better things of a “Church” which has stood so long before history, which has occupied so unrivalled a position, and which has enjoyed unequalled opportunities of benefiting the world. But we dare not credit her with services which she never performed, nor award her praise which is the due of others. The hour draws nigh when she must descend from the place she has so long occupied. Her descent into the grave is determined by a law as fixed and unalterable as that which brings the midday sun in due course to the horizon. Seen in the light of that terrible hour, even she must regret that the record of her past should contain so little to awaken in her the hope that the nations will mourn her departure and that the ages to come will mention her name with respect and reverence.

CHAPTER III.

A SECOND MORNING IN SCOTLAND.

WE have seen the Goths summoned from their native forests to shake into ruin the heavens and the earth of the ancient world. These structures had served their end, and must now be removed to make room for a political and social constitution better fitted for the development of the race, and the wider and more varied career on which they were about to enter. So vast a change could not be accomplished without the destruction of much that was intrinsically valuable, as well as of much that was no better than superannuated lumber. It was a world that was to be destroyed. The authority of ancient schools, the sanctity of ancient religions, and the prestige of ancient empires, round which had gathered the glory of arms and of arts—on all had doom been pronounced, and all must go down together into destruction, and lie overwhelmed in a common ruin. Like the house of the leper, the old world of Paganism and paganised Christianity must be razed to its very foundations, its stones and timber removed, and the ground on which it stood purified by fire, before the new structure can safely be set up.

For two whole centuries the sky of Europe was darkened by storm after storm. The northern hail did its work with impartial and unpitying thoroughness. It fell alike on Pagan shrine and Christian sanctuary, on Arian and orthodox, on the man of equestrian rank and the tiller of the soil, on the proud trophies of war and the beautiful creations of genius. What the Hun had spared the Vandal destroyed, and what escaped the rage of the Vandal perished by the fury of succeeding hordes. The calamity was tremendous, and seemed irreparable. Yet no shock less terrible could have lifted the world out of the groove in which it had been working three thousand years, in the course of which it had so stereotyped its methods, both of thought and of action, that progress had become impossible to it. If affairs had been left to their ordinary course, instead of pushing boldly on into the future, the human race would have dwelt with morbid tenacity upon its past, ever attempting to come up to the tidemark of former achievement, but ever falling short of it, yet working on under a growing languor, till, wearied out by its abortive efforts, it would have sunk at last into the slumber of senility and dotage.

We have seen races first stagnate, then rot, and finally pass out of sight. "Turkey is dying for want of Turks." The exhaustion, physical, intellectual, and moral, which is rapidly converting into a desert a region once so populous in men and cities, and still so highly favoured by nature, would have been the fate of both the Eastern and Western worlds. The work of Rome in years to come would have been to bury the nations she had conquered; and this task performed, there would have remained to her but one other, even that of digging her own grave and celebrating her own obsequies. This catastrophe, which so surely impended over the world, was averted by the terrific blasts which rushed down upon the dying nations, bringing life upon their wings, by mingling or replacing the corpse-like men with new races, whose bodies were hardy, whose minds wore no fetters, who courted danger, loved freedom, and who saw before them the inspiring vision of a grand future.

A comprehensive survey of the whole terrible drama, from the first bursting of the northern barrier to the final settlement of the ten Gothic kingdoms, warrants the conclusion that the latter and nobler half of the work, that even of building up and restoring, was allotted to the Scots. The other races, it is true, were permitted to share so far in the good work of restoration, though the burden of their mission was mainly to destroy. The Franks, the Lombards, and the Ostro-Goths set up in their several provinces the landmarks of political order after the deluge had subsided. The new Italian race resumed the work of the ancient Greeks, following them *longo intervallo* in the arts of music, of sculpture, and of painting. The Franks, too, though not till after the renaissance, aspired to imitate the old masters in the drama, in history, and in philosophy. The schoolmen of the twelfth and the succeeding century strove to awaken the mind of Europe from its deep sleep, by speculations and discussions which were as ingenious and subtle as they were unquestionably barren of fruit. But in truth the glory of these ages was outside the Gothic world. It was then while the modern European intellect lay folded up, or rather had not yet opened, that the Saracenic genius blossomed. The renown of this people in arms was succeeded by a yet higher fame won in the fields of the severer sciences. To their knowledge of algebra and chemistry they added an enviable acquaintance with ancient letters and learning, and no country did they conquer on which they have not left the marks of

their original intellect and their exquisite taste. All these labourers contributed to the setting up of the modern world. And yet into how small a compass have all these labours now come. The Saracenic noon, which shed a short but brilliant day on the south of Europe and the north of Africa, has set in the night of Islam. The political institutions of the Goths, found to be incompatible with the modern liberties, are now in course of removal. Even their architecture, the earliest and the loveliest product of the northern mind, is unsuited for a worship in spirit: and its imposing majesty and grandeur can never again be united with utility unless adoration should be replaced with pomp, and a worship of soul by a ceremonial performed solely by the body. But there is one notable exception to the stamp of futility and transitoriness borne by all the labours of the world from the fifth to the fifteenth century. And these were ages during which man never rested. He toiled and warred: for, in truth, there was a seed of unrest at the heart of the nations, a principle of agitation at the centre of Europe, which made it impossible that its kingdoms should know repose. This incessant conflict and friction would have worn out the world a second time but for one remarkable fact, which merits our attention; for it is here that we discern the first signs that the storm is to abate, and that out of the night of dark ruin is to emerge the fair morning of a new creation

Among the new races now occupying Europe, there was one race of marked and peculiar idiosyncrasy. This race had been the first to leave their original country—the spacious region which stretched northward from the Rhine and the Danube, and which was then the dwelling-place of numerous but as yet nameless nations. There the earth, held in the chains of winter, save for a brief month or two in the year, brings few of its products to maturity; but the same rigours that stunt the creations of the vegetable world, nourish into strength the body of man. From this land of shrubless plains and icy skies came the Scots, with frames of iron, and souls of singular intensity and ardour. To care for their flocks, or do battle with their enemies, was alike easy and welcome to them. Today, it was the more peaceful part of the shepherd or husbandman which they were called to enact; tomorrow, it was that of the invader and warrior. Thus did they journey onward: feeling the attraction which every new day brought with it of richer pastures, and fearing no enemy who might dispute their advance. Their wandering steps brought them to the

Rhine. Its banks were not yet clothed with the vine, nor its waters reddened with the slaughter which Cæsar was to carry into this region of physical beauty, but tragic memories, at a future day. An extemporised fleet of canoes and rafts transports their families, their camp equipage, and their numerous herds across the "milk-white" river: and now the tops of the Vosges attract their eyes and draw them onward. From the summit of these hills the grassy plains of Gaul are seen spreading out at their feet. Their flocks now depasture the plains which the Soane and Rhone water, and on which the Burgundians are afterwards to find a seat. The Pyrenees are the limits of their farthest wanderings to the south, and from the shores of Spain they pass across the sea to Ireland. In that thinly-peopled country they find room for themselves, and abundant pasturage for their flocks,—and here their long journey terminates.

By-and-by this people began to addict themselves to other pursuits. In the parts into which they have come the first disciples of the Gospel, fleeing from the sword of the Roman emperors, have found refuge. From these early Christians they learn a purer faith than any they have brought with them from their northern home. It is now that it begins to be seen that to them a higher mission has been assigned than to the other tribes, which by this time have begun to pour down upon the Roman empire. To the latter it had been said, "Go scatter the fires of judgment over the earth" to the Scots was the command given, "Go forth and sow the seeds of new and better institutions." For a work of this importance a special preparation was needed. The seed with which the fields, plowed by the sword, was to be sown, had to be made ready. A remote and solitary retreat, from which the sound of battle and the wrangle of the schools were shut out, must be found for the future "sowers" of Europe. With a view to this the Scots were not permitted to settle within the limits of the empire. They were passed on from country to country, and at last were compelled to fix their permanent home at what was styled "the extremities of the earth." There they could pursue without distraction their work of preparing the seed for their future sowing. The rising glory of the Roman church could not dazzle them; the Greek and Oriental philosophies, which had begun again to fascinate so many minds, could not withdraw them from the study of that one Book with which they were here shut in. Their thoughts were left free; their conclusions were unfettered; and their theology, drawn from its original source, was the same with that which

the twelve fishermen had brought from the shores of Galilee in the first century. Christianity had lost its power in the schools of Alexandria and Jerusalem; but it recovered its first purity and vigour in the silence of Iona; and, when all was ready, its disciples came forth from their school amid the western seas to preach throughout Europe a purified and reinvigorated Gospel.

It is the men whom we see in the seventh and following centuries traversing Europe in the simple attire of sandals, of pilgrim staff, and long woollen garments, who turned the tide a second time in the great conflict betwixt Christianity and Paganism. Victory had forsaken the standards of Christianity in the seats of her first triumphs. The theories of Origen had covered the East with anchorites; Rome was planting the West with colonies of monks. From the school of Iona came forth missionaries and teachers who laid anew the foundations of law and order. These were the first builders, after the Gothic deluge, of the "new heavens and the new earth," wherein were to dwell the inductive sciences, the constitutional liberties, and a purified Christianity; and, wherever in after ages these blessings shall extend, it will be acknowledged that the march of the new civilization was led by the missionaries of Iona.

Other causes, too, operated in the way of perfecting the isolation of the Scots during this eventful and formative period of European history. At nearly the same time when the Romans were taking their final departure from Britain, the Scots were crossing the Irish Channel to take possession of that country which was to be the permanent seat of their nation. Immediately consequent on these movements, came another great change which tended still farther to limit, if not extinguish for the time, the intercourse betwixt Scotland and the Continent, and especially between Scotland and that city which was now to reign by her arts as her predecessor had reigned by her arms. The Frank rushed down and occupied Gaul. Next came the Goth, who pushed his bands across the Pyrenees into Spain. Thus, suddenly a wall of barbarism arose between the Scots and the nations of the Continent. That wall kept them separate for well nigh two centuries. The cessation of intercourse between them and their continental neighbours is strikingly marked by the mystery, and even awe with which the writers of the period refer to Britain when it happens to them to mention its name. They speak of it as a land which

men trembled to visit, which was overhung by a cloud like that of night, and in which walked the doleful shapes which haunt the darkness. But, in truth, nothing better could have happened for British Christianity. Barbarous tribes were rushing to and fro upon the continent of Europe, giving its cities to sack, its fields to devastation, and extinguishing the lights of human learning and divine revelation. In Rome, the ancient saying was being fulfilled, "the day goeth away." The churches, now beginning to gather beneath her sceptre, sat in deep eclipse. She had wandered from the evangelical path, and could not show the true road to others. Nevertheless, in proportion as she became unfit to lead, the more ambitiously did she aspire to that high office. It was at this moment, when the prestige of her great name, and the arts she had begun to employ, might have wielded a seductive influence upon the Christians of Britain, that this partition wall of heathen barbarism suddenly rose between them and Rome. For two whole centuries they were shut in with the Bible—the book which Augustine boasted had in his day been translated into all the languages of the world. They drew their system of Christian doctrine from the Scriptures, and they framed their simple ecclesiastical polity on rules borrowed from the same divine source. They asked Rome to tell them neither what they should believe, nor how they should govern themselves. They had found a better instructor, even the Spirit speaking in the Scriptures; and they neither owed nor owned subjection to any authority on earth.

These two centuries of isolation were a singularly fruitful period in Britain, and in particular in the northern half of the island. They were a springtime thrice welcome after the long dark winter of heathenism which had gone before. Christianity, indeed, had been planted in the country some centuries previously, but its organization was feeble, the times were unsettled, the spirit of ancient Paganism was still in the air; and, as the result of these hostile influences there had set in a period of decay. But now there came a second morning to Scottish Christianity. That morning broke on our country not from the Seven Hills; it descended upon it from the skies. Vigorous evangelistic agencies sprang up, one after the other, on our soil, by which the Christianisation of our land was carried to its northernmost shore.

The tempests of Gothic invasion were overturning the Roman empire in

continental Europe; and although it could not be said to be peace in Britain, yet, compared with the furious storms that were raging abroad, the convulsions that agitated the atmosphere of our country might almost be termed a calm. We had no Attila or Alaric, but the Picts from the north, and Scots from Ireland, were making periodic raids into the British kingdom of Strathclyde; and the pagan Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, were ravaging the eastern border of England. Nevertheless, in the midst of these convulsions and alarms, the good work of evangelization went on in our land, and the foundations of the Christian Church were laid deeper than before.

Great Christian individualities now appear on the historic stage. Of some the names still survive; and we can form to ourselves a tolerably well-defined picture both of the men and the work which they did. At the earlier epoch, that is, the first Christianisation of Scotland, although we were conscious that the light was growing, we could not discern the agencies by which it was being spread. But it is different now. Great personalities stand out before us in connection with the evangelization of our country. Simple in life and courageous in spirit, they are seen prosecuting their work with devoted zeal in the midst of manifold confusions and perils. We see them establishing centres, from which they attack and subjugate the heathenism of the surrounding district. We see them kindle with strategic tact a line of lights at certain intervals from end to end of our country; and the evangelic day steadily grows in brightness from the appearance of the first beacon on the shores of the Solway, to that greater lamp which burned at Iona, and in such splendour, that its light, shining beyond the shores of Britain, penetrated the darkness of Gaul, of Germany, and of regions lying still farther north.

No authority outside our island, no foreign church or bishop, originated or directed this movement. It arose on our own soil, and was carried out by our own sons. Its authors sought no permission to preach, to baptize, to plant churches, and to rule them, even from Rome. Their anointing was from a higher source. One of the earliest evangelists, as we shall afterwards see, is reputed to have visited Rome, with what benefit to himself or to his work is not apparent; but with this exception, the early Scottish preachers of the gospel learned it from the Bible, sitting at the feet of native doctors, who sent them forth to teach others so soon as they

judged them qualified and to whom they returned to tell how they had sped in the discharge of their commission.

Thus the Church of Scotland, placed in isolation, and growing up under native tutorship, was independent from the first. She was free born. It never occurred to her to ask right to exist from any foreign church whatever. She found that right in her Heaven-bestowed charter; and the confirmation of a hundred pontiffs, or a hundred councils, would not have added one particle of weight to it. She honoured the Church of Gaul, and she honoured the Church of Rome, though her esteem of the latter might have been less, had she stood nearer to it and known it better; and she adopted what she believed to be good wherever she found it; but she called no church "mistress" in the way of framing herself on its model, much less of submitting to its government.

While affirming the historic fact of the independence of the British churches of the period, we must add that it does not concern us to establish that the early Church of Scotland was not prelatic; nor does it even concern us to establish that it was Presbyterian. The men of that day are not our rule; their opinions and their acting do not bind us. We go higher—higher in time, and higher in authority—for examples to follow, and models on which to frame ourselves. It is the pattern shown to us on the page of the New Testament, and it alone, with which we have to do. There is our exemplar. The early Scottish evangelists may have done right or they may have done wrong; that determines nothing as regards the divinely appointed method of conducting the affairs of what Holy Scripture calls the "kingdom of heaven." We have here to do with the question only as a historic one. And all history attests that the plan of evangelisation adopted by the earliest founders of the Scottish Church was simple, that it was the plan which they judged best adapted to the circumstances of their country, and that in following it out they acted with conscious and perfect independence of all exterior authority. Details will come before us afterwards. Meanwhile it deserves our notice, that by the opening of the seventh century the Church of Scotland was so consolidated in both her doctrine and her autonomy, that she was able to resist the wiles of Rome, which now, the wall of separation thrown down, approached her more closely than ever, and in vastly enhanced power. The stamp of independence impressed thus early on the Scottish

Church she long continued to retain. Like the disciple, when she was "young she girded herself and walked whither she would;" like him too, when she was old, she stretched out her hands and another bound her, and carried her whither she would not. But the memory of her youth returned: the spirit of old days descended upon her; and under the influence of that spirit the fetters on her arms became but as "green withs," and rising up she came forth from captivity to challenge more boldly than ever her birthright, which was Freedom.

CHAPTER IV.

NINIAN—SCENE OF HIS YOUTH—CONVERSION—FIRST EVANGELISTIC LABOURS—MODE OF EVANGELISING.

THE breath of a new life was moving over the land. This new life created new men. The new men constituted a new society. Till this time hardly had there been social life in Scotland. There had been chiefs, clans, nationalities, and these nationalities had formed combinations and alliances for war; but the elements which conspire for the creation of social and civil life were lacking. Each man in his innermost being dwelt apart. Christianity, by imparting a common hope, brought men together, and summoned into being a new and powerful brotherhood. Around this new society all interests and classes, all modes of thought and of action began to group themselves. On this root grew up the Scotland of the following ages. Three great personalities—great they must have been since they are seen across the many ages that have since elapsed—lead us onward into the wide field of Scottish history.

The first Scottish individuality that stands out distinct and bold before us is NINIAN.[1] He was born in Galloway towards the middle of the fourth century; the exact year of his birth, no biographer has ventured to fix. A Briton by blood, he was a subject of the emperor by birth, seeing his native district was comprehended in the Roman province of Valentia, of which the boundaries were the Clyde on the north, and the Solway or Roman wall on the south. On the west it extended to the Irish Sea, and on the east it was co-terminous with the Roman province of Bernicia. Ninian's father was a British king. So has it been affirmed. But we have not been told where the dominions of this king lay, and in the absence of any information on the point it is not easy to conjecture. The limits of the Roman empire extended at that time to the shores of the Clyde; and it seems vain to look for the kingdom of Ninian's royal father on the south of that river. And it would seem equally vain to look for it on the north of it; for beyond the Clyde was the region of the Picts. There seems, therefore, no room for such a potentate as some have conjured up to grace the descent of the earliest of Scottish evangelists. "When you hear of Ninian being a king's son," says Alford, naively, "consider that it is the language of legendaries who are very liberal in bestowing that title. By it they

understood the princes and petty chiefs of the provinces of whom Britain in every century had plenty." The statement of Camerarius, that he was the son of a small chieftain, best accords with the facts of his life as well as with what is known regarding the state of society at the time. It was evidently no common home in which Ninian grew up. His education had more than the usual care bestowed upon it. He enjoyed advantages of home training and foreign travel which would never have fallen to his lot had he been peasant-born.

The landscape on which the youthful eyes of the future evangelist rested was thinly inhabited and poorly cultivated, and apt, when the scud came up the Solway from the Irish Sea, to look a little gloomy. It was a rolling country of knolls and woodlands and grazing grounds, traversed by silvery rivulets which flowed into the Solway, beyond whose broad placid stream rose the dark hills of Westmoreland. It was dotted, moreover, by the mud huts, or dry-stone houses of the inhabitants. In the midst of these poor abodes there rose, but at wide intervals, edifices of a somewhat more pretentious character. These more imposing structures were churches; and they owed their attractiveness rather to the contrast they offered to the humble dwellings around them, than to any grace of architecture, for their construction was of the simplest and rudest kind. Their wall of wattles, plastered with clay, was surmounted by a roof of thatch. So humble were the sanctuaries of the early Britons.

The district had already been Christianised. It had now for some centuries been under the civilizing influences of the Romans, but its religious life had ebbed of late, and the sway of Rome was now becoming dubious and intermittent. As a consequence, the inhabitants passed their lives amid frequent alarms and wars. The Picts and Scots hovered on their northern border, ever on the watch for a favourable opportunity for a raid into the debatable land between the two walls. Such opportunities were of but too frequent occurrence, as the wretched inhabitants knew to their cost. The midland Britons had leaned for defence on the sword of Rome; the Roman Power was now about to withdraw; and left without protection in the presence of fierce and warlike enemies, the Britons greatly needed the invigorating power of a revived Christianity to inspirit them to withstand their invaders. It should still farther tend to the security and quiet of the Britons if they should carry the olive branch of a religious

revival into the wild country on the north of them. The Christianisation of the region would moderate if it did not bridle those furious blasts that ever and anon were bursting in from Pictland, and which left traces so frightful on the unhappy country lying between the Clyde and the Solway. Such, possibly, were the views with which Ninian began his evangelization.

We behold Ninian at the opening of his career. What were the stages of his inner life previous to his coming forth as a public teacher? This is precisely what his biographers have not told us. We would have been well content to have been without the account of the miracles with which they have credited him, if only they had given us some of his experiences and wrestlings of soul. No one comes forth on such an errand as Ninian's, and at such a time, without having undergone a previous, and, it may be, prolonged and severe mental discipline. So was it, as we shall see in the sequel, in the case of one of the greatest of his successors, and doubtless it was also so in the case of Ninian himself. But the length and severity of his inward training we have been left to conjecture. "Our saint," says one of his biographers, [2] "was in infancy regenerated in the waters of baptism; the white garment which he then put on he preserved unsullied." The business of his conversion is here dispatched in two sentences; but the process described is too summery, and, we must take leave to say, too mechanical to satisfy us of its reality. It is light, not water, that renews the soul. We should like to know how the light entered, and by what stages Ninian passed to the full apprehension of those great truths which alone can impart to the soul a new life, and open to it a new destiny. His parents, professedly Christian, had told him, doubtless, that Christ was a Saviour. This was a fact which it was pleasant for Ninian to know, even as it is pleasant for one in health to know that there is a physician within reach, although he feels no present need to avail himself of his skill. But one day Ninian felt sick—sick at heart, sick in soul; and he saw that his sickness was unto death—eternal death. Already he felt its sting within him, and a horror of great darkness fell upon him. The morning came, brightening the waters of the Solway, and scenting the flowers that grew along its banks, but now its coming brought no joy to his spirit. What availed these delights to one who felt himself encompassed by a night on which no morning would ever rise? He hid himself from the face of companion and friend. He communed with his own heart, and wept in the

silent glen or by the solitary seashore. It was now that the fact, heard before, returned to his memory, with new and infinite significance, even that there was a physician who could heal the soul. He threw himself at the feet of this Physician, and was healed. A new life had entered into Ninian. He had been born again into a new world.

Ninian now looked with new eyes upon the world of men and women around him. He saw that they too were sick unto death, even as he himself had been, though they knew it not. How could he forbear pointing these unhappy multitudes to that same physician who had wrought the "miracle of healing" upon himself? The multiform misery under which his native province groaned confirmed and intensified his resolution to make known the good news to its inhabitants.

The Christianity of the second and third centuries, which had created not a few beautiful lives, and fostered the order and prosperity of the province, was rapidly declining. There were still pastors in the church, doubtless, but they exercised a shorn influence, and they ministered to dwindling flocks. Of the population not a few had forsaken the sanctuary for the grove, and were now worshipping at the altars under the oaks. The counsels of Scripture and the maxims of experience had been alike disregarded, and the Druidic shrines which the fathers spared to cast down, had become a snare to the sons. On every side was heard the loud laugh of the scoffer and the ribald jest or profane oath of the open profligate. Meanwhile disaster was gathering round the province. The Romans were retiring beyond the southern wall; and with their retreating steps was heard the advancing tread of the Picts and Scots. No longer held in check by the legions, these fierce marauders were breaking over the northern boundary, and inflicting untold calamities on the men of Valentia. The unhappy Britons were in an evil case. The night was often made terrible by the flames of burning raths, and the morning ghastly by the hideous spectacles it disclosed, of the inhabitants slaughtered, or carried captive. Fordun says: "O vengeance of Heaven, exclaims Geoffrey, for past wickedness! O madness in the tyrant Maximus, to have brought about the absence of so many warlike soldiers! . . . The enemy plied them (the Britons of Galloway) unceasingly with hooked weapons, wherewith the wretched populace were dragged off the walls, and cruelly dashed to the ground.... Then they speedily summoned the peasantry, with

whose hoes and mattocks, pickaxes, forks, and spades, they all, without distinction, set to work to dig broad clefts and frequent breaches through the wall, whereby they might everywhere readily pass backwards and forwards."[3]

It was amid scenes like these that the daily life of Ninian was passed. What could he do to lessen the weight of a misery so intolerable? Such, doubtless, was the question he asked himself as he listened to the oft-recurring tale of rapine and slaughter. He could not recall the legions, nor could he chase from the northern frontier the hordes that were crowding to it and swarming over it. But might he not do something toward restoring the manhood of the Britons, who, instead of facing courageously their foes, were sending their "groans" to Rome for help. He knew enough to understand that Christianity is by far the mightiest creative power in the world. Rome had withdrawn her ægis; might he not replace it with the Gospel, that nurse of bravery as of virtue? Such were the aims with which Ninian entered on his work.[3]

The transition involved a great sacrifice of ease. His youth had been passed in the tranquil pursuit of knowledge, surrounded by the comforts, if not the elegancies of home. The quiet of the study, and the delights of the family, must now be forsaken, and he must brace himself for thankless labour among a rude and semi-barbarous population. The Romans were retiring, and the thin lacquering of civilization which they were leaving behind them had been purchased at the cost of the enervation of spirit which their long dominancy had engendered, and the love for Italian vices with which they had inoculated the simple natives. Moreover, Ninian's missionary labours must be performed on a field liable to the sudden incursions of war, exposing him to daily peril, and compelling him to be the frequent witness of the agonising sights which war brings in its train. Nor could he flatter himself that his mission would be welcomed by his countrymen, or that either his person or his message would receive much consideration or reverence at their hands. They were returning to the altars of the Druid, and were in no mood to receive meekly the reproofs he might find it necessary to tender to them for their apostacy. They were more likely to deride and scoff than to listen and obey. It was an evil time. The early glory of the British church had faded. When the altar of the Druid smoked in the land, the Britons were saying,

it was better with us than now. There was then no ravaging Pict, no slaughtering Scot. But since the old shrines had been cast down, we have never ploughed our fields, or reaped our harvests in peace. We will return to the service of our fathers' deities. With returning superstition had come dark minds, reprobate consciences, inhuman dispositions, and violent deeds. Such were the men among whom Ninian went forth to begin his missionary labours.

At the hands of the presbyters or bishops—for these two names were then employed to designate the same men and the same office, that, to wit, of the pastor of a congregation—at the hands of the presbyters and bishops that remained in these degenerate times to the British church of Valentia, did Ninian receive ordination. A late writer, speaking of the British church of that period, tells us that "a regular hierarchy with churches, altars, the Bible, discipline, and the creeds existed," in it, "and that we know this from many sources." [4] We are not told what these sources are, and we are unable to conjecture. But until we do know we must take the liberty to believe that this "hierarchy" in the early British church is a work of pure imagination. We possess a contemporary, or nearly contemporary description of the British church of Valentia in Ninian's day. We refer to the "Confession of Patrick," written a few years later. There we can see only two offices, those of presbyter and deacon, in this church. If this is the "hierarchy" which this writer has in his eye, we grant that it did exist; but let it be noted that this is the simple hierarchy or order of the New Testament church: not the pompous gradation of offices and dignities which the Church of Rome instituted in the fourth century. That this was the order of the church of Valentia in Patrick's day, appears from the fact that his father was a deacon, and his grandfather a presbyter; and of higher offices he says not a word; and such, doubtless, was the order of that same church in Ninian's day. [5] The existing state of things, as revealed in the records of the time, make it undoubted that Ninian went forth to begin his evangelization among his countrymen, holding no ecclesiastical rank save that of plain presbyter, or, to use the alternative designation, bishop.

Had Ninian been a monk of the twelfth century he would have gone to Rome to seek consecration, and on his return would have perambulated his native province in miter and crosier, followed by a suitable train of

ecclesiastical subordinates. Ailred of Rievaux, who wrote his life in the twelfth century, when Gratian of Bologna was embodying the forgeries of Isidore in his "Decretum" as historic facts, does indeed send Ninian all the way to Rome for authority to teach the ignorant people of his native province the Gospel. And Alford detains him not less than twenty-four years in Rome, and occupies him all that while in the study of the doctrine and discipline of the Western Church. Such are the astounding statements of his twelfth century biographers. That Ninian should deem a period of twenty-four years requisite to qualify him to preach to his simple countrymen, or that he should wait till a generation had passed away before returning with the evangelical message to Britain, is what is capable of belief only in the century in which it was first advanced—the century that accepted the Isidorean forgeries, and made them the foundations of Canon Law. We offer no refutation of these statements. Their huge improbability, indeed absurdity, place them beyond the need, we had almost said beyond the possibility of refutation.[6]

What plan did Ninian follow in his missionary labours? None of his biographers have introduced him to us as he appeared while engaged in his ordinary everyday work. Ailred invests him with a halo of miracle; and seen through this luminous haze, his figure appears of more than mortal stature. A preternatural glory, according to Ailred, now broke on the wilds of Galloway. These moorlands became the scene of the same mighty works, which were wrought in Galilee when the Messiah opened his ministry. Ninian healed the sick, opened the eyes of the blind, cleansed the leper, and raised the dead. These stupendous acts conquered the incredulity and disarmed the hatred of his countrymen to the Gospel. So says his biographer, with an air so simple and confiding, as to leave no doubt that he firmly believed the truth of what he wrote, and could hardly deem it possible that any one should question the miracles of the saint. There will be only one opinion, we should think, among our readers, regarding these astounding statements; and yet some of Ninian's modern biographers seem half inclined to believe that the saint did, indeed, possess miraculous powers, and that the extraordinary acts attributed to him by Ailred are not altogether fabulous.

The real Ninian, however, was simply a home missionary. In the circumstances of his time and country, he could be nothing else. Had we

met him in his daily round of labour, we should, most probably, have seen nothing at all remarkable about him; nothing materially different from the same functionary whom we see, in our own day, prosecuting his labours in our city lanes and amid our rural hamlets. Had we understood his ancient tongue, we should have found Ninian telling to his countrymen the same message which the colporteur and the missionary carry to the outcasts of our own age. Truth acts upon the mind in essentially the same manner in every age—the same in the fourth as in the nineteenth century; and the teacher who would combat vice and ignorance must adopt radically the same methods, whatever his era; or if there be aught of difference, it must be on the side of greater simplicity and directness in early ages than in later times. The men of Ninian's day were rude, the times were calamitous, and, if the missionary really aimed at grappling to purpose with the gross ignorance and daring wickedness that surrounded him, the more simple his methods, and the less he burdened and fettered his message with forms and conventionalities, the greater would his success be. We credit Ninian simply with earnest piety and ordinary sense when we say that he resembled much more the home missionary of our own day than the stoled, tonsured, and girdled functionary of the twelfth century. Ninian went forth among his countrymen not to enlighten them touching the prerogatives of him who assumes to keep the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, but to tell them that the "Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." That such a message, delivered in a loving, earnest spirit, was followed by conversions, we cannot doubt. The fruits and monuments of his ministry remain even to this day.

Endnotes

1. His name is variously written. In the Roman martyrology his name is Ninian. In Bede it is Nynias. In William of Malmesbury, Ninas. In Scotland he is popularly called Ringan. The authorities consulted for the life of Ninian are Bede and Ailred, abbot of Rievaux. These are the two primary authorities. The secondary and minor ones are the author of the *Lives of the English Saints*, a work attributed to the Rev. John Barrow, D.D., late Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford; Dr. Forbes, bishop of Brechin; Dr. Skene, Historiographer Royal for Scotland; and others. Ailred's *Life of Ninian* was first printed by John Pinkerton (London, 1789), from a

fine manuscript in the Bodleian library at Oxford. Pinkerton's *Life* has been inserted in the *Historians of Scotland*, after having been carefully collated with the Bodleian MS., and amended in some places, by Bishop Forbes. Ailred tells us that he derived his materials for the biography of Ninian from an earlier *Life of the Saint*, *Barbario Scriptus*. But neither the abbot of Rievaux, nor the barbarous writer who preceded him, tell us much more about Ninian than had been previously communicated by Bede. Both are indebted for their facts to the monk of Jarrow. *The Life* by Ailred, is meagre in its facts, but rich in miracles and prodigies. In this respect it is a picture of the twelfth century in which it was written, not of the Apostle of Galloway in the fourth. We have not followed slavishly any of Ninian's biographers. We have taken the liberty to form our own judgment as to what manner of man he was. Discarding legend we have looked at Ninian in the light of his age, the work he did, and the records that remain of it; and from this complex view we have arrived at our own conclusion, touching his character and his aims.

2. *Lives of the English Saints*, St. Ninian, chap. ii. 21. London, 1845.

3. John of Fordlun's *Chronicle of the Scottish Nation*, lib. iii. cap. 10.

4. Bishop Forbes, *Life of St. Ninian*, p. 28; *Hist. of Scotland*, vol v.

5. Even two centuries later there was but one ecclesiastic, and he a Roman pervert (see vol. i. 329) who was reckoned a bishop in all the region of the Picts, Scots, and Britons. Prior Richard, writing of the year 689, says, "At that time he (S. Wilfrid) was the sole bishop in all the territories of King Oswi, that is, in all the nations of the Bernecians, the Britons, the Scots of Lindisfarne, the Picts, for Candida Casa had not yet had a proper bishop."—*Hist. Ch. of Hexham*, p. 22, Surtees ed.

6. His biographer, Ailred, says, "He ordained priests, consecrated bishops, arranged the ecclesiastical orders, and divided the whole country into parishes." This is probably the chief authority on which the Bishop of Brechin rests the statement given above. Ailred's statement refutes itself. To facilitate the working of this imaginary hierarchy, Ailred makes Ninian divide the whole country into parishes. But it is agreed on all hands that parishes were unknown in Scotland for about 600 years after Ninian.

CHAPTER V.

NINIAN VISITS ROME—HIS JOURNEY THITHER—ROME IN NINIAN'S DAY.

BY-AND-BYE there comes a change over Ninian. The simple missionary of Galloway sets out on a visit to Rome. So do all his biographers relate, though none of them on what seems perfectly reliable authority. As we see him depart, we fear lest Ninian may not return the same man he went. The Church of Rome was just then beginning to forsake the simple path of the Gospel for the road that leads to riches and worldly grandeur. As yet, however, her glory was in good degree around her, although the prestige of the old city on the Tiber, and the rank to which her pastor had by this time climbed, was filling the air of western Christendom with a subtle, intoxicating element, which was drawing to Rome visitors from many lands who felt and yielded to the fascination. Of the number we have said was Ninian. Damasus, in whom the papal ambition was putting forth its early blossoms, then filled the Roman See. The pontiff welcomed, we cannot doubt, this pilgrim from the distant Britain. He saw in his visit an omen that the spiritual sway of the second Rome would be not less extensive than the political dominion which the first Rome had wielded. This journey painfully convinces us that even in Britain, Ninian had begun to breathe Roman air. This is seen in the motives attributed to him for undertaking this journey to "the threshold of the Apostles." He began to suspect that the Christian pastors of Britain did not know the true sense of Scripture, and that he himself was but imperfectly grounded in it, and that should he go to Rome and seat himself at the feet of its bishop, he would be more thoroughly instructed, and the Bible would reveal to his eye many things which it refused to disclose to him in the remote realm of Britain.

We know of nothing in the Bible itself which warrants the belief that it is a book which can be rightly understood in but one particular spot of earth, or truly interpreted by only one class of men. It bears to be a revelation to mankind at large.

"There is nothing more certain in history," says Bingham, "than that the service of the ancient church was always performed in the vulgar or

common language of every country."[1] From her first foundation it was the pious care of the church, when a nation was converted, to have the Scriptures translated into the tongue of that nation. Eusebius says, "they were translated into all languages, both of Greeks and barbarians, throughout the world, and studied by all nations as the oracles of God." [2] Chrysostom assures us that "the Syrians, the Egyptians, the Indians, the Persians, the Ethiopians, and multitude of other nations, translated them into their own tongues, whereby barbarians learned to be philosophers, and women and children, with the greatest case, imbibed the doctrine of the Gospel."[3] Theodoret asserts the same fact, "that every nation under heaven had the Scripture in their own tongue; in a word, into all tongues used by all nations in his time." [4] The long residence of the Romans in the country had familiarized the provincial Britons with their tongue, and they had access to the Word of God in Latin, and, doubtless also in Belgic or Armoric, if not British Celtic. The Bible till now had been regarded as a book for the world, to be translated, read, and interpreted by all.

But towards the opening of the fifth century it began to be whispered that this was an erroneous and dangerous opinion. Only episcopal insight, and especially Roman episcopal insight, could see all that is contained in this book. Ordinary Christians were warned, therefore, not to trust their own interpretations of it, but to seek to have it expounded to them by that sure and unerring authority which had been appointed for their guidance, and which was seated at Rome. It is easy to see with what a halo this would invest that old city on the banks of the Tiber, and with what authority it would clothe its pastor. It was the first step towards the withdrawal of the Book, and the installing of the Roman bishop in its room as the sole dictator of the faith and the sole lord and ruler of the consciences of men.

These arrogant assumptions would seem to have gained so far an ascendancy over the missionary of Galloway, that he forsook for a while his labours among his countrymen who so greatly needed his instructions and guidance, and set out towards the eternal city. He crossed the Alps, it is said, by the Mons Cenis pass—in those days a rugged path that wound perilously by the edge of black abysses, and under horrid rocks and gathering avalanches. His biographer, Ailred, in enlarging on the

motives which led him to undertake this journey, speaks of him as assailed by the temptation "to throw himself on the resources of his own mind, to trust to the deductions of his own intellect, either from the text of Holy Scriptures, or the doctrines he had already been taught. For this he was too humble."

Shielded by his humility from the snare to which he was exposed, that even of exercising the "right of private judgment," Ailred makes Ninian break out into the following soliloquy, expressive of ideas and sentiments altogether foreign to the fourth century, but which had come to be fully developed in the twelfth, when Ailred puts them into Ninian's mouth. "I have in my own country," Ninian is made to say, "sought him whom my soul loveth, and have not found him. I will arise: I will compass sea and land to seek the truth which my soul longs for. But is there need of so much toil? Was it not said to Peter, thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it? In the faith of Peter then, there is nothing defective, obscure, imperfect: nothing against which evil doctrine or perverted sentiment, the gates as it were of hell, could prevail. And where is the faith of Peter, but in the See of Peter? Thither, certainly, I must go, that leaving my country, and my relations, and my father's house, I may be thought worthy to behold with inward eye the fair beauty of the Lord, and to be guarded by his temple."[5]

There was now at Rome a galaxy of talent, which, doubtless, helped to draw Ninian thither. Jerome, and others, whose renown in learning and piety filled Christendom, and has crossed the ages to our own days, were then residing in that city. These men had no sympathy with the rising tide of superstition, or the growing ambition of the Popes; on the contrary, they strove to repress both, foreseeing to what a disastrous height both would grow if allowed to develop. But their presence dignified the old city, and the simple grandeur of their character, and the fame of their erudition, shed upon Rome a glory not greatly inferior to that of its first Augustan age. It was natural that Ninian should wish to see, and to converse with these men.

The Itineraries and the Roman roads, portions of which are still traceable on the face of England, enable us to track the route by which Ninian would travel. Starting from Annandale, he crosses the Solway and

traverses the great military way to Carlisle. Thence he would continue his journey along the vale of the Eden and over the dark hills of Stanemoor. We see him halt on their summit and take his parting look of the mountains amid which he had passed his youth. As he pursued his way, many tokens would meet his eye of the once dominant, but now vanished, power of the Druids. Here and there by the side of his path would be seen oak groves felled by the axe, dolmens overturned, and stone circles wholly or in part demolished. Even in our day these monuments of a fallen worship are still to be beheld in the north of England: they were doubtless more numerous in Ninian's time.

Resuming his journey, Ninian would next cross the moorlands that lie on the other side of the Stanemoor chain. The Roman road that runs by Catterick would determine his path. Traversing this great highway, not quite obliterated even yet, and then doubtless in excellent condition, seeing it led to the main seat of the Roman government in Britain, Ninian in due course arrived at York.

This city was then one of the main centres of Christianity in Britain. It had its schools of sacred and secular learning; nevertheless its predominant air was still Roman. It had its courts of Roman judicature, its theatres, baths, mosaic pavements, and tutelary shrines within the walls; and suburbs in the Italian style. It was honoured at times with the presence of the Emperor. It was, in fact, a little Rome on English soil. From York our pilgrim would proceed by the well-frequented line of Wattling Street to London, and thence to Sandwich, where he would embark for Boulogne.

Ninian's steps are now on Gallic earth. He beholds around him the monuments of an older civilization than that of his native Britain. Pursuing his way he arrives at Rheims, a city which, in little more than a century afterwards, was to witness the baptism of Clovis an event which gave to the "church" her "eldest son," and to France the first of its Christian kings. Lyons is the next great city on his route. Here Ninian's heart would be more deeply stirred than at any previous stage of his journey. The streets on which he now walked had been trodden by the feet of Irenæus: for Lyons was the scene of the ministry and martyrdom of that great Christian Father. Every object on which Ninian's eye lighted—the

majestic Rhone, the palatial edifices, the crescent-like hills that walled in the city on the north—all were associated with the memory of Irenæus, and not with his memory only, but with that of hundreds besides, whose love for the Gospel had enabled them to brave the terrors of the "red-hot iron chair" the form of death that here awaited the early disciples of Christianity. As Ninian ruminated on these tragedies, for they were of recent occurrence and must have been fresh in his knowledge, he accepted these morning tempests, now past, as the pledges of a long and cloudless day to Christian France. Alas, Ninian did not know, and could not forecast, those far more dreadful storms that were to roll up in the sky of that same land in a future age and drench its soil with the blood of hundreds of thousands of martyrs.

Not long does Ninian linger on this scene of sad but sublime memories. Again he sets forth. His steps are now directed towards those white summits, which, seen across the plains of Dauphine, tower up before him in the southern sky, and admonish him that the toils and perils of his journey are in a measure only yet beginning. The Alps were already passable, but with extreme difficulty and hazard. The legions, marching to battle, and the merchants of the Mediterranean coast, seeking the markets of Gaul, had established routes across them; but to the solitary traveller the attempt to climb their summits was an arduous and almost desperate one. He was in danger of stepping unawares into the hidden chasm, or of being overtaken by the blinding tourmette, or surprised and crushed by the falling avalanche. Nor were their precipices and whirlwinds the only perils that attended the traveller in these mountains. He ran the farther risk of being waylaid by robbers or devoured by wolves. These hazards were not unknown to Ninian. His journey must be done nevertheless. Classic story, and now the tale of Christian martyrdom, had made the soil of Italy enchanted ground to him. But a yet greater fascination did its capital wield. That city had cast out its Cæsar, but it had placed in his seat one who aspired to a higher lordship than emperor ever yielded. These gates Ninian must enter, and at these feet must he sit. Accordingly, joining himself, most probably, to a few companions, for such journeys were now beginning to be common, we see him climbing the lofty rampart of rocks and snows that rose between him and the goal of his pilgrimage, and their summits gained, he descends by an equally perilous path into the Italian plains. The Goth had not yet entered that fair land, and Ninian

saw it as it appeared to the eye of the old Roman. The bloom of its ancient fertility was still upon its fields, nor had its cities lost the chaste glory of classic times. But the flower of Italy was Rome, the fountain of law, the head of the world, and now the centre of the Christian church; and Ninian hastens his steps thither.

We behold the missionary of Galloway at the "threshold of the Apostles," as the church of the first parish in Rome now began to be magnificently styled. Here the greatest of the Apostles had suffered martyrdom, and here thousands of humble confessors had borne testimony to the faith by pouring out their blood in the gladiatorial combats of the Coliseum, or at the burning stakes in the gardens of Nero. But now the faith for which they had died was triumphing over the paganism of the empire, and the churches of the west were crowding to Rome and laying their causes at the feet of her bishop, as if in acknowledgment that their homage was justly due to her who had fought so terrible a battle, and had won so glorious a victory. Such, doubtless, were the thoughts of Ninian as he drew nigh to the eternal city. We know the overpowering emotions with which a greater than Ninian, eleven centuries later, approached the gates of Rome. Ninian entered these gates, not, indeed, unmoved, but with pulse more calm, and mind less perturbed, than the monk of Wittenberg. In Ninian's day the Papacy was only laying the foundations of its power, and laying them in a well-simulated humility; in Luther's age it had brought forth the top-stone, and its vaulting pride and towering dominion made it the wonder and the terror of the nations.

How did Ninian occupy himself in Rome? How long did he sojourn in it? What increase did he make in knowledge and in piety from all that he saw and heard in the capital of Christendom? To these questions we are not able to return any answer, or an answer that is satisfactory. The mythical haze with which his medieval biographers invest him is still around him. In their hands he is not the missionary of the fourth century but the monk of the twelfth; and if we shall relate, it is not necessary that we shall believe all that they have told us of his doings in Rome. He was shown, doubtless, the prison in which Paul had languished, and perhaps the bar at which he had pleaded. He was taken to the dark chambers in the tufa rock beneath the city, which had given asylum to the Church during the terrible persecutions of her infancy. He saw the basilicas being

converted into churches; and in the transformation of the ancient shrines into Christian sanctuaries, he beheld the token that the great battle had gone against paganism, despite it was upheld by all the authority of Cæsar and by all the power of the legions. The descendants of those who had lived in the catacombs were in Ninian's day filling the curial chairs of the capital, and the tribunals of the provinces, or leading the armies of Rome on the frontiers. The orations of Chrysostom, the "golden-mouthed," and the writings of Augustine, were supplanting the orators and poets of pagan literature. These auspicious prodigies—the monuments of the irresistible might with which Christianity was silently obliterating the ancient pagan world, and emancipating men from the bondage in which its beliefs, philosophies, and gods had held them—Ninian did not fail to mark. These victories he could contemplate with an unmixed delight, for in their train no nation mourned its liberties lost, nor mother her sons slaughtered. They enriched the vanquished even more than the victor; and they gave assurance that the power which had subdued Rome would yet subdue the world.

But there were other things to be seen at Rome fitted to awaken a dread that a new paganism was springing up, which might prove in time as formidable a rival and as bitter a persecutor of the Gospel as that whose decay and fall was to be read in the deserted altars and desolate fanes of the metropolis. Crowds were flocking to the catacombs, not fleeing from persecution like their fathers, but seeking to enkindle their devotion, and add merit to their services, performed in the gloom of these sanctified caverns. The supper was celebrated at the graves of the martyrs: the dead were beginning to be invoked: art, which is first the handmaid, and next the mistress, was returning with her fatal gifts: the churches were aglow with costly mosaics and splendid paintings. But the "holy of holies" in Rome was the tomb in which slept the Apostles Peter and Paul. Their bodies, exempt from the law of corruption, exhaled a celestial odour, able to regale not the senses only, but to refresh and invigorate the spirit. Thither, doubtless, was Ninian conducted, that he might return to his own country fully replenished with such holiness as the bones of martyrs and the mystic virtue of sanctified places can confer.

But what of the new truths and deeper meanings with which Ninian hoped his understanding was to be enlightened, when, lifting his eyes from the

page of Scripture, he fixed them on the holy city of Rome, and set forth on his journey to it? Some things met his gaze in Rome that were indeed new, and which, if they did not minister to his edification, we may well believe, excited not a little his surprise. The temples which the followers of the humble Nazarene had reared for their worship, presented by their magnificence a striking contrast to the wattle-built churches of Galloway! And then came the pomp of the church's services: the rich and costly vestments of the clergy! the splendid equipages with which they rode out! the luxurious tables at which they sat—all these things were new to him. Compared with the golden splendour in which Ninian found the Roman Church basking, it was but the iron age with the Church in Scotland.

Ninian saw something in Rome more magnificent still. There he beheld, with wonder, doubtless, the blossoming power of her chief bishop; fed by riches, by adulation, by political power, and the growing subservience of the western churches, the Roman prelate was already putting forth claims, and displaying an arrogance which gave promise in due time of eclipsing the glory of the Cæsars. And not unlike their shepherds, were the flocks of the Eternal City. The members of the church, not slow to follow the example set then, were delighting in pomps and vanities. The days were long past when the profession of Christianity exposed one to the sword of the headsman, or the lions of the amphitheatre. The bulk of the professors of that age had succeeded in converting religion into a round of outward observances, which cost them far less pain than self-denial and sanctification of heart.

The bishop and clergy of Rome at the time of Ninian's visit have been pictured to the life by historians of unimpeachable veracity, eyewitnesses of the men and the scenes which they describe. Let us enter the gates which those writers throw open to us, and observe what is passing within them. It is the year 366. We find Rome full of violence, war is raging on its streets; the very churches are filled with armed combatants, who spill one another's blood in the house where prayer is wont to be made. What has given rise to these sanguinary tumults? The Papal See has become vacant, and Rome is electing a new bishop to fill the empty chair. Two aspirants offer themselves for the episcopal dignity—Damasus and Ursinus. Both are emulous of the honour of feeding the flock; but which

of the two shall become shepherd and wield the crook, is a question to be determined by the sword. Damasus is backed by the more powerful faction of the citizens; and when the struggle comes to an end, victory remains with him. He has not been elected to the chair in which we now see him seating himself—he has fought his way to it and conquered it, as warrior conquers an earthly throne, and he mounts it on steps slippery with blood. He has fought a stout if not a good fight, and his mitre and crook are the rewards of victory. The choice of the Holy Ghost, say the scoffers in Rome, has fallen on him who had the biggest faction. So do contemporary historians tell us. "About the choice," says Ruffinus, speaking of the election of Damasus, and describing what was passing before his eyes, "arose a great tumult, or rather an open war, so that the houses of prayer, that is, the churches, floated with man's blood." [6] The historian Ammianus Marcellinus has drawn a similar picture of Rome at that time. The ambition that inflamed Damasus and Ursinus to possess the episcopal chair was so inordinate and the contest between them so fierce, that the Basilica of Sicinius, instead of psalms and prayers, resounded with the clash of arms and the groans of the dying. "It is certain," says Marcellinus, "that in the church of Sicinius, where the Christians were wont to assemble, there were left in one day an hundred and thirty-seven dead bodies."[7] The historian goes on to say that when he reflected on the power, the wealth, and the worship which the episcopal chair brought to its occupant, he ceased to wonder at the ardour shown to possess it. He pictures the Roman prelate in sumptuous apparel proceeding through the streets of Rome in his gilded chariot, the crowd falling back before the prancing of his steeds; and after his ride through the city, he enters his palace and sits down at a table more delicately and luxuriously furnished than a kings. [8] Baronius admits the truth of this picture, when he replies that Marcellinus, being a pagan, could not but feel a little heathen envy at the sight of the Christian Pontiff eclipsing in glory the Pontifex Maximus of old Rome. And as regards the "good table" of the bishop, Baronius rejoices in it "as one who delighted," says Lennard, "to hold his nose over the pot." [9] Again we find the pagan historian counseling the Christian bishop thus: "You would consult your happiness more if, instead of pleading the greatness of the City as an excuse for the swollen pride in which you strut about, you were to frame your life on the model of some provincial bishops, who approve themselves to the true worshippers of the Deity by purity of life, by modesty of behaviour,

by temperance in meat and drink, by plain apparel and lowly eyes;" [10] a piece of excellent advice doubtless, which, we fear, was not appreciated by him of the "western eyebrow," as Basil styled Pope Damasus.

When these sordid humours, to speak leniently of them, infected the Head, what was to be looked for in the clergy? With such an example of pomp and luxury daily before their eyes, they were not likely to cultivate very assiduously the virtues of humility, abstinence, and self-denial. The Roman clergy of the day, it should seem, were devoured by a passion for riches, and that passion was fed by the wealthier members of their flocks, whose profuse liberality ought to have more than satisfied their avariciousness. A stream of oblations and gifts flowed without intermission into the episcopal exchequer. Not on the dignitaries of the church only did this shower of riches descend; it fell in almost equal munificence on many of the lower clergy. It was the practice of the time for the matrons and widows of Rome to choose a cleric to act as their spiritual director. The office gave occasion to numerous scandals and gross abuses. The pagan Protestratus, the consul of the city, could afford to be jocular over the subject of clerical magnificence. "Make me bishop of Rome and I shall quickly make myself a Christian," said he to Damasus, putting his satire into the pleasant form of a jest. Jerome, who was then in Rome in the midst of all this, was too much in earnest to give way to pleasantry. It was indignation, not mirth, with which the sight filled him. He denounces the salutations, the cozenings, the kissings, with which these reverend guides flavoured their spiritual counsels. [11] He describes, in terms so plain that we cannot here reproduce them, the devices to which the clergy had recourse to win the hearts and open the purses of their female devotees. He addresses his brother ecclesiastics now in earnest admonition, now in vehement invective, and now in keen sarcasm. The world aforetime honoured them as poor, now the Church blushed to see them rich. "There are monks," says Jerome, "richer now than when they lived in the world, and clerks which possess more under poor Christ than they did when they served under rich Beelzebub." But grave admonition and cutting sarcasm were alike powerless. The rebukes of Jerome, instead of moderating the greed of the clergy, only drew down their hatred upon their reprover; and soon he found it prudent to withdraw from the metropolis, which he styles "Babylon," and to seek again his cave at Bethlehem, where, no longer pained by the sight of the pride, ambition,

and sensuality of Rome, he might pursue his studies in the quiet of the hills of Judah.

Even the Emperor Valentinian found it necessary, by public edict (A.D. 370), to restrain the wealth and avariciousness of the ecclesiastics. More striking proof there could not be of the extent to which this contagion had grown in the Church. The edict was addressed to Damasus, and was read in all the churches of Rome. The emperor prohibited, under certain penalties, all ecclesiastics from entering the houses of widows and orphans. And, farther, it was made illegal for one of the ecclesiastical order to receive testamentary gift, legacy, or inheritance from those to whom he acted as spiritual director, or to whom he stood in religious relations only. The money or property bequeathed by such illegal deeds was confiscated to the public treasury. This edict had respect to the clergy alone; and it is worthy of notice that it proceeded not from a pagan persecuting ruler, but from a Christian emperor. Its significance was emphasized by Jerome, when he pointed out that of all classes, not excepting the most sunken, this edict singled out and struck at the ecclesiastical order. "I am ashamed," said he, "to speak it: but the priests of idols, stage-players, charioteers, and courtesans, are capable of legacies and inheritances; only clergymen and monks are disabled from inheriting. Neither do I complain of the law, but grieve to see that we should deserve it." Approving the wisdom of the law, Jerome yet bewails its utter inefficiency. The avarice of the clergy baffled the vigilance of the emperor. The law stood, but methods were devised for circumventing and evading its enactment. Donations and deathbed bequests to ecclesiastics continued, only they reached them in a more circuitous way. They were made over to others, to be held by them in trust for clerical uses. This law was renewed by succeeding emperors in even stricter terms. Theodosius and Arcadius attempted to grapple by statute with this great evil, but the churchmen of the day were fertile in expedients, and the patriotic intentions of these legislators were completely frustrated. Legal enactment's cannot reach the roots of moral maladies. The thirst for gold on the part of the clergy continued unabated; and with the increase of superstition, the disposition to load priests and monks with the good things which they professed to have renounced, grew stronger, baffling not only legal restraints but the sanctity of personal and family obligations. Eight centuries later the evil had come to such a head in England that the

sovereigns of that country found it necessary to revive the spirit of the laws of Valentinian and Theodosius. These statutes came just in time to prevent the absorption of the whole landed property of England into the "Church"' and by consequence, just in time to save the people from inevitable serfdom, and the public order and liberties from utter destruction.

To return to Rome, where Ninian was still sojourning, the growth of ecclesiasticism and the decay of piety went on by equal stages. The citizens of the metropolis and of Italy generally were leading careless and luxurious lives. They had invented a devotion which could be slipped on or of at pleasure. A few moments were all that was needed to put them into a mood fit for the church or for the theatre. They passed with ease from the secular games to the religious festivals, for both ministered an equal excitement and an equal pleasure. They thought not of what was passing on the distant frontier. There the Scythian bands were mustering, prepared to take vengeance on the mistress of the world for centuries of wrong endured at her hands. The Romans deemed themselves far removed from danger under the ægis of an empire the prestige and power of which were a sufficient guarantee, they believed, against attack or overthrow. Rome was entering on a new and grander career: There awaited her in the future, victories which would throw into the shade those her generals had won in the past. She had linked her destinies with Christianity; and that would never perish. She had become the seat of a pure faith, and this, it was presumed, had imparted to her a new life and a higher intellectual vigour. Her bishop was filling the place of Cæsar. Her city was consecrated by the labours and blood of martyrs. Within her were the tombs of the apostles, and their protection would not be wanting to a city in which their ashes reposed. Bishops and Presbyters, as of old kings and ambassadors, were crowding to her gates. The churches East and West were beginning to recognize her as umpire and judge by submitting their quarrels and controversies to her decision. The barbarous nations were beginning to embrace her creed and submit to her sway; and surely her children in the faith would never come with armies to destroy her. If ever they should appear at the gates of Rome, it would be to bow at the footstool of her bishop, not to rifle her treasures and slay or carry captive her citizens. On all sides were prognostications of growing power and extending dominion. Deceived by these signs of outward

grandeur, the Romans failed to note the cloud of barbarian war which was every day growing bigger and blacker in the northern horizon.

Endnotes

1. Bingham, *Origines Ecclesiasticæ*, vol. v., p. 90. London, 1719.
2. Eusebius, *Præpar. Evang*., lib. xii., cap. 1.
3. Chrys., *Hom. in Ioan.*
4. Theod.; Bingham, *Origines Eccl*., vol. v., p. 96.
5. *Life of Ninian*, by Ailred, chap. 2; *Historians of Scotland*, vol. V., *Lives of the Eng. Saints, Ninian*, p. 39.
6. Ruffin., lib. i. c. 10.
7. The Basilica of Sicinius is probably the church of the *Santa Marie Maggiore* on the Esquiline Hill.
8. *Am. Marcel*., lib. xxvii. See also *Gregory Nazianzen, Orat*. xxxvii.
9. *Baronius*, tom. iv, An. 367.; Samson Lennard, *History of the Papacy*, prog. 6, 41.
10. Am. Marcel, xxvii. 3.
11. *Hieron. ad Eustochium,* Epist. 22.

CHAPTER VI.

NINIAN RETURNS TO BRITAIN—VISITS MARTIN OF TOURS—BUILDS A CHURCH AT WHITHORN.

NINIAN returned to Britain before the storm burst. He stands once more amid the scenes of his youth. It is the silver tides of the Solway, not the yellow waves of the Tiber that flow past him: and over him is spread the hazy canopy which encircles the brown moorlands of his native land, not the vault of sapphire light which is hung above the vine-terraced hills and marble cities of Italy. This brilliance of earth and air he left behind him when he crossed the Alps. But Ninian knows that there is a better light than that which kindles the landscapes of southern countries into glory; and the supreme wish of his heart is to diffuse that light over his native Britain, and carry it into every mud hut and wattle-built dwelling of his beloved Galloway; and if he shall succeed in this he will not envy Italy those natural splendours in which it basks, and in which it so far transcends the dusky plains of the land of his birth.

The statement may be accepted as true, that on his way back to Britain, Ninian visited Martin of Tours. This doctor was beyond doubt a man of capacious intellect, of large and bold conceptions, of resolute will, and, we may add, of fervent piety. His genius stamped itself not only upon his own age, but also upon the ages that came after him. He aimed at elevating society by exhibiting to it a new, a grand, and a striking model of self-denial. We must be permitted, however, to caution our readers when we speak of these great fathers, by asking them to bear in mind that their greatness was relative rather than absolute. The general level of knowledge and piety in those ages was lose, and men like Martin towered, therefore, all the more conspicuously above their fellows. Their contemporaries were somewhat prone to worship what seemed so far above themselves. It behooves us at this day, in taking the real measure of these giants, as they seemed to the men of their own age, and still more to the chroniclers of succeeding centuries, to reflect that we view them through the mythical and magnifying clouds of the Middle Ages; and the effect of being seen through such a medium may be fairly judged of when we say that the biographer of Martin, Sulpicius Severus, relates of him, that he was made bishop of Tours (A.D. 371) for the benevolent act of

raising two men from the dead. Christianity was then young, and it breathed its spirit of youthful enthusiasm into some of its disciples. We, at this day, walk by precedents; we inquire for the "old paths." There was room in that day for bold, original, and untried experiments; and it was in this way that Martin of Tours put forth his great powers, and sought to benefit his age.

After Jerome, Martin of Tours was the great patron and promoter of monachism in the West. It seemed to him, the one only cure for the great evil of his age. He could not help contrasting the self-indulgent, easygoing lives of the Christians of the West with the austerities practiced by the anchorites, amid the sands of Nubia, or the rocks of Arabia Petræa; and he sought, by transplanting the monastic system into Gaul, to restore the moral tone of society. Martin would have better succeeded had he restored the purity of the church's worship, and the vigour of her early discipline, the decline of which had occasioned the universal laxity and corruption he bewailed. Instead, he grafted on the church an order unknown to primitive times. He did not, however, transplant the monachism of the Thebaid into the West without very materially modifying it. In the East eremitism had been an utterly idle thing. The hermit could not have benefited the world less, if instead of retiring to his cell he had gone to his grave. Eastern eremitism was even a more idle thing than the idleness Martin sought to cure by it. The monachism of Gaul was not recluse and solitary, but social and operative. The members of the new brotherhoods worked together in the way of diffusing Christianity, or of reviving it in the particular localities in which their branches or houses were placed. The days of monastic greed and dissoluteness were yet remote; and, meanwhile, these religious confraternities were in a measure "the hearth of a near national life." In a society becoming every day more demoralized, they were, in some cases, missionary institutes; in others, schools of letters and philosophy; and in others, examples and models of agricultural industry,—and not infrequently, all three in one.[1]

Martin, as a matter of course, could communicate his views to Ninian; and Ninian would as naturally defer to the great doctor then in the zenith of his fame. The missionary of Galloway became a convert to monachism as an agency for combating the corruption and dispelling the ignorance of the age. On these lines he would henceforward work on returning to

his native land. Accordingly, before leaving Tours he arranged with Martin that masons should follow him into Scotland and build him a sanctuary in which he might celebrate worship with more solemnity than aforetime. Were there no workers in stone in Scotland? Doubtless there were, but they were unskilled in the architecture of such edifices as Ninian now wanted for the worship of the Britons. A church of wattles had contented him aforetime, but now he had been to Rome, and he must needs frame his worship somewhat more on an Italian model. He had sat at the feet of Pope Damasus; and though he had not changed the substance of his Christianity, he had changed somewhat the outward forms of its expression. His piety bore about it henceforeward a Roman flavour. The experts arrived from Tours in due time, and the building was commenced. It rose at Whithorn, on the north shore of the Solway, on a rocky promontory jutting boldly out into the Irish Sea.[2] It was constructed of white stone; hence its name, Candida Casa, the white house. Martin of Tours died while it was in course of erection, and this fixes its date at the year A.D. 397. [3] It was dedicated to Martin, and is believed to be the first edifice of stone which was built for the worship of God in Scotland.

No better site could Ninian have selected as a basis from which to carry on his missionary labours. His field of service lay within the two walls. This was the territory, of all others in Britain, the most exposed to the tempests of invasion and war. Now it was the Picts and Scots who descended upon it from the North to spoil the fair fields of the provincials; and now it was the Romans who hurried up from the South to drive back the plundering hordes and rescue the lives and properties of the helpless natives. It is hard to say whether the spiritless people suffered more from the ravaging Pict, or from their ally the Roman. When battle raged, Ninian could retire to his promontory, and there find sanctuary; and when the storm had passed, he would again come forth and resume his labours. For though the promontory of Galloway formed part of the debatable land, it was really outside of it, so far as concerned the incursions of plundering armies. It ran off to the southwest, stretching far into the tides of the Irish Channel, and was surrounded on all sides by the sea, save on the north where it joins the mainland. Its southern and western sides present a wall of precipitous cliffs, inaccessible to the invader, though they open in creeks in which a boat, pressed by the tempest, may find shelter. The remote and difficult character of the locality gave it exemption

from the inroads of war, though the echoes of battle sounded almost continually in its solitudes. The Romans in their progress northward passed it by, seeing nothing in the lonely wood-clad projection to make them diverge from their line of march; and when the mountaineers descended to rob the harvests and barnyards of its neighbours, they concluded, doubtless, that there was nothing in the barren promontory to reward a predatory visit, and so they too left it untouched. It was lying in its native ruggedness when Ninian took possession of it. It was covered with thick forests, amid which dwelt a tribe of native Britons, to which Ptolemy gives the name of Novantes, and which he tells us had built two towns, clearing, doubtless, a space in the forest, and constructing their houses with the timber which had grown on the site. The names of the two towns were Rerigonium and Leucopibia.[4]

Let us recall the scene as it presented itself to the eyes of the apostle of Galloway as he went and returned on his missionary tours. From the highest point of the promontory the view is extensive and imposing. At our feet are the waters of the Irish Channel laying the headland all round, save on the north where it expands into the mainland. Across a narrow reach of sea, looking distinct and near, are seen the mountains of the Isle of Man, rising before us out of the ocean. Turning to the north the eye falls on the successive headlands of Galloway, ranged in line along the coast, and running onwards to near Portpatrick. Following their rugged tops, the eye rests on the hills of Wigtown, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfries shires, which are seen, ridge behind ridge, swelling up from the shores of the Solway. The view to the east completes the picture. Spread out before us is the coast of Cumberland, with its nestling bays, and its white houses gleaming on the beach; and behind is the waving and picturesque line of its blue hills. Such was the chosen retreat of Ninian. Its clothing was not so rich as in our day. It wore its natural wildness and ruggedness, but its varied panoramic beauty of ocean and bay, of headland and mountain, was the same then as now.

Here, then, we behold Ninian establishing his headquarters, and founding a college or school of missionaries, or monks, as they now began to be called, though we must be careful not to confound them with the class that bore this name in after ages. That Ninian continued to labour in the cause of his country's Christianity we cannot doubt, but the change his

views had undergone was followed, doubtless, by some change in his modes of working. His methods were now more histrionic. He made less use of oral instruction, and relied for results more on the celebration of church services, after the pattern he had seen abroad. He had gone to Rome to be better instructed in Holy Scripture. Was its meaning clearer to him now? Did it open, as never before, and disclose hidden treasures of grace and wisdom? Or, rather, was there not now a shadow on the page of the Bible which dimmed its light, and made Ninian imagine that he was gazing into profounder depths when he was only looking through an obscurer medium? We much fear that so it was, in part, with the apostle of Galloway, after his return from Rome; for when popes and synods are accepted as the interpreter of the Bible, the Spirit, who is the divine interpreter, withdraws.

Endnotes

I. Guizot, *Hist. de la Civilization en France*, t. i., p. 110.
2. Bede, *Eccl. Hist*., lib. iii. cap. 4.
3. The precise year is disputed; but all, or nearly all authorities, place the death between A.D. 397 and 401. The Church of St. Martin in Tours was destroyed at the first French Revolution. His tomb was behind the grand altar, a plain erection, rising three feet from the ground, and without figures—Tillemont, *Memoires*; Le Brun des Marettes, *Voyage Liturgigues de France*, Paris, 1757.
4. All three, Leucopibia, or Leucoikidia, Candida Casa, and Whithern, are identical in meaning, signifying Whitehouse. The first is of Greek derivation, the second Latin, and the third Saxon, from *ærn,* house.

CHAPTER VII.

EASTERN MONACHISM—SCOTCH MONACHISM—ARRANGEMENTS AND STUDIES IN CANDIDA CASA—NINIAN'S LAST LABOURS AND DEATH.

NINIAN'S visit to the metropolis of the Christian world had, doubtless, enlarged his knowledge of men, and made him more exactly informed as regards the actual condition of the churches of Italy and France. It gave him an opportunity of judging for himself how the current was setting at the centre of ecclesiastical affairs, and afforded him, moreover, a near view of the men, the fame of whose names was then filling the Christian world. He could not but feel how little successful he was in his search for the simplicity and humility of early days; and he must have noted the contrast, sufficiently striking, between the lowliness in which Paul had preached the Gospel in this same city, and the pomp in which Damasus, who claimed to be the apostle's successor, filled the chair and performed the duties of the Roman pastorale. Nor could he fail to observe what an affluence of music and painting, of festival and ceremony, was required to keep alive the piety of the age, and how successful the Christians of Rome were in combining pleasure with devotion. But what mainly drew his eye, doubtless, was the striking phase which was passing upon the Christian world. This was the rage for monachism. Speaking of the number of the monks of Egypt, Gibbon sarcastically remarks, that "posterity might repeat the saying, which had formerly been applied to the sacred animals of the same country, that in Egypt, it was less difficult to find a god than a man." [1] A colony of the disciples of Anthony, the patriarch and leader of the Egyptian hermits, made their appearance at Rome a little before Ninian's visit. Their savage appearance excited at first astonishment and horror, which, however, speedily passed into applause, and finally, into imitation. Senators and matrons of rank, seized with the new enthusiasm, converted their palaces and villas into religious houses; and frequent monasteries were seated on the ruins of ancient temples, and in places still more unlikely. A monastery arose in the midst of the Roman forum. Its inmates were here environed by no desert, unless it were a moral and spiritual one

The first preachers of the Gospel were sent forth into lands teeming with

inhabitants, and cities crowded with population. They were the salt of the world; and how else could they perform their function but by mingling with the mass of mankind? The new champions of Christianity and propagators of the Gospel retired to the desert and burying themselves in its solitudes, held converse with only the wild beasts of the wilderness. The good this accomplished for Christianity is at least not obvious. He who would disperse the darkness must hold aloft the light, not hide it under a bushel or bury it in the caves of the earth. He who would subdue the wickedness around him must grapple with it, not surrender the field to the enemy, by abandoning the combat. It is contact and conflict with evil that gives the finishing touch to the nobility and purity of human character. It is a low and selfish Christianity which has no higher aim than one's own perfection and happiness. No higher aim had the thousands of eremites who peopled the deserts of the East. Monachism at the best was an intensely selfish and self righteous thing. It exacted, moreover, from its votaries, but little real self-denial. To sleep on a bed of stone, to make one's daily meal on herbs, and to drink only the water of the spring, is no extraordinary stretch of self-mortification. We are not sure that the hermits that swarmed in the deserts of Syria and Egypt in Ninian's day did not find a hazy pleasure in this sort of life. But to toil among the wretched and fallen; to put up with the thanklessness or the hatred of those whom one seeks to turn from the paths of ruin; or to endure the reproach and loss which fall to the lot of the man who stands up against the evil though fashionable courses of the world—that is real mortification, and it is also the highest style of Christianity. The Christianity that began to be popular in Ninian's day was not of this sort. It lacked bone and muscle; and instead of seeking to stem the tide of evil, it retired to sleep and dream in the sunny air and quiet solitudes of Egypt and Palestine, and left the great world to go its own way. It was said of old, "a living dog is better than a dead lion." We may repeat the saying with reference to monachism. One single man girded for Christian service would have been worth more than all this multitude of somnolent monks.

It is creditable to Ninian, coming from Rome, where this folly was beginning to be held in repute as the perfection of the Christian life; and coming too from the feet of Martin of Tours, who was introducing this type of religious life into France, thought as we have already said, in a modified form; that he instituted in Galloway, not a monachism that would

retire to its cell, and shut itself up from the people whose conversion it professed to seek, but a monachism that would walk abroad, traversing the length and breadth of Galloway, would mingle with the peasantry, visit them in their huts, and join itself to them as they pursued their labours, and by patient instruction and loving admonition, reclaim them to the "old paths" in which their fathers walked, but from which the sons had turned aside. The task before Ninian was not that of a first-planting of Christianity in Galloway. Earlier, if humbler, missionaries had kindled the light in this region two centuries before Candida Casa rose on the promontory of Whithorn. But much had gone and come since. The unsettling influences of war, the corrupting example of the Roman soldiery, and the difficulty attending access to the fountains of knowledge—all worked together to the effect of well-nigh obliterating the traces of the early evangelization of the region, and left it nearly as dark as before the first missionary had set foot in it. The roots of Druidic paganism were still in the soil; the unsettled times favoured an aftergrowth of this branch of heathenism, and the altars in the groves were being rebuilt; and with the old worship returned the old impieties. There followed a dismal train of evils—war, robbery, massacre, and famine. These occurrence sharply castigated but did not reform this degenerate race.

The work was too great for Ninian alone. It must be his first care to create a staff of fellow-labourers. The monastic institutions of the age suggested perhaps the first idea of the method by which he must proceed in gathering round him a fitting agency for his contemplated evangelisation. His institution must not be exactly of the sort of those now rapidly rising all over the East: for what good would a colony of drowsy monks, entrenched on the promontory of Whithorn, do the ignorant natives of Galloway? The monasteries of Martin in Gaul came nearer Ninian's idea of the community he wished to found. But history presented him with a still better model. He knew that there had flourished in ancient Israel schools of the prophets, and that the youth trained in these seminaries did not waste their energies in the desert, or shirk the duties of manhood and citizenship under the mantle of the prophet. Nothing that appertained to the good of their nation was foreign to them. They mingled with their countrymen, courted hard service, studied the law this hour, and cultivated their plot of ground the next. They taught in the synagogue and in the

school. They went their circuit, instructed, reproved, and warned, as occasion required, and thus kept alive the spirit of the nation, and delayed, though they could not avert, its ultimate degeneracy. It was to these ancient and sacred models that Ninian turned back in search of a pattern to work by. He would revive the "schools of the prophets" on British soil, only borrowing from the monasteries of Gaul such alterations and improvements as the country and the age made necessary, and grafting the new appliances on the ancient Hebrew institution.

We are able thus to picture the interior of Candida Casa. It is at once a church and a school; a house of prayer on Sabbath, a scene of catechetical instruction on week day. The youth that here assemble to Ninian belong probably to all three nations—the Britons, the Picts, and the Irish Scots. They forget their nationality at the feet of their teacher. Their Christianity makes them one. They are fettered by no vow of obedience. They are voluntary recruits in the evangelical army; and the same devotion that led them to enroll in the corps makes them submissive to the commands of its general. Nevertheless there must needs be a prescribed order in the little community, and that rule all must walk by; otherwise the household will get into confusion, and the school of Candida Casa be broken up. Each portion of the day has its allotted task: there are hours for sleep, hours for devotion, hours for study, and hours for recreation or manual labour. Care is taken that there shall be no lost time. Horologes had not yet been invented, nevertheless the inmates of Candida Casa could measure the march of the hours with wonderful precision. They could read the movements of time on the great clock of nature. The first gleam of light on the summit of the mountains of the Isle of Man was the signal for quitting their dormitories, and commencing the labours of the day. The slow march of the western shadows up the sides of the Kirkcudbright hills announced in like manner the approach of the hour for retiring to rest. So did they pass the summer months. In winter they rose before the sun, and waited, in devotion or in meditation, the slow coming of the day. When its brief hours had sped, and evening had dropped her veil on the face of the Irish Sea, and wrapped in darkness the tops of the Cumberland and Dumfriesshire hills, they would prolong their labours far into the evening.

The main business of the monastery was study. Its inmates were there to

prepare for public work, and all the arrangements of the institution were with a view to that great practical end. They had bidden adieu to the world, not, like the eastern anchorites, for ever, but only for a while, that they might come back to it better fitted for doing it service. They could serve it only by knowledge; and they made haste to learn, that they might the sooner begin their work of teaching. The hours were precious, for every day their countrymen were straying farther from the path of true knowledge and heavenly virtue.

What were the branches that occupied the attention of the youth in Ninian's college, and what was the length of their curriculum? These are two points of great interest, but, unhappily, no history, and no tradition even, have transmitted to us any information respecting either of them. It is probable that the subjects studied were few, and that the curriculum was short. It was then "the day of small things" as regards philosophical and theological studies in Britain, and the two great universities of England might not be flattered were we to assign to Candida Casa the honour of being their pioneer. It is probable that the Scriptures, either in British Celtic or in Latin, were the textbook in this humble seminary. Jerome's translation of the Bible, the Vulgate, was already in existence; and the familiarity of the British youth with the Latin tongue, through their intercourse with the Romans, would enable them to peruse it. If the scholars of Ninian drew their theology from this fountain alone, that theology would be of crystalline purity. What other source than the Scriptures had the first evangelists who planted the Gospel on the ruins of Paganism? The works of Augustine, too, were finding their way into Britain, and it is possible that copies of some of the writings of this father may have enriched the monastery of Candida Casa. Numerous other commentaries were beginning about this time to make their appearance, and were being circulated throughout the Christian world. Whether these expositions traveled so far as Britain we cannot say. If they failed to reach our shores, their absence could be no cause of regret. They only made dark what the Bible had made clear. They contained a large admixture of the Platonic philosophy. Their authors, not content with the natural and obvious meaning of Holy Writ, searched beneath its letter for allegorical and philosophic mysteries; and instead of discovering the "deep things" of revelation, brought to light only the follies of past ages. They created a kind of twilight which was neither the Pagan night

nor the Christian day. The Platonic philosophy was the upas tree of the Church of the fourth century.

After the Scriptures the oral instructions of Ninian were doubtless the staple of the educational means of the young evangelists who gathered round him. If to have trodden the path is one's best qualification for being the guide of others, Ninian was well fitted to preside over the youth of Candida Casa. He had himself gone every step of the way along which he was to conduct them. He had sat in darkness, and knew how to lead them out of night. He had served on the mission-field on which their lines were to be passed. He had stood in the midst of the ignorance, the misery, and the vice of his countrymen, and he knew the patience needed to bear, and the courage needed to grapple with this host of evils. He knew how to equip those young soldiers for the battle into which he was about to send them forth. They must put on the armour of light; they must grasp more ethereal weapons than those with which earthly warriors fight. Moreover, he would fortify them beforehand with suitable counsels, so that they might not be taken by surprise when they encountered unexpected obstacles, nor grow fainthearted when they saw that victory was not to be so easily or so speedily won as they had hoped. Having clothed them in armour suited to their warfare, that even of both dogmatic and pastoral theology, as then known, he gave them their staff, their water bottle, their woolen robe, along with his benediction, and sent them forth.

But what of the theology of Candida Casa? Was it a well of knowledge undefiled, or was it slightly tinctured with the Platonic philosophy? And what of the president of the institution? Was Ninian still the humble missionary, or was there now about him just a little affectation of prelatic arrogance and rule? It is possible that these things Ninian might have unconsciously brought with him from Rome. Ecclesiastical history presents us with not a few melancholy examples of men who have passed from light—into darkness, and from a first into a second and deeper darkness, believing all the while that they were advancing into clearer light. Many have thus fallen who have been altogether unconscious of declension. The change begins, not in the understanding, but in the heart—that fountain of life and death. The heart, beginning to disrelish the light, says, "It is not good." The understanding hastens to support the choice of the heart, and says, "The light is not sufficient." At this stage the man

turns inward in search of a clearer light in himself than the light which has been stored up in the Sacred Volume. He finds it, as he believes, in his own consciousness or inward judgment concerning things. "This," he says, "is a clearer and a surer light than any without me. I feel it; it is within me; I am sure of it. It cannot mislead, and I will guide myself by it." By this light within him, he tests the light without him. He inverts the true order; he puts the human above the divine; he makes his reason or the reason of other men, the church for instance, the judge and test of the light of revelation. From the moment that the exterior light, the one infallible guide is forsaken, the man rushes onward, with the full consent of heart and understanding, from error to error, never doubting that he is advancing from truth to truth. Each successive error is held to be a fresh discovery of truth; and each successive shade, as the darkness deepens around him, is welcomed as a new and brighter illumination. The delusion becomes at last complete, and the unhappy man, having wandered out of the way of understanding, "remains in the congregation of the dead." These are the mementos and monuments—very solemn and terrible they are—that meet one's gaze, at every short distance, on the highway of ecclesiastical history.

But we have no reason to think that the change Ninian's views had undergone was of this sweeping character. What must have helped to retain him within the old landmarks was his devotion to the cause of his country's evangelisation. While sojourning at Rome, he could hardly avoid being somewhat influenced by the two rising forces of the time, the Platonic philosophy and the old pagan ritual, but once back again in his own country, and face to face with its ignorance and vice, Ninian must have felt how short a way philosophic fancies and ritualistic ceremonies could go as a cure of these evils. If his understanding was somewhat dimmed, the fervour of his spirit was not extinguished. The fire within him continued to burn to the close of his life. We have no contemporary record of the reformation which Ninian accomplished, but there is enough of traditional and monumental proof to satisfy us that the change he effected was great, and that the school of prophets which he established at Whithorn continued, after he had gone to his grave, to be a centre of evangelical Christianity which diffused its light all round over a very wide area.

Bede has credited Ninian with the conversion of the southern Picts, and says that the glory is his of spreading the light of Christianity over that whole region of Scotland, which extends from the Clyde to the foot of the Grampian mountains,[2] and in this the monk of Jarrow has been followed by all who have written on the life and labours of the apostle of Galloway. But we know that the venerable chronicler is mistaken when he makes Ninian the first apostle of the Picts. There were earlier missionaries in those parts than the men of Ninian's school and time, though possibly Bede, in an unhistoric age, knew nothing of them, and was not unwilling to have it thought that the first light that shone on our country came from that city from which Ninian had just returned. There is undoubted historic evidence for the fact that the southern Picts were Christianized two centuries before Ninian flourished. The Gospel outran the arms of Rome, and won victories where Rome reaped only defeats. The terrible persecutions that broke out, first, under Domitian, and finally, under Dioclesian, forced many of the Christians to flee beyond the Roman wall into Pictland, carrying with them the light of Christianity. Irenæus of Lyons, Tertullian [3] of Carthage, and Origen, the men of the widest information and highest character of their day, in clear and unmistakable words affirm the same thing. Our own Buchanan, who is better informed on these matters, and whose judgment is more reliable than many of our late writers on early Scottish affairs, tells us that Donald I. (about 204) not only himself professed the Christian religion with his family, but used his influence to extirpate the superstition of the Druids and plant Christian teachers throughout his dominions; though his efforts were greatly hindered by his wars with the Romans. In these good labours he was followed by King Crathilinth in the end of the same century, and by his successor Fincormachus (A.D. 312-350), in whose reign "the Gospel did flourish in purity and in peace." These facts violently conflict with the assertion that Ninian was the first planter of Christianity among the southern Picts. [4]

But though we refuse to Ninian the honour of being the first to open the door of the evangelical kingdom to the Picts we willingly concede the probability of his having effected a much needed revival of religion in that nation. Matters had recently changed greatly for the worse in Pictland. The Romans contrived to sow dissension between the Picts and their allies the Scots. The latter were forced to leave the country for a time

and pass over into Ireland. The Romans seeing the Picts weakened by the departure of their companions in arms, fell upon then and exacted bloody satisfaction for the many raids they had made into the region beyond the wall. There followed confusion in both Church and State in Pictland. These were the sorrowful scenes that were passing before the eyes of Ninian. He knew well the miserable estate of his neighbors, and if he did not go in person, he would not fail to send missionaries from Candida Casa to reanimate the spirits of the people, borne down by so many calamities, and to restore the churches fallen into ruins mid the factions and wars which had overwhelmed the State. It is true that hardly could one bring with him a worse recommendation to the Picts than that he came from Rome, and bore a commission from thence. Rome they regarded as their mortal enemy; they were contending daily in battle against her as the invader of their country and the destroyer of their liberties, but affliction lay heavy upon them, and they listened to the missionaries of Ninian despite that their teaching mayhap bore about it a savour of Rome. So far we are able to concur in the statement of Bede, but not farther. Ninian revived but did not plant Christianity among the Picts.

We return to Candida Casa. On the promontory of Whithorn, looking forth upon the Irish Sea, the waters of the Solway at its feet, rises the fair white temple which the orthodox masons of Martin of Tours had reared as the first stone-shrine of the evangelical faith in our land. It attracts the eye of the mariner as he pursues his voyage up the Irish Channel. “What building is this,” he asks, “so unlike all else in this land? ” and he is told that “it is the church and school of the Apostle of Galloway.” He carries tidings of it to Ireland. From across the sea come the young Scots of Ulster to take their place with the British youth at the feet of Ninian; and from this Missionary Institute, as it would now be called, go forth trained evangelists to spread the light of the Gospel on both sides of the Irish Sea. There is a doubtful tradition that Ninian’s last years were passed in Ireland, and the 16th of September is sacred to his memory in the Irish calendar. We incline, notwithstanding, to think that the life and labours of Ninian closed where they had been begun. He died, it is said, in the year 432; but this too is only conjecture.

Ninian left behind him a name which continued to grow in brightness

during the succeeding centuries. Other doctors arose to fill his place, now vacant, at the head of Candida Casa, and this establishment, under the name of the "Monastery of Rosnat," continued for a considerable time in great repute as a school of Christian doctrine and a nursery of religious teachers.[5] When we reflect how few are the recorded facts of Ninian's life, it is truly marvelous to think with what a fullness and vividness of personality he has stood these fifteen centuries before the Scottish people. He owes this distinct and lifelike individuality, in part at least, to this immediate background. Behind him hangs the prehistoric darkness, and this sable curtain makes him stand out bold and full in the eyes of posterity. But there must have been in the man himself elements of power to make an impression so profound that it has never been effaced from that day to this. His name is still a household word in his native Galloway. The tourist stumbles on churches and memorials bearing his name, north and south—in short, in almost every part of the country. His biographers of the Middle Ages have thrown around him the glory of miracle. Ninian had no need of this legendary apotheosis. His true miracle was his work accomplished in so dark an age and amongst so rude a people.

Of the last hours of Ninian we have no record, not even a tradition. That his end was peace we cannot doubt. Let us hope that as he neared his setting the dimness of Rome departed and that the clear unclouded light of the Bible returned and once more shone around him. When the rumour spread that the missionary of Candida Casa was no more, we can well imagine there was mourning over all the land. From north and south devout disciples, who in former days had sat at his feet, assembled to carry their revered master to the tomb, sorrowing that they should hear his voice no more. Pict and Scot met with Briton around his grave, and the solemn act in which all three took part of committing his mortal remains to their last resting-place enabled them to realize their essential unity, and the oneness of their faith. He was buried probably on the scene of his labours, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day.

We have seen in Ninian a missionary, but a great missionary; a little swayed, it may be, by the rising fashions of his age—monachism and ceremonialism—but his heart notwithstanding in the right place, and ardently set on the enlightenment of his countrymen and the redemption

of his native land from the twin powers of ignorance and superstition—in short, one of the three mighties in Scotland that preceded the Reformation as Reformers of the church and champions of Christianity. These three were Ninian, Patrick, and Columba.

Endnotes

1. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. vi., chap. 37.
2. Bede, lib, iii., c. 4.
3. *Britannorum, inaccessa loca, Christo vero subdita*—contra Judæos,
4. Buchan. *Hist.*, lib. iv. See also David Buchanan's *Preface to Knox's History*, pp. xxxviii. xxxix. Edin., 1790.
Patrick in his letter to Coroticus, speaks of the Picts as having apostatised, which clearly implies a previous conversion.
Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, admits that "the circumstances of his (Ninian's) life, as well as other testimonies, make it evident that before his time the light of the Gospel had shone upon these remote shores."—*Life of Saint Ninian*, General Introduction, p. xxvi.; *Historians of Scotland*, vol. v.; Haddan & Stubs, *Councils and Eccl. Documents*, vol. i., p. 1-14.
5. *Life of Ninian*, Introduction XLII, *Historians of Scotland*, vol. v.

CHAPTER VIII.

PALLADIUS—PELAGIANISM—PALLADIUS SENT TO THE SCOTS IN IRELAND—REJECTED BY THEM. DIES AND IS BURIED AT FORDUN.

PALLADIUS is the next name in which the history of Scotland runs on. He comes upon the stage as Ninian is disappearing from it. The life and labours of Palladius are among the most obscure of which history has deigned to take notice. We see him dispatched from Rome on an important mission to the British Isles. We do not doubt that he arrives in due course on our shores, but when we search for his footsteps in our country, no traces can we discover of his presence, and the first monument on which we light of his having ever been in Scotland is his burial-place at Fordun, in the Mearns. So shadowy a personage could have no claim to appear on the historic page were it not that his name stands connected with a noted heresy which arose at that period, and which was beginning to corrupt the simplicity and dim the early glory of the Church in Britain.

There was then great fermentation of ideas going on at the centre of the religious world. It was now as when the four winds of the heaven strove upon the great sea, and creatures of new and monstrous shape lifted up their head above the waves. The appearance of Christianity had awakened into temporary life the worn-out energies of the Pagan world. The action and interaction of the Greek, the Roman, and the Asiatic mind, and the struggles of old and expiring systems to graft themselves on the living stock of Christianity, and so prolong their existence under a new name, gave birth to numerous and diverse theories in which the Gospel was modified, or metamorphosed, or altogether subverted. Among other heresies which arose at this time was Pelagianism.

The exposition of Pelagianism belongs to the province of the theologian rather than to that of the historian. Nevertheless the purposes of history require that we offer a sketch of the general features and character of this system. It will show how the current is setting, and what are the thoughts that occupy the men of the age, if we attend a little to this matter. Pelagianism has as its central proposition that man's freewill is unimpaired, that no influence fetters or dominates his choice between

good and evil, and that he has all the power he ever had, or needs to have, if he chooses to put it forth, to will and to do what is spiritually good. In short, that man now is as perfect as Adam was when he came from the hand of his Maker. One sees at a glance that this is a doctrine which cannot stand alone, and that it must needs be buttressed on all sides by cognate ideas and propositions. Pelagianism sweeps the whole field of theological science, and urgently demands that all within that field shall be brought into harmony with itself. In other words, it demands a remodeling of the Gospel as a remedial scheme. It is clear that a perfect man can have known no fall, and it is just as clear that he can need no saviour. The authors of Pelagianism, therefore, felt themselves bound, in consistency, to deny the fall in the Scriptural sense. They admitted indeed that Adam had sinned, but they maintained that the consequences of his sin were restricted to himself, that he did not transmit either guilt or corruption to his posterity, and that though he died, death was not a penalty but a natural evil. They farther taught, as a necessary consequence of their main and central doctrine, that every human being comes into the world with as pure a nature and as free a will as Adam possessed in innocence. So much for the back-look in the case of Pelagianism.

Turning to its forward aspect, it was seen to have attendant upon it, on this side also, certain very serious consequences. If man is not in bondage to guilt and corruption, where is the need of a Redeemer? If he retains his original perfection, where is the need of the Spirit to renew him. Is he not able to save himself? His understanding, as clear as Adam's was, shows him what is good; his will, as unfettered as was that of the first man, enables him to choose good; he has but to walk straight on and he will without fail inherit life eternal. Such are the conclusions at the two extremes of this system, and no other conclusions could such a middle position have, logically and consistently, save these—a denial of the fall on the one side, and a denial of the atonement on the other. Pelagianism was Greek thought in a Christian dress. The essence of the theology of Pelagius was the ethical development of man, as the Greeks taught it, resulting at last in perfection, and attained simply by his own natural powers.

Pelagianism was the boldest defiance which had as yet been flung down to Christianity. Its rise marks a noted advance in the war, already

organized, in which the Gospel was fated to struggle century after century for the redemption of the race. Pelagianism was a change of front in that war—in truth, a march back to old Paganism. All previous heresies had assailed Christianity from the Divine side, by impugning the rank or the nature or the person of its Author, the second person of the adorable Trinity. This assailed Christianity from the human side, by underrating the injury to man by the Fall, and representing his nature as so perfect as to need no renewal. The policy pursued till now had been to lower Deity; the plan now followed was to elevate humanity—to lift up man into a position in which he should not need the aids of Divine grace. All subsequent heresies have grown out of the Pelagian root; they have been but modifications or developments of Pelagianism. But we touch the verge of polemical theology, and must again return within the lines of history.

The Romans quitted our country about the year 410. Their departure was followed by a century of darkness, and during that dreary period we are left without historic guides, or guides that we can follows, their facts are so few, and their fables are so many. It was during this century that the Pelagian heresy broke out. It arose at Rome, but it had for its author a native of Britain. That author was surnamed Morgan, a Welshman, it is supposed, who, after the manner of the times, had Latinised his name into Pelagius.[1] Pelagius had as his fellow-labourer in the work of propagating the heresy which bore his name an Irishman called Celleagh, or Kelly, who too, following the fashion of the day, dropped the Hibernian appellation, and assumed the more classic term of Coelestius.[2] Morgan and Kelly, or, as they chose now to be called, Pelagius and Coelestius, were the first two promoters of this heresy. Its real author, however, if we may believe Marius Mercator,[3] was Rufinus, who having instilled his pernicious principles into the minds of his two disciples from the British Isles, sought through them to give currency to his opinions while he himself remained in the background.

Morgan and Kelly, or as we shall henceforth call them, Pelagius and Coelestius had arrived in Rome before the year 400. Sound in the faith, and blameless in life, they were honoured with the friendship of the eminent men then living in the Metropolis of Christendom. Their reputation for talent and learning was great. Though Pelagius gave his name to the

heresy he was not its chief propagator. This unenviable distinction fell to the lot of his coadjutor Coelestius. The latter was of noble birth; and being a man of acknowledged ability, and possessing, moreover, the quick wit of his countrymen, he stood forth at the head of the sect as its *facile princeps*, and the most successful expounder of its peculiar tenets. Jerome, who was at Rome when the Pelagian heresy broke out, opposed it with characteristic vigour. He could find no name to vent his contempt of it but the scathing epithet, "puls Scotorum," that is, Scotch porridge, or Irish flummery. Morgan, he compared to Pluto, and Kelly to his dog Cerberus, hinting at the same time that of these two infernal divinities the "dog" was better than the "king," and the "master rather than the disciple of the heresiarch." [4]

Pelagius and Coelestius went forth to spread their doctrines at an hour dark with portents of coming evil. On the northern frontier of the empire was seen the avenging Goth; the twilight of the Middle Ages was already darkening the sky of the world; and more ominous still, the "shepherds" of the church slumbered at their post. Drowned in worldly pleasures, they gave no warning to the flocks over which it was their duty to watch. The two apostles of Pelagianism, finding the field free to them, divided Christendom between them. Pelagius selected the East as his field of labour, Coelestius turned his steps toward the West. The latter crossing the sea announced to the famous churches of Africa that he had come to emancipate them from the slavery of the Fall, and the enfeebling doctrine of man's inability to work out his own salvation. Augustine, who was then in the zenith of his influence, was not slow to enter the lists against the preacher of these novelties. In presence of such an antagonist, the defeat of Pelagius was assured from the first. He failed to plant Pelagianism in Africa, and retired crestfallen from the field, where he expected he would be hailed as a deliverer, and over which he hoped to walk in triumph. The churches of Africa, even under the "Doctor of grace" might have no very clear or definite view of the great doctrine of justification by faith as the church had till Luther appeared; yet they were not prepared at the bidding of Coelestius, to accept a theology which made the history of the Fall little better than a fable, and the doctrine of original sin an ensnaring and enfeebling delusion.

Pelagius had better success in the East. There Pelagianism was already

in the air. This unhappy state of things was mainly owing to the teaching of Origen whose views were somewhat akin to those of Pelagius. The bishop of Jerusalem welcomed the heresiarch, and in that very city where the great Sacrifice had been offered did a doctrine find favour which made its offering to be in reality without purpose. In a synod held soon after at Diospolis, the ancient Lydda, the tenets of Pelagius were pronounced orthodox. This judgment, however, was reversed by Pope Innocent. Condemned by Innocent, Pelagius was next acquitted by his successor Zosimus. But again Zosimus, at the expostulation of Augustine, retracted his own judgment, and finally condemned Pelagius as a heresiarch.[5] So little theological discernment had the synods and bishops of those days. The Pelagian champion was bandied from council to Pope, and from one Pope to another; he was branded with heresy this hour; he was absolved and pronounced orthodox the next, and finally the brand was reimposed by the same hands which had taken it off. Ecclesiastics who show so little confidence in their own judgment have verily small claim to demand the absolute submission of ours.

Meanwhile the heresy which was being approved and condemned by turns at Rome, was spreading in the countries north of the Alps. It had infected the churches of France, and in that country synods were convoked to examine and pass sentence upon it. Traveling still farther northward Pelagianism reached at last the land which had given birth to its alleged authors. It was tainting the theology and rending the unity of the British and Scottish churches (A.D. 420), and this it is that now brings Palladius upon the scene. The mitre of the See of Rome—for as yet the tiara had not been achieved—now sat on the brow of Celestine. This Pope and his advisers could not but see that the opinions of Pelagius, whether true or false, menaced the unity and stability of the Roman See, and they resolved to discountenance the new tenets. Accordingly Pope Celestine dispatched Palladius to check the ravages which Pelagianism was making in the churches of the British Isles, and having recovered them to orthodoxy, he empowered him to place himself at their head, at least at the head of one of them, as its "first bishop." Thus we read in the Chronicle of Prosper of Aquitane, under the year A.D. 431: "Palladius is ordained by Pope Celestine, and sent as the first bishop to the Scots believing in Christ." [6] The man and his mission bulk so little in after years that we might take Prosper's words as the record of a myth, were it not that his statement is

repeated and confirmed by both Bede and Baronius.

This matter throws a clear light upon the ecclesiastical state of our nation in the centuries that preceded the coming of Palladius, and therefore we shall study a little fulness in our historic treatment of it. All the historians of the time agree that Palladius was sent as their first bishop to the Scots. Bede, as we have said, testifies to the fact, and Cardinal Baronius does so not less explicitly. The words of the latter are, "All men agree that this nation (the Scots) had Palladius their first bishop from Pope Celestine" [7] The same authority again says, "From this you will know how to refute those who allege that Sedulius, the Christian poet, whom Pope Gelasius so much extols, had for his master Hildebert the Archbishop of the Scots, for seeing even Sedulius himself lived in the time of Theodosius the emperor, how could he have had for his teacher Hildebert archbishop of the Scots, seeing there was no archbishop yet ordained in Scotland, and Palladius is without debate affirmed to have been the first bishop of that nation." [8] The same thing is asserted in a fragment of the "Life of St. Kentigern." The venerable Palladius, says the writer, "the first bishop of the Scoti, who was sent, in the year of the incarnation, 431, by Pope Celestine, as the first bishop to the Scots, who believed." [9] To the same purpose the Magdeburg Centuriators, who, speaking of the fifth century, say, "Nor were the Scots without a church at this time, seeing Palladius was sent as their first bishop from Celestine." [10] With this agree all the ancient writers of our own country. "Before the coming of Palladius," says Fordun, "the Scots, following the custom of the primitive church, had teachers of the faith and dispensers of the sacraments who were only Presbyters or monks." [11] And John Major says, "The Scots were instructed in the faith by priests and monks without bishops." [12] The current of testimony to this fact runs on unbroken to our own day, but to trace it farther were to heap up a superfluous abundance of proof. It does not in the least alter the meaning, or weaken the force of these statements on whichever side of the Irish Sea we shall place the Scots. Till Palladius appeared amongst them a diocesan bishop was unknown to them; and as he was the first, so he was the last bishop to the Scots for a long while; for as we shall see in the sequel, many centuries passed before a second appeared.

We come now to the vexed question, To what country was Palladius

missioned? We have no hesitation in replying that the Scotland to which Palladius was sent was the Scotland of the fifth century, the century in which Prosper of Aquitane wrote. The Scotland of the fifth century was Ireland. The Scotland of our day was known in that age as Albania. For, as Bishop Usher remarks, "there cannot be produced from the whole of the first eleven centuries a single writer who has called Albania by the name of Scotia."[13] And "whoever," says Dr. Todd, "reads the works of Bede and Adamnan will not need to be informed that even in their times, *Scotia* meant no country but Ireland, and *Scoti* no people but the inhabitants of Ireland." [14] We have already shown that the Scots had a common origin with the other races which descended from the regions of the north, with life new and fresh, and ideas unfettered by the past, to begin the modern times on broader foundations than the Greeks and Romans which preceded them.

We take it as a matter about which there call hardly be any doubt that Palladius was sent to Ireland. There were at that time no Scots in Scotland. Pioneer bands of Scots had before this crossed the channel and planted themselves in the mountains of Argyleshire. They were welcomed by the Picts for the sake of the aid they brought them in the forays and raids in which they indulged. Pict and Scot fought beneath the same banner against their enemies the Romans, or joined their arms not infrequently in a common onslaught on their neighbours the British, on the other sidle of the Roman wall. But, as we have already said, the Romans, a little before this time, had succeeded in sowing dissension between the Scots and the Picts, and the result was that the Scots had found it convenient to quit Scotland, or had been driven out of it by force. The mission of Palladius took place in the interval between their expulsion and return, and this makes it undoubted that the Scots, to which Celestine, in A.D. 431 sent Palladius as their "first bishop," were those in Ireland, the Scotia of that day. Prosper says, in almost so many words, that Ireland was the scene of Palladius' mission, when he writes in another place, "Having ordained a bishop to the Scots, while he (Celestine) studied to preserve Roman Britain Catholic, he made the barbarian island Christian."[15] The words of Prosper may indeed be held to apply to the northern and barbarian part of Scotland in contradistinction to its southern and Roman portion, but it is much more probable that he has Ireland in his eye.

On the showing of Prosper then, the Scots in Ireland were already believers in Christ. We do not see what should hinder Ireland receiving the gospel as early as England and Scotland. It is nearer to Spain, where Christianity was planted in the apostles' days, than Scotland is. The navigation across from Cape Finisterre, the ancient Promontorium Celticum, to the south of Ireland is direct and short. The coasts and harbours of Ireland, Tacitus informs us, were better known in his day to the foreign merchant than those of Britain. Traders from Cartage and North Africa and even from the more distant Levant frequently visited them. If the merchant could find his way to that shore why not also the herald of the Gospel? That Ireland should remain unchristianised till the fifth century is incredible, we might say impossible. From Ireland came Coelestius, bringing with him from thence a pure faith to have it corrupted at Rome. From that same country came yet a greater theologians and scholar, Sedulius, that is Shiel. Sedulius, who was a contemporary of Coelestius, was amongst the most accomplished divines of his day: he was an elegant Latin poet, and a zealous opponent of Pelagianism. "Sedulius the presbyter," says Trithemius, "was a Scot." He speaks of himself as "Sedulius Scotigena," that is, a born Scot. Having left the Scotia of that day, Ireland to wit, he traveled over France and other countries, and ultimately settled in Italy, where his rich erudition and his beautiful genius gained him many admirers. His hymns, Dr. Lanigan informs us, were often used in the church services, and among his prose writings is a commentary on all the epistles of Paul, entitled "Collectaneum of Sedulius, a Scot of Ireland," a work not unworthy of taking its place in any Protestant theological library of our day. A church that could send forth a man so richly endowed with the gifts of genius and learning must have held no mean place among her sisters of the fifth century.

But the Scots of Ireland had opened their ears to the syren song of Pelagianism, and were being lured into a path which promises much at its beginning, but is bitterness in the end, that of one's saving one's self. Celestine seeing the danger to which they were exposed, sent Palladius from Rome to lead them back into the old ways. So has it been assumed, though no ancient writer says that Palladius came to combat Pelagianism. The pontiff had another end in view, though less openly avowed, that of breaking the Scots to the curb of a Roman bridle and preventing them

escaping from under his crozier in days to come. The Scots probably divined the real purpose underlying Celestine's affected concern, and hence the cold reception they appear to have given his missionary. From the time that Palladius sets out on his journey, we obtain only dim and shadowy glimpses of him. No bishop or church salutes him by the way. We pursue the dubious steps of this "first bishop" of the Scots through the fragmentary notices of successive chroniclers, only to find that he is enveloped in the haze of legend, and we are conscious of a touch of pity for one who had come so far, and encountered such a diversity of fortune, in quest of a miter, at least a diocese, which after all he failed to find. The earliest Irish traditions indicate Wicklow as the place where Palladius landed.[16] From this point he turned his steps inland. But again we lose all track of him. He makes no converts that we can discover. He finds no flock over which to exercise his episcopal authority, or flock willing to receive him as their shepherd.

The authorities that follow tell us in plain words that the mission of Palladius was a failure, and that the same year that saw him arrive in Ireland saw him take his departure from it. Those of the inhabitants of that country who were already Christians declined his authority, being jealous probably of his having come to impose a foreign yoke upon them, and a yoke which above all others they detested, and with good reason. From Rome the Scots had received nothing but war and persecutions. They dreaded her missionaries not less than her soldiers. It had cost then much suffering to resist the imposition of her political yoke, and they were in no humour to bow their necks to her ecclesiastical tyranny. Rome they had come to regard as the symbol of intrigue, of force, and of boundless ambition. Her bishops, they knew, were following in the footsteps of her emperors, and were seeking to grasp the universal government of the church and to become the one bishop of the ecclesiastical world as Caesar had been the one king of the political. Such were the feelings with which the Scots of that day were inspired towards Rome. It is probable that Palladius had not been an hour in their company till he discovered how the matter stood, and saw, that in no character could he approach the Scots which would be less welcome or more ungracious than that of missionary or bishop of the Pope. Like the raven from the ark; he goes forth from the foot of the pontifical chair, but he returns not, and the explanation of the matter lies in the point we have

stated—Scotch mistrust of Romish envoys.

As regards those of the inhabitants of Ireland who were still Pagan—that is, the descendants of the race that were found occupying the county when the Scots arrived in it, "God hindered him" —that is Palladius—says the first Life of St. Patrick, "for neither did those fierce and savage men receive his doctrine readily, neither did he himself wish to spend time in a land not his own, but returning hence to him that sent him, having begun his passage the first tide, little of his journey being accomplished, he died in the territory of the Britons." [17]

The Scots declined to receive him, and Pagan Ireland he did not evangelize. Palladius was not the man to do this. He lacked the faith and courage requisite for such a work. Pope Celestine could elevate him to the dignity of the miter, he could not crown him with the higher glory of converting Ireland. The old Druidic priesthood of that island was still powerful—more powerful than in either England or Scotland. The Romans were great iconoclasts when Druidic oaks or altars were concerned; and hence a vast demolition of stone circles and sacred groves in Britain and Caledonia; but the Romans had never been in Ireland; and as a consequence, no ax or hammer had been lifted up upon the consecrated trees, and the sacrificial dolmens of that land, unless it might be that of some iconoclastic Scot, and so the priesthood of Ireland retained much of its ancient influence and power. This made the task of Christianising pagan Ireland a formidable one indeed. When Palladius shook off the dust from his feet against the Scots who had rejected him as their bishop, as manifestly they did, he might have turned to the pagan Irish, but his heart failed him, when he thought how hazardous the enterprise would prove. The Anakim of Irish paganism were "fierce and savage," says an old chronicler Muirchu, "and ready to wash out in blood any affront that might be offered to their Druidic divinities," and so Palladius leaving "those few sheep in the wilderness," he had been appointed to feed, turned and fled from a land which, doubtless, it repented him he ever had entered. "He crossed the sea," says the authority quoted above, "and ended his days in the territories of the Britons."

In the second and fifth *Life of St. Patrick*, a similar account is given of the mission of Palladius, with this exception, that "the territories of the

Britons" is changed into "the territories of the Picts." [18] The precise spot in the territories of the Picts where the ill-fated deputy of Pope Celestine died is fixed by another ancient biographer. The Scholia on Fiacc's Hymn, given by Colgan in has collection of the Lives of St. Patrick, speaking of Palladius, says, "He was not well received by the people, but was forced to go round the coast of Ireland towards the north, until, driven by a great tempest, he reached the extreme part of Moidhaidh towards the south, where he founded the Church of Fordun, and Pledi is his name there."[19] In harmony with these statements is a still later biography, of date probably about A.D. 900. This writer makes the death of Palladius take place at Fordun in Scotland, and adds a few particulars not found in the other accounts. He says, that Celestine, when he missioned him to Ireland, committed to him the relics of "the blessed Peter and Paul," that he disembarked at Leinster, that he was withstood by a chief named Garrchon, that, nevertheless, he founded three churches, depositing in them the bones of the apostles, and certain books which the Pope had given him, and that, "after a short time, Palladius died on the plain of Girgin, in a place which is called Fordun." Girgin or Maghgherginn was the Irish name for the Mearns. [20] One of his biographers, not unwilling, perhaps, to put honour on one who had borne so many humiliations, states that Palladius "received the crown of martyrdom" at Fordun. Even this compensation was denied him in all probability, for the southern Picts of that age were Christian.

The mission of Palladius is a tangled though interesting story. It is to the Scots in Ireland that he is sent, and yet it is among the Picts of the Mearns only that we find any monuments of him. If Palladius set sail from Ireland to go to Rome, his first port of disembarkation would be Wales, or the north of France. Instead, we find him arriving on the eastern coast of Scotland. This was to go a long way out of his road if he wished to return to the eternal city. There must have been some reason for this. Palladius would naturally be in no hurry to appear before his master. He had nothing to tell Pope Celestine, save that his mission had failed: that the Scots whom he hoped to bring to his apostolic feet had repulsed him as their bishop, and that the pagan Irish still clung to their idols. Palladius might think it well to let another carry these unwelcome tidings to Rome. Meanwhile, as some of his biographers hint, expelled by Garrchon, he set out northward in the hope of finding in some other part of Ireland a

tribe who might bid him welcome, and whose conversion to the Christian faith might extend the glory of the Papal See, and redeem his own mission from total failure. Nor is there any improbability in the statement that while so engaged he was caught in one of the Atlantic storms, and carried through the Pentland Firth, and along the coast of Scotland southward, and finally landed on the shore of Kincardineshire. Whatever the causes that operated, and these it is now impossible to discover, there can be no doubt that Palladius after years of wanderings, pursued now by fierce Irish chieftains, and now by the tempests of the sky, took up his abode at Fordun in the Mearns; and there, near the spot where, according to one theory, Galgacus made that noble stand which checked the northward advance of the Romans, did the first bishop sent from Rome to the Scots, also terminate his career, and spend his last years, most probably, in peace.

The village of Fordun is situated on a spur of the Grampians, looking sweetly down on the well cultivated plains of the Mearns, doubtless less fertile then than now. This is the spot which gave rest to the "traveled feet" of Palladius. All the ancient chroniclers say so with one voice. And if the singular unanimity of their testimony needed farther corroboration we have it in the chain of evidence, partly monumental, and partly traditionary, that comes down from Palladius' day to our own. In the churchyard of Fordun is a little house of most ancient aspect. Its thick wall, low roof, and small window, through which the sun struggles with no great success to dispel the darkness of the interior, make it more like a cave than sanctuary. This edifice, which one can well believe was reared in the days of Palladius, enjoys the traditional reputation of being his chapel. Here, it is said, the image of the "saint" was kept, which crowds of pilgrims from the most distant party of Scotland, year after years, came to worship. So does Camerarius affirm on the authority of Polydore Virgil. And so, too, does Baronius. He tells us that "they highly honoured the relics of Palladius which are buried in the Mearns, a province of Scotland."' [21] In the corner of the manse garden is a well that goes by the name of Paddy's well.[22] And the market held yearly at Fordun is styled Paddy's fair, or, in the vulgar speech of the district, "Paddy Fair." This last is the strongest proof of all that a church and festival in honour of Palladius once existed here. The festivals of the Roman church were always followed by a fair, and sometimes they were festival and fair in

one. At the Reformation they were abolished in their religious character of a festival, but retained in their secular form of a fair, and so here the festival is dropped, but the fair is continued. [23]

One other circumstance in the story of Palladius must we notice. It is surely touching to reflect that in the spot to which the "first bishop to the Scots" came to breathe his last, one of the earliest and noblest of our reformers first saw the light. Lying sweetly in the valley beneath Fordun, about a mile off, is Pittarrow. Fordun and Pittarrow! The first gave a grave to Palladius; the second a cradle to George Wishart.

Endnotes

1. Mor is the Welsh word for *sea*, which is *Pelagus* in Latin.
2. Coelestius is the Latin for Celleagh.
3. See Dupin under Mercator.
4. O'Conner, *Rerum Hibernicarum*, vol. i., Prol. i., p. 74; *Baronius Annal*, cent. v.
5. All three judgments are infallible on the principles of the Syllabus of 1864, and the decree of the Vatican Council of 1870.
6. Ad Scotos in Christum credentes ordinates a Papa Celestino Palladius, et primus episcopus mittitur.—*Prosper Chron*., A.D. 455.
7. Primum vero eam gentem a Cælestino papa episcopum habiusse Palladium omnes consentiunt.—*Baron. Ann*. 42D, Tom. vi., p. 587. Colon. 1609.
8. Ex his autem habes quibus redarguas asserentes Sedulium Christianum poetam quem tantopore Gelasius laudat habuisse præceptorem Hildebertum Scotorum archiepiscopum: etinam cum ipsæ Sedulius ad Theodosii imperatoris tempora referatur quo modo usus esse potuit Hildeberto, Scotorum Archiepiscopo preceptore, si nullus adhuc ordinatus erat in Scotia archiepiscopus et Palladius absque controversia primus dicatur ejus gentis artistes. *Ibid.*
9. Bishop Forbes, *Life of St. Kentigern*, *Historians of Scotland*, vol. v. p. 1.26.
10. Centur, *Magd*., vol. ii., cent. v. cap. 2, p. 10. Basileæ, 1624.
11. Ante cujus (Palladii) adventum habebant Scoti fidei doctores, ac sacramentorum ministratores, prerbyteros sulummodo vel monachos, ritum

sequentes ecclesiæ primitivæ.—Fordun, lib. iii. c. 8.
12. Per sacerdotes et monachos, sine episcopis Scoti in fide erudiebantur. Major, *Die Gestis Scotorum*, lib. ii., cap. 2 , p. 53. Edin. 1740.
13. Usher, *De Primord*, c. 16.
14. Todd, *Life of St. Patrick*, p. 282.
15. Et ortlinato Scotis episcopo, dum Romanam insulam studet servare Catholicam, fecit etiam barbaram Christianam. Prosper, Cont. Collat., A.D. 432. See Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, " vol. ii., p. 5.
16. The Scholia on Fiacc's Hymn. Original Irish in the MS. at St. lsidore's Convent, Rome.
17. Written by Muirchu about A.D. 700, and preserved in the *Book of Armagh*, A.D. 800.
18. Dr. Todd, *Life of St. Patrick*, p 288.
19. *Ibid.*, p. 290.
20. Todd, *Life of St. Patrick*, pp. 294, 295, Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii., pp. 27-29.
21. Magno honore prosequentes ejus reliquias in Mernia Scotiæ provincia collocatus. Baron., *Annal. Ann.*, in. 31, cent. v., c 2.
22. *Statis. Acct. of Scotland*, vol. iv., p. 499. We quote the "Statistical Account" at the same time we may state that we, ourselves, have seen and examined on the spot the objects we describe above.
23. Dr. Skene, who is unwilling to admit that Palladius was ever in Scotland, in his learned work, *Celtic Scotland*, assumes that the church at Fordun was built by Teranus, a disciple of Palladius, and dedicated to his master, and that he brought his master's relics from Ireland or Galloway to Fordun: a not very probable assumption.

CHAPTER IX.

PATRICK—BIRTH, BOYHOOD, AND YOUTH—CARRIED OFF BY PIRATES.

THE scene that next opens takes us to a land which a narrow sea parts from the country to which, at this day, the name of Scotland is exclusively applied. But though withdrawn for a time from the soil of Scotland, it does not follow that we are withdrawn from the history of Scotland. On the contrary, it is only now that we feel that we are fairly launched on the great stream of our nation's annals, and may follow without pause its ever-enlarging volume. The events on which we now enter, though episodical, are the pregnant germs of the great future that is to succeed. They determine that Scotland shall be a puissance in the world; not a puissance in arms like Rome, but a moral puissance, to go before the nations, and open to them the paths of knowledge and liberty.

This new and greater commencement in our country's career had its birth in the soul of one man. Let us mark its beginning, so obscure as to be scarce perceptible. We behold one of Scotland's sons, borne away to captivity in Ireland, and there, amid the miseries and wretchedness, bodily and mental, attendant on the lot of a slave, brought to the true knowledge of God, and prepared as an instrument for spreading the light of the Gospel in the land to which he was carried captive. From Ireland that light is to be carried back to Scotland where it is to shine in a splendour that shall far surpass the feeble illumination of all previous evangelisations. The time was driving near when the dim and expiring light of Candida Casa was to be superseded by the brighter lamp of Iona. Between the setting of the one and the rising of the other, comes in the episode of Succat. This youth, whose story rises from romance to the dignity and grandeur of history, forms the connecting link between the two Scotlands, the Scotland on the hither side of the Irish Channel, and the Scotland on this, its eastern shore. In his life and labours the history of the two countries runs on for some time in the same channel—in the same person.

In entering on the story of Succat, whom our readers will more familiarly recognise under his later and better known appellative of St. Patrick, we

feel that we tread on ground more stable and reliable than that which we had to traverse when relating the earlier evangelization of Whithorn. St Patrick, it is true, has not wholly escaped the fate which has usually befallen early and distinguished missionaries at the hands of their monkish chroniclers. Unable to perceive or to appreciate his true grandeur as a humble preacher of the Gospel, some of his biographers have striven to invest him with the fictitious glory of a miracle-worker.

No monk of the Middle Ages could have imagined such a life as Patrick's. These scribes deemed it beneath their heroes to perform, or their pens to record, whatever did not rise to the rank of prodigy. Humility, self-denial, deeds of unaffected piety and benevolence, discredited rather than authenticated one's claim to saintship. Boastful professions and acts of fantastic and sanctimonious virtue were readier passports to monkish renown than lives which had no glory save that of sterling and unostentatious goodness.

We can trace the gradual gathering of the miraculous halo around Patrick on the pages of his successive chroniclers. His miracles are made to begin before he himself had seen the light. His story grows in marvel and prodigy as it proceeds. Each successive narrator must needs bring a fresh miracle to exalt the greatness of his hero and the wonder of his readers. Probus in the tenth century outdoes in this respect all who had gone before him, and Jocelin, in the twelfth, outruns Probus as far as Probus had outrun his predecessors. Last of all comes O'Sullivan in the seventeenth century, and he carries off the palm from every previous writer of the "Life of St. Patrick." The man who comes after O'Sullivan may well despair, for surely nothing more foolish or more monstrous was ever imagined by monk than what this writer has related of Patrick. So rises this stupendous structure which lacks but one thing—a foundation.

But happily it is easier in the present instance than in most cases of a similar kind, to separate what is false, and to be put aside, from what is true, and, therefore, to he retained. Before the monks had any opportunity of disfiguring the great evangelist by encircling him with a cloud of legends, Patrick himself had told the story of his life, and with such marked individuality, with such truth to Christian experience, and with such perfect accordance to the age and the circumstances, that we are

irresistibly led to the conclusion that the life before us is a real life, and must have been lived, it could not have been invented. The confessions here poured forth could come from no heart but a heart burdened with a sense of guilt; and the sorrows here disclosed with so simple yet so touching a pathos, authenticate themselves as *real* not *ideal*. They are the experiences of the soul, not the creations of the imagination

Succat—the first name of the man who has taken his permanent place in history as Patrick or St. Patrick—was born on the banks of the Clyde. So much is certain, but the exact spot it is now impossible to determine. The present towns of Hamilton and Dumbarton compete for the honour of his birthplace; near one of the two must he have first seen the light. He himself says in his "Confession," My father was of the village of 'Bonaven Taberniæ,' near to which he had a Villa, where I was made captive."[1] In the dialect of the Celtic known as the ancient British, Bonaven signifies "the mouth of the Aven," and the added "Taberniæ," or place of Tabernacles, indicates, doubtless, the district in which the village of Bonaven was situated. This favours the claims of Hamilton, and leads us to seek in Avondale, on the banks of the torrent that gives its name to the dale, and near the point where it falls into the Clyde, the birthplace of the future apostle. And what strengthens the probability that here may be the spot where Patrick was born, is the fact that some greatly defaced remains show that the Romans had a station here; and as the legionaries had but recently quitted Britain, the buildings they had vacated may be presumed to have been comparatively entire and fresh in Patrick's time. This would decide the point, if the evidence stood alone, and did not conflict with other and varying testimony.

Fiacc, one of the earliest and most reliable of his biographers, tells us that Patrick "was born at Nemthur," and that his first name, among his own tribes, was Succat. Nemthur signifies in Irish the *lofty rock*; and the reference undoubtedly is to All-Cluid, or Rock of the Clyde, the rock that so grandly guards the entrance of that river, now known as the Rock of Dumbarton, which then formed the capital of the British Kingdom of Strathclyde. Here too are the yet unobliterated vestiges of a Roman encampment, and one of much greater importance than any on the southern shore, for here did the Roman wall which extended betwixt the Firths of Forth and Clyde terminate. This must have led to the creation of a town,

with suburban villas, and Roman municipal privileges, such as we know were enjoyed by the community in which the ancestors of Patrick lived. Tradition, moreover, has put its finger on the spot, by planting here "Kilpatrick," that is Patrick's Church. Here then, on the northern shore, where the Roman had left his mark in the buildings, in the cultivation, in the manners, and in the language of the people, are we inclined to place the birth of one who has left a yet deeper mark on Scotland, and one infinitely more beneficent, than any left by Roman.

There is yet greater uncertainty as regards the year in which Patrick was born. We can hope only to approximate the time of his birth; and we think we are not far from the truth when we place it towards the end of the fourth century. It was an evil age. Apostolic times were fading from the memory, and apostolic examples vanishing from the sight of men. An incipient night was darkening the skies of countries which had been the first to brighten beneath the rays of Christianity. There was need that the simple Gospel should anew exhibit itself to the world in the life and labours of some man of apostolic character, if the decline setting in was to be arrested. Tokens are not wanting that it is to be so. For now as the shades gather in the south, the light of a new day is seen to suffuse the skies of the north.

Patrick was descended of a family which, for two generations at least, had publicly professed the Gospel. His father, Calpurnius, was a deacon, and his grandfather, Potitus, a presbyter in the Christian Church. He was well born, as the phrase is, seeing his father held the rank of "decurio," that is, was a member of the council of magistracy in a Roman provincial town. These facts we have under Patrick's own hand. In his autobiography, to which we have referred above, written but a little while before his death, and known as "Patrick's Confession," he says, " I, Patrick, a sinner, had for my father, Calpurnius, a deacon, and for my grandfather, Potitus, a presbyter." We should like to know what sort of woman his mother was, seeing mothers not infrequently live over again in their sons. Patrick nowhere mentions his mother, save under the general term of "parents." But judging from the robust and unselfish qualities of the son, we are inclined to infer that tradition speaks truth when it describes "Conchessa," the mother of the future apostle, as a woman of talent, who began early to instruct her son in divine things, and to instill into his heart the fear of

that God whom his father and grandfather had served.

Here, then, on the banks of the Clyde, within sight, if not under the very shadow of the rock of Dumbarton, was placed the cradle of that child, which, in after life, was to win, though not by arms, so many glorious triumphs. The region is one of varied loveliness and sublimity. It is conspicuous, in these respects, in a land justly famed for its many fine combinations of beauty and grandeur. As the young Succat grew in years, his mind would open to the charms of the region in which he lived. His young eye would mark with growing interest the varying aspects of nature, now gay, now solemn; and his ardent soul would daily draw deeper and richer enjoyment from the scenes amid which his home was placed. He saw the ebbing and flowing of the river on whose banks he played, And doubtless mused at times on those mighty unseen forces that now compelled its waves to advance, and now to retreat. He saw the white-winged ships going and coming on its bosom: he saw the fisherman launching his net into its stream, and again drawing it ashore laden with the many treasures of the deep. He beheld the silver morning coming up in the east, and the day departing behind the vermilion-tinted tops of the mountains in the west. He saw the seasons revolve. Spring, with her soft breath, wooing the primroses and the buttercups from their abodes in the earth to bedeck mountain and vale; autumn spotting the woods with gold; and winter bringing up her black clouds, in marshaled battalions, from the western sea. These ever-changing aspects of nature would awaken their fitting responses in the soul of the youth. His heart would expand this hour with joy as the hills and shores around him lay clad in light; and now again, as mountain and vale were wrapped in gloom, or trembled at the thunder's voice, there would pass over his soul, as over the sky, darkness and terror. Thus he would begin to feel how awful was that which lived and thought within him! How vast the range of its capacity for happiness or for suffering: and how solemn a matter it is to live.

So passed the boyhood of the future apostle of Ireland. As he advanced in years, his nature expanded and grew richer in generous impulses and emotions. All those exquisite sensibilities which fill the bosom in the fresh dawn of manhood were now stirring within him. Every day opened to him a new source of enjoyment, because every day widened the range of his capacity to enjoy. A sudden thrill of pleasure would, at times,

shoot through his being from objects he had been wont to pass without once suspecting the many springs of happiness that lay hidden in them. Relationships were growing sweeter, friendships more tender. In a word, all nature and life seemed to teem with satisfactions and pleasures, endless in number, and infinitely varied in character. He has only to open his heart and enjoy. But this was a happiness which was born of earth, and like all that springs of the earth, it returns to the earth again. Young Succat's sensibilities were quickened, but his conscience slept.

The youth had not opened his heart to the instructions of home. The loving counsels of a mother, and the weightier admonitions of a father, had fallen upon a mind preoccupied with the delights of sense, and the joys of friendship: his cup seemed full. He knew not that the soul which is the man cannot feed on such pleasures as these, nor live by them. It must drink of living waters, or suffer unappeasable thirst. His relations to God—that matter of everlasting moment—had awakened in him no thought, and occasioned him no concern. The age, we have said, was a degenerate one. The lamp of Candida Casa burned low and dim. The teachers that emanated from it possessed but little authority; their reproofs were but little heeded. The truth which is the light was dying out from the knowledge of men; and the feeble Christianity that remained in the kingdom and church of Strathclyde, in which Succat's grandfather had ministered, was becoming infected with pagan ideas and Druidic rites. A few more decades, it seemed, and the Christian sanctuaries of Caledonia would give place to the groves of the Druid, or the returning altars of the Roman.

The handful of missionaries sent forth from the school of Ninian, could but ill cope with the growing, apostasy. They were but poorly equipped for the warfare in which they were engaged. There needed one man of commanding eloquence and burning zeal to redeem the age from its formalism and impiety. But no such man arose; and so the stream of corruption continued to roll on; and among those who were engulfed in its flood, and drifted down in its current, was the grandson of the Presbyter Potitus. Succat, with all his fine sympathies, and all his enjoyment of nature and life, lived without God, and he would so have lived to the end of his days, had not He who had "chosen him front the womb, and ordained him a prophet to the nations," had mercy upon him. Sudden as the lightning,

and from a cloud as black as that from which the lightning darts its fires, came the mercy that rescued him when ready to perish.

One day a little fleet of strange ships suddenly made their appearance in the Clyde. They held on their course up the lovely frith till past the rock of Dumbarton. Whence, and on what errand bound, were these strange ill-omened vessels? They were piratical craft from across the Irish ocean, and they were here on the shores of the Clyde on one of those marauding expeditions which were then but too common, and which the narrow sea and the open navigable firth made it so easy to carry out. Succat, with others, was at play on the banks of the stream, and they remained watching the new arrivals, not suspecting, the danger that lurked under their apparently innocent and peaceful movements. Quietly the robber crew drew their barks close in to the land. In a few minutes the bandits, rushing through the water, leaped on shore. The inhabitants of Bonaven had no time to rally in their own defense. Before they were well aware of the presence of the piratical band in their river, the invaders had surrounded them, and some hundreds of the inhabitants of the district were made captive.

Driving the crowd of bewildered and unhappy men before them, the pirates embarked them in their ships, and bore away with them to Ireland. In this miscellaneous company of miserable captives was the son of Calpurnius the deacon, now a lad of nearly sixteen. He himself has recorded the event, telling us that it happened at Bonaven Taberniæ, "near to which my father had a farm, where I was taken captive. I was scarcely sixteen years of age. But I was ignorant of God, therefore it was that I was led captive into Ireland with so many thousands. It was according to our deserts, because we drew back from God and kept not His precepts, neither were obedient to our Presbyters who admonished us for our salvation." [2]

What a crushing blow to the youth! When it fell on Succat he had reached that season of life when every day and almost every hour brings with it a new joy. And if the present was full of enjoyment, the years to come were big with the promise of a still richer happiness. Standing at the portals of manhood and casting his glance forward, Succat could see the future advancing towards him dressed in golden light, and bringing with

it unnumbered honours and joys. For such must life be, passed amid conditions like his—a region so picturesque, companions so pleasant, a station securing respect, and dispositions so well fitted to win and to reciprocate love. But while he gazed on the radiant vision it was gone. In its room had come instant and dismal blackness. A whirlwind had caught him up, and cruelly severing all the tender ties that bound him to home and friends, and giving him time for not even one brief parting adieu, it bore him away and cast him violently on a foreign shore, amid a barbarous and heathen people.

Bending to their oars the sea-robbers swept swiftly down the Clyde. The meadows and feathery knolls that so finely border the river at that part of its banks where Succat's youth had been passed, are soon lost to his sight. Dumbarton rock, with its cleft top, is left behind. The grander masses of Cowal, not yet the dwelling of the Irish Scots, and the alpine peaks of Arran, are passed in succession, and sink out of view. The galleys with their wretched freight are now on the open sea, making straight for the opposite shore, where we see them arriving. The lot of the exile is bitter at the best, but to have slavery added to exile is to have the cup of bitterness overflow. This cup Succat was doomed to drink to the very dregs in the new country to which we see him carried. And without stop or pause did his misery begin. The pirates who had borne him across the sea, had no sooner landed him on the Irish shore, than forthwith they proceeded to untie his cords, and expose him for inspection to the crowd which had hastened to the beach on the arrival of the galleys, not failing, doubtless, to call attention to his well-shaped form, and sinewy limbs, and other points which alone are held to be of value in such markets as that in which Succat was now put up for sale. The son of Calpurnius was a goodly person, and soon found a purchaser. His captors sold him to a chieftain in those parts, at what price we do not know.

We can imagine Sucatt eagerly scanning the face of the man whose slave he had now become, if happily he might read there some promise of alleviation in his hard fate. But we can well believe that in the rough voice and stern unpitying eye of this heathen chieftain, he failed to discern any grounds of hope that his lot would be less dismal than his worst fears had painted it. His apprehensions were realised to the full when he learned his future employment: truly a vile and degrading one, for the

son of Calpurnius. Henceforth he is to occupy himself in tending his master's herds of cattle and droves of swine in the mountains of Antrim.

Endnotes

1. *S. Patricii Confessio*, cap. i, sec. i. The best judges have pronounced this work the genuine composition of Patrick, Mabillon, Tillemont Dupin, Ussher. To these may be added Neander, who says, "This work bears in its simple rude style an impress that corresponds entirely to Patricius's stage of culture." Five manuscripts of the Confessio exist: one in the Book of Armagh (7th cent.), a second in the Cotton Library (10th cent.), two in the Cathedral Library of Salisbury, and one in the French Monastery of St. Vedastus.

2. *Pat. Confess.*, section i. Villulam enim prope habuit (Calpurnius) ubi ego in capturam dedi . . . nostrem salutem admonebant.

These raids of the Scottish coasts, that is, on the Britons of the Roman Valentia, were not uncommon. They were made not improbably by the Scots of Ireland. Gibbon refers to them; and the early chronicler Gildas speaks of them as being made at regular intervals, and calls them "anniversarias predas."—Gildas, cap. xiv.

CHAPTER X.

PATRICK'S CAPTIVITY IN IRELAND—HIS CONSCIENCE AWAKENS—PROLONGED ANGUISH.

HISTORY is no mere register of events. It is the reverent study of the working of a Hand that is profoundly hidden, and yet, at times, most manifestly revealed. To the man of understanding there is no earthly actor so real and palpable as is that veiled agent, who stands behind the curtain, and whose steps we hear in the fall of empires and the revolutions of the world. We have come in our narrative to one of those sudden shiftings of the scenes that betoken the presence and the hand of this great Ruler. A stronger evangelization than any that can ever proceed from Candida Casa, is about to be summoned into existence to keep alive the elements of truth and the seeds of liberty during those ages of darkness and bondage that are yet to pass over Europe. We have already seen the first act of the new drama. It opens in a very commonplace way indeed, and is altogether out of keeping, we should say, with the grandeur of the consequences which are to spring out of it. A band of Irish pirates make their descent on the Scottish shore, and sweep off into captivity a wretched crowd of men and women. Amongst the miserable captives, kidnapped, and carried across the sea, is a youth who is destined to originate a movement which will change the face of northern Europe.

Neither the pirate crew, nor the agonized crowd that filled their galleys, knew who was in the same bottom with themselves, or how momentous their expedition was to prove. Meanwhile, Patrick is lost in the mass of sufferers around him. No one observes or pities the anguish so vividly depicted on the face of the youth. No one seeks to assuage the bitterness of his grief by addressing to him a few words of sympathy or whispering grounds of hope. Unhelped and unpitied he bears his great burden alone. Of his many companions in woe, each was too much absorbed in the sense of his own miserable lot to have a thought to bestow on the misery of those who were his partners in this calamity. Through dim eyes, and with a heart ready to break, Succat sees the Irish shore rise before him, and as the ship that carries him touches the land, he rouses himself from his stupor to see what change of fortune this new evolution in the tragedy, which still seems like a terrible dream, will bring him.

The *timing* of this event was not the least remarkable circumstance about it. Had this calamity befallen Succat at an earlier, or at a later, period of his life, and not just when it did, it would have been *resultless*. As a chastisement for the sins and follies of his past career it might have profited, but it would not have availed as a discipline for the lifework before him. This was the main thing in the purpose of Him from whom this affliction came. Patrick's life-trial befell him at that stage of his existence, which of all others is the most critical in the career of a human being. He was now sixteen years of age. It is at this age that the passions rouse themselves with sudden, and sometimes overmastering force. It is at this time of life accordingly that the character of the man in most cases becomes definitely fixed for good or for evil. He stands at the parting of the ways and the road then chosen is that which in all ordinary cases he will pursue to the end.

This, which is the law that rules human life and character in so many instances, is operative with special and almost uniform force in the case of those who have been born in a pious home, and reared, as Patrick was, amid the instructions and observances of religion. If they overpass the age at which Patrick had now arrived without experiencing that engrafting of the soul with a divine principle, which the Bible calls "being born again," they have missed the "new life," and very probably missed it for ever. At all events the likelihood of their ever attaining it grows less and less from that time forward. Habit, day by day, shuts the heart up yet more closely; the sleep of the conscience grows ever the deeper, and the man goes on his way content with such light and pleasure as the world can give him, and never sees the radiance of a new dawn, nor ever tastes the joys of a higher existence.

On this fateful brink stood Patrick when this whirlwind, with force so boisterous, yet so merciful, caught him up, and carried him away from the midst of enjoyments, where he would have fallen asleep to awake no more, and placed him where he could find neither rest nor happiness, because around him was only naked desolation. Not a moment too soon, if we rightly interpret Patrick's own statement, was the grasp of this strong hand laid upon him. He tells us, in his "Confession," that at this period of his life he fell into a grave fault. What that fault was, neither he

himself, nor any of his biographers, have informed us, or even dropped a hint from which we might infer its nature or form. A rather grave offense, we are inclined to think, it must have been, seeing it was remembered, and brought up against him long years after when he was about to enter into the sacred office. His foot had well-nigh slipped, and it would have slipped outright, and he would have fallen to rise no more, had not this strong hand been put forth at this critical moment to hold him up. He would have cast off the form of religion, which was all as yet that he possessed, and would have drifted with the current, and gone the same downward road which was being trodden by so many of his fellow-countrymen of the kingdom of Strathclyde. His ardour of soul, and his resoluteness of purpose would have made him a ringleader in the apostate band; and to show how completely he had emancipated himself from the traditions of his youth, and the faith of his ancestors he would have taken his seat in the chair of the scorner, and mocked at that which he had been taught in his early home to hold in reverence. It is the way of all who forsake "the guide of their youth."

We must follow Patrick across the sea, and see him sent to a new school—seeing the first had been a failure—and put under a new instructor, one who knows how to open the ear, and not the ear only but the heart also. Patrick was not to be like the teachers of the age, and so was not reared in the same school with them. He must be stern, bold, original, but the sickly and sentimental influences of Ninian's school would never have made him such. Rougher forces and hotter fires must melt and mould him. Kidnaped, forced down into the hold with a crowd of captives, tossed on the waters of the channel, and when landed on the Irish shore, sold to a heathen chieftain, and sent into the wilds of Antrim: such beginning had Patrick's new training. In this solitude his mother's voice will speak again, and Patrick will listen now. His heart will open at last, but first it must be broken. The iron will pierce his soul. It is Adversity's school in which he sits, where the discipline is stern but the lessons are of infinite price, and are urged with a persuasive force which makes it impossible not to understand them, and once understood and mastered, impossible ever to forget them. From this school have come forth many of the worlds wisest instructors, and greatest benefactors. Let us mark the youth as we behold him at the feet, not of doctor or pope, but at the feet of a far greater Instructor.

On the mountain's side, day after day all the year through, tending his master's herds of cattle and swine, sits Patrick the son of Calpurnius the Scottish deacon. Was ever metamorphosis so complete or so sudden? Yesterday the cherished son of a Roman magistrate, today a slave and a swine herd. Pinched with hunger, covered with rags, soaked with the summer's rain, bitten by the winter's frost, or blinded by its drifts, he is the very picture which the parable had drawn so long before of that prodigal who was sent into the fields to keep swine, and would fain have filled his belly with the husks on which the animals he tended fed. No one would have recognised in the youth that sat there with famished cheek and mournful eye, the tenderly-nurtured and well-favoured son of Calpurnius, or would have remembered in his hollow and sepulchral voice the cheerful tones that had so often rung out on the banks of the Clyde, and awakened the echoes of that stately rock that graces its shores. Only through this death, and through a death yet more profound, a death within of all past feelings, hopes, and joys, could Patrick pass into a new life. When he awoke from the stupefaction into which the blow, doubtless, had thrown him, he opened his eyes upon blank misery. But he opened them on something besides. He opened them on his former self! on his former life!

How different did that life now appear from what it had seemed, under the hues in which it had clothed itself in his eyes but a few years, a few days before! The colourings in which a self-righteous pride had dressed it, and the less warm but equally delusive lights thrown over it latterly by an incipient scepticism, or a dreary formalism, were now completely dispelled, and it stood out before him as it really was, an unlovable, a ghastly, a guilty thing. Sitting here, the Irish Channel between him and his home, his past severed from his present by this great dividing stroke, he could calmly look at his life as if it were no part of himself, as if it had a subsistence of its own, and he could pronounce a dispassionate verdict upon it. It was a life to be wept over. But when again it refused to sever itself from himself, when it cleaved to him with all its blackness, and he felt that it was and ever would be his, it evoked more than tears; it awakened within him horror. A father's prayers and a mother's counsels, despised and scorned, all rose up before him in the deep silence in which he sat, amid the desolate hills, tending his flock under the gathering blasts.

He shuddered as the remembrance came back upon him. He had bowed the knee at the family devotions but he had not prayed; he had but mocked that Omniscient One he professed to worship. These hypocrisies gave him no concern at the time, he was hardly sensible of them, but they lay heavy upon his conscience now. He thought of them, and a darker cloud came between him and the heavens than that which was coming up from the western sea to let fall its rain or hail on the hills amid which he fed his swine. Still darker remembrances came crowding upon him, and he trembled and shook yet more violently. When preachers came from Candida Casa to warn him and his companions of their evil way, and entreat them to turn from it and live, had he not flouted and jeered, or given tacit encouragement to those that did so? Though the grandson of a Christian presbyter, he had helped to swell that chorus of derision and defiance with which these preachers of repentance, and dolorous prophets of evil were sent back to those from whom they came. The retrospect of his hardihood filled him with amazement and horror. Thus, as one's image looks forth from the mirror on one's self, so did Patrick's life look forth from the past upon Patrick in all its vileness and blackness and horror.

But deeper still was his eye made to pierce. It turned inward, and questioned his spirit what manner of life it had led in its thoughts and purposes. He was shown a chamber where lodged greater abominations than any that had deformed him outwardly. His heart, which he believed to be so good, he saw to be full of envy, hatred, malice, revenge, pride, lust, hypocrisy, idolatry, and all the things that defile a man. How was this fountain of evil to be cured, for if not cured, it would send forth even blacker streams in time to come than any that had flowed from it in the past. Where was the salt which, cast into its bitter waters, would sweeten them? This hidden iniquity, this ulcer in the soul, pained and appalled him even more than all the transgressions which had deformed him outwardly and given scandal to others.

Such was the odious picture that rose before the captive youth as he sat ruminating amid the mountains of Antrim; his past life, rather than his vile charge or his heathen master, before him. Such had been; and till his life was cleansed at its source, such would be the son of Calpurnius the Christian deacon. He stood aghast at this veritable image of himself. He felt that he was viler than the vilest of those animals that he tended. "Oh,

my sin! my sin!" we hear him cry! What shall I do? Whither shall I flee? It is no imaginary scene that we are describing. "In that strange land," says he, speaking of this period of conviction and agony, "the Lord imparted to me the feeling [1] of my unbelief and hardness of heart, so that I should call my sins to remembrance though late, and turn with all any heart to God." And again he says, "Before the Lord humbled me, I was even as a stone lying in the depth of the mire, and He who is able [2] came and lifted me up, and not only lifted me up but set me on the top of the wall," that is, made him a corner stone in the spiritual building, for we cannot fail to perceive here an allusion to the beautiful emblem of Scripture which presents the church as a living temple built up of living stones.

While this sore struggle was going on, the outward discomforts of his lot, we may well believe, gave Patrick but little concern. The violence of the storm that raged within made him heedless of the blasts that beat upon him as he watched his herds in the woods and among the mountains. The black cloud would gather and burst, and pass away, and the stricken youth, absorbed in the thought of his distant home and his past life, and sick in soul, would hardly be conscious of the pelting rain, or the driving snow, or the bitter furious gusts that were shaking the oaks and fir trees around him. The hail and lightning of the clouds were drowned in the voice of those mightier thunders which came rolling out of a higher sky, and seemed to his ear to emphasize the award of that Book which says, "the wages of sin is death."

The youth had been overtaken by a series of calamities, which singly were overwhelming, and taken together, were worse than death. He had been torn from his home and his native land, he had been robbed of his liberty, he had been sold to a heathen lord, and now he had no prospect before him save that of passing the years of his wretched life in a vile employment. The blow was the more crushing, that all these miseries had fallen upon him in the same moment, and had come without warning. And yet they were to Patrick but as the trifles of a day compared with those darker sorrows which gathered round his soul. These last were the ripened fruits of the evil seed his own hand had sowed. In enduring them he had not even this small consolation that he was suffering by the unrighteous will and cruel power of another. Nor would they pass with

the fleeting years of the present life, for death, which is the termination of all other evils, would only deliver him up to an endless misery. This terrible thought was ever present to him as he sat alone amid the desolate hills; it was his companion in the silence of the night. and in the nearly equally profound silence of the day. It was here that his miseries culminated. He was entirely in his master's power, who might for the slightest offense, unrestrained by any feeling of humanity, and without question from any one, doom him to die. But wherein was this master to be feared, compared with that Greater Master, who could kill body and soul? He had lost his liberty, but what was the loss of liberty to one who was in imminent jeopardy of losing himself, and that for ever?

Sleep forsook him, he tells us. He would lie awake for nights on end. From his lowly couch he watched the stars as they passed, each in its appointed place, and at its appointed time, across the sky. He feared as he looked up at them. Their ever-burning fires and silent majestic march, suggested that endless duration of which their vast cycles are but as a handbreadth. And when he thought of that Eye which was looking down upon him from above these orbs, with a light to which theirs was but as darkness, where, he asked, "shall I find hiding from it? When these orbs shall have paled their fires in an eternal night, this Eye will still be looking down upon me." Where was there night or darkness in all the universe deep enough in which to bury himself, and be unseen for ever?

He now broke out into meanings. When his grief ceased to be dumb, its paroxysm somewhat abated. These moanings were the first feeble inarticulate cries for pardon. Then followed words of supplication. He stood up, like the publican in the temple, and striking upon his breast, cried, "God be merciful to Patrick, the sinner." It was now seen that the lessons of his early home had not been in vain. The seed then sown in his mind appeared to have perished: yet no; though late, that seed began to spring up and bear fruit. Without the knowledge imparted by these lessons, Patrick would never have seen his sin, and without the sight of his sin his conscience would have continued to sleep, or if peradventure awakened, not knowing the way of pardon, he would have been driven to despair. He had heard, on the Sabbath evenings in his Scottish home, that the "King of Heaven is a merciful King." And now, in that far land, and far away from that father from whose lips the once-forgotten but now

remembered words had fallen, a sea of trouble all round him, nor help nor pity on earth, he turned his gaze upwards, and said, “I will arise, and go to my Father.” He rose, he tells us, before the dawn to pray.

How long Patrick continued under this distress of soul before finding peace, we do not know. It is probable that his conflict lasted with more or less severity for some years. It is not the wont of that Physician who had undertaken his case to dismiss His patients till He has perfected their cure, and made them altogether and completely whole. And there were special reasons in Patrick’s case why this severe but most merciful discipline should be prolonged. Patrick’s sore had to be probed to the very bottom, and he had to know the malignity of the malady under which he laboured, and the strength with which it holds captive its unhappy victims, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of those many others, to whom he was in after years to act the part of physician. He was to be a Healer of nations. But how could he acquire the insight and tenderness necessary for the right discharge of his grand function—the reverse of the warriors, who goes forth to destroy—and know how deep these wounds go into the soul, and how they rankle there, and be able in his treatment of them to combine perfect sympathy with perfect fidelity—“merciful” and faithful like the great Physician—if he had not himself first been wounded, and made to bleed—aye, bleed unto death, well nigh—before being sent forth to be a healer of others?

Endnotes

1. Aperuit sensum.—*Pat. Confessio*.
2. Qui potens est.—*Ibid*.

CHAPTER XI.

PATRICK FINDS PEACE—UNCONSCIOUS PREPARATION FOR FUTURE WORK—ESCAPES FROM IRELAND.

NOW, at last, a hand was put forth to heal this sorely wounded man. As he lay on the mountains of Antrim, stricken down by an unseen but mighty power, with no friend by his side to pour oil into his wounds and bind up his sores, there passed by One who turned and looked with compassion upon him, and stretching out His hand lifted him out of the "mire" to use his own phrase, in which he lay. "HE WHO ALONE IS ABLE" are the few simple but emphatic words in which Patrick records this mighty transaction, "He who alone is able came, and in His mercy lifted me up."

This deliverer, Patrick saw, had Himself been wounded, and so deeply wounded that He still retained the marks of His sufferings. Hence His sympathy, which would not let Him pass by and leave Patrick to die of his hurt. Drawing near to him, and showing him the wounds in His own hands and feet, and the scar deep graven in His side, He said to Patrick, "Fear not: I bore your sins on the bitter tree. All is forgiven you. Be of good cheer."

These words were not altogether new to the son of Calpurnius. He had heard them, or their equivalents, in his early home. They had been woven into his father's prayers, and they had received yet more formal statement in his mother's counsels and instructions. But he had failed to grasp their momentous import. The salvation which they announced was to him a matter of no immediate concern. What mattered it to Patrick whether this salvation were an out-and-out gift, or whether it were wages to be worked for and earned like other wages? What good would this birthright do him? So thought he then, but it was otherwise now. He saw that without this salvation he was lost, body and soul, for ever. When, therefore, these truths, so commonplace and meaningless before, were heard again, he felt as if the finger of a man's hand had come forth and written them before him in characters of light, and written them specially for him. The veil dropped. He saw that the words were "eternal life," not an abstract dogma announced for the world's assent, but an actual gift held out for

his own acceptance. He knew now what the wounds in the hands and feet of that compassionate One who had passed by him signified. He saw that they had been borne for him; and so he cast himself into His arms. A wonderful joy sprang up in his soul. In that moment the bolt of his dungeon was drawn back, and Patrick walked forth into liberty—into a new life.

The future apostle of Ireland, and through Ireland of Northern Europe, now clearly saw that it was not his own tears, though copious and bitter, nor his cries, though frequent and loud, which had opened the door of that dark prison in which he had so long sat. It was God's sovereign blessed hand which had flung back that ponderous portal, and brought him forth. There he would have been sitting still had not that gracious One passed by him, and shown him His wounds. He had been traveling on the great broad road which the bulk of Christendom was to pursue in the ages that were to come, that even of self-inflicted penance and self-righteous performances. But journey as he might he came no nearer the light; around him was still the darkness, within him was still the horror. He had not caught even a glimmer of the dawn. But when the sight of the Wounded One was vouchsafed to him it was as when the sun rises on the earth. He saw himself already at the gates of that Peace which he had begun to despair of ever finding. Thus was Patrick made to know the better and the worse road, that standing, as he did, at that eventful epoch, when Christendom was parting into two companies, and going to the right and to the left, he might lift up his voice and warn all, that of these two paths, the beginnings lie close together, but their endings are wide apart, even as death and destruction are from life. From tending his master's swine, on the bleak hillside, amid the stormy blasts, Patrick was taken to teach this great lesson at this formative epoch to the men of Christendom, having himself first been taught it. But not just yet was he to enter on his work.

As aforetime, weighed down by the great sorrow that lay upon him, he felt not the pangs of hunger, nor regarded the rude buffeting of the tempest, so now, the new-born joy, that filled his soul, made him equally insensible to the physical discomforts and sufferings to which he was still subjected. He was still the slave, if not of his first master, of some other chieftain into whose hands he had passed; for he speaks of having served four masters; and the vile drudgery of the swineherd continued to occupy him

from day to day; but, no longer sad at heart, the hills which aforetime had reechoed his complaining now became vocal with his joy. It was his wont to rise while it was yet dark, that he might renew his song of praise. It mattered not though the earth was clad in snow and the heavens were black with storm he "prevented the dawning," not now to utter the cry of anguish, but to sing "songs of deliverance. He tells us in his "Confession" that he rose, long before daylight, and in all weathers, in snow, in frost, in rain, that he might have time for prayer; and he suffered no inconvenience therefrom, "for," says he, "the spirit of God was warm in me."

Patrick had now received his first great preparation for his future work. His conversion was arranged, as we have seen, in all its circumstances, so as to teach him a great lesson; and in the light of that lesson he continued to walk all his life after. It brought out in clear, bold relief, the freeness and sovereignty of God's grace. No priest was near to cooperate with his mystic rites in effecting his conversion, no friend was present to assist him with his prayers. Patrick was alone in the midst of the pagan darkness; yet there we behold him undergoing that great change which Rome professes to work by her sacraments, and which, she tells us, cannot be effected without them. How manifest was it in this case that the "new creature" was formed solely by the Spirit working by the instrumentality of the truth—the truth heard when young, and recalled to the memory—to the entire exclusion of all the appliances of ecclesiasticism. What a rebuke to that Sacramentalism which was in that age rising in the church, and which continued to develop till at last it supplanted within the Roman pale the Gospel. And what a lesson did his conversion read to him, that "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." When Patrick presented himself at his Heavenly Father's door, it was in no robe woven on his own loom, it was in no garment borrowed or bought from priest; he came in his rags—the rags of his corrupt nature and sinful life, and begged for admittance. Was he told that in this beggarly attire he could not be admitted? was he bidden go back to the Church, and when she had purified him by her rites and penance, return and be received? No! the moment he presented himself, his Father ran and fell upon the neck of the wretched and ragged man, and embraced him and kissed him. Thus did Patrick exemplify, first of all, in his own person, the sovereignty of grace,

and the power of the truth, before being sent forth to preach the Gospel to others. It was here that he learned his theology. He had no Bible by him, but its truths, taught him when young, revived in his memory, and he read them all over again by the new light which had dawned in his soul. They were more palpable and clear than when he had read them on the actual page, for now they were written not with pen and ink, they were graven by the Spirit on the tablets of his heart. A theology so pure he could not have learned in any school of Christendom at that day. Patrick drew his theology from the original and unpolluted fountain: the Word of God, and the Spirit; the same at which the apostles had drunk on the day of Pentecost. It was the theology of the early church, which in God's providence is ever renewed when a Divine revival is to visit the world.

Patrick was now replenished with the gift of Divine knowledge, but he was not immediately let go from bondage, and sent forth to begin his great mission. He needed to have his experience deepened, and his knowledge enlarged. If meditation and solitude be the nurse of genius, and if they feed the springs of bold conception and daring effort, not less do they nourish that sublimer genius which prompts to the loftier enterprises of the Christian, and sustain at the proper pitch the faculties necessary for their successful accomplishment. The young convert, led by the ardour of his zeal, is sometimes tempted to rush into the field of public labour, his powers still immature. Patrick was preserved from this error, and it was essential he should, for the work before him was to be done not at a heat, but by the patient and persistent forth-putting of fully ripened powers. He lacked, as yet, many subordinate qualifications essential to success in his future mission. He must learn the dialect of the people to whom he was afterwards to proclaim the Gospel. He must study their dispositions and know how access was to be obtained to their hearts. He must observe their social habits, their political arrangements, and above all, he must ponder their deep spiritual misery, and mark the cords with which idolatry had bound them, that at a future day he might undo that heavy yoke, and lead them forth into the same liberty into which a Divine and gracious hand had conducted himself. Therefore was he still retained in this land, a slave to his master—though the sting had now been taken out of that slavery, and though occupied in ignoble tasks, learning all the while noble lessons.

Six years had passed away, and now Patrick had fulfilled his appointed term of captivity. Dreams of escape from Ireland began to visit him by night. In his sleep he heard a voice saying to him, "Youth, thou fastest well, soon thou shalt go to thy native home—lo! thy ship is ready." Was it wonderful that the exile should see in his sleep his fatherland, and imagine himself there again, or on the way thither? Without seeing miracle or vision in this, as many of his biographers have done, we see none the less the mysterious touches which the Divine Hand sometimes gives to the human spirit when "deep sleep falleth on man." Patrick knew that his captivity was wholly of Divine ordering; he knew also that it had gained its end; and this begot in him an ardent hope that now its close was not distant, and by night this hope returned clothed in the vivid drapery of an accomplished reality. The dream gave him spirit and courage to flee.

How far the youth had to travel, or at what point of the coast he arrived, it is impossible to determine amid the dubious and conflicting accounts of his biographers. The "Book of Armagh" makes Patrick journey two hundred miles; the "Scholiast on Fiacc" reduces the distance to sixty, others say a hundred. Lanigan makes him arrive at Bantry Bay.[1] On reaching the shore he saw, as it had seemed in his dream, a ship lying close in land. The sight awoke within him a yet more intense desire to be free. Lifting up his voice, he besought the captain to take him on board. A refusal, much to his chagrin, was the reply sent back. An emaciated figure, clad in the garb of a swineherd, the plight doubtless in which Patrick presented himself, was not an attractive object, nor one fitted to make the ship's crew wish to have any nearer acquaintance with him. The ship was on the point of departing without him. He sent up a prayer to heaven—the cry of a heart that panted for deliverance and fully confided in God. It was the act of an instant. The voice was again heard speaking to him from the ship, and telling him that the captain was willing to take him on board.

The sail spread and the anchor lifted, we behold the vessel, with Patrick on board, ploughing her way through the waters of the Irish Channel, her prow turned in the direction of the British shore. The youth was fleeing from slavery, with all its humiliating and brutalizing adjuncts, but with a heart full of thankfulness that the day had ever dawned upon him—the darkest he had ever seen, as he then deemed it; the happiest of all his

life, he now saw it to be, when the robber-band, darting from their galleys, and enclosing the quiet village of Bonaven, made him their prey, and carried him captive to that land whose mountains, in his flight from it, were now sinking behind him. By losing his liberty he had found it, but he had found a better liberty than the liberty he lost. Nor—though the crime reflected disgrace not only on its perpetrators, but also on the country to which they belonged—had Ireland cause to reflect, save with profoundest gratitude, as the sequel will show, on an occurrence which had brought this youth to its shore, and retained him so many years a bondsman.

Endnote

1. See Todd's *Life of St. Patrick*, p. 36, Dublin, 1864.

CHAPTER XII.

PATRICK AGAIN AT HOME—THOUGHTS OF IRELAND—DREAMS—RESOLVES TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO ITS CONVERSION.

PATRICK, the apostle of Ireland, is not the first, nor is he by any means the last, whose career illustrates that great law, according to which the highest eminence in the church—by which we mean not the eminence of official rank, but the higher eminence of spiritual gifts and holy service—is attainable only through great and often prolonged struggles of soul. It is amid these throes and agonies that great souls are born. And then to inward distress and conflict there are added at times, as in the case before us, bitter outward humiliations and sufferings. The most cursory survey of the past justifies our remark. Whether we turn to the names that shine as stars in the firmament of Holy Writ, or to those that illumine the page of ecclesiastical history, we trace in all of them the operation of a law which was established in ancient times, and is as changeless and imperative as that other of which it was said that it "altereth not."

And it must needs be so. The brilliant prizes which wait on ambition; the sweets of power, the grandeur which surrounds rank and wealth, the luster which superior knowledge sheds on its possessor—all these are potent enough to nerve the man whose aim—a high one, we admit—it is to maintain his country's rights, or enlarge the boundaries of science. But it is far otherwise with those whose aim is the eternal good of their fellowmen. The very passions and ambitions which need to be fostered in the former class of workers, must be purged out in the latter. It is in the furnace—a furnace heated sevenfold—that this purgation is effected. It is in its fires that the dross of selfishness is consumed; the nobler but still earthly passion of ambition conquered; the love of human applause, which so enfeebles and vitiates, extinguished, and the soul becomes able to yield an entire devotion to truth, and to exercise an absolute dependence on God. The man now stands clothed in a moral strength which is proof alike against the seductions of error and the terrors of power.

Moses by one rash act threw back the deliverance of his people, and drove himself into exile. Many a bitter hour did the thought cause him in

the solitude of Midian. But we behold the hot impulsive spirit which he brought with him from Egypt, and which had been fostered doubtless by the flatteries of the court, toning down day by day amid these silent wastes, till of all the sons of men, Moses is now the meekest, and he who had fallen before the provocation of a moment was able to bear the burden of a whole nation for forty years. It was in a prison among felons, whose fetters he wore, that Joseph acquired that knowledge of human nature and matured those great faculties which he afterwards displayed in the government of Egypt. Luther entered the convent at Erfurt as proud a Pharisee as ever walked the earth, full of the project of being his own saviour, but he buried the Pharisee in his cell, and returned to the world "a sinner saved by grace." What the Augustinian convent was to Luther, the mountains of Antrim were to Patrick. There, in his struggles for his own eternal life, he learned the secret of Ireland's darkness and bondage, and matured the faculties by which he effected its emancipation, making it morning in that land when the shadows were falling thick and fast on so many of the countries of Europe.

Two months elapsed before the exile reached his home on the banks of the Clyde. This was a long time for so short a distance. But the two countries lay much farther apart in that age than in ours, if we measure the distance by the difficulties of the road rather than by the number of its miles. Three days, or at most a week, would be spent on the sea voyage, leaving seven weeks for the journey from the point of disembarkation, of which we are ignorant, to his father's dwelling at Bonaven. But the country to be passed through was unsettled, and liable to sudden raids; and the exile's journey, we know, was full of hazards and escapes, of which, however, we have only transient and scarcely intelligible glimpses. He would seem on his way to have fallen into the power of a hostile tribe, and to have suffered some detention at their hands, for he speaks of a second captivity undergone by him after his escape from his first in Ireland. But it does not concern the object of our history to arrange or reconcile these obscurely recorded incidents. Let it suffice that Patrick was again with his parents. "After a few years," says he, referring probably to his six years of absence in Ireland, "I was again with my parents in the Brittaniæ," the customary term for the Roman provinces in Britain. Once more Succat stands at his father's door.

Emaciated, way-worn, attired in the garb of a swineherd, shall his father know him under this disguise? The shock of the first surprise over, Calpurnius recognizes in the figure before him—the flush of excitement contending on his cheek with the pallor of suffering and endurance—his long-lost son, of whom no tidings, probably, had ever reached him since the day the pirate fleet bore away and was lost to view beyond the Argyleshire hills. He throws himself upon the neck of his son, as unexpectedly restored as he had been suddenly snatched away. While he gives him the kiss of welcome, he little dreams how much more precious is the son whom he now receives back than was the son who went forth from him! He could not see, he could not even guess the rich experiences and the lofty aspirations that lay hid beneath the tattered raiment that covered the form he was now pressing to his bosom. The son he now so gladly welcomes had just returned from a school, though Calpurnius had yet to be told this, where, if the regimen is sharp, it is beyond measure salutary, and if the lessons are hard they repay an hundredfold the pain it costs to learn them.

We behold Patrick once more in the home of his youth. Around that home all was unchanged. There, as aforetime, were the vales flecked with flocks; there were the hazel and the birch crowning the rocky crests and knolls; there was the noble river washing as of yore the feet of the grand rock that towers up on its shore; there were the far-off mountains opening wide their stony portals to give exit to the expanding flow of the Clyde into the Irish Sea; lovely as ever were the gray tints of the morning and the vermilion dyes of the sunset. But Patrick gazed on all these with other eyes than those which had drank in their beauties in his boyhood and youth. His old companions came round him in the hope of hearing the tale of his adventures, and helping him to forget in their jovial society the hardships of his exile. They found him strangely changed though they knew not why. He could not join their laugh nor re-echo their scoffs. Their delights were no longer his delights. Black melancholy, they said, has set her mark upon him. The light of his once exuberant spirit has gone out. Let us leave him to his moody humours. Yes! Patrick had come to himself. Awakened, he felt how solemn it is to live; how awful to laugh or mock all through the short years, and go down into the grave loaded with the guilt of vast undischarged responsibilities. In truth, those who said that he had escaped from Ireland only in body, were in the right; his

heart was in that country still.

"The traveller," it has been said, "changes his sky, but not himself." The remark does not hold good in the case of the exile whose history we are tracing. Patrick, when he crossed the Channel, the cords round his limbs, changed his sky, but he changed also himself. Ireland was the land of his birth, of his second and better birth; and he now thought of it, therefore, and felt towards it as towards his native land. The ties that bound him to it were holier and stronger than those that linked him to the home of his fathers. While he wandered by the banks of his native Clyde, he ever and anon turned his gaze wistfully in the direction of the western hills. The image of the poor country beyond them rose before him night and day. The cold, the hunger, the night-watchings he had there undergone, were now sweet and blessed memories. The bitterness had gone out of them. Amid the comforts of his home in his father's house he looked back with regret to the nights he had spent watching his flock on the mountains of Antrim, his spirit within him singing songs of gladness while the storm was raging without. But though Patrick had as good as forgotten the miseries he had endured in that land, he had not forgotten the misery he had seen there. The thought of its sons groping on through life in darkness and going down into an eternal night, was ever present with him and ever uppermost. Could he wash his, hands and hold himself wholly guiltless of their blood? He owed himself to Ireland, surely the least he could do towards payment of the debt was to give himself to it. Why had he left it? Had he not acted the part of the ancient prophet, who, when commanded to go and preach repentance to Nineveh rose up and fled, leaving the million-peopled capital of Assyria to its fate? These were the thoughts that stirred within him and gave him no rest.

What by day were abstract considerations of duty appealing to his conscience, took to themselves by night embodiment and shape, and appeared before him as suppliants who had come to plead the cause of that wretched country from which he had fled. It seemed to Patrick; as if a man of Ireland stood on the other side of the Channel, and gazing beseechingly across, like the man of Macedonia who beckoned to Paul, cried to Patrick and said, "Come over and help us." "In the dead of the night," says he, "I saw a man coming to me as if from Hiberio, whose name was *Victorious*, bearing innumerable letters. He gave me one of

them to read. It was entitled, 'The Voice of the Irish.' [1] As I read I thought I heard at that same moment the voice of those that dwell at the wood of Foclaid, near the western ocean; and thus they cried, as with one mouth, 'We beseech thee, holy youth, come and walk still among us.' I felt my heart greatly stirred in me, and could read no more, and so I awoke." [2]

"Again on another night, I know not, God knoweth whether it was within me, or near me, I heard distinctly words which I could not understand, except that at the end of what was said, there was uttered: 'He who gave his life for thee, is He who speaketh in thee.' And so I awoke rejoicing" On another occasion he tells us, that it seemed to him as if one were praying within him. But he makes clear in what sense he interpreted his dream by telling us that when he awoke he recollected the apostle's words, "The Spirit helpeth the infirmity of our prayer. For we know not what to pray for as we ought, but the Spirit himself maketh intercession for us, with groanings that cannot be uttered, which cannot be expressed in words." And again, "The Lord our advocate intercedeth for us." [3]

Patrick has removed by only a few centuries from an age in which God had spoken to men in dreams, and visions of the night. Was the Most High again having recourse to this ancient method of communicating His will? There was divine interposition, but no miracle, in the occurrences we have related; nor does Patrick himself see miracle in them. They were the echo in his now awakened conscience of the great command given on the Mount of Olives, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This Patrick regarded as his special warrant to essay the great work of evangelizing Ireland. His commission had come to him, not from the Seven Hills, but direct from the Mount of Olives. Christ Himself it was who sent him forth; and that commission received in due course its seal and signature in a converted Ireland.

Days and months passed on, and Patrick was still with his parents in the Britanniæ. Had the cry of Ireland waxed faint, and died away? or had Patrick become deaf to an appeal which had stirred him so powerfully at the first? The cry from across the Channel grew louder day by day, and Patrick was more eager than ever to respond to it; but there were many and great hindrances in the way, which he feared to break through. Who was Patrick, the exile, the swineherd, that he should essay to bring a

nation out of darkness, from which he himself was but newly escaped? He must lay his account, in the prosecution of such an enterprise, with encountering the sophistry of learned Druid and the hostility of powerful chieftain. The one would fight for his altar, and the other for his slave, and he would draw down the wrath of both upon his poor head. Last, and perhaps greatest, he would inevitably rouse the suspicion and perhaps the violence of the masses, who would not take kindly that he should disturb and unsettle their long-cherished superstitions and beliefs. These were the formidable obstacles that arrayed themselves against his enterprise ever as he thought of it. What pretensions had he to the learning or eloquence without which it were folly to think of achieving so great a work?

As he hesitated and delayed, the cry of Ireland sounded again in the ear of his conscience. That cry, agreeably to the ideas of the age and the warm temperament of the youth, embodied itself in the dramatic form of voices and dreams by night. There seemed again to stand before him suppliants from across the Irish Sea, who pleaded with him in behalf of those who lay plunged in a misery from which he himself had been delivered. With the return of day these suppliants who had stood all night long by his couch took their departure, only to let conscience speak. He had no rest. If he wandered by the Clyde he saw its waters flowing away to join the Irish sea. If he watched the setting sun it was going down over Ireland, and its last gleam was gilding the wood of Focloid. If the storm-cloud came up from the southwest, it was laden with the sighs of that land over which it blew in its passage from the great Western ocean. At last his resolution was unalterably taken. He would arise and go in the character of a missionary to that land to which he had been carried as a slave. Unlettered, as regards the learning of the schools, unanointed, save by "an unction from the holy One," uncommissioned, save by the last words spoken on Olivet, and floated across the five centuries to his own day, he would cross the Channel, and borrowing the strength of Him who had dispelled the night around his own soul, he would attack the darkness, and throw down the idols of Ireland.

He broke his purpose to his parents. Surprised and grieved, they strongly opposed it. Had he not suffered enough already in that barbarous country? Was he ambitious of being a second time the slave of its chieftains, and

the keeper of its swine? Even some of the clergy of the Church of Ninian discountenanced his design. Their own dying zeal was far below the pitch that could prompt them to such an enterprise; and they derided the idea that it should be undertaken by a youth who had never passed a single day within the walls of Candida Casa, or of any missionary institute of the age, and who had no qualifications for the task, that they could see. Nay, the old fault was brought up against him; but all was in vain. Neither the tears of parents, nor the sneers of prudent-minded ecclesiastics, could shake his resolution. A greater than father or presbyter commanded him to go, and His voice he would obey. "Oh, whence to me this wisdom!" we find him writing in after days, "who once knew not so much as to count the number of the days, and had no relish for God? Whence to me this, so great and saving a grace, that I should thus know God, or love God? that I should cast off country and parents, refusing their many offers and weeping and tears, and, withal, offend my seniors (elders) contrary to my wish? . . . Yet not I, but the grace of God which was in me, which resisted all impediments to the end that I should come to the Irish tribes to preach the gospel." If he had been able to offer himself in the service of this heathen country, he takes no merit to himself. It was not strength of will that had achieved this victory. The old Patrick would have remained at home with parents and friends. The new Patrick must go forth and begin what he calls his "laborious episcopate." "Not I," says he, with a greater apostle, "but the grace of God that was in me." [4]

His biographers make Patrick prepare himself for entering on his field of labour by making the tour of the then famous monasteries or mission-schools of the continent of Europe. They send him first of all to Tours in Gaul, which then reflected the luster of the genius and labours of Martin, a near relation, as some have affirmed, though on no certain evidence, of his mother, Conchessa. From the school of Tours they make him proceed to that of Lerins, where Vincent was then rising into repute. Last of all, they place him at the feet of the celebrated Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre. In this training thirty years pass away, and when Patrick has become learned in all the wisdom which these seats of knowledge had to impart, his biographers send him to Ireland. [5]

This progress through the schools on the part of our missionary, we believe to be wholly imaginary; in short, a fable. Patrick himself says

not one word from which we could infer that he passed through so lengthened a course of study. When reproached with being unlearned, as he sometimes was, what more natural than that he should have pointed to the famous schools he had frequented, and the great teachers at whose feet he had sat. Instead of doing so, he always frankly confesses that the accusation was true, and that he was unlearned. Moreover, it is very improbable that one who knew, as Patrick did, Ireland's misery, and whose heart yearned, as his yearned, for that country's deliverance, have spent thirty years in going from school to school, where he could learn little that would be of use in his future work, and might forget much of essential service which he had been already taught by more infallible guides.

Patrick set out for Ireland clad in no armour of the schools. The scholastic age, with its great doctors, was yet a long way off. Aristotle had not yet come into vogue in the Christian Church. The clergy of those days bowed to Plato rather than to the Stagerite. The doctrines of Paul, in their estimation, lacked the "salt" of philosophy. By combining the wisdom of the Greek with the gospel of the Jew, they would produce a system more likely, in their belief, to find general acceptance with the nations. Augustine, who saw in this the subversion of Christianity, strove to stem the torrent of corruption, and lead back Western Christendom to the original sources of divine knowledge; and could we persuade ourselves that his writings had traveled as far to the north as the banks of the Clyde, we would say that the future apostle of Ireland was a disciple of the bishop of Hippo, and had learned from him the two cardinal doctrines which are the kernel of all theology, the beginning and the end of religion as a system, even the utter helplessness of man, and the absolute freeness of the grace of God. But Patrick was not taught by man. He had learned his theology on the mountains of Antrim. The two great doctrines of his teaching had been revealed to him, as the law was revealed to the Israelites, amid the darkness and thunders of an awakened conscience. There was a revelation of them within himself. When the terrors of God, like great waters, were rolling round his soul, and he was preparing to make his bed in hell, a Hand from above drew him out of the depths and set him upon a rock, and this sudden and gracious deliverance made him see how helpless he himself was, and how free and sovereign the grace that had rescued him.

It is in the furnace that the true priest receives his anointing: it is in the furnace that the soldier of the cross is harnessed for the battle. It was in a furnace heated sevenfold that the apostle of Ireland had the sign of his apostleship stamped upon him. His sufferings were a more glorious badge of office than crosier and miter. "I was amended of the Lord," he says, "who thus fitted me to be today what I was once far from being, namely, that I should busy myself with, and labour for the salvation of others at a time when I thought not of my own."

Endnotes

1. *Vox Hiberionacum.*
2. *Pat. Confess.*, sec. xi.
3. *Pat. Confess.*, sec. xii.
4. *Pat. Confess.*, sec. 15.
5. See Todd's *Life of St. Patrick.*

CHAPTER XIII.

PATRICK—THE GREATNESS OF HIS MISSION—ITS OPPORTUNENESS—YEAR OF PATRICK' S ARRIVAL—HE PRECEDES PALLADIUS—PALLADIUS SENT FROM ROME TO COUNTERACT HIM.

ATTENDED by a few companions, humble men like himself, Patrick crossed the sea, and arrived in Ireland. He was now thirty years of age. The prime of his days and the commencement of his life-work had come together. The work on which we now behold him entering, and in which he was to be unceasingly occupied during the sixty years that were yet to be given him, is one that takes its place among the great movements of the world. Till we come to the morning of the sixteenth century we meet with no work of equal magnitude, whether we have regard to the revolution it produced in Patrick's own day, or to the wide issues into which it opened out, and the vast area over which its beneficent influence extended in the following centuries. It was, in fact, a second departure of primitive Christianity; it was a sudden uprising, in virtue of its own inextinguishable force, of the pure simple Gospel, on new soil, after it had been apparently overlaid and buried under a load of pagan ideas, philosophic theories, and Jewish ceremonialism in the countries where it first arose.

The voyage of Patrick, to begin his mission, was the one bright spot in the Europe of that hour. The wherry that bore him across the Irish Sea may with truth be said to have carried the Church and her fortunes. The world that had been was passing away. The lights of knowledge were disappearing from the sky. Ancient monarchies were falling by the stroke of barbarian arms. The Church was resounding with the din of controversy, and the thunder of anathema. Religion had no beauty in the eyes of its professors, save what was shed upon it by the pomp of ceremony, or the blaze of worldly dignities. Christianity appeared to have failed in her mission of enduing the nations with a new and purer life. She had stepped down from her lofty sphere where she shone as a spiritual power, and was moving in the low orbit of earthly systems. It was at this time of gathering darkness that this man, in simplicity of character, and grandeur of aim, so unlike the men of his age, went forth to kindle the lamp of Divine truth in this isle of ocean, whence it might

diffuse its light over northern Europe.

Patrick arrived in Ireland about the year A.D. 405. In fixing this date as the commencement of his labours, we differ widely from the current of previous histories. All the mediæval writers of his life, save the very earliest, and even his modern biographers, date his arrival in Ireland thirty years later, making it fall about A.D. 432. This date is at variance with the other dates and occurrences of his life—in short, a manifest mistake, and yet it is surprising how long it has escaped discovery, and not only so, but has passed without even challenge. The monkish biographers of Patrick had Palladius upon their hands, and being careful of his honour, and not less of that of his master, they have adjusted the mission of Patrick so as to harmonize with the exigencies arising out of the mission of Palladius. They have placed Patrick's mission in the year subsequent to that of Palladius, though at the cost of throwing the life and labours of both men, and the occurrences of the time, into utter confusion. We think we are able to show, on the contrary, that Patrick was the first to arrive in Ireland; that he preceded Palladius as a worker in that country, by not less than twenty seven years, and that it was to the converts of Patrick that Palladius was sent as their first bishop. This is the fair, one may say, the unavoidable conclusion to which we are constrained to come after comparing the statements of history and weighing the evidence on the whole case. But this is a conclusion which inevitably suggests an inference touching the view held by the Scots on the claims of the pontiff, and the obedience due to him, which is not at all agreeable to the assertors of the papal dignity, either in our own or in mediæval times; and so the two missions have been jumbled and mixed up together in a way that tends to prevent that inference being seen. Let us see how the case stands. It throws light on the condition of the Christian Scots at the opening of the fifth century, and their relations to the Italian bishop.

The starting point of our argument is a fact which is well authenticated in history, and which must be held to rule the whole question. In the year 431, says Prosper, writing in the same century, "Palladius was sent by Pope Celestine to the Scots, believing in Christ as their first bishop." We know of no succeeding writer who has called in question the statement of Prosper; but let us reflect how much that statement concedes, and how far it goes to make good our whole contention. It is admitted, then, that in

A.D. 431 the Scots, that is, the Scots in Ireland—for Ireland [1] was then the seat of the nation—were "believers in Christ." The words of Prosper cannot mean only that there were individual converts among the Scots; they obviously imply that a large body of that nation had been converted to Christianity. The fact of their Christianisation had been carried to the metropolis of the Christian world, it had received the grave attention of the pontiff. Celestine had judged the Scots ripe for having a bishop set over them, and accordingly, consecrating Palladius, he dispatched him to exercise that office amongst them. The words of Prosper can bear no other construction. They show us the Scots formed into a Church, enjoying, doubtless, the ministry of pastors, but lacking that which, according to Roman ideas, was essential to the completeness of their organization—a bishop, namely. And accordingly Celestine resolves to supply this want, by sending Palladius to crown their ecclesiastical polity, and to receive in return, doubtless, for this mark of pontifical affection, the submission of the Scots to the papal see.

But the mediæval chroniclers go on to relate what it is impossible to reconcile with the state of affairs among the Scots as their previous statements had put it. They first show us the Scots believing in Christ, and Palladius arriving amongst them as their bishop. And then they go on to say that the Scots in Ireland were still unconverted, and that it was Patrick by whom this great revolution in their affairs was brought about. Accounting for the repulsed flight of Palladius, they say, "God had given the conversion of Ireland to St. Patrick." The words are, "Palladius was ordained and sent to convert this island, lying under wintry cold, but God hindered him, for no man can receive anything from earth unless it be given him from heaven." [2] Of equal antiquity and authority is the following:— "Then Patricus is sent by the angel of God named Victor, and by Pope Celestine, in whom all Hibernia believed, and who baptised almost the whole of it." [3]

So, then, according to the mediæval chroniclers, we have the Scots believing in Christ in A.D. 431 when Palladius arrived among them, and we have then yet to be converted in A.D. 432 when Patrick visited them. Either Pope Celestine was grossly imposed upon when he was made to believe that the Scots had become Christian and needed a bishop, or the mediæval biographers of St. Patrick have blundered as regards the year

of his arrival in Ireland, and made him follow Palladius when they ought to have made him precede him. Both statements cannot be correct, for that would make the Scots to be at once Christian and pagan. In history as in logic it is the more certain that determines the less certain. The more certain in this case is the mission of Palladius in 431, and the condition of the Scots as already believers in Christ. The less certain is the conjectural visit of Patrick in 432. The latter, therefore— that is, the year of Patrick's arrival in Ireland,—must be determined in harmony with the admitted historic fact as regards the time and object of Palladius' mission, and that imperatively demands that we give precedence to Patrick as the first missionary to the Scots in Ireland, and the man by whom they were brought to the knowledge of the Gospel. To place him after Palladius would only land us in contradiction and confusion.

Other facts and considerations confirm our view of this matter. Patrick's life, written by himself, is the oldest piece of patristic literature extant, the authorship of which was within the British churches. As a sober and trustworthy authority, it outweighs all the mediæva1 chronicles put together. The picture it presents of Ireland at the time of Patrick's arrival is that of a pagan country. Not a word does he say of any previous labourer in this field. He is seen building up the church among the Scots from its very foundations. Other witnesses to the same fact follow. Marcus, an Irish bishop who flourished in the beginning of the ninth century, informs us that Patrick came to Ireland in A.D. 405; and Nennius, who lived about the same time, repeats the statement. [4] "The Leadhar Breac,"[5] or Speckled Book, which is the most important repertory of ecclesiastical and theological writings which the Irish Church possesses, being written early in the twelfth century, and some parts of it in the eighth century, or even earlier, gives us to understand that it was known at Rome that Patrick was labouring in Ireland when Palladius was sent thither, for it informs us that "Palladius was sent by Pope Celestine with a gospel for Patrick to preach to the Irish." And in one of the oldest lives of Patrick extant it is admitted that he was in Ireland many years before Palladius arrived in that country.[6]

There are three dates in the career of Patrick which have of late been ascertained with tolerable certainty. These are his birth, his death, and the length of time he laboured as an evangelist in Ireland; and while

these dates agree with one another, and so afford a strong corroboration of the accuracy of all three, they cannot be reconciled with the theory that Patrick's ministry in Ireland was posterior to the mission of Palladius. According to the best authorities, Patrick was born about A.D. 373; [7] and Lanigan has adduced good evidence to prove that he died in A.D. 465. The "Book of Armagh" furnishes corroborative evidence of the same fact. It says, "From the passion of Christ to the death of Patrick there were 436 years." [8] The crucifixion took place about A.D. 30; and adding these thirty years to the 436 that intervened between the crucifixion and the death of Patrick, we arrive at A.D. 466 as the year of his demise. Traditions of the highest authority attest that he spent sixty years in preaching the Gospel to the Scoto-Irish. And as between A.D. 405, when, we have said, Patrick arrived in Ireland, and A.D. 465 when he died, there are exactly sixty years, we are presented with a strong confirmation that this is the true scheme of his life, and that when Palladius arrived "with a gospel from Pope Celestine for Patrick to preach to the Irish," he found the British missionary in the midst of his evangelical labours among the Scots, and learned, much to his chagrin, doubtless, that the numerous converts of Patrick preferred to keep by the shepherd who had been the first to lead them into the pastures of the Gospel to following the voice of a stranger.

If anything were wanting to complete the proof that Palladius came not before, but after, Patrick, intruding into a field which he had not cultivated, and attempting to exercise authority over a flock who knew him not, and owed him no subjection, it is the transparent weakness of the excuses by which it has been attempted to cover Palladius' speedy and inglorious flight from Ireland, and the very improbable and, indeed, incredible account which the mediæval chroniclers have given of the appointment by Pope Celestine of Patrick as his successor. If one who had filled the influential position of archdeacon of Rome, as Palladius had done, had so signally failed in his mission to the Scots, and been so summarily and unceremoniously repudiated by them, it is not likely that Celestine would so soon renew the attempt, or that his choice would fall on one of whose name, so far as our information goes, he had never heard—at all events, one of whom he could have known almost nothing. Nor is this the only, or, indeed, main difficulty connected with this supposed appointment by Celestine. Patrick, we are told, was nominated as Palladius' successor,

when the Pope had learned that the latter was dead. The Pope never did or could learn that his missionary to the Scots was dead, for before it was possible for the tidings to have traveled to Rome, the Pope himself was in his grave. Celestine died in July the 27th, A.D. 432. At that time Palladius was alive at Fordun, or, if he had succumbed to the fever that carried him off, he was but newly dead; and months must have elapsed before the tidings of his decease arrived in Rome, to find the Pope also in his tomb. It hardly needs the plain and positive denial Patrick himself has given, that he never received pontifical consecration, to convince us, that his appointment by Pope Celestine as missionary or bishop to Ireland is a fable.

The more nearly we approach this matter, and the closer we look into the allegations of the chroniclers and of those who follow them, the more clearly does the truth appear. The excuses with which they cover the speedy retreat of Palladius only reveal the naked fact; they are a confession that the Christian Scots refused to receive him as their bishop. The story of Nathy, the terrible Irish chieftain, who so frightened Palladius that he fled for his life before he had been many days in the country, is a weak and ridiculous invention. Instead of a powerful monarch, as some have painted him, Nathy was a petty chieftain, who stretched his scepter over a territory equal in size to an English county or a Scotch parish; and if Palladius could not brave the wrath of so insignificant a potentate, verily his courage was small, and his zeal for the cause which Celestine had entrusted to him, lukewarm. We cannot believe that the missionary of Celestine was the craven this story would represent him to have been, or that he would so easily betray the interests of the Papal chair, or refuse to run a little risk for the sake of advancing its pretensions. The true reason for his precipitate flight was, beyond doubt, the opposition of the Scots to his mission. They wanted no bishop from Rome. Patrick had now for twenty seven years been labouring among them; he had been their instructor in the Gospel; they willingly submitted to his gracious rule; they rejoiced to call him their bishop, although there never was a miter set on his brow; and they had no desire to exchange the government of his pastoral staff for the iron crook of this emissary from the banks of the Tiber. If the "gospel" which Palladius had brought from Celestine to preach to them was the same Gospel which Patrick had taught them, what could they do but express their regret that he should have come so

long a journey to give them that which they already possessed? If it was another gospel, even though it had come down to them from Rome, which was now aspiring to be called the mother and mistress of all churches, they declined to receive it. In short, the Scots gave Palladius plainly to understand that he had meddled in a matter with which he had no concern, and that they judged his interference an attempt to steal their hearts from him who had "begotten them in Christ," and to whom all their loyalty was due, and of inflicting upon them the farther wrong of robbing them of the liberty in which they lived under the pastor of their choice, and bringing them into thralldom to a foreign lord. But the plain unvarnished record of the fact was not to be expected from the mediæval chroniclers. They were worshipers of the pontifical grandeur, and hence the contradictions and fables by which they have sought to conceal the affront offered to the pontiff in the person of his deputy. Nor is the fact to be looked for from those writers of our own day who are so anxious to persuade us that the Scots were always in communion with Rome, and always subject to the authority of its bishop. History shows us the very opposite. The first acts of the Scots on their conversion to the Christian faith are seen to be these—they repel the advances of the bishop of Rome, they put forth a claim of independence, and they refuse to bow at the foot of the papal chair. Amen!!

Endnotes

1. We must again remind our readers that the Scotland of that age was Ireland. Porphory (middle of third century) is the first who mentions the *Scoticæ gentes*, "the Scottish tribes," as the inhabitants of the Britannic Isles. From that time Scotia occurs as the proper name of Hibernia. Claudian (A.D. 395) says: "When the Scots put all Ireland in motion (against the Romans), then over heaps of Scots the icy Ierne wept." Orosius, in the same age, says: "Hibernia is inhabited by the Scottish nations" (lib. i. cap. 20). *Scotia eadem et Hibernia*, "Scotland and Ireland are the same country" (Isidore, lib. xii. c. 6). Ireland is properly the country of the Scots, says Bede. The word *properly* is used to distinguish them from the Scots who in his day had come to be settled in Argyleshire. Ancient Scotland is spoken of as an island, and Scotland never was an island, though Ireland is.

2. *Life of St. Patrick* (A.D. 700), preserved in the Book of Armagh;

Todd's *Life of St. Patrick* p. 288.
3. Annotation of Tirechan on the *Life of St. Patrick*, also preserved in the book of *Book of Armagh*, a MS. of the early part of the 9th century.
4. "Its claims," says Dr. Killen (Old Catholic Church), "have been acknowledged by the best critics of all denominations," by Usher, Ware, Tillemont, Lanigan, and Neander. Dr. Killen strongly supports the view advocated in the text. He thinks that Patrick arrived in Ireland immediately after the death of Nial, or Nial of the Nine Hostages, in the year 40
5. Introduction to the Irish version of Nennius, p. 19. Dublin, 1838.
6. Dr. Petrie speaks of the *Leadhar Breac* as the oldest and best MS. relating to the Irish Church, now preserved, or which, perhaps, the Irish ever possessed.
6. Interpolated version of his life by Probus—Dr. Petrie on Tara Hill.
7. Lanigan, i. 129,130. *Ibid*. i. 362, 363.
8. Betham, ii. 288. *Transac. Roy. Irish Acad*., vol. xviii. part ii. p. 52.

CHAPTER XIV.

PATRICK CROSSES THE SEA—BEGINS HIS MINISTRY—MANNER OF HIS PREACHING—EFFECT ON THE IRISH.

NOTHING could be more unpretending, or farther removed from display, than the manner in which Patrick entered on his mission. We see him go forth, not, indeed, alone, but with only a small following of obscure and humble disciples. He has communicated his design to a few select members of the British church of Strathclyde: they have approved his purpose, and caught a portion of his spirit, and now offer themselves as the associates of his future labours. On a certain day they proceed together to the sea shore, and pass over to the other side. On that voyage hang events of incalculable consequence. If the tempest shall burst and mishap befall the tiny ship now labouring amid the tides of the Irish Channel, history must alter its course, and the destiny of nations will be changed.

Tirechan, the eighth-century commentator on the "Life of Patrick," deeming so mean an escort altogether unbefitting so great an occasion, has provided Patrick with a sumptuous retinue of "holy bishops, presbyters, deacons, exorcists, ostiari, and lictors." It is hard to see the need he had of such an attendance, or the help these various functionaries could give him in his labours among the savage clans of pagan Ireland. But in truth the coracle that carried Patrick across the Channel bore no such freight. This army of spiritual men is the pure creation of the chronicler's pen.

The little party crossed the sea in safety, and arrived at Innes Patrick, a small island off the coast of Dublin. Their stay here was short, the place being then most probably uninhabited. They next sailed along the coast northward, halting at various points on their voyage to recruit their stock of provisions. In some instances the inhabitants absolutely refused to supply their necessities, and sent then away fasting, and Patrick, his biographers say, punished their niggardliness by pronouncing the curse of barrenness on the rivers and fields of these inhospitable people.[1] These "bolts of malediction," as his biographers term them, we may well believe, are as purely imaginary as the crowd of "holy bishops" that formed his train. Such fictions serve only to show how ill these writers understood

the man whose character they had undertaken to portray. Patrick bore neither weapon in his hand nor malediction on his lip: he had come to preach peace, and to scatter blessings, and, after the example of a Greater, he took no account whether they were friends or enemies on whom these blessings lighted.

Continuing their course, Patrick and his fellow-voyagers reached the coast of Ulster, and finally disembarked at the mouth of the Slain, a small river now called Slany. The spot lies between the town lands of RingLane and Ballintogher, about two miles from Sabhal or Saul. [2] Here it was that Patrick began his great career. In the little band which we see stepping on shore at Downpatrick to begin work among the Scots in Ireland, we behold the beginning of that great movement among the Celtic nations by which Christianity, during the course of the three following centuries, was spread from the banks of the Po to the frozen shores of Iceland.

Patrick's first sermon was preached in a barn. The use of this humble edifice was granted him by the chief of the district, whom, the legend says, was the same man as his former master, Milchu. When we see Patrick rising up before a crowd of pagan Scots in this barn we are reminded of the wooden shed in which Luther, ten centuries afterwards, opened his public ministry in the market place of Wittenberg. In a fabric having as little pretension to show or grandeur did Patrick open his mission in Ireland. He spoke in the dialect of those whom he addressed. The Celtic was then the common tongue of the North of Europe. The dialect of Ireland might differ from the dialect of Patrick's birthplace, but that presented no difficulty in his case, seeing he had made himself familiar with the dialect of Ulster during the six years that he herded sheep on its mountains. He knew not the tongue only but the hearts also of the men who now stood before him. He had learned to read them when he mingled with them as a slave. To what device had he recourse to gain their attention? How was he able to procure for his words entrance into their dark minds? How is it that the lightning penetrates the gloom of the deepest midnight? Is it not by its own inherent illuminating power? Patrick's words were light, light from the skies; and simply by their own silent and celestial power, like the lightning of the clouds, did they penetrate the pagan darkness and chase the night from the souls of these men.

The churchmen in Rome at that day were vying with each other in the glory of their official garments, and the grandeur of their temples, sure signs that they had begun to distrust the power of their message. It was in his perfect confidence in the unimpaired omnipotent power of the Gospel message, that Patrick's great strength lay. As the days when the Gospel walked in Galilee and preached to men by the sea shore and on the mountain's side, so was now to be in Ulster. The Gospel had returned to the simplicity, and with the simplicity, to the power of its youth. Smitten with premature decrepitude in the proud Italian capital, it was about to go forth with the footsteps of a mighty conqueror on the mountains of Antrim. While the eloquence of Chrysostom was evoking only the noisy plaudits of the gay citizens of Constantinople, the words of Patrick were to draw forth from the Scots of Ulster the tears of genuine penitence. Standing up before his audience in the same garb in which he had crossed the sea, and speaking to them in their mother tongue, Patrick told them the simple but grand story of the cross. The rugged exterior of the speaker was soon forgotten in the wonder and amazement which his message awakened. Like a fire, it searched the souls of his hearers through and through. Like a great hammer, it smote upon their consciences and awoke them from their deep sleep. As it had been formerly with Patrick himself, so was it now with these ignorant and fierce men; their own former selves came out of the darkness of their ignorance, and stood before their eyes. What had their past life been but one long transgression! So did they now see it. Like men coming out of a stupor, and struggling painfully back into consciousness, so these men, in whom a moral and spiritual consciousness was now being developed, returned to life with pain and agony, feeling the load of guilt and wretchedness that lay upon them. To efface the record of these iniquitous deeds was impossible, and it was equally beyond their power to atone for them. And yet satisfaction, they felt, there must be, otherwise the approach of a doom, as terrible as it was righteous, could not be stayed. What were they to do? On every side they saw themselves confronted with stern realities, not to be met by fictions or mystic rites, but by realities equally great. Behind them were acts of flagrant transgression. In front of them was a Law in which they heard the voice of a great Judge speaking, and saying, "The wages of sin is Death" Trouble and anguish took hold upon them.

Anon there began to pass another change upon the men gathered round

Patrick, and listening for the first time in their lives to the Gospel from his lips. They began to understand that this was a message from Heaven; and they gathered hope from the fact that the Great Father had sent one to call them from the errors in which they had long wandered, and bring them back to himself. It was clear that He had no pleasure in their death. Light began to break in through their deep darkness. And now there seemed to be unveiled before them, as if by an unseen hand, a Tree on which a Divine Victim was suspended, who was bearing their sins and dying in their room. It was this wondrous sight that changed the words of the preacher from a message of condemnation and death into a message of forgiveness and life. Here was the very satisfaction which their conscience craved in order that it might lay down its burden. Here was blood of priceless value, and not a spot in all the black record of their past lives which it could not wash out. This was the door of life—of life eternal. At its threshold neither money nor merit was demanded as the condition of admission. Why, then, should they not press into the kingdom, and sit down with the patriarchs and prophets, the kings and righteous men of former ages? They did so. Their pagan life cast off, their hearts purified by the truth, they entered and enrolled their names in that goodly and glorious company which counts among its members men of every age and of every race, and the least of whom is greater than the highest of the grandees of the empires of earth.

It was not every one in the assembly now gathered round Patrick whose heart was touched, and was able to press into the kingdom, the door of which he opened to his hearers. Nor was it, perhaps, the major part; but even if only a few responded to his call, that was much in the circumstances. The heart of the missionary was cheered. He heard in the occurrence a voice bidding him go forward and fear not. If he had been haunted by misgivings that one so humble as he felt himself to be had committed a grave imprudence in undertaking so great an enterprise, these misgivings were now set at rest. These first fruits were the pledges of a great harvest in days to come. The whole land would be given him provided he had zeal to labour and faith to wait. The Gospel had given another proof of its power, and one not the least illustrious of the many it had exhibited since it began its career. Ere this day it had visited many lands, and told its message in almost all the tongues of earth, barbarous and civilized; it had traversed the vast territory that stretches from the

shores of the Nile to the banks of the Ganges, from the snows of Atlas to the mountains of the Kurds, leaving on its path all throughout that immense field the monuments of its beneficent spirit, and transforming energy in tribes emancipated and civilized, in institutions and laws ameliorated, and in individual lives rescued from degradation and ennobled by purity and hope. But it may be questioned whether the Gospel had ever entered a region where, judged from human standpoint, its success was more improbable than among the Scots in Ireland, intractable and stubborn in disposition, held in bondage by their chieftains, and inspired with awe and terror by their Druidic priests. Yet here it was that the Gospel was destined to win its more conspicuous, and certainly its most enduring triumph.

The commission of Patrick had now received its first attesting seal. "He tarried many days there," says the "Book of Armagh." He journeyed over the whole district, preaching and teaching, "and there the faith began to spread."

Endnotes

1. Vita. Trip., i. 41; Todd, *Life of St. Patrick*, p. 405.
2. See a valuable paper (privately printed) by Mr. J. W. Hanna, of Downpatrick, entitled, *An Enquiry into the true landing Place of St. Patrick in Ulster*. Todd, *Life of St. Patrick*; p. 406, footnote.

CHAPTER XV.

PATRICK' S BARN—HIS TOURS—IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS—IN TOWNS—CONVERSATIONS—SERMONS—TOILS AND PERILS—EFFORTS ON BEHALF OF SLAVES—WAS HE EVER AT ROME ?

IT is seldom that a great career destined to be crowned with complete and enduring success opens in victory. Yet so it was in the case of Patrick. He crossed the sea, and the Scots of Ireland surrendered to him at the first summons. So it may be said, for in these first converts the nation is seen giving pledges of full submission in due time. With the arrival of this man on the Irish shore a mighty unseen influence goes forth over the land, and like that plastic force that stirs in the bosom of the earth in spring, and sends forth the little flower to tell that winter has fulfilled its months, and that summer is returning, so this influence which was descending from a higher sky had sent forth these first blossoms to tell that the dark winter of the land was past, and that a sweeter spring tide than any that had ever before freshened its fields was drawing nigh.

In after years a church was erected on the site of the humble edifice in which Patrick had opened his ministry and gained his first triumphs. The form of that church was rectangular, like that of the barn which it replaced. And like the barn, too, the church stood from north to south. It had not yet been decreed that the true orthodox position of a church is from east to west, and that unless it is so placed, the sacraments dispensed in it lack converting power. The idea of such a thing had not dawned on Patrick's mind, and so he went on preaching in churches turned in every direction without finding that the efficacy of the Gospel was in the least impaired thereby; and the fact is undoubted that never was there such a multitude of conversions in Ireland as in those days when the churches of that country stood in directions that flagrantly transgressed the afterwards established rubric. This venerable, though uncanonical sanctuary, which arose on the site on which Patrick's first sermon was preached, was styled *Sabhal Padriuc*, that is, Patrick's Barn. [1] The place retains the name to this day, and is situated about two miles northeast of Downpatrick.

Drawing fresh strength, doubtless, from this auspicious commencement of his career, Patrick went forth to prosecute his ministry throughout the

surrounding region. Much he joyed to give liberty to a land which had given slavery to himself, and that joy received an accession with each new convert. In following the steps of our great missionary it is vain attempting to record his progress from day to day, or even from one year to another. We cannot tell the order in which he visited the several districts and clans, nor do we know the number or the rank of the converts he baptized at the various points where he preached. The task of chronicling such a progress, stage by stage, so easy in the case of a modern mission, is altogether impossible in the case of the missions and missionaries of fourteen hundred years ago. Not only are all contemporary records, such as the men of their own day would have given, wanting, but there hangs between us and these remote evangelists a cloud of fables and prodigies, the creation of men who lived long after these early labourers had gone to their graves, and who neither sympathized with their pure spiritual aims nor were able to rise to the conception of the simple greatness of their characters. The men and the events of those days look out upon us from a legendary fog.

In the case of the apostle of Ireland, this disadvantage exists in a more than usual degree. A score of legendary pens have been set to work to distort and disfigure him. Each individual biographer has created a St. Patrick in his own likeness. Open the pages of this biographer; the features on which we gaze are those of an excited visionary or a delirious fanatic. Turn to a second; it is a worker of miracles and a fore teller of future events, that stands before us. A third exhibits Patrick as a necromancer, silencing contradiction and compelling submission by the mysterious forces of incantations, spells, and exorcisms. A fourth paints him as proud and choleric, more ready to avenge than to forgive an injury, and thundering malediction on all who oppose him; while a fifth invests him with power over the elements of nature, of which he makes ready use for the discomfiture of his foes, covering them with thick darkness, or dispersing them with frightful tempests, engulfing them by earthquake, or consuming them by fire from heaven. We feel instinctively that this is not the apostle of Ireland, but a grossly conceived and hideously-painted caricature.

There is but one authentic likeness of Patrick; a likeness, it is true, drawn by his own hand, but drawn all unconsciously—the hand doing a work

which the mind listed not of, the *Confessio*, to wit. It authenticates itself by its unlikeness to all other biographies of the same man, and by being such as the mediæval biographers were utterly unable to have produced.

Let us mark the manner of the man as he has unwittingly revealed himself to us. He is clothed in a long woolen garment. His eye burns with energy; his brow is meek but courageous. Benign his aspect. He speaks, and his voice draws the natives round him. There is a tenderness and a beseechingness in it that compel them to listen. How artlessly he adapts himself to their prejudices and habits! and how gentle and patient is he with their gross and carnal ideas! how persevering in his efforts to find an entrance for the light into their dark minds! His own heart, schooled in spiritual affliction, knows how to lay itself alongside theirs. Thus quietly but earnestly he pursues his work from day to day, availing himself of the principles of natural religion which Druidism had dimly lodged in their minds, to awaken conscience to a sense of sin, and to call up the image of a judgment to come: and when he finds that the arrow has entered, and that the wound has begun to bleed—oh, how does he rejoice! Not that he has pleasure in the anguish of the sufferer, but because he anticipates the joy of the cure.

On his tours he entered the huts of the peasantry, shared in their humble meal, and while seated at table with them he would take occasion to draw the conversation from ordinary matters to those of highest concern. He would tell them in simple words of that great event which had come to pass, four hundred years before, in Jerusalem, which had been already made known in so many lands, and which was now published to them also for the forgiveness of their sins. He would tell them that He who died on Calvary was now alive, was reigning in Heaven, and would come on the great final day as Judge; but meanwhile, before that great day should come, He was sending His messengers to all nations with the command that they should believe and obey His Gospel. Their hearts would be touched by the tidings of a death so wonderful and a love so great, and the visit would end as similar visits had ended in primitive times, by the householder saying, “See, here is water; what hinders that we should be baptized”?

On the hillside he would sit down amid the shepherds and cowherds,

and tell them of a Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep. He would not despise his audience because they were mean, nor despair of them because they were ignorant, seeing it was while he himself sat on the hillside as a cowherd that his own hard heart began to melt and his own blind eye to open. How vividly now would the whole scene return and present itself before his memory! As the labourers rested in the fields at noontide, he would join himself to them, and opening the Scriptures, he would read to these toil-worn men a parable or a story from Holy Writ. It might be of that Lord of the vineyard who, when evening was come, summoned His servants before Him, and proceeded to reckon with them, giving, without stint or grudge, to the man who had laboured but one hour in the vineyard even as to the man who had laboured twelve hours, the penny of an everlasting glory. Would they not like to be the servants of such a Master, and when their evening had come, to be called into His presence and have their poor services acknowledged by so transcendent a recompense?

Or he discoursed to them of that runaway from home and father who kept swine in the far country. He showed him to them, as he sat amid his vile charge, raggedness on his back, famine in his hollow cheek, and remorse in his soul, a supremely pitiable spectacle. He asks them whether they had ever known one who resembled that poor prodigal; whether they had known any one who had committed the same folly and plunged himself into the same gulf of wanton wretchedness? They answer him with a sigh, and they begin to say each within himself, "I am that prodigal. I have wandered far from my Father: alas! I know not the way back to Him." "I, too," responds the missionary interpreting their unspoken thoughts, "have played the runaway. I, too, have been in the far country, and have felt the pangs of that hunger which there preys upon the heart. And I should have been sitting there to this hour, shut in with my wretchedness and utter despair, had not a voice spoken to me and said, 'In your Father's house there is bread enough and to spare, while you perish with hunger.' Being come to myself, I arose and went to my Father. I invite you to do so also. If you sit still in this land of famine you shall certainly perish. Your Father's door is open to you. The same welcome that met me at its threshold awaits you, and the same arms which folded me to His heart will be opened to embrace you. Arise and go to Him."

Patrick, in the prosecution of his mission, visited the towns as well as the villages and rural districts. On these occasions, we are told, he would assemble the inhabitants by tuck of drum. To face a town assembly was a more formidable affair than to open a familiar conversation with a company of shepherds on the hillside, or begin a discourse to a group of labourers in the field; but the centers of influence, which are the cities, must be won if Ireland is to be gained for the Gospel. The tocsin has been sounded, and the men of the city, knowing that it announces the arrival of one of whom they have heard such strange things, flock to see and hear him. Along with them come a multitude of the baser sort, zealous upholders of the customs of their fathers, which they have been told this man everywhere speaks against. They greet the missionary with clamour and scowls. Undismayed, Patrick rises up before them, and amid the gaping wonder of some, the rude mocking of others, and the silence of a few, proceeds to unfold his message. He does not directly attack the rites of the groves. He must first show them a better altar and a holier sacrifice than that of the Druid, and then they will forsake their bloody oblations of their own accord. He speaks to them of a God whom they have not seen, for He dwells in the heavens, but the workings of whose power, and the tokens of whose love, are all around them. Can He who spread out the plains of earth, who decks them with the flowers of spring, and waters them with the rain of the clouds, and clothes them year by year with bounteous harvests, take delight in the cruel sacrifices you offer to him in the dark wood? So far from demanding the immolation of your innocent offspring, He has sent His own son to die in your room. Other sacrifice He does not demand and will not accept. It is a cry for vengeance, not a prayer for pardon, which rises from the blood that streams on the altar of the Druid. But the sacrifice I announce to you speaks peace: it opens the heavens: it reveals to you the face of a Father: are you willing to be reconciled to Him? We hear some in that crowd, who had felt the unseen power that goes along with this message, reply, We are willing. From this hour we go no more to the altars of the Druids. We have borne their heavy yoke too long. We cast ourselves at the feet of our Father, and humbly beg for the sake of His own son to be receded back into His love.

It was in these simple and easily understood terms, for the Gospel is ever the mightiest when preached in plain unvarnished phraseology, that

Patrick found entrance for Christianity into the Scottish municipalities and clanships of Ireland. We have no written chronicle of his sermons, but we know on what model he formed himself as an instructor of the ignorant; and the incidental allusions which he makes in his "Confessio" to his ministry assure us that this was the spirit and style in which he discharged it. Yet meek and unassuming though he was, he spoke as one having authority, and not as the Druids. If his language was plain the truths he uttered were weighty, and such as even these poor ignorant men could not but see in some sort to be inexpressibly grand. They met the deepest needs and cravings of their hearts. Those who received them felt that by some marvelous power they had awakened within them feelings and motives they had never known till now. They felt that they were other men than they had been before. And this transformation of soul was not long of making itself manifest in the outward life. Their townsmen and neighbours saw that they were different men from them, and different men even from their former selves. There was a purity, a charity, an unselfishness in their lives which they could not well explain, but the power and beauty of which they could not but see, and this new and lovely character was exhibited with a grace so natural and easy that manifestly it was not assumed or acted, but genuine; it was the result of a change wrought in the deepest principles of their being. These were the monuments Patrick left behind him in every town which he visited, of the divinity of the Gospel. These men, changed in the very essence of their character, the whole scope, aim, and influence of their lives now become the very reverse of what they had aforetime been, were the most convincing proofs that in making known to them the death and rising again of that great ONE who had come on earth for man's deliverance, he had not been entertaining them with an idle tale, or trading on their simplicity and credulity by narrating to them "a cunningly-devised fable." Having delivered his message in one town, Patrick must needs go forward and publish the "good tidings" in this other also. When he took his departure he had the satisfaction of thinking that the Gospel remained behind him, and that it would speak to the pagan populations by the transformed characters and pure lives of those who had embraced it. Thus he multiplied missionaries as he went onward. They might be few: two in a sept, or one in a city, but their strength lay not in their numbers, but in their character; they were light-bearers in their several communities.

The conquest of Ireland to the Gospel was, there is reason to think, neither easy nor sudden. On the contrary, every reference to it, direct or incidental, in the "Confessio," confirms us in the belief that as the work was great so its accomplishment consumed long years of anxious and exhausting labour. We have seen the gleam of success that heralded its commencement; nevertheless it found no exemption in its after stages from the law that requires that every great cause shall be baptized in suffering. Delay, disappointment, and repeated failure must test the faith and mature the wisdom and courage by which ultimate success is to be achieved and rewarded. For the long period of sixty years, with but few intervals of rest, Patrick had to maintain this great combat with the two potencies—Druidism and Darkness—which had so long held possession of Ireland. Victory came slowly, and only late in the day. That pestiferous priestcraft which had struck its roots deep into the soil, was not to be extirpated in a day, and the nation delivered by a few rapid and brilliant strokes. Such a work could be done only in anxiety and weariness, often in cold and hunger, with many tears and strong cries for help, and amid privations cheerfully submitted to, reviling meekly borne, and dangers courageously braved. Such was the man who carried the Gospel to the Scots in Ireland, and through them to the whole island. Days and nights together, he tells us, he was occupied in reading and interpreting the Scriptures to the people. All his journeys were performed on foot. We see him, staff in hand, regardless of the blast, traversing quaking bog, and threading dark wood, happy if at the end of his way he could impart light to some dark mind. And this work he did without earthly recompense. He coveted neither dignity from pope nor gold from chieftain. "I accepted nothing for my pains," said he, "lest the Gospel should be hindered."

The only reward Patrick received was persecution. This, and not papal consecration, was the badge of his apostleship. And persecution in every variety of form, save that of death, befell him. His life, though often in extreme jeopardy, was providentially shielded, for it was the will of his Master that the desire of his heart, which was the conversion of Ireland, should be given him. But, short of this last extremity, every other species of indignity and suffering had he to endure. There were incessant journeying over a wild country; there were the ambushes set for him in the way; there were the discomfort and sleeplessness that wait on a couch

spread under the open night sky; there was the uncertainty of daily bread; there were the gibes and buffetings of pagan crowds; there was the dangerous wrath of powerful chieftains, who feared the effect Patrick's preaching might have on their serfs and who were not likely long to hesitate when called to decide between the life of the missionary and the loyalty of their dependents. And there was the fury of some mob or clan which the priests of Druidism had instigated to violence against the preacher, whom they branded as a contemner of their worship and a reviler of their gods. But when chased from any particular scene of labour by the frown of chieftain or the violence of the populace, his regret was the less from knowing that the work would not suffer interruption thereby, for the words he had spoken would germinate in hearts in his absence, and when the storm subsided he would find disciples to welcome his return.

It was after this fashion that Patrick stormed and won the Septs of Ireland. These were the real miracles that illustrated his career, and they far excel the marvels and prodigies which the fertile but credulous imaginations of his monkish biographers have credited him with. In these labours so patiently prosecuted, in these sufferings so meekly endured, and in the success which crowned his efforts, but of which he never boasts, we see the true Patrick—not the Patrick of monkish story or of vulgar romance, who routs hydras and chases dragons from the soil of Ireland, but the Patrick who, seizing the sword of the Spirit, rushes into the darkness of that land, and encounters things more difficult to be overcome than hosts of literal monsters, even the evils begotten of deep ignorance, and the beliefs engendered by an ancient superstition. All he discomfits, and cleanses the land from the dragon brood that possessed it. This was a higher achievement than if he had yielded sovereign authority over the elements, and been obeyed by the lightning of the sky and the waves of the deep. So did it appear to Patrick himself. "Whence to we this grace," says he, "that I should come to the Irish tribes to preach the Gospel and endure these wrongs at the hands of the unbelieving? that I should bear the reproach of being a wanderer and an alien, and undergo so many persecutions, even to bonds and imprisonment, and sacrifice myself and my nobility and rank" (he was the son of a Decurio) "for the sake of others? And 1 am ready, if I should be found meet, and the Lord should indulge me so far, to lay down my life for His

Name, because I am greatly a debtor to God, who bestowed so great grace upon me." [2]

Not in his own person only was Patrick persecuted; he had frequently to suffer in the persons of his converts. This, we may well believe, gave him more poignant grief than what touched himself. It wrung his heart to see the serf incurring the anger and enduring the blows of his pagan master for no fault save that of obeying the call of the Gospel and becoming a follower of the cross. His sympathetic nature would not permit him to stand aloof and refuse his mediation in behalf of "the sons of the faith," when he beheld them enduring stripes and imprisonment at the hands of some cruel lord whose slaves they continued to be, although now they were the freed men of Christ. He would give his money when his other good offices failed, and in this way he was able to redeem from temporal slavery many whom he had already rescued from spiritual bondage. In the family, as in the clan, the influence of the missionary had often to be put forth. Enmities and rankling sometimes followed the entrance of the Gospel into households, and Patrick had to mediate between the heathen father and the Christian child. Such were the clouds that darkened the morning of the Christian Church in Ireland. But suffering only endeared the cause to the convert. Neither the leader in this war of invasion, nor any soldier in the army under him, thought of retreating. The auguries of final triumph were multiplying from day to day, and the banners of light were being borne farther and still farther into the darkness of the land.

It is at this point of his career that some of Patrick's biographers throw in an unexpected and most surprising episode. Arresting him in his work, they dismiss him for a while from the field of his labours and of his fast-coming triumphs, and send him on a journey to Rome, to receive consecration as a bishop from the Pope. Had Patrick begun to covet the "pall" which the bishop of Rome was about this time beginning to send as a "gift" to the bishops of the Christian world, with covert design of drawing them into an admission of his supremacy? Or had he begun to doubt the sufficiency of that commission of which it had been his humble boast that he received it "from Christ himself" and did he now wish to supplement his Master's grace with the pontiff's consecration. It must be done so, if indeed it be the fact that he went to Rome to solicit the papal anointing. But where is the proof of this? What Pope anointed Patrick?

What contemporary record contains the alleged fact? Neither Prosper, nor Platina, nor any other chronicler, mentions Patrick's visit to Rome, till Marianus, a monk of Cologne, proclaims it to the world in the eleventh century, without making it clear in what way or through what channel a fact hidden from the six previous centuries was revealed to himself. There is no earlier Irish authority for it than a manuscript of the fifteenth century. The undoubted truth is, that oil of Pope never came on Patrick's head. He put no value on papal consecration, and would not have interrupted his work for the space of an hour, or gone a mile out of his way, though it had been to be anointed with the oil of all the Popes. Nay, we may venture to affirm that he would not have left the evangelization of Ireland were it to have been installed even in the chair of Peter. Let us first hear Patrick himself on the point. His words make it clear that from the moment he arrived in Ireland as a missionary till he laid his bones in its soil, not a day did he absent himself from the country. "Though I most earnestly desired to go to Britain," says he, "as if to my country and kindred, and not only so, but even to proceed as far as Gaul,—the Lord knows how much I wished it,— yet bound in the spirit which declares me guilty if I should do so, I fear lest I should lose aught of my labour,— nay, not mine, but Christ's, my Lord, who commanded me to come to this people, and live with them during the residue of my life." Dr. Lanigan, the able Roman Catholic historian of St. Patrick, treats the story as a fabrication. "This pretended tour to Rome," says he, "and the concomitant circumstances, are set aside by the testimony of St. Patrick himself, who gives us most clearly to understand that from the commencement of his mission he constantly remained in Ireland. And again: "It is clear from his own testimony that he remained with the Irish people during the whole remainder of his life." [3]

All the more authentic accounts of the life of Patrick discredit this alleged consecration by the Pope; or, rather, they make it certain that it never took place. The hymn of Fiacc is silent regarding it. The author, who was bishop of Sletty, and a disciple and contemporary of Patrick, is said to have written his work to record the principal events of his life, and published it not later than the middle of the century succeeding that in the end of which Patrick died. Nevertheless, he makes no mention of his visit to Rome. The ancient *Life of Patrick*, preserved in the *Book of Armagh*, is equally silent regarding it. [4] The story may be dismissed as

the invention of writers who believed that no one could be a minister of Christ unless he wore a "pall," and had neither right to preach nor power to convert unless he were linked to the chief pastor on the banks of the Tiber by the chain of apostolic succession.

We must here remark that the organization of the British church in the fifth century was simple indeed, compared with the ecclesiastical mechanism of succeeding ages. There was then no Mission Board to partition heathendom into distinct fields of labour, and to say to one, go and work yonder; and to another, come and evangelize here. The church in the early ages was a great missionary society whose members sought the spring of evangelistic activity in their own breast, and were free to go forth without formal delegation from synod or bishop, and evangelize as they might incline, at their open doors or among remote pagan tribes. Merchants, soldiers, and even slaves were the first, in some instances, to carry the knowledge of Christianity to heathen lands. These facts help us to understand the position of Patrick. It is hard to say what church, or if any church, gave him formal delegation to Ireland. The church of Strath-Clyde in which his father was deacon, and himself a presbyter—the only ordination he ever received, so far as we can make out—looked with no favour on his projected evangelization of Ireland, and was not likely to have given it formal recognition. There is a story, founded on a doubtful legend in the Book of Armagh, that the church of Gaul sent Patrick to convert the Irish and that he received consecration front a bishop of that church, by the name of Amathorex. [5] But this and all similar allegations are sufficiently refuted by Patrick himself. He says, "I was made a bishop in Ireland." [6] What meaning are we to attach to these words? Certainly not that of formal episcopal consecration, for there were then no bishops or presbyters in Ireland, save those which Patrick himself had placed in that office. These men, doubtless, recognized him as their chief and bishop; for he who had created the flock had the best right to wear the honour, or rather bear the burden of its oversight. And this interpretation of the words is confirmed by the statement that follows them, in which Patrick ascribes his mission or apostolate to God only. He appears to have viewed the extraordinary events that had befallen him as the Divine call to essay the conversion of Ireland; and hence though he passes lightly over human ordination, and even leaves it doubtful whether he ever received such, he is emphatic as regards the call of the people. He tells us that he heard

"the voice of the Irish" crying to him, and saying, "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforth walk: among us." He answered, "I, Patrick, the sinner, come at your call."

Endnotes

1. It is Latinised *Horreum Patrici*, Patrick's Granary. Reeves, *Down and Connor*, p. 220.
2. *Patrici Confessio*, sec. xv.
3. Lanigan, *Eccles. Hist.*, i. 181, 319.
4. Todd, *Life of St. Patrick*, pp. 313-315.
5. Todd, *Life of St. Patrick*, pp. 316-319.
6. The statement occurs in his letter to Coroticus, a British pirate, who had made a descent upon Ireland and carried off a number of Patrick's converts. The passage is as follows: "Patricius, peccator, indoctus silicet, Hiberione constitutum episcopum me ease fateor. Certissime a Deo accept id quod sum. Inter barbaros itaque habito, proselytes et profuga ob amorem Dei." The words imply that Patrick's ordination, whatever its form, was in Ireland; *Hiberione*, *in* Ireland —not *Hiberoni*, *for* Ireland

CHAPTER XVI.

PATRICK'S— "DAY OF TARA"—CONVERSION OF IRELAND, ETC.

WE have followed the footsteps of our missionary as he scatters the good seed amid the rural populations and the provincial towns of the north of Ireland. His journeys had yet extended beyond the limits of the Irish Dalriada, the second cradle of the Scottish race, and the seat, as yet, of the body of the nation. But within these bounds the evangelistic labours of Patrick had been prosecuted with untiring assiduity. With a lion-like courage and a popular eloquence that remind us of Luther, Patrick would seem to have carried captive the understandings and hearts of the nation. So sudden an awakening we do not meet with till we come down to the era of the Reformation. In truth, there are certain great traits common to both Reformations—that of the fifth century and that of the sixteenth. Patrick may be said to have been the Luther of the earlier evangelisation, and Columba—though at a vast distance—its Calvin. Patrick gave the first touch to the movement; Columba came after and gave the laws by which its course must be governed, if it would not expend itself in a burst of emotion and enthusiasm. And for both Calvin and Columba a secure retreat was provided, where, in the very presence of countless foes, they might carry on their work. To Calvin was given the little town at the foot of the Alps, which had as its impregnable defense the rival and conflicting interests of the four great monarchies that lay around it. What Geneva was to Calvin, the rock of Iona was to Columba. It had for its rampart the stormy seas of the west. The gates of Geneva were opening day by day to send forth missionaries and martyrs into France and Switzerland, as at an earlier day trained evangelists from the feet of the elders of Iona were constantly crossing the narrow strait to spread the light amongst the British tribes and the pagan nations that were pouring into Europe.

Of the petty chieftains of the north of Ireland several had been won to the Gospel, and among the first fruits of their devotion were gifts of land for the service of the mission. On these plots of ground Patrick erected humble churches, into which he gathered his first converts, for instruction and worship. These young congregations he committed to the care of pastors,

whom he had converted and trained, and himself went forward into the surrounding heathenism to make other converts, whom he committed in like manner to the care of other pastors. Never did warrior pant more earnestly for new realms to subdue, than Patrick longed to win fresh triumphs for the Cross; and never was joy of conqueror so ecstatic as was that of the missionary over these flocks gathered out of the arid wilderness of Druidism and now led to the clear waters and green pastures of the Gospel.

Before Patrick began his mission in Ireland, it was the inviolable abode of almost every species of oppression and every form of evil. But now, we may well believe, its northern part began to wear the aspect of a Christian land. Wherever the feet of the missionary had passed, there was seen in the wilds a tract of light, and there was felt the sweetness and fragrance of Christianity. The terrible hardness and selfishness of pagan life had departed; a secret charm was infused into existence; and though the relation of master and serf still subsisted, it had been wondrously mellowed and sweetened. Every duty was somehow easier. Faces formerly dark with hatred or suspicion, now beamed with kindly looks; and the very soil bore testimony to the moral and social amelioration which had been effected, in the better husbandry of the fields, and the air of peace and comfort that began to surround the dwellings.

Patrick could now reflect with satisfaction that his mission had got a foothold in the country. The organisation of the infant church had reached a stage where it would be able to maintain itself, and even to make progress without the presence and the labours of its founder. But the missionary was not content with what he had accomplished. There were other septs, there were wider provinces, and there were more powerful chieftains to be subjected to the sway of the Gospel. The time was come, he judged, to carry the evangelical banners into the West and South of Ireland. It was now that his movement opened out into national breadth, and that Patrick from being the evangelist of a province became the apostle of a nation, and the herald of a movement that ultimately extended to the Celtic nations of northern Europe.

The fear of Patrick had already fallen upon the priests of the old religion. This helped to open his way into the land. In the footsteps of the missionary

the priests of the groves heard the knell of the downfall of Druidism. "Who is this," we hear then say, as they turned on one another pale faces, and spoke in trembling accents,—"who is this who marches through the land casting down the altars of the country's faith, and withdrawing the hearts of the people from their fathers' gods? Whence comes he, and who gave him this power?" Prophecy from its seat amid the hills of Judah had announced the coming of a Great King who was to sway His scepter over all the world. The echoes of that Divine voice had gone round the earth, awakening expectation in some, terror in others. Nations groaning in chains listened to it as the Israelite did to the silver trumpet which at dawn of the year of Jubilee sent its glad peal throughout all his coasts, telling every Hebrew bondsman that his forfeited inheritance had come lack, and that his lost freedom was restored. So had this great prophecy sent its reverberations through all lands, awakening, even among savage tribes, the hope that the period of oppression would soon run out, and a golden age bless the earth. Even the bards of Druidism had sung in halting strains the coming of this King, and the happiness and peace that would illustrate His reign.

Fiacc records a prediction of the poets of Erin, similar to the vaticination that prevailed among the classic nations previous to the advent of the Saviour, to the effect that a King would arise who should sway His scepter over all the earth, and establish peace among all nations. And he adds, that no sooner did Patrick appear preaching than the Druids told King Logaire that the time for the fulfillment of the prophecy was come, and that Temor, the place of their great annual festival, was about to be deserted. We give below an extract front the hymn of Fiacc. [1]

This brings us to the "Day of Tara," the greatest day in the career of Patrick. This day transferred the scene of his labours from the rural hamlet, with its congregation of rustics, to the metropolitan Temor, with its magnificent gathering of the clans and chieftains of Ireland. The year when the event we are about to relate took place, it is impossible to fix. The legends of fourteen hundred years leave in great uncertainty both the object of the festival and the season of the year when it was usually celebrated. The modern writers who have attempted to clear up the matter, after hazarding a multitude of guesses, and expending no little critical lore, have left the matter very much where they found it. We shall not

follow their example by indulging a profitless discussion over the subordinate circumstances of an event, the substance and issues of which are all that concern us; and in these all are agreed. Like all the great festivals of the age, that of Tara was, probably partly religious, partly political; the priesthood, to whom the regulation of such affairs was mainly committed, taking care, doubtless, to make the former character predominate. We shall keep as clear as possible of the mythicism of legend, and guide ourselves by the probabilities of the case.

The great annual festival of Tara, called "Baal's fire," was at hand. No other occasion or spot in all Ireland, Patrick knew, would offer him an equal opportunity of lifting his mission out of provincial obscurity and placing it full in the eye of the nation. The king, accompanied by the officers of his court, would be present. To Tara, too, in obedience to the annual summons, would come the chieftains of the land, each followed by his clan, over which he exercised the power of a king. The priests would there assemble, as a matter of course; nor would the bards be wanting, the most influential class, after the priests, in the nation. The assembly would be swelled by a countless multitude of the common people out of all the provinces of Ireland. Patrick resolved to lift high the standard of the cross in presence of this immense convocation. The step was a bold one. If he should convince the monarch and his people that Druidism was false, and that the Gospel alone was true, the victory would be great, and its consequences incalculable. But should he fail to carry the assembly on Tara with him, what could he expect but that he should become the victim of Druidic vengeance, and die on the altar he had hoped to overthrow? That his blood should fall on the earth was a small matter, but that the evangelization of Ireland should be stopped, as it would be should he perish, was with Patrick, doubtless, the consideration of greatest moment. But full of faith, he felt assured that Ireland had been given him as his spiritual conquest. So girding up his loins, like another Elijah, he went on to meet the assembled Druids at Tara, and threw down the gage of combat in the presence of those whom they had so long misled by their arts, and oppressed by their ghostly authority.

Mixing with the multitudes of all ranks which were crowding to the scene of the festival, Patrick pursued his journey, and arrived in the

neighbourhood of Tara without attracting observation. He and his attendants immediately began their preparations. Ascending the hill of Slane, which, though distant from the scene of the festival, was distinctly visible from it, the little party collected the brokers branches and rotten wood which were lying about and piling them up on the summit of the hill, they applied the torch and set the heap in a blaze. The flame shot high into the air. Its gleam cast a ruddy glow far and wide over the country around. On that night the fire on every hearth in Ireland must by law be extinguished. If even a solitary lamp were seen to burn, the rash or profane man who had lit it drew down upon himself the heavy penalties which fenced round the great annual solemnity of Tara. And yet on yonder hill of Slane, growing ever the brighter as the dusk deepened, a bonfire was seen to blaze. How came this? Some impious hand had kindled this unhallowed flame! The priests beheld the inauspicious portent with surprise and indignation. The ancient and venerable rites of Tara had been mocked, and the great act of worship, the solemn celebration of which, year by year, called together the whole nation of Ireland, had been studiously and openly outraged. Terrible calamity was sure to follow so flagrant an act if permitted to go unpunished. If the altar was thus contemned, how long would the throne continue to receive the reverence and obedience of the people? Let the king look to it. So reasoned the priests. They loudly demanded that the perpetrator of this odious deed should be sought for and made answerable for his crime. [2] The fire that continued to blaze on the summit of Slane guided the pursuers to the man whom the king and the Magi sought. Nor was Patrick loath to accompany the messengers to the presence of the king, seeing it was with this object that he had kindled this fire, to Druid so prophetic and ill-omened.

At last we behold Patrick at the gates of the citadel of Irish idolatry. If he shall succeed in storming this stronghold and replacing the black flag of the Druid, which for ages has floated over it, with the banner of the Cross, Patrick will have enlisted in the service of Christianity a race rude and unprofitable at this hour, but rich in noble gifts, which need only to be awakened by the Gospel to burst into the fair blossoms of literature, and ripen into heroic deeds of faith and grand evangelistic enterprises. The apostle of Ireland now maintains the great controversy between Druidism and Christianity in presence of the king, the priests, the chieftains, and the septs of Ireland. No chronicle records the arguments

he employed on this great occasion. Tradition has forgotten to carry down these, though it has carefully treasured up and transmitted a load of prodigies and wonders which transform the preacher of truth who yields only the "Sword of the Spirit" unto a necromancer who conquers by magic. Not so the man who now stood before Logaire, the reigning king. The monarch beheld in Patrick a man plain in dress, like one who dwelt more in the wilderness than in cities, his features roughened by exposure to sun and storm, yet stamped with an air of great dignity. On his brow the close-knit gathered lines of resolve; in his eye the fire of a lofty zeal; his voice strung with energy; his words courageous, but calm and wise; every step and movement of his person betokening self-possession. No such man had Logaire ever before looked upon. Rugged, weather-beaten though he was, no one of all the Druids at his court had ever inspired him with such awe as this prophet-like man. He must hear what he has to say. The king motions to the courtiers to stand aside and let the strange figure approach; he bids the Druids be still. There is silence, and Patrick speaks. Respectfully, yet not flatteringly, fearlessly, yet not offensively, does Patrick address Logaire. To know what is in man is to possess the secret of moving and ruling him. Patrick knew that in the heart of the monarch, as in that of the serf, is a deep-seated sense of guiltiness, and an equally deep-seated foreboding of punishment, and that no sooner does reason unfold than this burden begins to press. It is a shadow that will not depart. To find a region where this specter cannot follow one, a region where the heart, weary of its burden, may lay it down, is the object of desire and pursuit to all living. But before showing Logaire how this craving of his heart was to he met, Patrick must first stir yet more deeply the sense of guiltiness within him. He must awaken his conscience. With this view he appeals to his sense of sin; and what is this sense but just the being within himself testifying that there is a law which he has transgressed. He points to the forebodings and terrors which haunt him; and what are these but witnesses that cannot lie, and that will not be silenced, that there is a penalty attached to transgression—a judgment to come. Thus does the preacher avail himself of the monitions of the moral sense, the lights of nature, not yet wholly extinguished, to lead his vast audience around him through the deep night that enshrouds them to a clearer light. He asks them whether it is not these fears—this pale specter—which has driven them to the altars and sacrifices of the Druid? whether they have not sought these bloody oblations in the vague hope of expiation and

relief? Well, have you found the rest you seek? At the altar of the Druid, has the sense of guilt left you? Has the blood that streams on it washed out the stain? If you shall permit your hearts to speak, they will answer, No, the sin is still unpurged, and the terror is still unconquered. Why, multiply rites which are as profitless as they are cruel? Flee from these altars whereon never yet came victim that could avail for expiation. Cease from these sacrifices of blood, which pollute, but do not cleanse, the offerer. Listen to me. I will tell you of a better altar, and a greater Priest—a Priest who has opened to you the road to the skies. I will tell you of a Father who sent His Son to be a sacrifice in your room. That Son, having offered His sacrifice, and returned from the tomb, as the conqueror of death, has ascended into the heavens, and now sitteth on the right hand of His Father, the crown of an everlasting dominion on His head. He is sending His ambassadors to all nations to proclaim that there is not a wanderer on the face of the earth, there is not one of the sons of men, the humblest, the vilest, the guiltiest, who is not welcome to return, and who shall not be received by the Father, coming by that Priest, who, having no sin of His own, was able to make a real and complete expiation of the sin of others.

On these lines, doubtless, did Patrick proceed in announcing the "good news" to this great assembly. With a Divine message there ever comes the co-operating influence of a Divine power. That power meeting the sense of guilt within, opened, doubtless, not a few hearts for the entrance of that message—a message of a grace and love so stupendous, of a compassion and benignity so boundless, surpassing even in its scope and grasp the wide extent of their own vast misery and helplessness, that they felt that such a purpose could have its origin in no human heart; it infinitely surpassed the measure of man; it could originate only in the bosom of the great Father. On that bosom did many of those now around Patrick cast themselves. Turning away from the fires of Baal, and the altars of the Druids, they clung to the one sacrifice and the one Saviour whom Patrick had preached to them.

Among the converts of the day of Tara were some who held high rank and enjoyed great consideration in the nation. The king remained unconverted, but the queen and her two daughters transferred their faith from the altars of the groves to the Cross of Calvary. A few days after the

queen's conversion, the Christian party in the royal court was reinforced by the accession of the king's brother, Connal, who was not ashamed to confess himself a disciple of the Saviour. There followed, lower in rank, but perhaps higher in influence, Dubbach, chief of the bards, whom we should now call poet laureate, but who possessed an authority far beyond any known to this functionary in our day. To these is to be added a name not less eminent than any of the preceding ones, that of Fiecc. Logaire remained on the side of the old religion, though, it would seen, cooled in his attachment to it.

If the address of Patrick had not resulted in the conversion of the monarch, it had at least overcome his scruples to having the Gospel preached throughout his dominions. The Druids, it is said, had assured him that if this new doctrine should prevail, his throne would not be secure. The king had listened, but had failed to discover any ground other than illusory, for the fears with which it was sought to inspire him. Patrick might go wherever he would throughout his territories and proclaim the new faith. If his people should embrace it, well, the Druid might be less potential, but his subjects would be none the less loyal, nor his own throne any the less secure. These were the triumphs of the day of Tara.

This great victory was followed up by strenuous efforts to advance the standard of the Cross into the south and west of Ireland. From Tara, Patrick proceeded to Meath. A vast concourse was annually drawn to this spot by the games which were there wont to be celebrated, and Patrick resolved to go thither, and proclaim the "good news" to the assembled multitudes. The actors in the games had some cause to complain. A formidable competitor had unexpectedly entered the lists with them. From the moment the strange man stood up and began to tell his strange story, the players ceased to monopolise the attention of the onlookers. Those who came to feast their eyes on feats of dexterity and strength, were compelled, in spite of themselves, to forget the sports, and to have their attention absorbed by other and far more serious matters. They were made to feel that they themselves were runners in a race, were wrestlers in a combat, and that they should win or miss a prize infinitely higher than that for which the combatants in the arena were at that moment straining their every power to the uttermost. The words which fell from the lips of the preacher had, they felt, a strange power;

they refused to leave their memory. They carried them back with them to their homes. They imparted them to their neighbours, and, in cases not a few, these words doubtless became the seeds of a new life. Thenceforth the games of Tailtenn (Telltown) were to them one of the more memorable epochs in their past lives.[4]

From Meath, Patrick set out westward across the country. In those days the toil and danger attendant on such a journey were great. The country to be traversed was inhabited by wild tribes. The pathways were infested by robbers; the chieftains often held the traveler to ransom; and in the case of Patrick there were special dangers to be feared, springing out of the malice of the Druids. The seven sons of a chieftain who ruled in those parts formed his escort; nevertheless he, and the "holy bishops"—that is, the preachers whom he had trained, and who were the companions of his journey, and the sharers of his labours—were oftener than once exposed to violence and subjected to loss. Nevertheless they held on their way, till at last they arrived on the western shores of Connaught, where their farther progress was stopped by the waters of the Atlantic.[5]

This region, with its bleak surface, its uncivilized inhabitants, and its frequent tempests breaking in the thunder of ocean, and drenching its seaboard with the salt spray of the Atlantic, was one of touching interest to Patrick. Here was the *Wood of Focloid*,[6] which recalled some deep and tender memories. He had first heard the name in his dreams when a youth, for from the wood of Focloid, as it seemed to him, proceeded those voices which called to him, to come over and walk among them. Fully fulfilled was now his dream, and in its fulfillment he read a new and striking authentication of his mission. This doubtless quickened the ardour with which he laboured in those parts; and he had the joy of seeing these labours crowned with success. He opened his mission on the assembly ground of the clan Amaldaigh. This place is near the mouth of the Moy, between Ballina and Killala.[7] Here he found the clan assembled in force, their chieftains at their head; and, standing up before the multitude, he preached to these rude men who had known no god but that of the Druid: Him who made the sea and the dry land, and Jesus whom He had raised from the dead. "He penetrated the hearts of all," says the author of the 'Tripartite Life'[8] and led them to embrace cordially the Christian faith and doctrine." "The seven sons of Amaldaioh, with

the king himself, and twelve thousand men, were baptised," says Dr. Todd, quoting from the "Tripartite Life," "and St. Patrick left with them as their pastor, St. Manchem, surnamed *the Master*, a man of great sanctity, well versed in Holy Scripture." It is to these labours and their results, doubtless, that Patrick refers in his "Confessio," where he says, "I went among you, and everywhere, for your sakes, in many dangers, even to those uttermost parts, beyond which no man was, and whither no man had ever gone to baptize."[9] Having attacked and in part dispersed the darkness in this remote region, so long the abode of night, Patrick took his departure from Connaught, and went on to kindle the light in other parts of Ireland.

Following on the faint tract of the chroniclers as they dimly trace the steps of the missionary, we are led next into Leinster. Here, too, Patrick's mission was successful. He is said to have preached at Naas, then a royal residence, and baptized the two sons of the king of Leinster. His reception by the chieftains was various: some repelled his advances; others met him with cordial welcome, and in the Gospel which crossed the threshold along with him they had an ample recompense. He next visited the Plain of the Liffey; from thence he went onward to the Queen's County, preaching and founding churches. He passed next into Ossory, as the "Tripartite Life" informs us; and so pleased was he with the reception he there met with, that he pronounced a special blessing on the district, promising that Ossory should never feel the yoke of the stranger so long as its people continued in the faith which he had preached to them.[10]

Our apostle is next found evangelizing in Munster, although the "Book of Armagh" is silent on this portion of his labours. The chroniclers that record his visit to this province tell us that the idols fell before him, as Dagon before the Ark; that the king of Cashel came forth to meet him, and conducted him, with every mark of reverence and honour, into his palace, and received baptism at his hands. But here, it is evident, we tread on the verge of legend. These great spiritual victories were not won in a day, nor were they the result of a few stirring addresses delivered as the missionary passed rapidly over his various fields of evangelization. His biographers assign him a term of seven years labour in Connaught, and another term of seven years in Leinster and Munster. Even a shorter period would have sufficed to nourish into spiritual manhood those whom

by baptism Patrick had admitted into the Church. He could reckon his converts by thousands, but what pleasure could he have in them if they were only nominal disciples? What satisfaction could it be to administer the Christian rite to men who were immediately thereafter to lapse into paganism? He took every care that his labours should not thus miscarry, nor his dearest hopes be thus blasted. He erected churches for his converts, he formed them into congregations, and he ordained as pastors those whom he knew would watch over their flocks with diligence, and feed them with knowledge. His "Confessio" written at the close of his life, may be regarded as his farewell to his converts, and in it he discloses a heart full of the tenderest solicitude for his children in the faith, whom he alternately warns, exhorts, and entreats to stand fast, that they may be to him "a joy and crown" in the great day.

We cannot further pursue the labours of Patrick in Ireland. We must return to another land, where his evangelisation, continued through the instrumentality of others, was to yield its more permanent fruits. The light of the Gospel had now been carried from the northern extremity of the island to a line so far south that it met an earlier evangelisation, which had probably entered Hibernia from the neighbouring coast of Gaul, or the more distant shore of Spain. Rescued from a form of paganism specially polluting and enslaving, Ireland was now a Christian land. Not Christian as the countries afterwards evangelised by the Reformation of the sixteenth century are Christian. Patrick was a man of the fifth, not of the sixteenth century. He knew the Scriptures; he often quotes them; but the circle of truths in which he moved was that of his own times, not that of an age lying far in the future, and of which it had been foretold, "Knowledge shall be increased." True, the Bible of the fifth was the Bible of the sixteenth century. The sun is as full of light at the hour of morning as at the hour of noon; but his beams shining upon us through the not yet wholly dispersed vapours of night lack the brilliance which they possess when they fall direct upon us from the mid heaven. The Bible was as full of light in the fifth century as in the sixteenth, but its rays, struggling through the lingering fogs of paganism, reached the church in measure less full and clear than in after days. As time went on, the study of devout minds, the sharp contrasts of error, the severe siftings of controversy, the bold denials of skepticism, above all, the teaching of the Holy Spirit, brought out more fuller the meaning of the Bible. We do

not say that they put into the Bible anything that was not in it before—that they added so much as one ray to this source of light, or supplemented by a single new truth this storehouse of supernatural knowledge—but they enabled the Church more deeply to perceive, more accurately and comprehensively to arrange, and more perfectly to harmonize the several parts of that system of truth which was "delivered to the saints once for all." Patrick, though "a burning and shining light," attained the stature neither of an apostle nor of a reformer. Though ahead of all his contemporaries, he was yet in some respects a man of like weaknesses, like misconceptions, and like superstitious fears with them. He appears to have believed that the demons of Druidism had power to do hurt, and that a subordinate empire had been assigned them over the elements of the external world—a belief that descended far beyond his day. But if tainted somewhat with the superstition that was passing away, he was wholly free from that which was preparing new fables and inventions to mislead the human mind and forging for it the fetters of a second bondage. The doctrine which he so indefatigably preached was drawn, not from the font of Roman tradition, but from the unpolluted well of Holy Scripture; and if the Christianity which he propagated in Ireland was rudimentary, which, doubtless, it was, it is ever to be borne in mind that the feeblest Christianization is both a higher and and beneficent agency than the most advanced and refined paganism. The one is a fructifying dew which silently penetrates to the roots of national and social virtue, the other is a blazing sun which burns up that which it burnishes.

Endnotes

1. The diviners of Erin predicted—
New days of PEACE shall come;
Which shall endure for ever,
The country of Temor shall be deserted.
His Druids from Logaire,
The coming of Patrick concealed not
The predictions were verified,
Concerning the KING whom they foretold."
And again in a very ancient dialect of the Irish language, and preserved by the scholiast on Fiacc's hymn, is the following prophecy:—

"He comes, he comes, with shaven crown, from off the storm-tossed sea,
His garment pierced at the neck, with cork-like staff comes he,
Far in his house, at its east end, his cups and patens lie,
His people answer to his voice, amen, amen, they cry. Amen, Amen."

2. The time of celebration was probably the first day of May, or the last day of October. The first date was the Druidical festival of Beltine, or Baal's fire. The second date was the Feast of Temor, or Convention of Tara. One of the bards of Erin, Eochaidh O' FIynn (984), describes this festival as of the nature of a Parliament or legislative assembly but partaking also of a religious character.

3. "On the king's Inquiring," says Dr Lanigan, "what could be the cause of it, and who could have thus dared to infringe the law, the Magi told him that it was necessary to have that fire extinguished immediately, whereas, if allowed to remain, it would get the better of their fires, and bring about the downfall of the kingdom."—Petrie on Tara Hill, *Trans. Of Royal Academy*, vol. xviii., part ii. p. 54. Dublin, 1839.

4. Todd, *Patrick,* p. 439.

5. Todd, Patrick, 445-445.

6. Tirawley, County Mayo, Langan, i 162.

7. Dr. O Donovan, ex. Todd, *Patrick*, p. 448.

8. Lib. Ii c. 87.

9. Pergebum caussa vesta in multis periculis etiam usque ad extreras (extremas) pertes, ubi nemo ultra erat. Santi Patrici Opusscala, etc.-*A Joachimo Laurentio Villaneuva*, Dublin, 1835, p. 236.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE CHURCHES.

AS regards the accumulated results of his mission there is a sort of unanimous consent among the biographers of Patrick. His labours are commonly summed up in three hundred and sixty-five churches founded, three hundred and sixty-five bishops ordained, and an army of three thousand presbyters, or about nine presbyters to every bishop. So says Nennius, writing in the ninth century, and his successors repeat the statement, with some variety as to numbers. This may be accepted as a probable approximation to the fact. It is a truly marvelous achievement, when we reflect that it was accomplished in one lifetime, and mainly by a single man, in a barbarous country, and in the face of a powerful Druidism. It truly entitles Patrick to the proud appellation of the "Apostle of Ireland." It justifies for him a high rank among the benefactors of mankind, and places him on a loftier eminence than the founders of empire. Lands far remote from the Hibernian shore, and generations long posterior to Patrick's day, have had cause to bless his memory and pronounce his name with reverence.

We must view the ecclesiastical machinery which he constructed, in the light of the age in which it was created, the condition of the country in which it was set up, and the stage which Christian knowledge and personal piety had then reached. "Three hundred and sixty-five" is the low estimate of the number of bishops ordained by him. The term "bishop" has since Patrick's day changed its meaning. That Ireland was partitioned into three hundred and sixty-five dioceses; that each diocese was presided over by a bishop; that each bishop had under him a staff' of priests, and that each priest had committed to him a congregation or parish, is a supposition so extreme and violent that few, if any, we believe, will find themselves able to entertain it. Doubtless these three hundred and sixty-five bishops of the one country of Ireland, like the company of presbyters of the one city of Ephesus, whom Paul styles bishops,[1] were the overseers, pastors of single congregations. Their special duty was to preach. The others associated with them would find ample scope for their gifts in the various labours of teaching the youth, of visiting the sick, and exercising a general superintendence of the flock. Diocesan episcopacy was not possible in

Ireland in Patrick's day. Other organizations in the Irish Church, besides that stated above, we are unable to trace. We can see nothing like the modern machinery of Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, although it is reasonable to believe that Patrick at times took counsel with the body of the pastors, and, as the result of these joint deliberations, issued directions in cases of emergency and difficulty, and these would furnish a groundwork for the doubtful record of "canons" and "synods" of Patrick which have come down to our day.[2]

Nothing will assist us more in forming a correct idea of the ecclesiastical order established by Patrick in Ireland, than a short study of the Christian Church as seen in the pages of the New Testament, and the writings of the early Fathers. A flood of new light has been thrown on the organization of the Church at Rome in the first ages by the recently discovered work of Hippolytus.[3] His book gives a picture of the Roman church in the beginning of the third century—that is, about two hundred years before Patrick's time. The apostle of Ireland would naturally copy the model that was before him. Here it is as seen and depicted by Hippolytus while that model was still in existence. "Every town congregation of ancient Christianity was a church," says Bunsen, in his analysis of the work of Hippolytus. The first part of the church to come into existence was the congregation—not the bishops or overseers, but the flock—the body of believers. The essential powers of a perfect society—the right of liberty and the power of order—were lodged in these persons. All rights and privileges are inherent in the congregation, and are exercised by them and for them, and none the less when transferred by delegation to their pastors and elders. The epistles of inspired men are addressed to the congregations in the various cities and provinces. Acts of discipline are done by the congregation and declared and carried out by the pastor or elder. His power is not lordly but ministerial. In Paul's epistles and in the writings of Clemens, Romanus, Ignatius, and Polycarp, the highest organ of power in the church is the congregation, guided and ruled in the earliest times by a body of elders. These elders discharged the double function of teaching and ruling. The next step was to elect one of their number to preside over the body of the elders. The one judged the fittest was chosen, and to him was given the name of overseer, bishop or pastor. Through this functionary the congregation governed itself. Its bishop or pastor was its servant, not its master. The elder, whose special work

was teaching, was chosen by the congregation, and being so elected, the pastors of the neighboring congregations inducted him into his office by prayer, and the laying on of hands. Consecration and ordination was one and the same act. Such are the conclusions fairly deducible on this head from the facts disclosed by Hippolytus.[4]

Everyone who had charge of a congregation in a city was styled a bishop.[5] Hippolytus had charge of the congregation at Portus, a small town at the mouth of the Tiber, opposite Ostia, the harbour of Rome. As bishop or pastor of Portus, he was a member of the Presbytery of Rome. The Roman Presbytery in Hippolytus' day consisted of the bishop, the presbyters (pastors), and deacons of the city of Rome, with the bishops (pastors) of the suburban congregations. "Much smaller towns than Portus had their bishop," says Bunsen; "their city was called their diocese." In those times there existed no parishes in the proper sense of the word. The city of Rome, however, formed an exception. From the earliest days of Christianity there were certain centers of Christian work in the metropolis corresponding with the *regiones* of the city. After the time of Constantine, a church was built in each of these *regiones*. These churches were termed *cardines*, and from this is derived the title *cardinalis* for a parish priest, a word which has been in use from the time of Gregory, about A.D. 600. The parochial clergy of this city formed the governing body of the Church of Rome. With them were associated in this government the seven deacons, established for the service of widows and the poor, and the seven suburban pastors or bishops.[6] This body grew ultimately into the college of cardinals. We now see the congregational liberties beginning to be curtailed, and the laity excluded from the government of the Church. The plea of the Presbyterian divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, that the elders were both an officiating, that is, a teaching and ruling body, "is quite correct," says Bunsen, judging by the light thrown by Hippolytus on the early organization of the Church at Rome. "The ancient Church," says Bunsen, "knows no more of a single presbyter than of clerical government and election."[7] It was only in very small and remote villages that a single bishop—using the word in the sense in which Paul and Peter use it— managed his little community. "He was called," says Bunsen, "a country bishop" (chorepiscopus, *i.e.*, a country curate).[8] Standing alone he could exercise no act of government in the strict sense. The rule of the Church was in the hands of no single man in early times; it

could be administered only by a body or council of church officers.

For the pastor there was set a chair in the apse or circular recess at the eastern end of the church. On either side of the pastor's chair—not yet changed into a throne—were ranged rows of benches, on which sat the elders. The communion table occupied the space between pastor and elders and the congregation; it was the connecting link between clergy and people. It was a table, not an altar, for as yet no sacrifice had been invented save the symbolic one of self-dedication over the bread and wine, which alone were seen on that table.

In the times that preceded the Council of Nice (325), the government of the church was presbyterial; in the post Nicene period it was hierarchical. "The Ante-Nicene Law," says Bunsen, "exhibits every town as a church presided over by a bishop and a board of elders (presbyters); but at the same time, it represents the bishops (not the congregations) of the smaller places, as clustered round the bishop of the large town or city, which was their natural metropolis. These bishops formed part of the council or presbytery of the mother-congregation for all matters of common interest. In the post-Nicene system the congregation is nothing, its bishop little. The ante-Nicene canon law is fundamentally congregational, and its bishop, as such, represents the independence and, as it were, sovereignty of the congregation."[9]

In the days of Hippolytus, the bounds of the presbytery of Rome were modest, indeed, compared with what they soon afterwards came to be. Down to the middle of the third century, the presbyterial bounds embraced only the pastors of the city and those of its seven suburban towns. After the beginning of the fourth century, the presbytery of Rome extended its authority to all the subvicarian towns, its jurisdiction equal to the jurisdiction of the Vicar of the City, which stretched to the Apennines on the north and the shores of the Italian peninsula on the south. This was the prelude of much greater extensions in the centuries that followed; and as this jurisdiction widened its sphere it grew ever the more hierarchical and despotic, and departed ever the farther from the simplicity, the equality, the liberty, and also the purity of the church of apostolic and primitive days.

Our general summing up from the facts disclosed in the work of Hippolytus is to this effect, that where there was a congregation, a pastor, and a body of elders, there was held in early times to be a complete church, self-governing and independent. In this deduction we have the support of Bunsen's concurrence. "Where such a council can be formed," he says, "there is a complete church, a bishopric." The elders are teachers and administrators. If an individual happen to be engaged in either of these offices more exclusively than the other, it makes no real alteration in his position, for the presbyters of the ancient church filled both situations. Their office was literally an office, not a rank.[10]

Let us next turn our eyes for a few moments on the church of Africa. It is the middle of the third century, and the most conspicuous figure that meets our gaze is Cyprian, bishop of Carthage. But though styled bishop, Cyprian's rank, duties, and powers, are simply those of a pastor of a single congregation. He has no diocese save the city of Carthage. He has no pastors whom he superintends as their diocesan. There is but one congregation in Carthage, and Cyprian is its pastor. Sabbath by Sabbath we see him preaching to this flock and dispensing to them the sacraments. He has a body of presbyters, eight in number at most, and seven deacons who assist him in his pastoral work. These presbyters have no congregation; they instruct the youth, they visit the sick and the prisoners, and being supported by the congregation,[11] they give their whole time to their duties.[12] In his exile Cyprian writes to the people of Carthage,[13] as forming one Christian flock, himself being their one and only pastor, and Carthage his whole diocese. No candid reader of his letters can fail to see that the "bishop" of the Cyprianic age was a preaching minister, and that the Cyprianic presbytery in most things represented our parochial session.

The Irish Church in Patrick's day was the Cyprianic Church over again as regards the number of its bishops. In Pro-Consular Africa alone there were 164 bishops.[14] Now Pro-Consular Africa was only a small part of the Roman possessions in that continent. In the days of Cyprian there must have been several hundred bishops in Africa. Many of them discharged their ministry in towns and hamlets so obscure that the learned Pamelius is at a loss where to place them. It is not possible to believe that all these were diocesan bishops. There was not room enough in

Roman Africa for a fourth of that number. It was in Roman Africa only that Christianity had been embraced. Most of that great continent was still inhabited by the native population, the Moors. To them the Latin was an unknown tongue, and as the Gospel was preached in Latin only it ceased to be intelligible when it reached the confine of the Roman colony, and touched the Moorish border. This accounts for the fact that Christianity never gained an extensive footing in Africa, and that it disappeared at an early period. When the Saracens entered Africa the light of Christianity was found to be all but extinct.[15]

We conclude: it is the undoubted historical fact, attested by the records of the African Church in Cyprian's day, and by the records of the early Roman Church so unexpectedly and authentically brought to light through the discovery of the work of Hippolytus, that down to about the middle of the third century, bishop and pastor were terms indicating the same church officer; that this church officer presided over a single congregation, that his congregation was his diocese; and that he was assisted by a body of presbyters or elders, some of whom took part in the government only of the flock, while others of them, having earned for themselves a good degree, were admitted to teach, though without being set over a congregation. Such is the picture of the primitive church, which has been drawn by the hand of a man who lived while the church was still young. Mingling freely in her councils, Hippolytus had the best opportunities of observing and depicting her true lineaments. It is no imaginary portrait which he has given us. Long hidden in darkness, it has been unexpectedly disclosed, that we, too, in this late age, might be able to look upon the face of the church primitive, and know the simplicity, the purity, and the beauty that won for her the love and reverence of her early members.

There rose three hundred and sixty-five churches for the use of these three hundred and sixty-five bishops. This is proof, were proof needed, that these were not diocesan, but parochial or village bishops. Had they been dignitaries of the rank which the term "bishop" came afterwards to mean, with a clergy three thousand strong, not three hundred but three thousand churches would have been needed. These churches were humble edifices. Probably not one of them was of stone. Armagh, the metropolitan church of future times, was as yet an altogether undistinguished name in the ecclesiastical world. It enjoyed in Patrick's days neither pre-eminence

nor jurisdiction. In the north of Ireland the churches were constructed of planks or wattles, and in the south, of earth. Like the humble altars of the Patriarchs on the plains of the early Palestine, they borrowed their glory from the Almightiness of the Being to whose worship they were consecrated, and also from the fact that they were served by men adorned not with pompous titles, but with the gifts of knowledge and the graces of the Holy Spirit—the oil of their consecration.

A school rose beside the church, named not infrequently a monastery. The monasteries of Patrick's days, and of the following centuries, were not at all the same institutions with those which bore that name in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. They were not the retreat of the idle and the ignorant; they were not communities of men who groaned under the burden of exerting their drowsy voices in intoning the various offices which marked the passing of the weary hours between matins and evensong. The monasteries of Patrick's day were associations of studious men, who occupied their time in transcribing the Scriptures, in cultivating such sciences as were then known, and in instructing the young. They were *colleges* in which the youth were trained for the work of the home ministry and the labours of the foreign mission-field; and with what renown to their country and benefit to other lands the members of these institutions discharged this part of their important duties, we shall see when we come to speak of the great Columban establishment at Iona. When the youth had finished their studies for the day, they would shoulder axe and mattock, and would sally forth and address themselves to the laborious and profitable occupation of clearing the forest, or trenching the moor and changing the barren lands around their abode into arable fields, green in spring with the sprouting blade, and golden in autumn with the ripened grain.

It was Patrick's prudent custom, on entering a district, to address himself first of all to the chieftain. If the head of the sept was won to the faith the door of access was opened to his people. A plot of ground on which to erect a sanctuary was commonly the first public token that the chief had embraced the Gospel, and that he desired, at least did not oppose, its spread among his tribe. These churches were of small size; the whole inhabitants of Ireland did not then probably exceed half a million, and its sparsely populated districts could furnish no numerous congregations. In

the distribution of these churches, Patrick conformed himself to the tribal arrangements. His servitude in Ireland made him well acquainted with its social condition, and enabled him to judge of the best methods of overtaking its evangelisation. In some places he planted the churches in groups of sevens, probably because the population was there the more numerous; and each group had its seven bishops—another proof that, like the four hundred bishops of Asia Minor in early times,[16] these were parochial and not diocesan ecclesiastics. It was not unusual to surround the ecclesiastical building with a strong stockade. The power of the Druid, though weakened, had not yet been wholly broken, and the missionaries of the new faith were still exposed to hostile attacks from the mob, or from the chieftains, at the instigation, doubtless, of the priests of the ancient worship.

The time had now come when the labours of the apostle of Ireland were to close. They had been indefatigably prosecuted for upwards of thirty years—some, indeed, say sixty—and the latter is not too long a period for so great a work. Patrick was now verging on fourscore; and welcome, doubtless, was the rest which now came to him in the form of death. Of his last hours we have many legends, but not a single line of trustworthy record. Whether he descended suddenly into the grave like Wycliffe and Luther, or whether he passed to it by months of lingering decay and sickness like Calvin and Knox, we know not. The year of his death is uncertain. The Bollandists make it 460: Lanigan, founding on the annals of Innisfallen, 465. He died at Downpatrick. A star in the sky, say the legends, indicated the spot where his ashes were to repose. St Bridget, with her own hands, embroidered the shroud in which his corpse was wrapped, and his requiem was sung by a choir of angels, who were heard mingling their strains with the lamentations of the pastors as they carried his remains to the grave; and for twelve days, some say a whole year, the sun, ceasing to go down, shed a perpetual day on the spot where he was interred. After legend has exhausted its powers to throw a halo round his departure by heaping prodigy upon prodigy, the simple historic fact remains the more sublime. And that fact is, that on the spot where he began his ministry there he ended it, and there, after all his battles, did the gates of an eternal peace open to receive him.

Endnotes

1. Acts xx, 17,28.
2. Dr. Todd declares against the genuineness of the works ascribed to Patrick in Ware and Villeneuva, with the exception of the *Confessio*. And as regards the ecclesiastical canons ascribed to him, Dr. Todd holds these, from external evidence, to be the production of an after age. We believe most students of history will agree with him. —See Todd's *Life of St. Patrick*, pp. 484-488.
3. Hippolytus was the disciple of Irenæus, the disciple of Polycarp, the disciple of the apostle John. His book, which treats on the doctrines of the primitive church, was written under Alexander Severus about A.D. 225. His knowledge of the apostolic doctrine was drawn from the most authentic sources; and being a member of the Presbytery of Rome, he speaks with the highest authority on the affairs of the Roman Church. He lived at the period of the church's transition from the apostolic constitution to the ecclesiastical system. He was the contemporary of two Popes, Zephyrinus and Callistus, who played no unimportant part in the changes then in progress. Hippolytus has given us portraits of these two popes. These portraits are the first full disclosures of the real character of these two notable ecclesiastics, but they are not such as are fitted to enhance our esteem of the men, or exalt our veneration for the papal chair. "The book," says Bunsen (vol. i. preface v.), "gives authentic information on the earliest history of Christianity, and precisely on those most important points of which hitherto we have known very little authentically."
4. *Hippolytus and His Age*, by C. C. J. Bunsen, D.C.L. London, 1852. Vol. iii. pp. 219-222.
5. *Ibid*., vol. i. p. 207.
6. *Hippolytus and his Age*, vol. i. e. 208.
7. *Ibid.*
8. *Ibid*., vol. iii. p. 221.
9. *Hippolytus and his Age*, vol. ii. p. 258, 259.
10. *Hippolytus and his Age*. Vol iii p.246.
11. Cypr. Epist.,i.
12. In his sixty-ninth epistle, the author of Cyprianus Isotimus says: "Cyprian dispenser of the Word and sacrements, but also insinuate that all under his charge, all that had any interest in calling or receiving him, were ordinarly fed by and received communion from him" —Cyprianus

Isotimus, chap. V. p. 460 by W. Jameson, Edin. 1705.
13. *Cypr. Epist*., 81 Plebi Universe.
14. *Victor Uticensis*, lib. i.
15. *Nazienzeni Querela et Votum Justum*, by W. Jameson, part i, sec. Vii. pp 30,31. Glasgow.
16. *Bingham Antq*. Bk, ii c. xi.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Schools of Early Ireland.

PATRICK stamped his image upon Ireland as Knox did at a later day on Scotland. Simply by the power of Christian truth he summoned into being an Ireland wholly unlike any that previous ages had seen, and if possible still more unlike the Ireland which we find in existence at this day. At the voice of Patrick the land shook off its hoary superstitions and its immemorial oppressions, as the mountains do the fogs of night when touched by the breath of morning. It stood forth an enlightened, a religious, and a prosperous country. The man who had wrought this wondrous transformation on it was now in his grave, but his spirit still lived in it, and the tide of renovated life which he had set flowing in the nation continued for some centuries in full flood. There came no foreign invader to put his yoke upon the neck of its sons, or to rob them of their scriptural faith. Left in peace they addicted themselves to the labours of the plough, and the yet nobler labours of the study. The first made their country a land of plenty, the second made them renowned throughout Europe as a nation of wise and learned men. The glory with which Ireland at this period shone was all the brighter from the darkness which had overwhelmed the rest of the world. Asia and Africa were passing into the eclipse of Islam. The rising cloud of superstition was darkening Europe. The nations seemed to be descending into the tomb, when lo! at that moment when knowledge appeared to be leaving the earth, there was lit in the far West a lamp of golden light, which was seen shining over the portals of the darkness, as if to keep alive the hope that the night which had settled upon the world would not be eternal.

We must now bestow a glance at the times that succeeded the death of the country's great reformer. They deserve our attention, for they were astir with noble and beneficent activities. To walk in the steps of Patrick was the ambition of the men who came after him. The labours of that most fruitful period may be arranged under the five following heads: there was the building of churches; there was the erecting of schools and colleges; there was the preaching of the Word of Life; the teaching of the Scriptures; and the training and sending forth of missionaries to foreign lands. The Gospel had given the Scots of Ireland peace among themselves.

The sea parted them from the irruptions and revolutions that were at that hour scourging continental Europe. They were not blind to this golden opportunity. For what end had they been provided with a quiet retreat from which they might look out upon the storm without feeling its ravages, if not that they might be ready, when the calm returned, to go forth and scatter the seeds of order and virtue on the ploughed fields of Europe. Accordingly they kept trimming their lamp in their quiet isle, knowing how dark the world's sky was becoming, and how pressingly it would yet need light-bearers. If sept strove with sept it was in the generous rivalry of multiplying those literary and religious institutions which were fitted to build up their country and reform their age. The national bent, the *perfervidum ingentium*, turned with characteristic force in this direction, and hence the sudden and prodigious outburst of intellectual power and religious life which was witnessed in Ireland, in this age—that is, in the sixth and succeeding centuries, and which drew the eyes of all the continental nations upon it as soon as their own troubles left them free to observe what was passing around them.

Leaving the missions for after narration, we shall here offer a brief sketch of the schools of Ireland. We have already said that wherever Patrick founded a church there he planted a school. From this good custom Patrick's successors took care not to depart. The church and the school rose together, and religion and learning kept equal pace in their journey through Ireland. The author of the ancient catalogue of saints, speaking of the period immediately succeeding Patrick, says, "It was the age of the highest order of Irish saints, who were, for the most part, persons of royal or noble birth, and were all founders of churches," and by consequence planters of schools.[1] The historian O'Halloran writes, "Every religious foundation in Ireland in those days included a school, or, indeed, rather academy." "The abbeys and monasteries," he continues, "founded in this (sixth) century, are astonishingly numerous." And again, "The abbeys and other munificent foundations of this (seventh) age, seem to have exceeded the former ones."[2]

Curio, an Italian, in his work on Chronology, also bears testimony to the number and excellence of the schools in Ireland. "Hitherto," he exclaims, "it would seem that the studies of wisdom would have quite perished had not God reserved to us a seed in some corner of the world. Among

the Scots and Irish something still remained of the doctrine of the knowledge of God, and of civilization, because there was no terror of arms in those utmost ends of the earth. And we may there behold and adore the great goodness of God, that among the Scots, and in those places where no man could have thought it, so great companies had gathered themselves together under a most strict discipline."[3] We do not wonder that this learned Italian should have been filled with astonishment when the cloud lifted, and he saw, rising out of the western ocean, an island of wise men and scholars where he had looked only for barbarous septs tyrannized over by brutal chieftains. We at this day are just as astonished, on looking back, to find Ireland in that age what these writers have pictured it. And yet there comes witness after witness attesting the fact. "The disciples of St. Patrick," says our own Camden, "profited so notably in Christianity, that in the succeeding age nothing was accounted more holy, more learned, than the Scottish monks, insomuch that they sent out swarms of most holy men into every part of Europe." After enumerating some of the abbeys they founded abroad, Camden goes on to say, "In that age our Anglo-Saxons flocked from every quarter into Ireland as to the emporium of sound literature, and hence it is that in our accounts of holy men we frequently read, 'he was sent for education to Ireland.'"[4]

Not less explicit is the testimony of the historian Mosheim. "If we except," says he, speaking of the eighth century, "some poor remains, of learning which were yet to be found at Rome and in certain cities of Italy, the sciences seem to have abandoned the Continent, and fixed their residence in Ireland and Britain." And again, "That the Hibernians were lovers of learning, and distinguished themselves in these times of ignorance by the culture of the sciences beyond all other European nations, traveling into the most distant lands, both with a view to improve and communicate their knowledge, is a fact with which I have been long acquainted; as we have seen them, in the most authentic records of antiquity, discharging with the highest reputation and applause the functions of doctors in France, Germany, and Italy, both during this (8th) and the following century."And speaking of the teachers of theology among the Greeks and Latins in the ninth century, Mosheim says, "With them authority became the test of truth, and supplied in arrogance what it lacked in argument . . . The Irish doctors alone, and particularly Johannes Scotus, had the courage to spurn

the ignominious fetters of authority."[5]

It is hard for us at this day to realise the Ireland of those ages as these witnesses describe it, the picture has since been so completely reversed. And yet, if it be possible to prove anything by evidence, the conspicuous eminence of Ireland during those centuries must be held as perfectly established. Like Greece, it was once a lamp of light to the nations; and, like Egypt, it was a school of wisdom for the world—a lamp of purer light than ever burned in Athens, and a school of diviner knowledge than Heliopolis ever could boast.

We have called these institutions *schools.* The chroniclers of the middle ages, who wrote in Latin, term them *monasteries*.[6] We prefer to speak of them as schools. It is the word that rightly describes them. The term monastery conveys to the modern mind a wholly false idea of the character and design of these establishments. They rose alongside the church, and had mostly as their founders the same royal or noble persons. They were richly endowed with lands, the gift of kings and chieftains, and they were yet more richly endowed with studious youth. They were just such monasteries as were Oxford and Cambridge, as were Paris and Padua and Bologna in succeeding centuries. They trained men for the service of church and state; they reared pastors for the church; and they sent forth men of yet more varied accomplishments to carry on the great missions movement in Northern Europe, which was the glory of the age, and which saved both divine and human learning from the extinction with which they were threatened by the descent of the northern nations, and the growing corruption of the Roman Church. Even Bede[7] speaks of then as colleges, and so, too, does Archbishop Usher. The latter says, "They were the seminaries of the ministers; being, as it were, so many colleges of learned men whereunto the people did usually resort for instruction, and from whence the church was wont to be continually supplied with able ministers."

Historic truth, moreover, requires that we should distinguish between these two very different sets of institutions, which are often made to pass under the same name, that is, between the schools of the sixth and seventh centuries, and the Benedictine monasteries, which were obtruded upon and supplanted than in the twelfth and thirteenth. Till times long posterior

to Patrick no monk had been seen in Ireland, and no monastery had risen on its soil. On this head the evidence of Malachy O'Morgain is decisive. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, was one of the earliest perverts to popery among the Irish clergy, and he was one of the main agents in the enslavement of his native land. His life was written by his contemporary and friend, the well-known St. Bernard of Clairvaux in France. This memoir lifts the veil and shows us the first monks and monasteries stealing into Ireland. "St Malachy, on his return to Ireland from Rome," says St. Bernard, "called again at Clairvaux . . . and left four of his companions in that monastery for the purpose of learning its rules and regulations, and of their being in due time qualified to introduce them into Ireland." In all countries monks have formed the vanguard of the papal army. "He," (Malachy) said on this occasion," continues St. Bernard, "*They will serve us for seed, and in this seed nations will be blessed, even those nations which from old time heard of the name of monk, but have never seen a monk*."[8] If the words of the Abbot of Clairvaux have any meaning, they imply that up till this time, that is, the year 1140, though Ireland was covered with institutions which the Latin writers call monasteries, the Irish were ignorant of monks and monkery. And this is confirmed by what we find Bernard afterwards writing to Malachy:— "And since," says he, "you have need of great vigilance, as in a new place, and in a new land that has been hitherto unused to, yea, that has never yet had any trial of monastic religion, withhold not your hand, I beseech you, but go on to perfect that which you have so well begun."[9] This evidence is decisive of two things: first, that monasteries, in the modern sense of the term, were unknown in Ireland till the middle of the twelfth century, when Malachy is seen sowing their seeds; and second, that the ancient foundations were not monasteries, but schools.[10]

The primary and paramount study in these colleges were the SCRIPTURES. They were instituted to be well-springs of evangelical light. But they were not restricted to the one branch of theological and sacred learning, however important it was deemed. Whatever was known to the age of science, or art, or general knowledge was taught in the schools of Ireland. The youth flocked to them, of course, but not the youth only; patriarchs of sixty or of threescore years, in whom age had awakened a love of knowledge, were enrolled among their pupils. As every age so all ranks were permitted to participate in their advantages.

Their doors stood open to the son of the serf as well as to the son of the prince. No nation but was welcome. From across the sea came youth in hundreds to be taught in them and carry back their fame to foreign lands. Thus they continued to grow in numbers and renown. Kings and noble families took a pride in fostering what then saw was a source of strength at home and glory abroad. In the centuries that followed the death of Patrick these schools continued to multiply, and the number of their pupils greatly to increase. In some instances the number of students in attendance almost exceeds belief: although the cases are well authenticated. We give few examples. At Benchor (White Choir) there was at one time, it is said, three thousand enrolled students. At Lismore, where the famous Finnian taught, there were three thousand. At Clonard, nearly as many. One quarter of Armagh was allotted to and occupied by foreign youth, attracted by the fame of its educational establishments. At Muinghard, near Limerick, fifteen hundred scholars received instruction. These foundations came in time to be possessed of great wealth. They shared, doubtless, in the revenues of the ancient priesthood on the downfall of Druidism. Moreover the waste lands with which they were gifted, and which the pupils cultivated in their leisure hours, were yearly growing in fertility and value, and yearly adding in the same ratio to the resources of the establishment. No fee was exacted at their threshold. They dispensed their blessings with a royal munificence. So Bede informs us. Speaking of the times of Aidan and Colman (A.D. 630-664) he says, "There were at that time in Ireland many both of the nobility and of the middle classes of the English nation, who, having left their native island, had retired thither for the sake of reading God's word, or leading a more holy life.... All of whom the Irish receiving most warmly, supplied, not only with daily food, free of charge, but even with books to read, and masters to teach gratuitously."[11]

Estimating it at the lowest, the change which Patrick wrought on Ireland was great. Compared with the reformation of Luther, it may be readily admitted, that of Patrick was feeble and imperfect. It did not so thoroughly penetrate to the roots of either individual or social life as the German reformation. The fifth century was poor in those mighty instrumentalities in which the sixteenth century was so rich. It lacked the scholarship, the intellectual vigour, the social energy, and the brilliant examples of personal piety which shed so great a splendour on the first age of the

reformation. The fifth century had no printing press. It had no Frederic the Wise; it had no theological treatise like the "Institutes," and no compend of the Christian revelation like the "Augsburg Confession." Moreover, the light did not reach Ireland till the day was going away in other lands. It was the beams of a rising sun that burst on the world in the sixteenth century: it was the rays of a setting one that fell on Ireland in the fifth. As Christian Ireland went forward, displacing slowly and laboriously pagan Ireland, it had to leave in its rear many a superstitious belief, and many a pagan custom. In numerous instances, doubtless, the oak groves of the Druid were given to the axe, and the dolmen and stone pillar lay overturned and broken by the hammer of the iconoclast. But not in all cases. In some localities these objects of idolatrous reverence were spared, and became snares and causes of stumbling to the converts. But with all these drawbacks, the change accomplished in Ireland was immense. The grand idea of a God who is a Spirit—a Father who has given his Son to be the Saviour of men—had been made known to it; and who can estimate what a power there is in this idea to humanise and to elevate—to awaken love and hope in the human breast, and to teach justice and righteousness to nations.

That the Gospel should flourish in Ireland during his own lifetime did not content Patrick; he took every means, as we have seen, to give it permanent occupancy of the land. The provision he made for bringing the whole nation under religious instruction, and drawing the people to the observance of Divine ordinances, was wonderfully complete considering the age in which it was made, and the difficulties to be overcome in a country newly rescued from paganism. A church, a school, and an academy in every tribe, was anticipation of the plan of Knox, which, as the author of the latter plan found, came too early to the birth even in the Scotland of the sixteenth century. Nor did the idea of Patrick's remain a mere programme on paper. He succeeded in realizing it. The ministers whom he planted in Ireland were of his own training, and, moreover, they were men of his own spirit: and preaching the faith he had taught them with zeal and diligence, they raised Ireland from paganism to Christianity, while earlier churches, losing faith in the Gospel, and turning back to symbol and rite, lost their Christianity, and sank again into heathenism. These schools of Divine knowledge continued in vigour for about three centuries after their founder had gone to his grave, and

furnished an able but inexhaustible supply of evangelists and missionaries. Many of these men, finding their labours not needed in a land so plentiful supplied with evangelists as Ireland now was, turned their steps to foreign countries. From Ireland and Iona there went forth one missionary band after another to scatter the pagan darkness where it still lingered, or to stem the incoming tide of papal arrogance and usurpation. Rome was compelled to pause in her advance before their intrepid ranks. In Gaul, in Germany and other countries, these devoted preachers revived many a dying light, refreshed many a fainting spirit, and strengthened hands that had began to hang down, and they long delayed, though they could not ultimately prevent, the approach of a superstition destined to embrace all Christendom in its somber folds, and darken its sky for ages. We shall again meet these missionaries.

No less happy were the social changes that passed on the country as the immediate fruit of its submission to the Gospel. From that hour the yoke of the feudal lord pressed less heavily, and the obedience of his tribe was more spontaneous and cheerful. All the relations of life were sweetened. Gentleness and tenderness came in the room of those fierce, vindictive, and selfish passions with which paganism fills the breast and indurates the human heart. The ghostly domination of the Druid was shattered, the terror of his incantations dissolved, and no more was seen the dark smoke of his sacrifice rising luridly above the grove, or heard the piteous wail of victim, as he was being dragged to the altar. Nature seemed to feel that to her, too, the hour of redemption had come. As if in sympathy with man she threw off her primeval savageness, and attired herself in a grace and beauty she had not till then known. Her brown moorlands burst into verdure; her shaggy woods, yielding to the axe, made room for the plough; her hills, set free by the mattock from furze and prickly brier, spread out their grassy slopes to the herdsman and his flock; and plain and valley, cured of inhospitable bog and stagnant marsh, and converted into arable land, received into their bosom the precious seed, and returned with bounteous increase in the mellow autumn what had been cast upon their open furrows in the molient spring.

What a change in the destiny of the country since the day that Patrick had first set foot upon it! He had found its sons groping their way through the darkness of an immemorial night: one generation coming into being after

another, only to inherit the same bitter portion of slavery. Now the springs of liberty had been opened in the land; barbarity and oppression had begun to recede before the silent influences of arts and letters. Above all, the Gospel enlightened its sky, and with every Sabbath sun came rest and holy worship. The psalm pealed forth in sanctuary rose loud and sweet in the stillness; and on weekday the same strains, "the melody of health," might be heard ascending from humble cot, where Labour sanctified its daily toils by daily prayer and praise.

We here drop the curtain on the story of the Scots on the hither side of the Irish Channel. After the days of Patrick the land had rest seven centuries. In the middle of the twelfth century there arose a new church in Ireland, which knew not Patrick nor the faith he had propagated. Breakspeare (Hadrian IV.), the one Englishman who ever sat in the papal chair, claimed Ireland as part of Peter's patrimony by a bull dated 1155. He next sold it to Henry II. for a penny a year on each house in the kingdom. The infamous bargain between the Pope and the English king was completed in the subjugation of the country by the soldiers of the latter. The laws of history forbid us entering farther on this transaction, but the two short extracts given below [12] will disclose to the intelligent reader the whole melancholy drama. The revolution in Ireland has been followed by seven centuries of calamities.

Endnotes

1. See Usher, *Antiquities*, c. 17.
2. *General History of Ireland*, vol. ii. pp. 85-96.
3. *Rerum Chronology*, lib. ii.; Usher, *Citante*.
4. "Amandatus est ad disciplinam in Hiberniam."—Camden's *Britannia*, vol. iii. O'Halloran says this was, a proverb abroad when any one was missing.
5. *Mosheim*. Century ix. part ii c.3, sec 10.
6. Their name in the Latin documents is *Cænobia*.
7. Bede says of Iona, *ex eo collegeo*.
8. *Apud Lanigan*, vol. iv. p. 112.
9. "Terra jam insueta, immo et inexperta monastics religionis."
10. We doubt whether Malachy was in on the secret, or knew what a yoke he was imposing on his countrymen. He appears to have been a

good man in the main, of a warm, generous disposition, an enthusiastic admirer of the Romish system, and the tool of more cunning men. He did not live to see the work he had helped to begin completed. He died at Clairvaux, 1148, in the arms of his friend St. Bernard, while on a second visit to Rome to beg the pallium for the metropolitan See of St. Patrick. Malachy heads the roll of Irish saintship, being the first of his nation to receive the honours of canonization at the hands of the Pontiff. Romanist writers speak of him as the great church reformer of the twelfth century.

11. Bede, *Eccl. History*., lib. 3 c. 27.

12. At a meeting of the Catholic Association in Dublin, Daniel O'Connel, speaking of the landing of Henry II to take possession of his new territories, gives us both a history and a picture:—"It was on the evening of the 23rd of August" (October), "1172" (1171), "that the first hostile English footstep pressed the soil of Ireland. It is said to have been a sweet and mild evening when the invading party entered the noble estuary formed by the conflux of the Suir, the Nore, and Barrow at the city of Waterford. Accursed be that day in the memory of all future generations of Irishmen when the invaders first touched our shores. They came to a nation famous for its love of learning, its piety, and its heroism; they came when internal dissension separated her sons and wasted their energies. Internal traitors led on the invaders—her sons fell in no fight, her liberties were crushed in no battle; but domestic treason and foreign invaders doomed Ireland to seven centuries of oppression."[1]

"The independence of Ireland," says Dr. William Phelan, "was not crushed in battle, but quietly sold in the Synods of the prelates, those internal traitors, to whom the orator alluded, but whom he was much too prudent to name."[2]

1. *Dublin Evening Mail*.

2. *History of the Policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland*, p. 3, Lond. 1827.

CHAPTER XIX.

ABERNETHY—LINK BETWEEN IONA AND WHITHORN—ITS POSITION—ITS FOUNDING—BUILDINGS—CHURCHES OF EARLY SCOTLAND—MISSIONARY STAFF—EVANGELISTIC TOURS—ROUND TOWERS.

WHEN Ninian ended his labours and descended into his grave, he left the lamp burning which he had kindled on the promontory of Whithorn. But no sooner was the hand that had tended it withdrawn than its light began to wane, and soon thereafter it disappears from history. At no time had the lamp of Candida Casa illuminated a wide circuit. Hardly had its beams, even when they shone the clearest, penetrated beyond the somewhat circumscribed territory which was inhabited by the Picts of Galloway and the Britons of Strathclyde, and even within that narrow domain it was only a dubious twilight which its presence diffused. The Roman admixture which Ninian had admitted into his creed had proved an enfeebling element. The darkness was repulsed rather than dispersed; and when Ninian's ministry came to a close, and his work passed into the hands of his successors, men probably more Roman than himself, the powerlessness of a dubious theology, drawn partly from the Scriptures and partly from human tradition, became even more apparent. The ground which had been but half won was lost. The incipient darkness of Rome invited the return of the older and deeper darkness of the Druid, and the imperfect evangelisation of the south of Scotland—to designate the country by a name it had not yet received—melted away. If not wholly obliterated, it was nearly so.

What helped the sooner to efface the feeble Christianity which Ninian had propagated in this remote corner of the land, was the melancholy fact that the pagan night had again settled down deep and thick on England. That country was then partitioned into several kingdoms, but now all of them were overwhelmed by a common and most deplorable catastrophe. The rush of barbarous tribes from across the German Sea again darkened with their idols, as they subjugated with their swords, the southern portion of our island, and as the territory which we now behold borne down by this double conquest came all round the region in which Ninian had kindled his lamp, its light must have been much dimmed, if not wholly

extinguished. In times like these, even deeper footprints than those which the apostle of Candida Casa had left behind him would have run great risk of being effaced.

A century was yet to elapse before Columba should arrive. The light of Candida Casa quenched, or nearly so, and the lamp of Iona not yet kindled, what, meanwhile, was the condition of Scotland? Did unbroken night cover from shore to shore our unhappy land? The time was one in which, doubtless, the obscurity was great, but in which the darkness was not total. At the critical moment, when the light which had burned with more or less clearness for half a century on the rocks of Whithorn was about to withdraw itself, another evangelical beacon was seen to shine out amid the darkness. He that brings forth the stars at their appointed time kindled these lights in succession, and appointed to each its hour and place in the morning sky of Scotland. This leads us to narrate the little that is known respecting the second evangelical school that was opened in our country, and which was placed at Abernethy.

The site of Abernethy, if regard be had to its immediate environments, is picturesque. And if we take into account the panoramic magnificence of its more distant landscape, walled in by noble mountain barriers, it is more than picturesque, it is grand. It reposes on the northern slope of the Ochils, looking down on the Tay, which rolls along through the rich carse lands of Gowrie, broadening as it nears the estuary into which it falls. The wooded spurs of the mountain-chain on which it is placed, and from which rushes down the torrent of the Nethy, lean over it on the south, while the loftier summits, bare but verdant, prolong their course till they sink and are lost in the level sandy downs that hem in the waters of the bay of St. Andrews, some twenty miles to the eastward. On the north, looking, between the heights that border the valley of the Tay, is seen the great plain of the Picts, now denominated the valley of Strathmore. At Abernethy the kings of the southern Picts had fixed their capital; and truly the position was wisely as grandly chosen. From their palace gates they could look forth over well-nigh the whole of their kingdom, stretching from the cloudy tops of Drumalban to the eastern border of the Mearns. On one side was the Firth of Forth, forming the boundary of their territories to the south; and yonder in front were the Grampians, running along to the eastward, and walling in their dominions on the north.

The seat of royalty, Abernethy now became for a short while the center of the Christianisation of Scotland. Even in this we trace advance in the great work of our country's elevation. Candida Casa, set down on the frontier of Scotland, washed on the one side by the waters of the Irish Channel, and hemmed in on the other by the darkness of Bernicia, the modern Northumberland and Lothian, enjoyed but straitened means of evangelizing the country, at the gates of which it stood. But the new champion, who stepped into the field as the other was retiring from it, to maintain the battle with the old darkness, advanced boldly into the very heart of the land. Placed midway between the eastern and western shore, it was out of the way of the foreign invasions which were beginning to ravage the coasts of Scotland. Under the shadow of royalty the evangelical agency established at Abernethy enjoyed a prestige, doubtless, which was wanting to that which had had its seat in the more remote and provincial district on the Solway.

Abernethy has other and most important significance. Its rise shows us that the new life of Scotland had begun to broaden. That life had flowed hitherto in the channel of individual men; now it begins to operate through the wider sphere of associated workers. For whatever name we give the establishment at Abernethy, whether we call it a community, or a church, or a monastery, what we here behold is simply a congregation of pious men associated for the purpose of diffusing Christianity. Their arrangements and methods of working are all of the simplest kind, and such as are dictated by the circumstances of the men and their age. They are no more like the graduated and despotically ruled confraternities into which monasteries grew up in the tenth and twelfth centuries, than the patriarchal government of early times was like the military despotisms of succeeding ages. The members are voluntarily associated, and stand to each other in only the relation of brothers. Outwardly separate from the heathen population around them, they yet mix daily with them in the prosecution of their mission. The new doctrine which they have received is their law. The teacher from whom they have learned it is their ruler, just as in primitive times the first convert ordinarily became the pastor of the congregation that gathered round him. They are distinguished from the rest of the population by character rather than by dress. The Gospel has sweetened their spirit and refined their manners. And they enjoy

certain privileges unknown outside their community. They have the school, they have the Sabbath, and they enjoy the advantage of mutual defense. They are, in short, a new nation rising on the soil of Scotland.

The foundation of Abernethy is commonly referred to the middle of the fifth century. Fordun and Wintoun date it between A.D. 586 and A.D. 597, and attribute its founding to Garnard, the successor of that King Brude who was converted by Columba, and who reigned over the northern Picts. But the legend of its first settlement connects it with the church of Ninian, and attributes its foundation to King Nectan, who is called in the Pictish chronicle king of all the provinces of the Picts, and reigned from 458 to 482.[1] He is said to have just returned from a visit to Kildare, in Ireland, where St. Bridget was held in honour, when he founded this church at Abernethy, and dedicated it to God and St. Bridget. King Nectan is farther credited with having piously endowed it with certain lands that lay in the neighbourhood, so providing for the support of the labourers to be in due time gathered within its walls.

We are curious to know the style of building in which the missionary staff at Abernethy was housed. The Scotland of that day possessed no lordly structures. It could boast no temple of classic beauty like Greece, no Gothic cathedral like those that came along with the Roman worship. The singing of a psalm and the exposition of a passage from Holy Scripture, needed no pillared nave or cloistered aisle, such as banners and processions and chantings require for their full display. The Norman architecture, or rather the Romanesque, the earliest of our styles, had not yet been introduced into Scotland. A cave dug in the rock, or a shed constructed of wattles, served not infrequently in those early days as a place of worship. But about this time edifices of a more elaborate character began to be reared for the use of Christian assemblies. Candida Casa had been built of stone, and it is not probable that the later sanctuary of Abernethy, standing as it did in the immediate proximity of the royal residence, would be constructed of inferior materials. A house, or rather cells, in which the evangelists might reside, a church in which the people might worship, and a school in which the youth might be taught, would probably comprise the whole structural apparatus of the new mission. But all was to be plain and unpretending, such as met the ideas of the times, and such as was adapted to the uses intended to be served. The

light which these buildings were to enshrine, and which was thence to radiate over all the territory of the southern Picts, must be their peculiar glory.

The church at Abernethy resembled, doubtless, the early churches of Scotland. The type of these fabrics is not unknown. Two specimens at least remain in the remote western islands of Scotland which enable us to determine the style and appearance of the churches in which the first congregations of Picts and Scots, gathered out of heathenism, met to offer their worship. On the mainland no such remains are to be met with, for this reason, that when the early fabrics fell into decay they were replaced by larger and finer structures, whereas in poor and lonely parts the inhabitants were without the means of erecting such restorations. Judging from the ruins that exist in some of the island of our western seas, the early Scottish churches were marked by three characteristics—a severe simplicity, a diminutive size, and an entire absence of ornament. They were rectangular in form; they were one chambered, and the average size of the chamber was 15 feet by 10. The wall was low, and the roof was of stone. The door was commonly in the west end, and the window, which was small, was placed high in the eastern gable.

The early churches of Scotland did not belong to the European or Continental type. They were of a style that was found only within a certain area, that areas being Scotland and Ireland. Outside these islands no such humble religious edifices were to be seen.[2] Nor were their architecture or arrangements borrowed from the Roman churches. The churches of Rome from the fourth century to the middle of the twelfth were basilicas, *i.e.*, they terminated in a circular apse. Not a single instance of an apsical church is to be found among the remains of the early sanctuaries of Scotland. All of them consist of a simple rectangular chamber, exactly resembling the small and undecorated churches in which the early Christians worshipped while under persecution, but which had perished from the face of the earth, swept away by the fury of Dioclesian, and we ought to add, by the sunshine of imperial favour that succeeded, which reared in their room sumptuous temples, but failed to fill them with equally devout worshippers.

Around the church were grouped the houses of the ecclesiastics. These

were equally primitive with the church. They consisted of bee-hive shaped cells, formed of dry-built masonry, the wall thick, and rising to a height of seven feet or so. The roof was dome-shaped, being formed by stone overlapping stone till the circle was roofed in. In some instances a rash, or strong palisading, was drawn round the whole for protection. When we have put this picture before the reader, he will have a tolerably correct idea of the external appearance of the second great missionary school that was set up in Scotland, Abernethy.

Who or what were the numbers of this missionary colony? What was their ecclesiastical rank, and by what titles were they designated? Were they called presbyters, or monks, or were they styled bishops? It is natural that we should wish to be informed on these points, but the legendary mists that have gathered round this early institution and its venerable associates are too dense to permit any certain knowledge regarding them. It is most likely that these fathers bore the early and honoured name of presbyter or elder. If we read of the monks and bishops of Abernethy, we must bear in mind that it is on the pages of writers who flourished in times subsequent to this early foundation, and that in thus speaking they employ the nomenclature of Italy to describe an order of things in Scotland which was far indeed from resembling that which was now beginning to exist on the south of the Alps. These designations, in most cases, would have been unfamiliar and strange to the men who are made to bear them. The community of pious persons which we see establishing themselves on the banks of the Nethy, have not come from Rome. Her scissors had not passed upon their heads, nor have her cords been wound round their minds. The Popes of those days had neither throne nor tiara; the Vandal tempest was hanging at that hour in the sky of the Seven Hills, and was about to burst in desolation over the temples and palaces of the eternal city. Amid the confusions and revolutions of the time, the Bishop of Rome might well be content if his crosier was obeyed on the banks of the Tiber, without seeking to stretch it so far as the Tay. The associated evangelists at Abernethy formed a brotherhood. The idea that these men were under "rules" which had not then been invented, is inadmissible. It was not till several centuries after this that Rome sent forth those armies of cowled and corded "regulars," with which she replenished all the countries of western Christendom.

The following, picture of Boethius may be held as fairly applicable to this period. "Our people," says he, "also began most seriously at that time to embrace the doctrine of Christ by the guidance and exhortation of some monks, who, because they were most diligent in preaching, and frequent in prayer, were called by the inhabitants 'worshippers of God,' which name took such deep root with the common people, that all the priests, almost to our time, were commonly without distinction called Culdees (cultores Dei), worshippers of God."[3] In other places Boethius calls these teachers indifferently priests, monks, and Culdees. Other of our early historians apply the same appellations indiscriminately to the same class of men, and speak of them sometimes as monks, sometimes as presbyters, and at other times as bishops, doctors, priests, or Culdees. Hence it is clear that the term monk in this case does not mean a lay hermit. These, our primitive pastors, were called monks only by reason of their strictness of life, and their frequent retirement to meditate and pray when the work of their public ministry admitted of their withdrawing themselves. It is possible also that divers of then may have abstained from marriage, solely on grounds of expediency, and with the view of keeping themselves disentangled from the cares of the world, but without enjoining this practice on others.

But these early communities did not disdain the advantages that spring from organization. That order might be maintained, and the work for which they were associated go regularly on, one of their number, doubtless, was chosen, as in the subsequent case of Iona, to preside over the rest. Without claiming any lordship over his brethren, he appointed to each his sphere, and allotted to all their work. They obeyed, because devotion to that work constrained them. Their duties lay outside their monastery—if so we must call it—rather than within. They did not think to serve God and earn salvation by singing litanies and counting beads within the walls of their building. On the contrary, they had assembled here that by united counsel and well-organised plans they might diffuse the light of Christianity among their countrymen. They were not recluses; they had not forsaken the world; they had not set down their building in the heart of a desert, or on the top of an inaccessible mountain, nor had they buried themselves in the depth of some far-retreating glen: on the contrary, they had taken up their position at the heart of the kingdom; they had fixed their seat where the kings of Pictland had planted theirs, that

they might have easy access to every part of the Pictish territory, and that they might spread the light from the one extremity of it to the other—from the foot of Ben Voirloch, which rose in the west, to the rocky shores of Angus and Mearns on the east.

On what plan did these pious men carry on their mission? How engrossingly interesting it would be to read the record of their early missionary tours! and to be told, in their own simple language, or in that of some chronicler of the time, how they journeyed from village to village and from one part of the country to another, telling in artless phrase, such as might win the ear and penetrate the understanding of the sons of the soil, their heavenly message! How, among their hearers, some mocked, and others wondered at the tale! How the Druid launched his anathema, and raised tumults against the men who had come to overturn the altars of their ancestors, and to extinguish the fires which from time immemorial had lighted up their land on Beltane's eve. How, while multitudes scoffed and blasphemed, there were hearts that were opened to receive their words, and how the missionaries rejoiced when they saw men who had withstood Caesar bowing to Christ, beholding in these converts the undoubted proofs that at the foot of the mountains of Caledonia, as amid the hills of Palestine and on the shores of the Levant, the Gospel was "the power of God unto salvation." But, alas! no pen of chronicler records the battles of these soldiers of the cross with the champions of the ancient darkness, though issues a thousand times more important hung upon them than any that depended upon the obscure and doubtful conflicts between Pict and Scot, which form the long and wearisome thread of our early annals. Or if such records ever existed, the accidents of time, the carelessness of ignorance, and the ravages of war have long since scattered and annihilated then.

We can draw the picture of the labours of these early preachers only by borrowing from what we know of the method commonly pursued in similar establishments of the period. Affecting neither high-sounding titles, nor costly raiment, nor luxurious living, and fettered by no monastic vow, they went in and out, discharging their ministrations with all freedom, and seeking no reverence save what their piety and their many kind offices might procure from those around them. At the first dawn they left their couch, and the day thus early begun was diligently occupied to its close.

Its first hours were given to the reading and study of the Scriptures, to meditation and prayer. They taught themselves, that they might be able to teach others. These exercises they intermitted and varied at certain seasons with manual labour. They did not disdain to cultivate with their own hands the lands of the fraternity, and their fields, waving with rich crops, taught the Picts what an abundance of good things a little pains and labour might draw forth from the soil, and that the plough would yield them a less precarious subsistence than the chase, and a more honest one than the spoil of robbery or war. Others of the brethren practiced various handicrafts, and making no monopoly of their skill, sought to instruct the natives in the art of fabricating for themselves such implements as they needed. Thus they made it their aim that civilisation and Christianity should advance by equal steps, and that the arts of life and the Christian virtues should flourish together.

But they knew that while art is powerful the Gospel is omnipotent, and that the light of heavenly truth alone can chase the darkness from the soul, and lay the sure foundations of the order and progress of a realm. Accordingly, they never lost sight of what was their main business, the spiritual husbandry even. Their morning duties concluded, we see them issue from the door of their humble edifice, and staff in hand, wend their way over the surrounding country. Some of them penetrate into the hills that sweep past their abode on the south, others descend into the strath of the Earn and the valley of the Tay. The wayfarers whom they chance to meet tender them respectful greeting, and the fathers courteously return the salutation. They turn aside into the fields, and sitting down beside the workers, they converse with them during the hour of rest on divine things, or they read a portion of the Scriptures, mayhap of their own transcription, for even already in the Scottish monasteries copies of' the Word of God, beautifully illuminated, had begun to be produced. The budding taste of our country showed itself, first of all, in works of exquisite beauty created by the pencil, before throwing itself on the mallet and the chisel, and aspiring to the grander achievements of architecture.

We return to our pilgrims,—humble men, but the bearers of a great message. No crucifix nor rosary hangs suspended from their girdle; they buckle on instead, mayhap, some trusty weapon of defense, lest peradventure wolf or wild boar should thrust his attentions upon them

when traversing lonely moor or tracing their steps by the margin of dusky wood. They enter the wigwams of the Pictish peasantry. The produce of the chase, or of the herd, or of the stream, hastily cooked, furnish a plain repast, and as the strangers partake, they take occasion to say, "Whoso eateth of this bread shall hunger again, but whoso eateth of the bread that we shall give him shall never hunger." "Give us of that bread," we hear the unsophisticated listeners say, "that our tables may be always full, and that we may never again have to dig and toil and sweat." That bread grows not on the earth," we can fancy the missionaries replying, chiding gently their dull and gross understandings; "that bread grows not on the earth, it came down from heaven. He who made the world sent His Son to die for it, that so He might redeem man who had destroyed himself by transgression. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." These simple men muse and ponder over the strange saying. They only half comprehend it; and yet it has awakened a hope within them till then unfelt, and which they would not willingly let go. With that story, mysterious and almost incomprehensible as it is to them, a new light has dawned on their path, and should that ray withdraw the darkness around them would be deeper than it was aforetime. The great message has been delivered, the words of life have been spoken, and with the benediction, "Peace be on this house," the missionaries arise and go on their way.

Over all the land do they journey. Some hold their way eastward to where the jutting coast of Fotherif (Fife) spurns back the German tides; and others turning their face towards the Grampians traverse the great plain of Strathmore, and halt only when they have reached the foot of the great hills. This is the vineyard which has been given then to cultivate. Before their arrival it was all overgrown with the briars and thorns of an ancient Druidism. They will essay with spade and mattock to root up these noxious plants, and set in their room that Tree, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. They enter the villages that lie on their path. They turn aside to the towns that they may kindle a torch in the centers of the population. We can imagine them lifting up their voice and saying, to the crowds that gather round them, "Seek not God in dark woods: He that made the world, and the things that are therein, dwelleth not in groves planted by the hand of man. He dwells in heaven, and also in the heart of the contrite on earth. We come to make known to you that Great Father. Ye also are His offspring, and He hath sent us forth to bid

you, his erring children, return to Him. It is not by the altar of the Druid that the way to that Father lies. We proclaim to you a better sacrifice. It is others whom the Druid binds and lays upon his altar. This Priest offered up himself. His sacrifice expiates your sin; His blood cleanseth your souls. Come to Him and He will make you the sons of this Father, and admit you to the fellowship of a holy and glorious society which He is gathering out of all nations by His Gospel, and which at a future day He will come to raise from the grave and carry with Him to the skies."

So may we picture these early missionaries, their headquarters at Abernethy, traversing the Pictish territory in all directions, and of "these stones" raising up children to Abraham. We see the Pict pressing into the kingdom, while the Jew who had monopolized its honours and privileges so long that his eyes were darkened and his heart was indurated, is cast out. We by no means imagine that the theology of these preachers was systematic and complete. On the contrary, we believe it was imperfect and crude, and their views were narrow and clouded. Nevertheless they had grasped the two cardinal doctrines that underly all theology, even the sin of man and the grace of the Saviour. One great beacon they made to stand out full and clear amid the darkness of Pictland—the Cross. One ray from it, they knew, would chase away the night and overturn the altars of the Druid. As they gazed on the men who stood round them, encrusted all over with barbarism, brutalized by passion, and their native fierceness whetted by the bloody rites of their worship and the cruel wars in which they were continually occupied, they reflected that thereon was not one of them into whose heart a way had not been made ready beforehand for the Gospel. In the Pict, as in the most barbarous and vicious on earth, God had placed a conscience. And what conscience is it that does not at times feel the burden of sin. Herein lies the strength of the Gospel, and herein consists its infinite superiority as an elevating agency over every other influence. It touches that within the man which is the strongest force in his nature. While letters, science, and philosophy, make their appeal to the barbarian in vain, because they address themselves to the understanding and the taste, and presuppose some previous cultivation of these faculties, the Gospel goes directly to the mighty inextinguishable and divine power in man—inextinguishable and divine in the savage, as in the civilized—and awakens that power into action. Conscience can expire only with the annihilation of the being in

whom it resides. And herein lies the hope of the reclamation of the race. For without this point of stability, placed so deep in humanity as to be unremovable by the combined powers of ignorance and licentiousness and atheism, the Gospel would have lacked a fulcrum on which to rest its lever, and the world would have lain hopelessly engulfed in those abysses into which at more than one epoch of its career it has descended.

When the first buildings at Abernethy, which were of a very humble description, fell into decay, they were replaced, doubtless, by statelier structures. By this time too, the missionary staff had grown more numerous, and larger accommodation had to be provided for the fathers. It was, doubtless, in connection with these modern restorations—modern as compared with Nectan's church, but ancient looked at from our day—that the well-known round tower of Abernethv arose. Scotland possesses only three examples of this unique and beautiful species of architecture: one in the island of Egilsay, Orkney; one at Brechin, and one at Abernethy, that of which we now speak. The native land of the round tower is Ireland, and there we should expect to find the specimens in greater abundance. In that country there are not fewer than seventy such towers still entire, and twenty-two in ruins. The Irish round towers are divided into four classes. To the third class belongs the round tower of Brechin. Its height is 86 feet 9 inches. It was built, according to Dr. Petrie, between 977 and 994, and with this estimate of its age agrees Dr. Anderson, who supposes that its erection was later than the first half of the tenth century. It is the more elegant of the two, its workmanship being finer, and its symmetry more perfect than its companion tower at Abernethy.

As regards the question of antiquity, the balance of opinion inclines in favour of the Abernethy tower. Dr. Petrie thinks that it was built by Nectan III., from 712 to 727. Dr. Anderson, however, places its erections somewhat later, deeming its date to lie somewhere between 900 and 1100. The three Scottish round towed are included in the third and fourth class of their Irish brethren; and the era of the Irish round towers Dr. Anderson places betwixt the end of the ninth and the beginning of the thirteenth century.

What was the purpose intended to be served by these round towers? This question has given rise to much ingenious discussion. Some have

said that they were simple belfrys. In those ages the bells were made rectangular, and instead of being swung in steeples were sounded from the top of lofty edifices. But if they were bell-towers, why were they so few? There were surely bells at more places than Brechin and Abernethy?

Others contend, and we think with more probability, that these round towers were constructed as safes for church valuables. By the ninth and tenth centuries the church had amassed a considerable amount of treasure. The monastic houses had store of valuables in money, in plate, in church vessels, in gifts of devotees, in crosiers and rich vestments, and these were a tempting prize to the Northmen when they swept down on Scotland. The hut of the peasant could yield them nothing worth their carrying away. Even the dwelling of the chief would not, in all cases, repay a visit; but these marauders could reckon without fail on finding a rich booty in the ecclesiastical establishments, and seldom passed them by unvisited. When sudden danger emerged, the inmates of these places would convey their goods, and sometimes themselves, to the loftier chambers of the round tower, which stood in close proximity to their church buildings, but did not form part of them, and there they would enjoy comparative safety till the torrent of invasion had rolled past, and it was safe to descend. It strengthens the supposition that these towers were erected for some such purpose as this, that their remains exist most numerously in what was the ancient track of the northern ravagers.

We have already shown that the evangelistic operations, of which Abernethy was the center, were not the first planting of Christianity in the region of the southern Picts. The Gospel had found disciples here in the third century, if not before. The numbers of these disciples had been reinforced by refugees from the all but exterminating storm of the Dioclesian persecution. But the seeds of Druidism were still in the soil, and after the tempests of persecution had lulled, there would seem to have come an after growth of this noxious system, covering up, and all but effacing, the footsteps of the earliest missionaries. The altar was seen rising again under the oaks, and the smoke of the Druid's sacrifice was beginning once more to darken the sky. It was at this crisis that the southern Picts were visited first by the missionaries of Candida Casa, and now by the evangelists of Abernethy, and the Christianity which was on the point of becoming extinct was revived, and the seed sown by the

hands of the first cultivators, watered anew, sprang up in a vigour unknown to it before. On the other side of the Grampian range no evangelical lights had yet been kindled. The darkness reigned unbroken, and the inhabitants still served the gods of their fathers, and offered sacrifice to the Baal of Druidism. But in the region occupied by the southern Picts, which was the heart of Scotland, Christianity now obtained such a footing that it never again receded before Druidism. Abernethv kept its place as an evangelical light in the sky of Scotland during the latter half of the fifth century, that is, till a greater light shone out from Iona; nor did it even then become extinct: it merged its rays in those of the great northern luminary.

In due time Abernethy multiplied itself. Branch institutions arose on the great plains on which it looked down, which owned dependence upon it as the parent foundation. We can name with confidence at least Dunkeld and Brechin as its affiliated institutions. These daughters became the praise of the mother by their evangelistic activities, which soon bore fruit in the Christian virtues which began to flourish in the neighbourhood, in the fairer cultivation which markets the district to which their operations and influence extended, and the cleansing of the land from the foul rites which accompanied the worship of the groves and the stone circles.

When Iona rose to its great pre-eminence as a fountain of Christian light and letters, Abernethy fell, of course, into the second place. It ranked as one of the affiliated institutions of the northern establishment. But when Icolmkill began to wane, and its first glory had departed, Abernethy resumed once more something like its early position and influence. About the time of the union of the Scots and the Picts in the ninth century, it became again the ecclesiastical head of the nation. An old house of Culdees, with its abbot, survived at Abernethy the great revolution of David.[4] And a convent of Culdees existed at the same place till the end of the reign of William the Lion, till they seem to have expired, though in what manner is not certainly known, for no record exists of their transference to St. Andrews, which was the mode of suppression in the case of some other houses.[5] In the charters of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the lands of the Culdee establishment at Abernethy appear divided into two unequal parts. The larger half is possessed by a layman, who has the title of abbot; and the smaller half remains the property of

the ecclesiastics, who, with their head, the prior, discharge the duties for which the whole of the estates had been originally assigned.[6]

Abernethy retains now little beside the imperishable interest of its name. This ancient capital, once graced by monarch and abbot, has faded into a lonely provincial town. Lying landward, its solitude is deep. But that solitude is sweetened by the noble landscape that lies spread out around it in all its old magnificence of valley and mountain chain, with the Tay—that ancient river, whose banks the Roman has trodden, and whose waters have been so often dyed with the blood of Pict and Scot,—pursuing its course amid orchards and cornfields, past village and baronial castle, to the ocean. As it rolled when the Picts crossed its stream on their way from the bloody field near Dundee, carrying the head of King Alpin to fix it on the walls of Abernethy, so rolls it now. But it is not the trophies of victory or the tragedies of the battle-field that give interest to this little town. It owes the fragrance of its name not to the Pictish kings who made it their capital, but to the humble and pious men who fixed here their abode, and made it a fountain of light in the realm of the southern Picts, in the dawn of our country's history. The spot will ever recall to Scotsmen the most sacred and the most touching of memories. For about a century its lamp continued to shine bright amid the shadows of that long morning that in Scotland divided the night of Druidism from the day of Christianity. The one remaining memorial of its old glories is its famous round tower. It is one of the oldest, if not the oldest round tower that now exists. While later and far stronger edifices have disappeared, overturned in the blast, or shaken by earthquake, or thrown down by the violence of war, storm and battle have spared the tower of Abernethy, and to this day, gray with age, it lingers lovingly on this venerable site of early Scottish Christianity.

Endnotes

1. Skene, Celtic Scotland, vol. i. p. 32; Anderson, *Scotland in Early Christian* Times, vol. i.
2. For the reasons assigned in the text, examples of the early churches of Scotland are to be met with only in lonely and uninhabited islands. There is one such specimen in Loch Columcille, Skye.—Anderson, *Scotland in Early Christian Times*, vol. i. p. 94. There is another specimen of an

early church in the island, Eilcan-na-Naoimch, one of the Graveloch islands. It is simply a rectangular cell, 21 feet 7 inches, built of undressed stone without mortar. Adjoining it is a cluster of dry built cells. It has no enclosing rash; the island furnishing the needed security. The ruins occur in a grassy hollow. There are a number of graves beside it, and some of the grave-stones are considerably ornamented, from which it is concluded that the place was deemed of great sanctity.—*Ibid*. i. 96, 97. In the Brough of Durness occurs a third. In front of the great cliffs that form the magnificent promontory of Durness are the ruins of an early church, 17 feet in length surrounded by eighteen oval shaped cells of uncemented masonry. It was still in the sixteenth century a place of pilgrimage. These examples of the earliest church buildings in Scotland agree with all the historic evidence we possess respecting them. —(*Ibid*. vol. i. pp. 103-104.).

3. *Boeth*., lib. vi. fol. 95 v. 40.

4. Anderson's *Scotland in Early Christian Times*, vol. i. p. 150.

5. *Ibid*. vol. i. p. 156.

6. Ibid..vol. i p. 236.

CHAPTER XX.

COLUMBA—BIRTH—EDUCATION—FOUNDS NUMEROUS COLLEGES—INVOLVED IN POLITICAL QUARRELS.

THE light which Patrick had come from the banks of the Clyde to kindle in the darkness of Ireland, was in due time carried back to the native country of the apostle, and made to burn on the mountains of Scotland. There that light was to create a church, and that church was to mould a nation, and that nation was to become in after times one of the most powerful organizations on the face of the earth for the propagation of that Christianity and liberty, of which it was itself, first of all, to be an illustrious example and an unsurpassed model. Following in the steps of the man who carried back this light across the Irish sea to the Scottish shore, we return to that country whose history we are to trace along the line of conflict and achievement, till at last Scotland is seen standing before the world with its great lesson, that a perfect and stable liberty can be attained not otherwise than through a full and perfect Christianity.

This is the proper business of the historian, and in so far as he comes short of it he falls beneath the dignity of his theme, and misses the end and reward of his labour. What boots it to grope in the grave of thrones and nations, and to bring up from the darkness bits of curious lore and forgotten information? To know when this battle was fought, or when this hero died, makes the world none the wiser, if the information terminates in itself. There is a spirit in man and there is a soul in nations, and till that soul has been breathed into a people, they will continue to grovel in the dust of barbarism and slavery. To note the birth of this soul, to trace its growth, and to mark how it slowly but surely leads nations onward to power and grandeur, and so put on record models that may guide, lessons that may teach, and examples that may stimulate the ages to come, is the high office of history. And thus it is that with the arrival of a stranger who sought our shores on a mission as sublime as his appearance was humble and unpretending, the interest of our country's story begins.

In the year 563, on one of the days of early summer, an osier-built wherry was seen on the waters of the Irish Channel, its prow turned in the

direction of the Argyleshire mountains. It bore as its freight a little company of venerable-looking men. Steering their slim but buoyant bark; warily amid the currents that circle round the outlying islands, and the surges that roll in from the Atlantic, they moor their vessel in a little creek in the island of Iona. Their voyage ended, the strangers step on shore and straightway proceed to erect a few huts for temporary shelter and dwelling. Who are the men who have just taken possession of this little isle, till now hidden amid the Hebridean waves, but destined from this day forward to be illustrious through all time? And, in particular, who is he who is the chief and leader of the little band, if we may judge from the air of authority that sits so easily on him, and the deference which we see so spontaneously paid him by his companions.

We hear them address him by the name of Columcille. Translated into our own vernacular, this term signifies the dove of the church. The name is of good augury. He who owns it cannot be other than the bearer of good tidings. And a bearer of good tidings he truly is. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings." So had the prophet said of old, and this ancient strain might well have awakened the echoes of our glens and mountains when this currach touched the strand of Iona, for now the knell of a pagan Druidism in Scotland was rung out.

Columcille, or Columba,—for we shall speak of him under this last and better known form of the name,—was born at Gartan, amid the wilds of Donegal, Ireland, on the 7th of December, A.D. 521.[1] He was related by blood to more than one of the royal houses of Ireland. His father, Fedhlimidh, belonged to the Northern tribe, the Hi Niall, or O'Neill. The Nialls were one of eight powerful and warlike races which had governed Ireland for centuries, and whose lineage, when we attempt to trace it, is lost in the darkness of the ages. Fedhlimidh was descended from the eighth son of a great king, who figures in Irish story as "Niall of the nine hostages," and who was so named because he had received that number of hostages from a king whom he had conquered.[2] This Niall was the monarch of all Ireland at the beginning of the fifth century, and was probably the reigning king at the time when Patrick, the future apostle of that land, was carried thither as a captive. By the mother's side, also, Columba was royally descended. Eithne—such was her name—was the

daughter of the king of Leinster, one of the four subordinate kingdoms into which Ireland was then divided.[3] The blood of two royal houses thus flowed in the veins of the son of Fedhlimidh and Eithne, and it was just possible that on some future vacancy, Columba might be called to mount the throne. In Ireland the son did not always succeed the father. By the law of Tanistry, the sceptre, on the demise of the monarch, became the right of that one of the blood relations who chanced to be the oldest. If the son was the oldest, he succeeded to the government; if not, the throne fell to a brother, or to some more distant relative of the deceased monarch. This law was designed to obviate the more than ordinary perils attendant on the rule of a minor in a country such as Ireland then was. A firm and strong hand was needed where the sceptre was to be swayed over powerful vassals always at feud among themselves, and often by their ambitions disturbing or upsetting the government.

Nature had withheld from Columba no endowment of mind and person which could fit him for the task before him. All those advantages which men admire, and, it may be, envy, when they see them in others, and are pleased with, or perhaps vain of, when they find them in themselves, met in him. He was royally descended, his stature was lofty, his person was majestic, and his intellect was capacious. He possessed, moreover, a rich and sonorous voice, and this, combined with a quick apprehension and a graceful utterance, enabled him on all occasions when he addressed his fellows to command their attention and win their confidence. His deportment was at once dignified and affable. In disposition he was naturally quick and choleric, but withal generous and confiding. This was an assemblage of qualities which would have gained him distinction and given him influence in any age, but in the age in which his lot was cast these various endowments left him without a peer as regards the ascendancy he wielded and the submission accorded to him. His commanding presence and other physical endowments contributed not a little to the respect which waited on him, for among barbarous tribes bodily strength is often accounted a higher prerogative than intellectual power. One would be strongly tempted to suspect that the biographers of Columba have striven to decorate him with all the attributes which go to form the hero and the evangelist in one, were it not that the work which he accomplished remains the imperishable proof of the sagacity, the courage, the eloquence, the piety, and the moral and spiritual elevation

of the man. Had Columba possessed only the graces which monkish devotees are capable of imagining, he never would have done his work. Sterling qualities and real virtues, we may be sure, were needed to bring Pictish Scotland out of the darkness of Druidism. Columba was greater far than any of his mediæval biographers have been able to concede,—greater than Adamnan makes him,—greater; even, than the elegant and fascinating but superficial picture which Lamartine has painted of him.

We know absolutely nothing of Columba till we find him at school. His earliest years are a blank. They are no blanks, however, in the pages of some of his biographers, and, in particular, of Adamnan, who was the heir of his chair, but not of his theology. Even his boyhood Adamnan has glorified with prodigy and miracle. Not a few of these wonders are grotesque, some are absolutely silly, others are painfully profane, and all are incredible. A greater even than the apostle of Iona has had to endure a similar infliction at the hands of writers of the same school. We turn from these fictions to the undoubted facts which lie embedded in gossip and fable in the amazing pages of Adamnan. When he was come to years, Columbia devoted himself to the service of that Christianity which was not over a century old in Ireland, and which had still a battle to fight to make good its position in the face of a Druidism, on the ruins of which it had risen, but which it had not as yet been able wholly to dislodge. Not a few highborn youths were, in that age, emulous of entering the service of the Church. But birth, even royal birth, was not of itself a passport into the ministry. One must be a theologian and a scholar—at least after the measure of the age—before being admitted into sacred office. Columba the scion of a royal house, equally with the peasant's son, had to comply with this rule. Before becoming a preacher of the Gospel, he must first sit at the feet of some doctor of name.

But where was the young Columba to receive the training which was deemed indispensable for the office to which he aspired? Must he set out for those far-off cities in the East that basked in the learning and eloquence of the great doctors of the Church? There was no need for Columba to take so long a journey. The barbarous Ireland of a century ago had now its schools of letters and theology like Egypt and Asia Minor. If not so renowned, these fountains were purer than any that now existed on the original seat of Christianity. The latter had begun to receive an admixture

from a pagan source. The Irish seminaries still continued to send forth the pure waters of evangelical truth. Quitting "the scene of his fosterage," Columba placed himself at the feet of Finnian, where, in the words of Adamnan, "he learned the wisdom of Holy Scripture."[4]

Finnian, one of the lights of his country, presided over a theological seminary at Moville, at the head of Strangford Loch. We may infer from the words of Adamnan quoted above, that the doctor of Moville made the Bible his textbook. Here Columba was made a deacon, and here his biographer makes him work his first miracle, which, like that at Cana, was the turning of water into wine.[5] Of many possible prodigies, Adamnan might have selected one less likely to suggest comparison with the opening of a greater Ministry. Quitting the school of Moville, the young deacon traveled southward, and entered the seminary of Clonard. Here, it is said, not fever than 3000 pupils were at that time receiving instruction. Three thousand, and three hundred are favorite numbers with the Irish chroniclers. But there is nothing incredible in these numbers. The Ireland of that day, as we have seen, was famous throughout Christendom for its schools and its learned men. Even war helped to crowd its educational establishments with scholars. The Franks were ravaging Gaul; the Saxons were treading out Christianity in England; but in Ireland it was peace; and all who wished to pursue their studies without distraction repaired to the quiet shores of that land. Clonard, to which we see Columba repairing, was one of the largest schools of the day. Its abbot or principal was also named Finnian. But the second Finnian did not unite the two offices of abbot and presbyter, for when Columba had finished his course of study at Clonard, and was ready to receive ordination, he was sent to Etchen of Clonfad.

Within the walls of the monastery, the youth of royal descent was on the same footing as the son of the peasant. To both were presented the same lessons, and both sat down and partook of the same meal. To both were equally allotted those manual labours with which it was customary to diversify the studies prosecuted indoors. Columba had to take his turn with others in grinding overnight the corn for the next day's food. He had to assist in dressing the garden of the monastery, in clearing out the wood in the midst of which these early institutions were often set down, in cultivating the lands already brought under the plough, and in carrying

home the sheaves in autumn, and storing up the grain against the approach of winter. These sons of the prophets made war upon the noxious growths with which long neglect had covered the landscape, at the same time that they prepared themselves for the yet more arduous battle that awaited them with the errors which had darkened the soul and enslaved the intellect of the nation.

The evangelistic energy and enterprise of that age found vent in the erection of monasteries. The reader has already been admonished not to let the name mislead him. The monasteries of the sixth century were essentially different from the monasteries of the twelfth and succeeding centuries. These last were the abodes of drowsy and oftentimes luxurious idleness. Or at the best they were inhabited by a superstitious piety, which, eschewing the unholy field of the outer world, immured itself within conventual walls, diversifying the passage of the monotonous hours by the practice of a routine which could hardly have been more lifeless, and certainly not more profitless, if, instead of an ecclesiastical, it had been performed in a literal, tomb. The monasteries of Columba's day and country, on the other hand, were astir with life. They were great schools in which the youth of many lands quenched their eager thirst for knowledge. They were, moreover, centers of active evangelical propagandism. They combined in a wonderful degree the function of school and church, as their inmates did that of student and missionary.

The monastery grew up in quite a natural way. A church of clay and wattle was the beginning of what was afterwards, perhaps, to become a famed seat of learning, and by consequence a crowded resort of youth. Around the church was placed a few modest dwellings, constructed of the same humble materials. The whole was enclosed by a strong palisade, to defend its inmates from the beast of prey, or the worse violence of the robber. But as its fame spread, and scholars from distant parts began to resort to it, its first humble erections were replaced by statelier buildings, and the little cluster of cells rapidly grew into a town. Religion and intellectual light began to spread around it, and the waste in which it had been set down was transformed into a cultivated country. These establishments were admirably adapted to the age in which they flourished. The circle of study pursued in them was as extensive as the advance of knowledge permitted. In addition to the sacred and classic

tongues, theology, astronomy, and other branches there taught in them. Sound and systematic knowledge was thus the basis of all the operations they carried on; and the inmates, being under rule, the waste of power in desultory or individual effort was arrested, and the labours of all were turned into a common channel, and resulted in the accomplishment of a common end. For instance, it was as a school, and not as a primatial see, that Armagh first rose into distinction. Its monastery was founded in the fifth century, and being presided over by a succession of eminent scholars, it became in process of time famous. Its day of glory has left a touch of light after long centuries upon the old town.

Ordained a presbyter by Etchen, Columba was fairly launched on public life. In what walk of labour shall he serve his country and his age? In none can he do so more effectually than in that commonly chosen by the best spirits of his time. It became his aim to multiply the schools of divine and human knowledge,—to open springs of water in the barren places of the land. In A.D. 545, Columba being then only twenty-five years of age, founded the church of Derry [6] and the monastery of Durrow, the first situated at the northern extremity of Ireland, and the second in the middle of the County Meath. Both stood in the heart of an oak forest. It was usual in these circumstances to cut down the trees, and convert the cleared space into fields and gardens for the use of the monastery; but Columbia took so great a pride in his grand embowering oaks, that he would not permit one of them to be laid low. They might fall by the hand of time or by the violence of the tempest—from these accidents he could not protect them—but they were jealously guarded from stroke of axe.

Having made a beginning with these two monasteries, the young churchman went on opening another and yet another school of Christian instruction in the land. Before he had attained his prime, quite a crowd of monasteries called Columba their founder and father. The Irish annalists reckon them roundly at three hundred; but we have already called the reader's attention to the marked propensity of these writers to run into threes when dealing with numbers. Adamnan has given us a list of thirty-seven monastic institutions founded by Columba during the fifteen years that followed the erection of Derry, *i.e.*, from A.D. 540 to 560. Even this was much for one man to accomplish. In virtue of being their founder, Columba exercised jurisdiction over them. He prescribed their discipline, and arranged the

course of study to be pursued in them. At times he made a tour of visitation through them, that he might judge of the progress of the scholars, rectify what was amiss, and stimulate by his presence the zeal and diligence of both masters and pupils. As he approached their gates, the youth came out to receive with princely honours—and seldom have such honours been so justly bestowed—the man from whose Christian philanthropy flowed all the great benefits they were there receiving. In these journeys Columba lingered longest at Derry. It was the "beginning of his strength," and the many monasteries that rose after it so far from diminishing his affection for this his "first-born," made his heart cling the more fondly to it. He may be pardoned if he beheld with a glow of pride this galaxy of lights kindled by his exertions in a sky where a century before all had been dark.

It was at this hour when the labours of Columba were being crowned with remarkable success, and he was cheered with the hope of being able to erect yet more monasteries, and gathering into them yet greater crowds, that those perplexities sprang up in his path that led to a great and unexpected change in his life. Although he knew it not, Columba had reached the end of his labours in the land of his birth; and the troubles in which he now embroiled himself were overruled for transferring him to that other country where he was to render that special service which should cause him to be remembered in the ages to come as one of the world's greatest benefactors. Great obscurity rests on this part of his career. How far the political complications into which Columba was drawn were unavoidable on his part, and how far they were the result of a choleric temper and an ambitious spirit, it is hardly possible now to say. Adamnan, as is natural, hesitates to pronounce him blameworthy, and yet he does not wholly exculpate him. We can only collect the disjointed statements which his biographers have transmitted, and request our readers to look at them in the light of the age, and the exceptional position of Columba.

His troubles began thus. Columba let slip no opportunity of multiplying copies of Holy Scripture. It happened, when on a visit to his former master, Finnian of Moville, that he made a transcript of a Psalter belonging to the latter. He shut himself up in the church where the Psalter was deposited, and worked overnight at his self-appointed task. He could

kindle no lamp without making Finnian aware of the business that occupied him. This method of nocturnal working must have involved considerable difficulty; but his biographers tell us that he guided his right hand by the light which issued from his left. The transcription, notwithstanding all his caution, came to the knowledge of the good Finnian, who claimed the copy as belonging to himself, much as an author in our day would claim property in a reprint of one of his own works. But Columba refused to give it up, and the dispute was referred to the arbitration of King Diarmid. "To every cow," was the decision of the sage king, "belongs her own calf, and to every Psalter belongs its own copy. The transcript must go to Finnian." Columba, who felt, doubtless, that the analogy—for argument it could not be called—pointed in just the opposite direction, bore from that hour a grudge against King, Diarmid, and his displeasure was deepened by an incident that soon thereafter fell out. A youthful prince, who had committed an involuntary murder at the feast of Tara, fled for protection to Columba. The offender was pursued by the servants of King Diarmid, brought back, and put to death. The Brehon law visited homicide with no graver punishment than a small fine. But the umbrage which Columba conceived at the proceedings of the king in this case, was owing, not so much to his having stretched his power beyond the limits of the law, as to his having violated the right of sanctuary, which he as Head of so many monasteries, was entitled to exercise. Columba resolved to maintain the rights of the Church against the rights of the king, in this case illegally exercised. He had the art to engage his relations, the northern O'Nials, in his quarrel, and the result was a battle near Sligo, in which King Diarmid, who was related to the southern O'Nials, was defeated. To avenge the defeat he had sustained in arms, the king resolved to measure weapons with Columba in the ecclesiastical arena. He convoked a synod at Telton, in the county of Meath, and arraigning Columba as a fomenter of domestic feuds, he carried against him, though not unanimously, a vote of excommunication. Such, in brief, is the story which has received current belief in Ireland since early times. There seems little doubt that the great churchman had some connection with the battle of Kooldrevoy, and that some sort of excommunication was pronounced upon him by his brother ecclesiastics. So much is admitted by Adamnan, jealous as he is of the honour and sanctity of his great predecessor. There may have been peculiarities about these transactions which, were they known to us, would possibly mollify our judgment of

them, and palliate, if they did not wholly exonerate, the man whose great name has come to be mixed up with them. But these peculiarities can now never be known. Columba, a scion of the royal house, the first ecclesiastic of his day in Ireland, could not easily have disentangled himself from national and political affairs, even had he wished it.

Shall we, therefore, deny to Columba a place in the great roll of Christian heroes? No! History enables us to trace advance, from age to age, in the perfection and grace of the Christian character. As a divinely revealed system, Christianity stands complete in the Bible. In that holy book; it is without increase and without diminution. The ages as they pass cannot add one truth to it, nor take so much as one truth from it. But as a system comprehended by the world, Christianity has been growing all along, and in proportion as it develops, so does it elevate its professors to a higher ideal of character and a higher platform of acting. The men of the sixteenth century stand on a higher level than the men of the sixth. They may not be men of greater intellect or greater faith, but they have a truer conception of the character which Christianity requires, and they make a nearer approach to the Divine Exemplar. We cannot imagine Luther seeking reparation on the battlefield for any affront or wrong that might have been done him. Calvin saw his followers dragged to the stake by hundreds, but he never once instigated the Huguenots to avenge their martyred countrymen by arms. But when we turn to the ecclesiastics of Columba's century, and when we go back to Chrysostom, to Athanasius, to Cyprian, and others, we find that we are among great men, it is true, but men whose character is less symmetrical, and whose souls are less lofty than their successors of the era of the Reformation. In the words of the great Chalmers, "We are the fathers, the ancients are the children."

Endnotes

1. Life of Saint Columba, by Adamnan, edited by Reeves, *Historians of Scotland*, vol. vi. p. xxxiii. Edin., 1874.
2. Montalembert, *Monks of the West*, vol. iii. p. 102. Edin. and Lond., 1867.
3. Montalembert, vol. iii. p. 103.
4. *Vita Sancti Columbæ*. Adam. lib. ii. cap. i.

5. Adamn. lib. ii. c. i.

6. The church of Derry, like Patrick's Sabhail, is recorded to have stood north and south. Its remains were still in existence in 1520. In the fourteenth century it was called the Black Church of Deria. Its round tower was standing in the seventeenth century. *Durrow* was called the "abbey church." A sculptured cross, called Columkille's Cross, stands in the churchyard, and near it is Columkille's Well. The abbey possesses one most interesting relic, known as the *Book of Durrow*, a MS. believed to be nearly, if not altogether, as old as Columba's time. It is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. Another famous monastery founded by Columba was Kells, in the north-west of County Meath. Its fine round tower, ninety feet high, still stands in the churchyard. Its great literary monument, the *Book of Kells*, is preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. The monasteries of Tory, Drumcliff, Swords, Raphoe, Kilmore, Lambay, Moone, Clonmore, Kilmackrenan, Grattan, Glencolumkill, and a host besides, called Columba pater et fundator. See Life by Adamnan, Introduction. Edin., 1874.

CHAPTER XXI.

COLUMBA—DEPARTS FROM IRELAND—VOYAGE—ARRIVES AT IONA—ASPECT AND PROPERTIES OF THE ISLAND—ADAPTATION FOR MISSION—ERECTS HABITATIONS—CHRISTIANITY IN A CRISIS—REFORMS ITSELF—FINDS A NEW FOOTHOLD—IONA AND ROME: THE FIRST THE ANTIPODES OF THE LAST.

THE considerations which induced Columba to throw himself into the work of converting the northern Picts have been variously stated by the writers who have undertaken the task of elucidating this part of the missionary's career. But all these explanations connect themselves more or less directly with the political and ecclesiastical embroilment into which he was plunged, and which we have been able only partially to explain. To Columba, in the flower of his days, it was, doubtless, a painful step to go forth and leave a land in which his ancestors had exercised sovereign sway, and which he himself had enriched with numerous munificent institutions of learning and piety. These it was his pride to build up, and he had fondly cherished the hope of seeing them rising, year after year, in efficiency and fame. But the step he was about to take would compel him to withdraw from them his fostering care. Might they not, left without a head, become demoralized, and be deserted by the youth that were now crowding to them? Besides, would not the Church in Ireland sustain an irreparable loss in the departure of one from whose great talents and high social position she had profited so much in the past, and might hope to profit still more in the future? Why should she consent to lose, much more drive out, her greatest son and most eminent ecclesiastic.

These considerations might have had a counterbalancing force, and retained him in the country of his birth; but the hermit Molaise leaves Columba no alternative but expatriation. He represents the powerful churchman, dreaded or envied by his brother ecclesiastics, and under sentence of perpetual exile, with this farther penalty annexed, that he must convert as many pagans to the faith of the Gospel as there were Christians slain in the battle with which he was unhappily concerned. This last statement reveals the touch of a legendary hand, and awakens

the suspicion that the mediæval fabulists have been at work on the causes which determined Columba to set sail for the Scottish shore. His mission, we are persuaded, was not one of compulsion, but of choice. It sprang from other motives and influences besides those that had birth in the excommunication of the Synod, or the unworthy treatment which he had experienced at the hands of his brethren. The missionary spirit was strong in the hearts of the Irish churchmen of that day. They were always on the outlook for tribes to evangelise, and lands to enlighten with the Gospel. Columba could not but know that a little way off from the Irish shore was a country where the harvest was great and the labourers few. What should hinder his planting schools of piety and knowledge in that land now that he had been so unexpectedly stopped in this good work in his own? A colony of his race and nation had gone thither before him, and were at this hour laying the foundations of the Scottish kingdom and church. He will follow then thither. Where dwell the Scottish race, there shall burn the lamp of the faith.

His purpose is inexorably taken. The schools he has founded, the youth he has gathered into them, and who call him father, and the circles in which he has shone, all are now forsaken; and Columba, as a man who has sold all that he has, goes forth to begin life anew. A career such as that on which we behold him entering must ever begun in sacrifice. He selects twelve companions, which he knows will not take their hand from the plough, nor turn back from inhospitable shores and savage tribes.

The party now embarking take with them a small stock of carpenter's tools and agricultural implements, and a sack or two of seed corn. With special care they wrap up some manuscript portions of the Bible, and stow them away, together with provisions for the voyage, in the currach that is to carry them across. The osier ribs of their little ship are covered with sheets of cowhide.

Hoisting sail, they drop down between the level grassy banks of the Foyle. The river expands into the estuary, the estuary into the ocean, and now they plough the open main. They navigate a sea swept by frequent and angry squalls, and vexed by racing currents, but their buoyant barque mounts the billow and hangs fearlessly on its crest, where a larger and heavier craft might have some difficulty in breasting the long surge, and

descending from its airy, curling top. They leave behind them the shores of Erin, here turreted with black basaltic columns, there green and sloping to the ocean. They pass the island of Rachrin, which at a future day is to give asylum to the Bruce, when his own country has none to offer him. They sight the low, fertile hills of Islay, and beyond, rising dark and high, are seen the gigantic paps of the Jura. They now pursue their way northward in a sea sprinkled with islands. They are struck with the endless diversity of their shapes as they raise their naked rocky forms above the lonely sea, some running along in a ridgy, serrated skyline, and others gathering their converging mass into a pyramidal top, a belt of green at their feet, and, if the breeze be fresh, a line of foam encircling them. On their left, seaward, are the outer Hebrides, a mighty breakwater of nature's building placed there to break the shock of the Atlantic, when tempest hurls its mountain masses against the shore of Alba. On their right is the mainland, a messy line of promontories and cliffs, its continuity broken by frequent clefts which admit the waters of the ocean, which are seen spreading out in friths and lochs amid the rocky glens and the brown moorlands of the interior. Nothing could be imagined more lonely than the scene which lies spread around them, and yet it is grand. Nor does it lack that beauty of colouring which light imparts to event the most bare and stern of scenes. As the clouds come and go, what magical picturings delight the eye! Now the shadow falls, and sea and island are dyed in the richest purple; anon the sun shines out, the waters sparkle, and the rocks gloss-like burnished gold. The scenes through which we see them moving are amongst the oldest of nature's creating. Those islands that lie scattered on their left, and that coast-line that rises precipitous and lofty on their right, with its backing of heath-clad or pine-covered hills, smiled to the sun when the mountains of the Alps and the giants of the Himalayas were still at the bottom of the ocean.

They are said to have first touched at the Isle of Oronsay. As they near it, we hear them say to one another, "May not this be the end of our journey"? We are arrived, mayhap, at the destined scene of our labours, and the spot where we shall sleep when these labours have come to an end. Let us disembark and explore the little isle. They step on shore. They climb the highest summit of Oronsay, and survey its bearings. There, on the east, is the ragged line of Kintyre, inhabited, they knew, by the same Scottish race who had preceded them across the sea, and established

themselves amid these mountains, but found it hard to make good their foothold in the presence of their powerful neighbours on the north. Indeed, only three years before they had fought a great battle with the northern Picts; and the day having gone against then, they were now hard pressed, and in danger of being driven out of the country. Their possession of Alba was at that moment trembling in the balance. It was the arrival of Columba that turned the scale. When his foot touched its shore, the Scots received "sign and signature" that the land was given them for an inheritance.

Turning to the west, our voyagers beheld, lying along the horizon, low and dim, yet distinctly visible, the coast of Ireland. Our voyage, said they, is not yet ended. We must again betake us to our currach, and place a yet greater stretch of sea between us and that beloved shore, lest in heart we should turn back to it. The legend assigns as the reason why they could not make Oronsay their headquarters, that the sentence of exile passed on the chief of the expedition compelled him to seek a spot where he could not even see Ireland. There is a touch of fancy in this which discredits it as the true reason. The tear that filled the "gray eye" of Columba as he gazed on a land where his ancestors had reigned, and where there were so many flourishing monuments of his own past labours, told him and his associates that it was dangerous to remain in sight of their native Erin. "We are yet too near it," said they all. And so hastily piling a cairn of stones on the summit as the memorial of their visit, they descend the hill, reenter their currach, and proceed on their voyage.

As the party pursued their way northward a small island was seen to rise out of the waves just opposite that point on the coast where the territory of the Scots bordered with that of the northern Picts. It lay moored like a raft on the west side of the much larger island of Mull, from which it was separated by a sound only a mile in width. No spot better adapted as a basis of a mission which had respect to both the Scots and the Picts could be found in all these western seas. They direct the course of their coracle towards its shore. A creek with deep water opens on the south-western side of the island. They run their boat into the little bay, and their voyage is at an end.[1] It was Whitsuntide, and the little island was just putting on its first green, as if to welcome the venerable strangers whose feet were about to be planted upon it. So quietly opened one of

the grandest episodes in the history of Christendom! It was the year 563, and the forty-second of Columba's age.

Stepping on shore, the little party climb the highest eminence, and take a survey of their nest-abode, and note its leading features and capabilities. Their territory lies within narrow limits. The island does not exceed three and a half miles in length, and is barely mile and a half in width. Scenery it has none, in the common acceptation of the term. It is not picturesque, much less is it grand; it has no bosky dell, no shady wood, no mountain rising into the sky; it is simply pleasant, almost tame—an undulating grassy plot in the blue sea. On the east, parted from it by the narrow sound of which we have spoken, stretch the dark masses of Mull. On the west the Atlantic discloses its mighty face— a pleasant enough object when the winds sleep, and the waters laugh to the sun but not to be beheld without terror, when it clothes itself in the awful majesty of storms, and makes war upon the little isle, in thick clouds, and with thundering noise, while the giant rollers, born in the far-off waters of the ocean, grow bigger as they come nearer, and threaten to overflow and drown the land.

Yet the island has not a few good properties which adapt it to the purposes of the little party which have just arrived upon it. Its soil, which is light and sandy, permits the harvest to ripen early. The fine plain, which forms its western side, and which is only a few feet above the level of the waters, yields excellent crops of grain, and the little hollows that nestle among the rocky knolls of the interior are covered with a fine rich pasturage. Corn and milk were thus the two main products of which the island could boast, and of these luxuries the fathers had no lack. The climate was temperate. If the heats of summer never were scorching, the frosts of winter were never intense. Indeed, hardly ever did it freeze. The little isle would sometimes be gay with verdure when the mountains of the adjoining Mull were white with winter. This general mildness and equability of the seasons favoured the growth of fruits, of which the island yielded a considerable variety. It was no place of "olive-yards and vineyards," it is true, but the fruits proper to Scotland, and which are as finely adapted to our northern country as is the vine to southern lands, could ripen here, and were cultivated in the garden of the monastery. As for flowers, the foot of man can journey to no spot where the flower is

not seen to blossom. The modest properties of earth and air with which the isle was blessed the fathers would not fail to turn to account.

But the main aspect in which Columba and his companions looked at the island on which they had arrived was its mission suitabilities. Were its position, its size, and its general environments, such as would adapt themselves to their special object, and afford facilities for carrying on their mission? A little reflection must have satisfied them that they had been led to the spot of all others best suited for their contemplated operations. They were to act on the territories of the Scots and the Picts, and mainly on the Picts, for the Scots were converts to Christianity when they fixed their permanent settlement in Argylshire, and had been so, as we have seen, since the days of Patrick, though, doubtless, their zeal needed quickening. Seeing, then, that their mission-field embraced both the Pictish and the Scottish dominions, it was desirable that their headquarters should be placed betwixt the two, or as near as possible in the center of the field. Now here was such a spot; for the boundary line between Pict and Scot, if prolonged, would run right through the island. Thus was the first requisite secured. But farther, it was desirable that the spot selected as the headquarters of their mission should be near and yet afar off. This island was both; it was parted from the mainland of Mull by only a narrow sound, across which sail would waft, or oar row them in less than half an hour. Yet that same sea was a rampart round them, and, in a sense, removed them to a distance. It guarded them against the intrusion of curious or hostile visitors. The key of their stronghold was in their own keeping, and they could admit only whom they pleased. As regards troublesome or plying neighbours, there was room on the island for only themselves. They were its sole inhabitants. There was thus no danger of insurrection against its government, and no liability to interruption in its duties. Whether it was labour or devotion that called them afield, they could reckon on pursuing their task without hindrance or annoyance. They could plough in peace, or they could pray in peace. No profane or mocking eye rested upon them. On the mainland, their mission-field proper, they must lay their account with contradiction and derision; but when they re-crossed the sound, and again set foot on their island, they entered a region where all things were congenial, and their chafed spirits quickly recovered their tone, and the pervading calm imparted fresh elasticity and strength to body and soul. After a season of

rest they would return with reinvigorated powers to their work among the pagans of the mainland.

By what name was the little island known? Till this hour it was one of the obscurest spots on earth. Lying in the lonely sea, afar from any highway, and with nothing notable about it to draw thither the feet of the pilgrim, a thick darkness hid it from the eyes of the world. But the moment that Columba and his followers set foot upon it, it started out of the immemorial night and took its place on the historic page, and wherever the lamp that burned here shall shine, be the shore ever so remote, or the land ever so barbarous, there shall the story of this island be told, and there shall men join in the same song of thanksgiving and commemoration the names of ZION and IONA.

But Columba must be put into legal possession of the island by the competent authority. Without this his mission was liable to be broken up at any moment, and himself and his companions driven out, and compelled to seek another, and, perhaps, less convenient spot as a basis of their operations. Iona belonged to Conal, King of the Scots of Argyllshire, and a relative of Columba. Thus there could be no great difficulty in obtaining a grant of the island from the Scottish monarch; and such would seem to have been given him soon after his arrival. But the ownership of Iona was a matter not quite beyond dispute. Both kings—the Scottish and the Pictish—claimed sovereign rights over it, on the ground that it lay between their dominions, and equally adjoined both, and Columba could not deem his tenure quite secure till he had a grant of the island from both kings. This he ultimately obtained. Brude, the monarch of the northern Picts, appears to have ratified the previous concession of Connal, so placing the right of Columba to Iona beyond challenge.

The first labour of the fathers was to prepare themselves habitations. None but the humblest materials were within their reach, but they aimed at neither cost nor magnificence in their style of architecture. There was abundance of stone on the island. The creek into which they had run their boat was lined with green serpentine rock; but they had not brought with them instruments for quarrying the strata, and they must be content meanwhile to build with less durable materials than stone. Twigs gathered on the island, sods dug in its meadows, branches of trees brought across

in their wherry from the mainland—these must serve for the erection of such structures as will suffice meanwhile for their shelter. The summer, as we have said, was just opening, and the breath of the western seas at that season is soft, if not balmy. They add yet another structure. Their little hamlet of booths they hallow by rearing a sanctuary in the midst of it. Their church is humble, and built of like simple materials with their own dwellings. It must owe its grandeur to the purity and fervor of the worship performed in it. In this humble fashion did they make a commencement in their great enterprise.

At a critical hour in the history of the world was this enterprise commenced. When Columba and his fellow labourers arrived on Iona, human society was trembling on the brink of moral destruction. For five centuries Christianity had been struggling with the inexpressibly corrupt civilization of the Roman empire. It sought to conquer that corruption, and stay the downward tendency of the world, now verging on ruin, by presenting principles of far mightier force, sanctions of more tremendous obligation, and maxims lovelier and sublimer by far than any which had ever before been made known to men. But the success of the Gospel, though great, was not complete. It had rescued innumerable individuals, and segregating them from the mass, it had gathered them into holy societies, which walked in "newness of life." But the great world of government, of art, of literature, of common custom and everyday life, still went on in its old course. Many centuries must elapse before the poison of paganism, so deep-lodged and so wide-spread in the populations of the world, could be purged out, and the entire lump quickened with the new life.

While this healing and restorative process was going slowly forward, another disaster overtook the world, in which all that had been already gained appeared to be lost. The northern nations, descending on Christendom, overlaid the decaying civilisation of the Roman empire, and the emasculated Christianity of the Church, with their wild savagery and their grovelling superstitions. The world was rolled some centuries back. A condition of things already sufficiently gloomy had now become seemingly hopeless. This overflow of robust and rude nations had in it elements of hope, it is true, inasmuch as it replaced the utterly vitiated and effete soil of the Roman world, with a new and fresh mould in which

the Gospel might a second time take root and grow. But these germs of promise could be developed only in after ages. Meanwhile a great calamity pressed upon the world. What policy did "the Church" adopt in presence of this tremendous revolution? The worst possible. It recognized the altered state of things, but it set itself to devise a *modus vivendi* amid the near barbarisms and paganisms with which it found itself surrounded. Instead of sustaining itself the one power not of earth, it sought alliance and partnership with the new superstitions. It came down to the low mundane sphere, and mingling with the other powers of the world, soon found itself the least potent of them all. Christianity is divine and spiritual, or it is nothing. It must sit aloft and maintain its high claim, unmoved alike by the threat or the seduction of the ruler, by the sophism or the sneer of the scientist; it must keep this high ground, or it must abdicate as the ruling power of the world. Unhappily, what now passed as Christianity forgot this maxim at this great crisis. The Church faltered, and kept her heavenly powers in abeyance at an epoch when it behoved her most of all to have asserted them, and challenged recognition of them. She opened her gates and admitted the nations of the north into her communion in much the same condition as when they lived in their native forests. In the words of Chateaubriand, she received them with the "whole baggage of their superstitions." Their deities, their rites, their festivals, their beliefs changed in little more than in the mere nomenclature, were assimilated with the Christian church, and the new converts were hardly conscious of having undergone transition, certainly not transformation. A great error had been committed. The salt had lost its savour; and what else than inevitable and utter corruption could happen to the world when its one regenerating, and purifying agency had itself become corrupt?

But that Omniscient Power, which shapes the world's course, and through thick darkness and often shipwreck of the ages keeps it ever advancing towards the light, had prepared beforehand this movement which we are now tracing. It was the exact reverse—the reverse in both its nature and its issues—of that which we see taking place at the opposite extremity of Europe. First of all, Christianity had to be brought back to the simplicity and purity of its early days. It must begin the new reform by reforming itself.

We have seen how Christianity was reinvigorated at this epoch. From a

little spark came the great illumination. Sitting solitary on the mountains of Antrim, heedless of the storm that beat upon him without, because of the fiercer tempest that was raging in his soul, Patrick came to the knowledge of that Truth which, with divine force, revivifies and regenerates humanity. He preached what he had thus learned to the barbarous and pagan Scots of Ireland. That same Christianity which in the temples of southern Europe seemed to be almost dead, and, like the mythologies of Greece, about to pass for ever from the knowledge of the world, uprose in Ireland among the tribes of the savage Scots, instinct with the power of an immortal youth, and as able to reduce barbarous nations to its gracious yoke, as when it went forth, in the first age, over the lands of ancient paganism, and the gods of Rome fell before the doctrine of the Crucified.

The next step was to find for reinvigorated Christianity a new center from which it might operate. It was now that the seat of this divine principle was transferred from southern to northern Europe—from lands where the air to this very hour was thick with pagan memories and influences, to lands which, if still barbarous, were uncorrupted either by dominion or by luxury, or by an idolatrous aestheticism. We have seen a distinguished son of Ireland—a member of the family of the *Scoti*, compelled by political and ecclesiastical embroilments to leave the land of his birth and cross the channel with the lamp of the evangelical faith in his hand to set it amid the seas and rocks of the north. While Phocas was installing Pope Boniface at Rome, Columba was kindling his beacon-lamp at Iona. Henceforward, for many ages, Rome and Iona were to be the two points around which the history of Europe was to revolve. From the city on the Tiber we see the night descending, in ever lengthening shadow, upon the nations. From the rock of Iona we see the day shining out, and with persistent and growing ray struggling to widen the sphere of the light and drive back the darkness.

Endnote

1. The creek is called *Port-na-curach*, or harbour of the boat.

CHAPTER XXII.

ORGANISATION OF IONA—ITS MATERIAL FRAMEWORK —ITS SPIRITUAL MECHANISM—ITS TEXT-BOOK—ITS PRESBYTER-ABBOT—PRESBYTER MONKS—ECCLESIASTICAL GOVERNMENT.

They who measure the greatness of an enterprise by its outward pomp and magnificence, still see nothing grand in the voyage of Columba and his twelve companions across the Irish Channel. They traverse the sea in their modest wherry, they step ashore on their lonely isle; no shout of welcome hails their arrival, even as no adieus, that we read of, had greeted their departure. They kneel down on the silent strand and implore the blessing of the Most High on their mission. Their supplications ended, they address themselves, just as ordinary settlers would, to the humble tasks connected with the preliminary arrangements. Nothing could be more unpretending. It is not thus that political enterprises are inaugurated. The warrior goes forth at the head of armies and fleets. There is "the thunder of the captains and the shouting." The footsteps of the Gospel are in silence. The eclat which serves to disguise the essential littleness of the former, would but hide the grandeur of the latter.

We have seen how wisely Columba chose the site for the headquarters of his mission—a little island, ringed by the silver sea, yet closely adjoining the mainland on which he was to operate. On the south the territories of the Scots, his countrymen, stretched away to the Clyde. On the north lay the far ampler domain of the Picts, his proper mission-field, bounded on the south by the Grampian chain, which parted it from the southern Picts, and stretching eastward and northward till it met the ocean. Iona being neither exclusively Pictish nor exclusively Scottish, the danger was less of its inhabitants becoming mixed up in the quarrels of the two nations; and the neutrality of their position would tend to disarm prejudice, and facilitate access to both peoples. Their little dale was at once the oratory in which they might meditate and pray; the arsenal in which they might forge the weapons with which they were to wage their spiritual warfare; the school in which they trained the sons of princes and nobles; the tribunal to which kings and chieftains carried their differences and quarrels; and, above all, a great missionary institute whence the pure light of the Gospel

was to be radiated by evangelists, not only over all Scotland, but also over a large part of England, as well as over wide regions of northern Europe.

Let us describe first the general appearance and arrangements of the little hamlet which we see rising on this Hebridean isle, and destined to be for centuries the headquarters of the evangelical faith; and next, let us attend to the ecclesiastical and spiritual mechanism enshrined on this spot, the influence of which is felt in countries far remote from the center from which it works.

After the labour of two years the material framework of the Columban mission stands complete. Iona is the rival of Rome, yet it is not of marble but of mud. Its builders have neither the means nor the inclination to make it vie with its great antagonist in the glory of its architecture. In the center of the humble settlement rises the church. It is a structure of oaken planks, thatched with rushes. Around the church are grouped the cells of the brethren of the mission. They are of clay, held together by a wickerwork of wattles. Columba has a hut appropriated to his special use. It stands apart on a small eminence, and is built of logs. He writes and studies in it by day, and sleeps in it by night, laying himself down on the bare ground, with only a skin interposed, and resting his head on a stone pillow. To these are added a refectory, where the fathers take their meals at a common table, and a guest-chamber, for the reception of strangers who happen to visit the isle. These comprise the strictly ecclesiastical portion of the little city, and around them is drawn a rath of mud and stones.

Outside the rampart are the erections required for the commissariat of the community. There is a barn for storing the harvest, a kiln for drying the grain, mill for grinding the corn: there is a stable, a byre, a smithy, and a carpenter's shop. A stream, which has its rise in a lakelet hard by, rushes past the cluster of huts, and turns the mill wheel. The dress of the members of the mission was as primitive as their dwellings. They wore a tunic of white linen, and over it a gown of undyed wool, with an ample hood which hung down on the shoulders, and on occasion could be drawn over the head. They were shod with sandals of cowhide, which they put off when they sat down to eat. Their board was plainly though amply

furnished. Their meals consisted almost exclusively of the produce of their island, which their labour and industry had made wonderfully fruitful. They had milk from their cows, eggs from their barnyard, apples from their garden trees, fish and seal's flesh from their seas, and barley bread grown in their own fields. Latterly the establishment enjoyed the services of a Saxon baker; for Adamnan records certain words of "the saint," which he tells us were heard "by a certain religious brother, a Saxon, by name Geneve, who was at the moment working at his trade, which was that of a baker."[1] Such was the usual simple fare of the brethren. On Sabbath, or when it chanced that a stranger visited them, they enriched their table by adding to their ordinary diet a few dainties.

No mystic or symbolic sign adorned or sanctified dress or person. The only badge which they permitted themselves was one that indicated that their calling was a sacred one. They enlarged the fore part of the head by shaving. The tonsure of the head was an ancient custom, in universal practice among the priests of paganism, but strictly forbidden to all who served at the altar of Jehovah. This custom had been resuscitated, and was now in common use among the Roman clergy, whom it was supposed to endow with peculiar holiness. Among the Columban clergy it was simply an official mark, and it was worn in a way that indicated their perfect independence of a church that was now claiming to be mother and mistress of all churches. The elders of Iona shaved the fore part of the head from ear to ear, in the form of a crescent, whereas the fashion of the Roman ecclesiastics was to shave a circle on the crown of the head. Rome saw heterodoxy in the tonsure of the presbyters of Iona, and even Bede laments the perversity with which these good men clung to this wicked usage. In truth, the monk of Jarrow had great difficulty in conceiving how sound theological knowledge could lodge in heads so unorthodoxically shorn. He acknowledges their learning, extols their piety, and commends their diligence; but alas! of what avail were all these graces when their heads were not "clipped" after the pattern approved at Rome?

A traveler from the distant Italy, where the clergy of the day were attiring themselves in robes of silk and sitting at tables that groaned under a load of luxuries, has visited, we shall suppose, our remote country. He is sailing along in the narrow sound of Iona. He marks the island on his left

rising out of the billows of the Atlantic, lonely and desolate its look, with the storm mist, may be, hanging over it. His eye lights on the little cluster of rude huts which he sees covering beneath the western hill, which gives it a little shelter from the furious blasts which sweep across it from the world of waters. He descries, moreover, some of the members of the community, in their garments of homespun, going about their daily avocations. "What colony of misanthropes," he exclaims, "has chosen this forlorn and wretched spot for their dwelling? What miserable and useless lives they must lead in this savage region, where rarely is the sun able to struggle through the thick air, and where only at times does ocean sleep and its thunders subside in silence." How astonished would our traveler have been to be told that his steps had led him to the Luminary of northern Europe; that on this lonely isle and in these rude huts dwelt theologians and scholars, and that he saw before him a higher school of wisdom and a purer fountain of civilization than any at this hour to be found in the proud city from which he had come.

From the material framework we turn to the apparatus enshrined in it, constructed for spiritual conquest. It was the middle of the sixth century, and the growing superstition at Rome had obscured the lights which Paul and the first preachers had kindled in the sky of that city. To have gone into the darkness of Druidism with the dying lamp of tradition would have been vain. Columba turned to a quarter where the Gospel never grows old. At the center of his mechanism he placed the Word of God. His textbook was the Bible. Around its open page he gathers the youth in his college, and in their remote and solitary isle they hear the voices of prophets and apostles speaking to them as they had spoken to the men of early times.

The first duty and main business of every one on Iona, whether master or scholar, was to study the inspired volume, not to seek for allegory, but to discover its plain sense, to commit large portions of it to memory, and to occupy their leisure hours in multiplying manuscript copies of it.

We see the young Columba, in the school of Finnian, instructed in the "wisdom of Holy Scripture." The first work in which we find him occupied is the transcription of the psalter; the last of his mortal labours was to write the thirty-fourth psalm. He halted in the middle of it to die.

He was a quick, accurate, and elegant penman, and he reared a race of swift and accurate scribes, who anticipated the achievements of the printing press by the dexterity of their pens. We learn from Adamnan that the substance of Columba's preaching was the "Word of God." It was the fountain of his theology, the pillar of his faith, and the lamp with which he enlightened the dark region of Pictland.

The multiplication of manuscript copies of the Bible was specially the work of the older members of the establishment. While the younger brethren were abroad on their missionary tours, the elders remained in their cells, engaged in the not less fruitful labour of multiplying copies of the Scriptures which the younger men might carry with them in their journeys, and which they might leave as the best foundation stone of the communities or churches which they formed by their preaching. These copies were probably without embellishment. In other cases great labour was bestowed on the ornamentation of these manuscripts. 'The Books of Kells and Durrow are wonderful monuments of the conception, the skill, and the patience of the Columban scribes in the seventh century."[2] The Bible thus stood at the center as the vital propelling power of the whole Columban mechanism.

Let us reflect how very much this implied, what a distinct and definite character it stamped upon the church of Iona, and how markedly different in genius and in working it proclaimed this young church to be from that great ecclesiastical body on the other side of the Alps, which was beginning to monopolise the name of church. Iona was a proclamation to the world that the BIBLE and not ROME is the one source of Truth, and the one fountain of law.

Wherever the missionaries of Iona came, they appeared not as the preachers of a new creed, elaborated and sanctioned by their leader Columbia, and which till now had not been heard of beyond the precincts of their isle; they published the "common faith," as contained in Holy Scripture, which they held to be the one authoritative standard of religious belief. This was what the age needed. The theology of the Roman Church had received a large admixture from impure sources. It had become a medley of tradition, of the canons and decrees of councils, and the revelations or reveries of saints. The world needed to be shown what

Christianity is as contained in its primeval fountains.

Iona, moreover, presented a public claim of Independence. The church of Iona, founding herself upon the Scriptures, had thereby the right of ruling herself by the Scriptures. Her government was within herself, and drawn from her Divine charter. An oracular Voice from the Seven Hills was then claiming the homage of all churches, and the submission of all consciences. The reply of Iona virtually was, "Christ our Head we know, and the Bible our rule we know, and to them we willingly render obedience, but this voice that speaks to us from afar is strange, and the claim of submission which it urges is one which we dare not entertain." At an hour when Rome was monopolizing all rights, and preparing for all churches a future of slavery, the flag of independence and freedom was boldly and broadly unfurled amid the seas of the north. It was a Protest, at even this early age, against ultramontanism. It was not so full and distinct a protest, nor was it emitted on so conspicuous a stage, or ratified by so many legal formalities as that which the princes of Germany published at Spires in A.D. 1529; but in spirit and substance the protest which these thirteen men lifted up on the rock of Iona in A.D. 563, and the Protest which the confederated German princes published to the world ten centuries afterwards, were, in truth, the same. Iona was the earliest organized opposition offered to a tyranny which was destined, when it had come to its full growth, to cover for ages the whole of Christendom.

The great cause of liberty, too, owes much to Iona. And let it be carefully noted that the liberty in which we find Iona giving us our first lesson, and fighting our first battle, was the highest liberty of all—the liberty of conscience. It is here all liberty begins, whether that of an individual or that of a nation; and it was in this liberty—the liberty of the soul—that Iona now began to educate and train the Scots. This was a liberty unknown in the schools of Greece; it was a liberty unknown to the patriots, who contended against the phalanxes of Philip, and the hordes of Xerxes. Nor did the Caledonians who died fighting for their moors against the Romans, dream of this liberty. They knew only the half, and that not the better half, of it. The wide range and surpassing grandeur of this principle was unknown in the world till Christianity entered it. It did not begin to be understood in Scotland till Iona arose. We are accustomed to speak of Iona as a school of letters, and a nursery of art, but we fail to perceive its

true significance and the mighty impulse it communicated to the national life, if we overlook the first great boon it conferred on Scotland—FREEDOM OF SOUL.

The next question is touching the government of this little ecclesiastical community. Order, of course, there must be, otherwise confusion would speedily have overwhelmed the mission, and the end sought would have been defeated. But order implies power somewhere, and in someone. The government of Iona was lodged in the hands of Columba. Naturally so, as the projector of the enterprise, and the man of highest social position and greatest talent in the little band. He exercised jurisdiction under the name of Abbot. He was the father of the family; and truly paternal his government appears to have been. In the annals of Iona, at least while Columba presided over it, we read of no act of insubordination, no violation of duty, nothing, in short, calling for the exercise of a punitive jurisdiction.

The obedience which the elders of Iona fielded to their presbyter-abbot was *perfect.* Yet it was rendered under the compulsion of no oath. A promise or vow of submission to the authority of the superior was all that was exacted of the entrant. The spring of their obedience was higher than any vow or oath; it was found in the zeal which burned in the hearts of all to carry forward their common mission, and the love they bore their common head. Columba had but to signify his will, and it was instantly done. The easiest and the most difficult tasks were undertaken with a like alacrity. We see the brethren ready to set out on the most distant journey the moment the command is given, and work in the remotest part of the mission-field. The summons to return and present themselves in Hy obeyed with equal promptitude. Has it been said, Go, labour in the field? go, plough, or carry home the grain. The command which enjoins the humble task is accepted in the same willing spirit as that which enjoins the most honourable service. Are spiritual exercises prescribed? The brother retires without a murmur into seclusion, spends the time in meditation and prayer and fasting, and emerges only at the expiry of the allotted period. No soldiers ever obeyed their general with a more hearty goodwill. No monks of the middle age were ever more submissive and alert. And yet the brethren of Iona knew when not to obey, which is more than can be said of the mediæval fraternities. The obedience of the

Columban elders was ruled by a higher Will than that of the father-abbot. A century afterwards, when Adamnan sought to seduce them from the paths which Columba, their founder, had set them, and win them to the customs of Rome, they refused to follow him, abbot though he was, and he was forced to demit his office and retire.

It is not uncommon to speak of Iona as a monastery, and its inmates as monks. These terms in this case are altogether inappropriate. They bring up before the mind an order of men and a class of institutions essentially different from those of Iona. Monachism was a method of organising and acting which the violence of the times rendered so far necessary, and which offered possibilities of benefiting the world not easily procurable in that age in any other way. But in process of time declension set in, and monachism became as corrupt a thing as the world it had forsaken, and the end was that society had to step in with a sentence of condemnation and sweep away a system that, instead of purifying the world, as it professed to do, was sapping its morals and devouring its substance. But we challenge for Iona an essential difference, not from monkery at its worst, but from monkery at its best. Let us see in how many points the monastery and monks of Iona stand contrasted to the monasteries that rose in such numbers in the East, and in a short time became equally flourishing in the West.

Isolation was one of the fundamental principles of the early monasteries. The African hermit fled to the desert or buried himself in the cave. He forsook the world on pretext of reforming it. Columba, on the contrary, founded his institution on the social principle. So far from forsaking society, he courted contact and familiarity with men, not seeing how otherwise he could diffuse among them the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of Christianity. The devotions of the eastern hermit in the lonely wilderness might edify himself, but we fail to see how they could benefit his fellows. So far as his example could stimulate or his words instruct others, he might about as well have been in another planet or in his grave. With Columba and his brethren it is the very opposite. If they have fixed their headquarters on Iona, it is that they may be near the two great families of the Picts and the Scots; and how often are their wherries seen crossing and recrossing the “silver streak” that parts them from the mainland. What strath or hamlet or tribe is it to which their anxious steps

do not carry them? We see them instructing the ignorant, consoling the sick and the dying, and initiating the rude native in the arts and industries of life, as well as teaching him the "things of the kingdom." And if again, for a little space, they seek the solitude of their island, it is that, recruited by its quiet, they may issue thence to resume their benevolent and fruitful labours in the world.

The monks of the Eastern and Western Church were under *vow* and *rule*. Of the three main orders of monks, the eremites, the anchorites, and the caenobites, the last come nearest the model established by Columba; but still we trace a wide and essential difference betwixt the caenobite monk and the presbyter of Iona. The caenobites, like all the other orders, promised a blind obedience to the will of their superior, and bound themselves to live according to his rule, practicing the two virtues of poverty and celibacy. Previous to their vow it was open to them to marry, and possess property, or to live as celibates, and pass through the world without being owner of so much as a penny. There was just as little merit or demerit in the one state as in the other. The error of monkery was this: it held the renunciation of lawful enjoyments to be a meritorious act. It was an aggravation of this error, that abstention from things indifferent was made the one end and aim, and not a step towards higher and nobler services. The monks rested here. Drawing around them the triple cordon of their vow, their habit, and the walls of their convent, they associated together for the profession of celibacy and poverty in the fond belief that this was pleasing to God and in some mysterious way profitable to the world. It was this that constituted them monks.

Nothing of all this can we discover at Iona. Whatever abstinence its inmates imposed upon themselves, they made it not the end, but the means to the end, which was the diffusion of the light of Christianity. It is plain, from facts that have come down to us on unimpeachable authority, that the missionaries of Iona took no vow of celibacy. Columba, it is true, was not married. The brethren who crossed the sea with him were celibates, and women were forbidden to live in the colleges; but it is certain that celibacy was not the rule either in Iona or in any of the later establishments which sprang from it. In the Culdee establishment of St. Andrews the father was succeeded in office by the son during thirteen generations.[3] The author of the *History of the See of Dunkeld* tells us

that "the Culdees had wives after the manner of the Eastern Church." [4] In the houses which Columba founded in Ireland marriage was had in honour among the brotherhood by which they were served, and the right of hereditary succession was recognized. In the diocese of Armagh, son succeeded father during fifteen generations. [5] Moreover, the office of abbot came to be hereditary, descending from father to son, a thing impossible if celibacy had been the law of the community.

Nor did the clergy of Iona take the vow of poverty. The proof of this is not far to seek. Laws were enacted for regulating the distribution of the goods of the Culdees among their children, an absurd arrangement, if they were incapacitated from acquiring and possessing property. Their wealth might not be great, but private property they did own; it was theirs while they lived, and their children's when they died, as the laws to which we have just referred attest. Hence the agriculture which they taught others to practice they themselves were careful to exemplify; thus diligently provided for themselves and their families. Columba had fields waving with corn, and barns filled with plenty, at a time when it was rare in Scotland to see field turned by plough or harvest stored in barn. St. Mungo is said to have yoked the deer and the wolf to his plough; a legend which simply means that the Culdees tamed the barbarian and broke him in to the peaceful pursuits of agriculture.

Moreover, the inmates of Iona yielded no passive or servile obedience to their superior. We have noted above a fact which puts this beyond dispute. One of the more eminent abbots in the line of Iona—perhaps the most eminent after Columba himself—Adamnan to wit, the brethren expelled, because his tendencies ran in the direction of assuming a lordship over them. This shows how they understood the relations that bound them to their abbot. Order there was, we have said, in the establishment. This is involved in the very idea that its members lived in society, and sought the attainment of a common end. But though there was government, there was no tyranny; and though there was obedience, there was no slavery. They practiced no idle austerities, and they submitted to the yoke of no immoral vows.

It has been asked, was it a graduated hierarchy which Iona exhibited, or did it present the platform of a Presbyterian polity? This question hardly

admits of a categorical answer, and for an obvious reason. Iona was not an organised church. The name that fits it best, and best describes it, is that of a Missionary Institute. It was set down on the borders of what was virtually a heathen country, to redeem its desolation by diffusing over it the light of science and the blessings of religion, and all its arrangements were determined by this idea. It founded itself neither upon the mode of Rome, nor upon the model of the Presbyterian Church, which was yet far in the future; it grew out of the exigencies of its position and its age. Columba was a presbyter, his fellow-missionaries were presbyters, and his successors in the abbatial office were also presbyters. "Columba," says Bede, "was not a bishop, but a presbyter."[6] "In Iona," says another authority, "there must ever be an abbot, but not a bishop; and all the Scottish bishops owe subjection to him, because Columba was an abbot, and not a bishop."[7] There was no bishop resident at Iona in Columba's day. There was not a single diocesan bishop in all Scotland till the great ecclesiastical revolution under David I. Pinkerton, who is not infected by Presbyterian notions, admits "that the Abbot of Iona was in effect Primate of Scotland till the ninth century."[8] The testimony of Bede, which is well known, is to the same effect. "That island," says he, "is always wont to have for its governor a presbyter-abbot, to whose authority both the whole province, and even the bishops themselves, by an unusual constitution, owe subjection, after the example of their first teacher, who was not a bishop, but a presbyter and monk."[9] It is clear there was neither episcopal throne nor miter at Iona.

The above passage shows us a presbyter governing the clergy of the whole kingdom. This raises the question, What was the ecclesiastical rank of the Pictish and Scottish clergy? Facts are the best answer to this question. They had received ordination from presbyters. There was no bishop, as we have shown, resident at Iona to give ordination. We learn from Bede himself that ordination was performed by the abbot, and certain seniors or elders acting with him. Speaking of Aidan, who was sent to Northumbria from Iona in the seventh century, the historian tells us that he received his election and ordination by "he assembly of the elders."[10] Coleman, who disputed at the Synod of Whitby, A.D. 664, was ordained by the hands of presbyters. These men, ordained and sent forth by the elders of Iona, had no diocese; they exercised no jurisdiction over other ordained men; and though Bede styles then bishops, and though at times

they so designate themselves, we are unable to see in what they differed from ordinary pastors. The term bishop had not come in our northern church to designate a man in whom was vested the exclusive power of the transmission of orders, in which some have made the essence of a bishop to consist. The conclusion to which we are led is: that it was then in Scotand, as it undoubtedly was in apostolic times, when bishop and presbyter were two names for one and the same office; and that just as we find inspired writers in the New Testament addressing the same church-officer at one time as bishop, and at another as presbyter, so we find Adamnan speaking of Column or Colmonel, who paid two visits to Columba, styling him bishop on occasion of his first visit, and presbyter when he comes to speak of the second. These presbyters, on whose heads had been laid the hands of the "elders," as they kneeled in the chapel of Icolmkill, might be called bishops, but they obeyed the Presbyter of Iona, and they ordained other bishops by the laying on of hands, as instance the case of Finnian, who ordained Diuma, Bishop of Middlesex. The "Book of Deer," written not later than the ninth century, "exhibits a period when ecclesiastical institutions were so far conformed to the original model, that the monastic orders, and the hierarchy of ecclesiastical degrees, were unknown among us." [11] Elsewhere a strong line of demarcation parted bishop and presbyter, but in the churches of Ireland and Scotland they were equal.[12]

In the discipline of the Culdee Brotherhoods we see the rudiments of church government, but no fully-developed plan, whether episcopal or Presbyterian. It was not till after the Reformation that the Presbyterian system, with its perfect equality of pastors, but a graduated order of courts, so finely conservative at once of the liberty of the individual and the authority of the body corporate, came into existence. Luther never advanced beyond the threshold of this question. He grasped the grand idea of the universal priesthood of believers, not of the clergy only, but of all believing men, and he left it to those who were to come after him to evolve from this principle the right form of ecclesiastical government. Zwingle and Calvin put their hands to the work, but did not quite finish it. It remained for Knox to solve the difficult problem how best to guard the equal rank and the individual rights of the pastors, and at the same time maintain their responsibility and loyalty to the Church. His Metropolitan was the General Assembly: his Diocesan Bishop, the Synod:

his Rector, the Presbytery: his Vicar, the Kirk Session. These alone were the ruling bodies. As regarded individual ministers, no one of them singly could exercise an act of government, or claim jurisdiction the one over the other. All were brethren.

Endnotes

1. Adamnan, book iii., chap. xi.
2. *Life by Adamnan*, Introd. cxvi.
3. Pinkerton's *Enquiry*, i., Appendix, 462.
4. See Publications of Bannatyne Club.
5. *Vita Malach*., c. 7.
6. Bede, iii.4.
7. *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. ad ann. 565.
8. Pinkertor's *Enquiry*, ii. 271.
9. Bede, iii. 4.
10. Conventu seniorum.
11. Anderson's *Scotland in Early Christian Times*, i.
12. In Hibernia episcopi et presbyteri unum sunt. "—*Ekkehardi liberArx Geschichte von St. Gall*, i. 267; *apud D'Aubigne*, v. 31. According to Spottiswood, our bishops had neither distinct titles nor dioceses till the times of Malcolm III., who first divided the country into dioceses. Spots. *Hist*. p. 40; Vazianzeni, p. 40. Glas., 1697.

CHAPTER XXIII.

COLUMBUN AGRICULTURE—SCIENCE AND LITERATURE—THE HEALING ARTS—COLUMBAN THEOLOGY, AUGUSTINIAN.

IONA was a school of letters and art as well as a college of scriptural theology. Its founder aimed at redeeming the land from the desolation, and its people from the barbarism in which the Druid from immemorial time had kept both. The men Columba sent forth were not only able teachers of Christian truth, they were skillful agriculturists, trained artisans, and cunning handicraftsmen. They could teach the poor, ignorant, indolent natives what miracles husbandry can work on the soil of a country. They would show them by actual experiment that it can change the brown moor into rich pastureland, and the bog into a cornfield, so that there shall be store of grain in the barn of the Caledonian, and abundance of bread on his table when the blasts of winter are howling round his dwelling, and neither from the frozen stream nor from the snow-clad earth can he obtain the supply of his wants. Under the reign of the Druid the seasons had run their round in sterility and dearth. The spring had come at its appointed time and the autumn had followed in due course, but ploughman came not at the one season to open the bosom of mother earth to receive the precious seed, nor reaper at the other to gather the golden sheaves with his sickle. Such was the desolation of the land. Christianity called it into life. It restored the ancient but forgotten ordinance of seedtime and harvest. The little Isle which had become the seat of the mission was an example of what could be done in the way of teaching the moorlands of Caledonia to cast off their ancient barrenness, and exchange their eternal brown for the summer's green and the autumn's gold. Under the labours of the missionaries, in all of which Columba had taken his share, Iona had become a garden. Not only did it feed the mission staff, but its produce supported its daily increasing number of students and attendants, besides yielding an over-plus, in the shape of seed corn, which Columbia bestowed upon his neighbours, that they might have the means of repeating on the mainland the experiment he had shown them within the limited area of his island.

Not only the arts and industries, the sciences strictly so called, were studied in Iona. What these exactly were it is now very difficult to say.

The age of Bacon was still remote, and the inductive sciences were yet unborn. The great discoveries that heralded or accompanied the Reformation were undreamed of. But no branch of learning known to the age, no study that could discipline or enlarge the mind was overlooked in the school of Columba. It is interesting to reflect that the very first book, so far as we know, on the "Geography of the Holy Land," issued from the printing press, that is, from the experts, of Iona. A Neustrian bishop, Arculf by name, who had been on a visit to the East, was overtaken by a storm on his homeward voyage, and suffered shipwreck in the Hebrides. In return for the hospitality shown him in Iona, he related to the Fathers what he had seen in the then rarely visited lands of the Nile and the Jordan. We can imagine the overwhelming interest with which they listened to the words of one whose foot had trodden these "holy acres," and who had stood within the gates of Jerusalem. Adamnan, who was then Abbot, noted down all that fell from the lips of Arculf, and laboriously published it as a description of the Holy Land and of the countries lying around it. The book is remarkable only as being the pioneer of hundreds of volumes on the same subject which have followed it since.

Though the modern physical sciences had not yet come to the birth, a wide field lay open for the cultivation of the students in Columba's college. The history of ancient nations, the laws and constitutions of early states, the literature of classic times, the geography of storied lands, the Hebrew and Greek tongues, the knowledge of which was not yet lost in the West, and the logic of the ancients; all invited and received doubtless the study of the youth who resorted to this famed seat of learning. The Art of Healing—a very ancient science—had special prominence given it in the Columban curriculum. Theology, as we have said, came first, but medicine followed as the handmaid of a great mistress.

Columba, we know, was himself "well skilled in physic," and was not likely to neglect to urge upon his pupils the study of a science which he himself had been at pains to master, and which, by alleviating the sufferings to which humanity is liable, and drawing forth the gratitude of those who are benefited by it, is so powerful an auxiliary of the missionary. The door of many a hut had been opened to Columba in his character of physician which would have been closed against him as the simple teacher

of Christianity. The Druids enjoyed a high reputation as proficient in the medicinal art. They were believed to know the mysteries of all herbs, and to be able to cure all diseases. It behooved the Columban missionaries to be able to meet them on equal terms. The pharmacopæia of those days was simple indeed. He who knew the virtues of plants was reckoned a skilled physician. Not an herb was there on their island, or on the adjoining shores of the mainland, the function of which in the cure of disease was unknown to the Columban missionary. In this, as in many other points, we trace a resemblance between the evangelists which issued from the college of Iona in the seventh and eighth centuries, and those who issued from the college of the Prata della Torre in the thirteenth and fourteenth. Not a plant was there on all his mountains which the Waldensian barbe did not make himself acquainted with, and armed with the knowledge of its secret virtues he descended into the plains of Italy and met a welcome at palatial doors as a healer of the body, where, had he come as a physician of the soul, he would have encountered a repulse. "The Olla Ileach and Olla Muileach the ancient and famous line of physicians in Islay and in Mull, must, no doubt, have derived their first knowledge from this seminary,"[1] that is, from Iona.

But a question of greater moment than any of the preceding ones, in fact, the question vital beyond all others touching Iona, is, what was the doctrine taught in it? If we look for a theology arranged in system, and fitted with a nomenclature, we shall hardly find such in the great missionary college of the north. The one symbolic book in that seminary was the Bible. It was with theology in the first age of the Church, as it was with astronomy in early times. The only symbolic book of the early astronomer was the open face of the heavens, whereon he saw written the path of each star, and the times and seasons of its appearing. It was only after long observation and study that he was able to compile his tables, and formulate his knowledge of the orbs of heaven into a system of astronomical science. So was it with the early theologian. His first glance was directed to the open page of the Bible, where the great truths of revelation lay scattered about just as they had dropped from the pen of inspiration. It is only when he begins to study the laws of truth, and the relations and interdependencies of its several parts, that the theologian feels the necessity of gathering together what lies scattered in histories, epistles, prophecies, and psalms, and constructing it into system, that

thus he must have before his own mind, and present to that of others, a comprehensive view of truth as a whole. This process was at this time being more zealously than wisely prosecuted on the south of the Alps. The ecclesiastical world of Rome had been shaken by violent controversies, and parted into schools. The decrees of councils were beginning to claim a higher authority than the precepts of apostles, and theological creeds had begun to be imposed upon the Church, in which truths were missing, which held a conspicuous place in Holy Writ, or tenets avowed, which were not to be read at all on the page of inspiration, much as if an astronomer should construct a map of the heavens with certain of their brightest constellations left out, and their place supplied with stars new and strange, and which were unknown to the most careful observer of the sky.

These controversies had not yet travailed so far north as the quiet world of Iona. Occupied in the study of the Scriptures, the men of that remote region heard the din only from afar. The Bible, as we shall see, was the text book of Icolmkill. While their brethren in the south were contending with one another for jurisdictions and precedence, the elders of Iona, gathered round the open Scriptures, were drawing water from the well, "holy and undefiled." This is, decisive as regards both the letter and the spirit of their theology. To the youth who crowded to their ocean rock in quest of instruction, we hear them say, "The Holy Scriptures are the only rule of faith." [2] In these words the presbyters of Iona in the sixth century, enunciate the great formal Principle of the Reformation, while the Reformation itself was still a thousand years distant.

Even their enemies have borne them this testimony, that they made the Bible the fountain-head of their theology. "For dwelling far without the habitable globe," says Bede, "and consequently beyond the reach of the decrees of synods, . . . they could learn only those thing contained in the writings of the Prophets, the Evangelists, and the Apostles."[3] And speaking of Aidan, who was sent to Lindisfarne from Iona, he says, "he took care to omit nothing of all the things in the evangelical, apostolical, and prophetical writings which he knew ought to be done." And yet the venerable man cannot refrain from mildly bewailing the lot of these benighted men who had only the light of the Bible to guide them, when he says again, "They had a zeal for God, but not altogether according to

knowledge." Had Bede lived in our day he might have seen reason to acknowledge that, as with the man who attempts to serve two masters, so with him who thinks to walk by two lights: if he would keep in the straight path he must put out one of the two and guide himself by the other. It was the light of the Bible, not of the Church, that shone on the Rock of Iona; and by this light did the elders walk.

One of the more famous of the Culdee missionaries, Columbanus to wit, we find, in the famous dispute respecting Easter, confronting the authority of Rome with the simple but mightier authority of the Scripture which he calls "those true and singular canons of our Lord Jesus Christ." And after stating that the western (British) churches grounded their Pash on the Scriptures, he exclaims, "For our canons are the commands of our Lord and his apostles: these are our faith: lo! here are our arms, shield, and sword: these are our defense: in these we desire to persevere unto death, as we have seen our elders also do." [4] The rule which Columbanus laid down for his disciples on the Continent was expressed in these words, "Let your riches be the doctrines of the Divine Law." [5] There is no divided allegiance here: no attempt to follow two guides.

Not less did the Presbyters of Iona hold the Material Principle of the Reformation, even Salvation through faith alone in Christ's righteousness. This brief formula, intelligently held, necessarily implies the recognition of the leading doctrines of Christianity. It presupposes the eternal appointment of the second Person of the Trinity as the substitute of the sinner; His work of obedience and suffering on earth in the sinner's room; the offer of a free salvation on the ground of that work, and faith as the hand by which we lay hold on that offer: all this, with the attendant doctrines, the fall, man's helplessness, renewal by the Spirit, and admission through Christ's mediation into the eternal mansions, are necessarily bound up in the brief summary of doctrine, "Justification through faith alone." Hence, it is termed the *material* principle, that is, the body and substance of the Reformation, even as the Bible is called its *formal* principle, being the rule by which it is shaped and moulded. We find these two great doctrines—the two heads of the Reformation theology—in the school of Columba as really as we afterwards find then in the school of Luther and Calvin. The Reformation was in Iona before it was in Wittenberg and Geneva. The Scottish theology is not of recent

times. Its sons have no reason to be ashamed of it as a novelty. It is older than the days of Knox. It flourished on the Rock of Iona a thousand years before the Reformer was born. It was waxing dim at Rome, but in proportion as the doctrine of justification by faith was being forgotten in the city where Paul had preached it in the first age, it was rising in our poor barbarous country, and after illuminating our northern land and the surrounding regions of Europe during some centuries, it lingered here all through the darkness that succeeded, and broke forth with fresh splendour in the morning of the sixteenth century.

In the absence of written creed—for written symbol there was not at Iona save the Bible—we must have recourse for proof of what we have said touching the theology of Columba, and the missionaries he trained, to the sermons, commentaries, and letters which have come down to us from the evangelists which this school sent forth. We wish our space for quotation had been larger, that it might be seen how full and clear a Gospel it was which these men preached at that early day. If they were behind the moderns in respect or the appliances they possessed for criticism and explication, which the advance of knowledge has since multiplied, they were quiet abreast of their successors as regards the grand essentials of God's revelation. Their views lacked neither depth nor breadth. The Christianity preached in the Scotland of that day was the same full-orbed system, the same galaxy of glorious truths, plain yet profound, simple yet surpassingly sublime, which constitutes the Christianity of this hour. Geneva shakes hand with Iona across the gulf of a thousand years.

Columba speaks through his successors. Let us listen to a few of the utterances of these men. It is Gallus who speaks, the fellow-labourer of Columbanus, and the founder of the monastery of St. Gall. "The apostle says, 'God has chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world,' that is, by his eternal predestination, his free calling, and his grace which was due to none." [6] They teach the sovereignty not less than the eternity of God's purposes. "God," says Sedulius, "Hath mercy with great goodness, and hardeneth without any iniquity; so that neither can he who is saved glory of his own merits, nor he that is lost complain but of his own merits. For grace only it is that makes a difference between the redeemed and the lost, both having been framed together into one mass

of perdition by a cause derived from their common original. He (God) sees all mankind condemned with so just and divine a judgment in their apostatical root." [7]

The keenness with which the subject of free will was discussed at the period of the Reformation is well known. It is, perhaps, the deepest question in the science of supernatural theology, as both the fall and redemption hang upon it. For if the state of man's will be such that he is able to save himself, where is the need of One to redeem him? The utterances of the Columban missionaries from the sixth to the ninth century are in entire harmony with the opinions of the Reformers on this great question. Let us listen to Sedulius. "Man, by making an ill use of his Free-will, lost both himself and it. For, like a man who kills himself, is able, of course, to kill himself, because he lives, but by killing himself becomes unable to live, neither can raise himself again from the dead after he has killed himself; so when sin was committed by means of free-will, then, sin being the conqueror, free-will itself also was lost, for of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he also brought into bondage. But to a man thus brought into bondage and sold, whence can there be the liberty of doing good, unless He shall redeem him whose voice this is, 'if the Son make you free ye shall be free indeed.'" [8] And Claudius Scotus, in the ninth century, says: "God is the author of all that is good in man; that is to say, both of good-nature and goodwill, which, unless God do work in him, man cannot do, because this goodwill is prepared by the Lord in man, that, by the gift of God he may do that which by himself he could not do of his own free-will." [9] Equally clear are these evangelists on the uses of the Law to man fallen, "By the law," says Sedulius, "cometh neither the remission nor the removal, but the knowledge of sin." "The law worketh wrath to the sinner, because it forgiveth not his sins, but condemneth them; it shuts up all under sin to the end, that men, being humbled, might understand that salvation is not in their own hand, but in the hand of a mediator." [10] "The Law," says Claudius Scotus, "only shows us our sins, but does not take them away." [11] On the subject of the new birth, the following exposition, among others, of Sedulius, is not a little striking. "Know ye not that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptised into his death," quoting first the words of the apostle, and then proceeding, "Observe carefully the order and sequence of these words; for the apostle having compared

the death that was by Adam, to the life which is by Christ, here answers an objection, and says, 'How shall we who are dead to sin live any longer therein,' teaching us hereby, that if any one has *first* died to sin, he has necessarily been buried together with Christ. But if one *first* (*i.e.*, before baptism), dies not to sin, he cannot be buried with Christ, for no one is ever buried while yet living. Die thou first to sin that thou mayest be able to be buried with Christ, seeing that it is to the dead only we give sepulture."[12] In this teaching, which is that of a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, we can discover no trace of the *opus operatum* of a sacrament.

On the doctrine of Faith as the alone instrument of Justification, Sedulius thus expresses himself:—"Ye are saved by grace through faith, not through works—through faith, that is, not through works; and, lest any careless one should arrogate to himself salvation by his faith, the apostle has added, 'and that not of yourselves,' because faith is not from ourselves, but from Him who hath called us." "Ye are made nigh by the blood of Christ, that is, by *believing* that ye are saved by His blood and passion." Again, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, that is, by *faith alone*, as owing nothing to the law. Grace is abject and vain if it alone is not sufficient for me." Christ is the end of the law to every one that believeth, that is to say, *he has the perfection of the law who believes in Christ*." [13] Similar is the teaching of Claudius Scotus: "By believing in the Son of God, we are made the sons of God by adoption." "Nothing taketh away sins but the grace of faith, which worketh by love." [14] These utterances must satisfy us that "justification by faith alone" was not a theology invented by Luther, and unheard of till the sixteenth century. It was preached to the nations of northern Europe in the sixth century, even as it had been in the churches of Asia and Africa, and the cities of Italy in the apostolic age.

But this *faith* was not a barren one; it was a root on which grew many a lovely blossom, and rich fruit. Let us hear the evangelists from Iona on this point also. "The ungodly man, believing in Christ his faith is imputed to him for righteousness, as to Abraham also," says Sedulius; but there ends the old life of the man, and now begins the new, "This faith when it has been justified," adds Sedulius, "sticketh in the soil of the soul, like a root after having received the shower, so that when it hath begun to be

cultured by the law of God, those boughs spring up upon it which bear the fruit of works. *Therefore the root of righteousness grows not from works, but the fruit of works grows from the root of righteousness*, namely, that *root of righteousness* which God doth reckon to our account for *righteousness without works*." [15] "It is not," says Claudius, "that the faithful man lives by his righteousness, but the justified man lives by his faith." [16] Luther could not have said it better.

One of the grandest attributes of Christianity, as seen in history, is its unchangeableness and indestructibility. But this unchangeableness and indestructibility belong only to Christianity in its evangelical form, that is, to a Christianity that gives to men entrance into life not by *working*, but by *believing*. Ever as Christianity revives and becomes again a power on the earth, it is in this form that it returns. We sometimes meet the thought that what satisfied our fathers ought not to satisfy us, and that we need a Christianity more in accordance with the "advanced thought" of the age. The past history of Christianity gives no countenance to this idea. When it would surprise and bless the world with some fresh demonstration of its heavenly influence, it prepares for the task by disencumbering itself of the accretions with which philosophy and ceremonialism are continually labouring to encrust it, that it may return to the simplicity of its first estate. With Christianity "a thousand years are as one day." Thus it challenges our confidence by giving us assurance that it is on no speculation of a day, on no mere opinion of an age that our faith is placed, but on "The Word of our God, which endures for ever."

To restore the Spring it is not necessary that we have a creation of new flowers year by year; it is enough if the old ones come up out of the darkness of the earth, where they have been lying hidden yet living in their root, during the months of winter. The Spring times that have gladdened the church and the world have come round, by the shining forth of old truths at the command of that almighty Spirit, whose prerogative it is to "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion." It was an old theology, bursting out from Jewish type and symbol, that produced the morning of the Gospel day. It was the same old theology installed on the rock of Iona, from which came the early Celtic illumination that shone on Europe in the seventh and eighth centuries. It was the theology of the Christian fathers and the Culdees,

coming forth from the tomb of mediælism, that created the Reformation of the sixteenth century. It is this same old theology which the missionary at this hour is carrying to China and Africa, and all round the globe. The same will form the foundations of that kingdom of righteousness and peace that is to be set up on the earth in the latter days. The constellations of the spiritual firmament, like those of the natural heavens, are for all time. They do not pass away to be succeeded by new and brighter lights. Occasionally, indeed, it happens that a comet blazes forth in the sky, or a nebulosity, broad and huge, and without determinate limits, looms overhead, awakening the wonder, and dazzling the eyes of the gazers, and threatening, it may be, the orbs of the firmament with eclipse. But the blaze of its bewildering effulgence is soon spent, and it sinks in the blackness of darkness. These prodigies are for a month or a year; the stars are forever.

Endnotes

1. *Iona*, by the Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., chap. iv. p. 125. London. 1820.
2. Adam. *Life*, i. 22.
3. Bede, iii., iv.
4. *Coumban. Epist. ad patres Synodi Gallicanae in Biblioth. per Gulland.*
5. *Epist. ad Hunald.*
6. *Sermon at Constance, in Gallandius*, vol xii.
7. "Videt enim universum genes humanum tam justo judicio in apostatico radice damnatum," *Sedul. in Rom.*, c. 9.
8. *Sedul. on Romans*. c. 9.
9. *Claude Scot. on Matthew*, apud Usher.
10. *Sedul. on Rom.*, c. 4 and c. 7; Gal., c. 3.
11. *Claud. Com. on Gal.*, c. 2.
12. *Sedul. on Rom.*, c. 6.
13. *Sedul. on Eph.*, c. ii., and Rom., c. iii.
14. *Claudius on Math.*, BK. i., and *Gal.* Pref
15. *Sedul. on Rom.* c. iv. "Non ergo ex operibus radix justitiæ, sed ex radice justitiæ fructus operum, crescit."
16. *Claud. on Gal.* c. iii. "Non fidelem vivere ex justitia sed justum ex fide."

CHAPTER XXIV.

COLUMBA VISITS KING BRUDE—INTERVIEW—STRATEGICAL PLAN OF EVANGELISATION—COLUMBAN COLLEGES PLANTED ALL OVER SCOTLAND—COLUMBA'S GENERALSHIP—NO BISHOP AT IONA—MS. COPIES OF THE SACRED SCRIPTURES.

ON a day at the end of two years from his arrival on Iona, Columba goes to the beach, where his craft of wicker and cowhide lies moored, waiting the use of any member of the community of Hy whose occasions may call him away from the island. He is accompanied by two friends and former fellow-students, Comgal and Cainnech,[1] and followed by a little escort of faithful attendants. Taking his seat in his currach, he and his party are rowed across the sound to the mainland. On what errand does Columba journey? If the presbyter-abbot absents himself from his post, we may be sure it is on business of grave moment, appertaining vitally to the success of his mission. It is even so. Let us go with him and see how he speeds.

The two years he has already passed on the island have been busily occupied in the multifarious preliminary arrangements incident to his enterprise. These arrangements are now all complete, and Columba is this day to begin in earnest the great spiritual campaign he has crossed the sea to wage. He has come to challenge the Druid's longer possession of Alba, and now we are to see him throw down the gage of battle and strike the first blow. There is already a feeble Christianity among the Scots who inhabit the Kintyre hills, which are seen, looking across the sound, stretching southward along the coast. But beyond the cloudy bilge of the Drumalban Mountains, where dwell the northern Picts, there reigns to this hour unbroken night. Columba must carry the evangelical torch into the midst of that darkness. But he will not endanger the success of his enterprise by any hasty or precipitate step. He will begin by conciliating the powerful king, who reigns over the numerous and warlike tribes whose Christianization he has come to seek; and having obtained the consent of the monarch, he will with more confidence essay his task, which must be a difficult one, in even the most favourable circumstances. We now see him setting forth on a visit to King Brude, whom we have already met, and whose exploits on the battlefield—some of them won at the cost of the Scots—make him one of the few of our early monarchs

who are historic.

Columba's companions have been wisely chosen. It is the northern family of the Picts whom he seeks to translate from the darkness of Druidism into the light of Christianity, and he selects as his associates in the work two men, both of whom are of the race of the Irish Picts, and, therefore, able to express themselves in the Pictish tongue with more intelligibility and fluency than Columba could well be supposed capable of doing.[2]

The modern missionary tries to find his way to the great centers of population. The missionary of a former age sought how he might approach the most powerful chieftain. It was only another way of influencing the largest number, seeing through the monarch lay the door of access to the nation. The journey of Columba from Iona to the Castle of Brude was scarcely less toilsome and perilous than an expedition in our day into the interior of Africa. The distance was only about 150 miles. But the difficulty of the journey was not in the length of the road, but in the character of the country to be passed over. It was wild and savage. There were no roads to guide the steps or facilitate the progress of the traveler. There were arms of the sea and inland lochs to be crossed, occasioning long and frequent delays, for the traveler could not reckon that the ferryman with his coracle would be waiting his arrival. There were rugged hills to be clambered over, where the furze and the thorn masked the chasm, and a heedless step might precipitate the wayfarer to destruction. There were dark woods and jungle thickets to be threaded, where the wolf and the wild boar lay in ambush. There were trackless moors, where the bewildering mist gathers suddenly at times and blots out the path of the hapless traveler; and there were morasses and bogs, where the treacherous surface tempts the too venturesome foot only to betray it. To all these dangers was added that of barbarous and cruel tribes, who might challenge the traveler's right to pass through their territory, and rob or kill him. That these perils were inseparable from his projected journey Columba well knew. He might decline it; but how, then, could he inaugurate his mission with the hope of success? At whatever risk, he must visit King Brude in his northern fortress. We see him and his two companions, with their escort, crossing the mountains of Mull, and navigating the frith that separates it from the mainland. The currach that bore them across put them ashore a little to the south of the spot where

the town of Oban now stands. The hints dropped by Adamnan enable us to follow faintly the dubious track of the travelers. They steer on Urchudain, the Glen Urquhart of the present day, whose opening between noble hills greets the tourist on the left as he ascends the Caledonian Canal. We see them tracing with painful steps the wild and broken districts of Lorn, of Appin, of Duror, of Lochaber, and Glengarry, with their frequent intervening ferries. And now they skirt along the northern shore of Loch Hess, on whose pictured face sleep the images of its grand enclosing mountains. A little beyond, following the river which issues from the loch, the party arrive at the castle of the Pictish monarch.

King Brude was probably aware of the coming of Columba, and had taken counsel beforehand with his Druids, who were the advisers of the Pictish monarchs in all matters of State policy. In accordance with their advice, the king kept the gates of his fortress closed, and refused audience to the missionary. This only made the triumph of Columba over the pride of the king and the enchantments of his Magi the more conspicuous. Assembling under the walls of the castle, the party joined in singing the forty-sixth psalm. Columba was gifted with a voice of wondrous melody and strength, which on this occasion, doubtless, was put forth to its utmost pitch. The stanzas of the psalm, pealed forth by so many voices, and re-echoed from the hills of the narrow pass, would gather force and volume at each repetition, and reverberate, we can well believe, with "a noise like thunder" in the halls of the palace. The king and his counselors were terrified. But Adamnan is not content that the matter should end without a miracle. The hymn concluded, Columba advanced to the closed gates, formed upon them the sign of the cross, and striking them with his hand, the bolts and bars that held them fast were rent asunder, and the gates flew.[3] The king and his counselors now hastened to meet Columba, and accorded him a conciliatory and gracious reception. There followed a private interview between Brude and the missionary. The interview was probably repeated, and at last ended in a profession of adherence to the Christian faith on the part of the Pictish monarch. We have already, in the first volume of this history, given a detail of these transactions, and do not need to repeat them here.[4]

Columba had accomplished the object of his journey. The conversion of the king was, in a sense, the conversion of the nation. It opened the door

through which Columba could pour in his missionaries upon the clans of North Pictland, and bring to an end the gloomy reign of the Druid. Well pleased, therefore, he turns his face towards Iona, where he would give himself to the task of training armies of preachers to carry on the war he had come to wage in Alba, and which he was resolved should not cease till the last Druidic altar on its soil had been overturned. We expect his biographer to show us phalanx after phalanx of spiritual warriors going forth into the field, and taking up the positions assigned them by the great captain who directs the movement from his headquarters on Iona. In a word, we wish to follow the light as it travels from district to district, till at last the whole country is illuminated, and it can be said that now the night of the Druid is past. Adamnan, surely, will recite, with minute and loving care, the labours of his great predecessor; the methods by which he carried on his evangelization; the missionaries he sent north and south, and all over the land; their early struggles, their disappointments, their ultimate triumphs; and the exultation with which, after a certain term of labour, they returned to Iona and gave in their report of another province wrested from the darkness, and another clan enrolled in the Christian Church. No theme would have been more thrilling, and none would have been read with so engrossing an interest by all succeeding generations of Scotsmen.

We open Adamnan, alas! only to experience a painful disappointment. Page after page is occupied with prophecies, miracles, and prodigies; and record of the Columban evangelisation we find none. We must turn to other sources—the incidental allusions of Bede, the Culdee missions in England and on the Continent, which reflect light on the country which was their base, and the ruins of the monastic buildings scattered over the face of Scotland, which tell where Culdee establishments once existed, if we would gather some knowledge of the methods by which Columba worked in that great movement which first changed the whole of Scotland into a Christian country. The "Life of Columba," by Adamnan, was discovered at Shaffhausen in 1845. It was found buried at the bottom of a chest. It had formerly lain in a monastery in the Lake of Constance. The writing belongs to the beginning of the eighth century. The Colophon attributes the writing to Sorbene, Abbot of Hy, who died 713, just nine years after Adamnan. There is no doubt that this copy was written at Hy from the Life by Adamnan. It is one of the products of the first school of

religion and literature established in Scotland. The Irish clerics wrote with marvelous dispatch, and all but infallible accuracy, and with a grace and beauty all their own. They transcribed both Latin and Greek, and they introduced a style of penmanship on the Continent which is peculiar, and which was imitated till the times of the Renaissance. The calligraphy is so marked by its elegance and form that the Scottish MSS. are easily recognisable.

Columba had the mind of a statesman. His conceptions were large, and his administrative talents of the first order. He had given proof of this in the organization and government of his numerous Irish monasteries, and he arrived in Scotland with a ripe experience. We have seen how he pioneered his way to the nation through the king. In like manner he pioneers his way to the clan through the chieftain. He saw at a glance the importance of working on the lines made ready to his hand in the tribal organization of the country. He went to the chieftains as he had gone to the king, and disabusing their minds of Druidic influence, he obtained their consent to the evangelization of their followers. We see the missionaries from Iona arrive. They select a convenient spot in the territories of the clan, a sheltered valley, or the banks of a river abounding in fish. They begin operations by driving a few stakes into the ground. They fetch twigs and turf, and speedily there rises a little cluster of huts. They add a few necessary erections for storing their winter supplies. They lay out a small garden for summer fruits; the net will enable them to supplement their cuisine with the produce of the stream. They draw a pallisade round their establishment. All arranged within, they next bestow their attention on the ground outside, which they bring under cultivation If it is wood, they clear it away with the axe. If it is moor, they set to work with mattock and plough, and soon are seen meadow and cornfield where before all was waste and barrenness.

All the while the higher world of the mission was not neglected. Full of zeal—and no age since has witnessed that noble passion in greater intensity—they devoted so many hours a day to the instruction of the natives. Simple and elementary these lessons had need to be, for the mind of the Pict was dark. He had worn the bandage of the Druid for ages. But the missionary had a story to tell him which had power to touch even his heart. The bandage fell from his eyes. The light entered: faint at

first, doubtless, but clear enough to make even the Caledonian feel that he had been in darkness, and only now was beginning to see the light. He retires to meditate apart on the strange things he has heard. He returns to the missionary to have them told him over again. They seem more wonderful than ever. He communicates them to his neighbours. They, too wish to hear these tidings from the mouth of the strangers from Iona. There is soon a little company of enquirers. Their numbers increase from day to day, and now there is formed a congregation of converts. A church and school are set up. Christian worship is inaugurated; and how amazed is the Pict to find himself addressing the great Father in heaven, and singing the psalms written of old by kings and prophets. Compared with these holy services, how revolting seem to him now the rites in which he was wont to take part at the stone circle. He goes no more to the altar of the Druid. The thought of it brings up only images of blood and terror. He has learned a sweeter service than that of the groves.

The Columban establishments—now beginning to dot Scotland—were all framed on the model of Iona. The missionary staff of the provincial house was the same in number as that of the parent institution. The Culdees went forth to form a new settlement in bodies of twelve, with one who presided over the rest. The discipline in the branch institutions was the same as at headquarters. The main business of the brethren was the instruction of the natives. Their evangelistic labours they varied with agricultural work, for as yet there was no rule or custom in Scotland excluding men in sacred professions from taking part in secular occupations. At certain seasons they retired to solitary places to meditate. One of their number was sent at regular intervals to headquarters to report how matters went in the provincial monastery, and what progress the evangelisation was making in its neighborhood. The deputy was received with commendation, or reproof, as the case might be, and after a short residence in Iona was sent back to resume his labours in his provincial field.

These institutions were set down on a strategic principle. They were so planted as not to overlap, and yet so as to enlace the whole country in their working when fully developed. Each clan, eventually, had its monastery with lands attached, the gift of the chieftain. The honour of the clan was at stake, touching the safety and good treatment of the fathers,

and the chieftain came to see that the patronage and protection he vouchsafed the establishment were more than repaid in the greater loyalty of his subjects, and the better cultivation of his lands. Year by year there issued from Iona bands of young disciples, thoroughly trained, and full of enthusiasm to carry the evangelical standard into districts where Culdee had not yet been seen. Every year the number of institutions multiplied. Nothing could repress the ardour or daunt the courage of these warriors of the Cross which Iona sent forth. Nor savage tribe nor stormy frith could make them turn back. They reared their huts and built their oratories in the storm swept isles of the Hebrides. They crossed the racing tides of the Pentland, and carried the "great tidings" to the dwellers in the bleak Orkneys, and the inhabitants of the lonelier Shetland. They penetrated the fastness of Ross-shire and Athol, and awoke the echoes of their glens with the plaintive music of their psalms, and the thunders of their Celtic orations. In the savage straths of the Grampians and the wooded and watered valleys of Perthshire they established their settlements, clothing themselves with the wool of their sheep, supplying their table from the stream, the wild berry of the woods, the roe which they snared, and the corn which their labour and skill taught to grow in these inhospitable wilds, accounting their hardships repaid an hundredfold in that they were privileged to give the "bread of life" to men who were perishing with hunger while no man gave to them. Along the east coast of Scotland, from Dunnet Head to St. Abb's; in the great plain of Strathmore; in Fife; in the islands and shores of the Forth; on the banks of the Clyde where St. Mungo placed his cell, and laid the first stone of the great western metropolis, and onward, over lands which great poets have since made classic, to the time honored promontory where Ninian at an earlier day had kindled his lamp, did these Culdees journey, rearing, at every short distance, their sanctuaries and schools. Of these ancient sites not a few have been effaced, but a goodly number still remain indelibly marked, of which we can with certainty say that there, in early days, Culdee took up his abode and thence spread around him the light of Christianity. There are not fewer than thirty-two such places in the former territory of the Scots, and twenty-one in the region occupied by the Picts.[5]

Wherever the Culdee came, brightness fell on the landscape. The brown moor blossomed beneath his footsteps, and the silent wilderness burst into singing. The Christianity which the missionaries from Iona preached

to the Caledonians worked all round. It was Christianity set in the golden framework of civilization. The doctrine branched out into a life; it summoned art and industry from their deep sleep; it set the plough in motion. An ancient barbarism had frozen it in the furrow, and the soil lay untilled. The lazy glebe, which for ages had known neither seed-time nor harvest, ran over with corn; the arid pastures, so long unfamiliar with the browsing kine, flowed with milk; the moss-covered bough shook off its rust, and clothed itself with young buds; and roaming herds and flocks began to mottle the naked, lonely mountains as the fleecy clouds speckle the face of the morning skies. But the change wrought on the Caledonian himself was far greater than any that had passed on the face of his country. The idea of an everlasting and omnipotent Being had been flashed upon him through his darkness. What an astonishing revelation! It was a new existence to him. This new and amazing idea took the sting out of his serfdom. He saw that he was not the property of his chief, as he had been taught to regard himself; he was the subject of a higher lord, he was now able to taste somewhat of the dignity of manhood, and to feel the grandeur of liberty; for in soul he was already a freeman. More than half his former misery and degradation passed away from the Caledonian with this change in his position and relationships. It does not follow that the system of clanship was broken up. Christianity knit closer the bonds between chieftain and clansman, at the same time that it sweetened and hallowed then.

All these Christian institutions which we see rising from north to south of Scotland were ruled from Iona. There was set the chair of their presbyter-abbot. From that chair issued the laws which all were to obey, and to the same quarter all eyes were turned to know the sphere each was to fill, and the work each was to do. The obedience was loving, because the rule was gracious, and the work was cheerful, because the heart of the doer delighted in it. A very vigilant oversight did Columba exercise over all the workers. Like a skilful general, his eye ranged over the whole field, and he knew how the battle with the Druid was going at all points. If any detachment of his army was falling back before the enemy, he hastened to send forward recruits to restore the fortunes of the day. If any were overburdened with work, he sent fresh labourer to their help. If any soldier of his army needed repose after a prolonged period of service, he said to him, “Put off your armour, and come and rest awhile

in this quiet isle." He made tours of visitation, to see with his own eyes how all went. He put right what he found amiss; he supplied what he saw was lacking; he encouraged the timid; he strengthened the faint-hearted. If any were cast down, he lifted them up; if any were indolent and doing the work of the mission deceitfully, he reproved them. And to those who in faith and heroism were scaling the strongholds of an ancient heathenism, dethroning, the stone idols of the Druid, and urging bravely onward the tide of evangelical victory, he had words of benediction to pronounce, which those to whom they were spoken esteemed honour higher and more lasting than the stars and coronets with which princes crown the victors in those battles of the warrior, which are "with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood." It was thus, under a leader sagacious, far-seeing and indomitable, served by devoted and enthusiastic soldiers, that this great battle of our country against its ancient enslaver was won. There is no battle like this in our annals till me come to the days of Knox.

The war was long, and, doubtless, the burden of carrying it on pressed heavily at times on Columba; but he bore it with patient atlantean strength all his days, sustained by the sublime hope that before going to his grave, he should see his grand conception realized, and Scotland become a Christian land. Columba united the Picts and Scots under his spiritual scepter long previous to their becoming one nation under the sway of Kenneth Mac Alpin.

To Columba's age, and in his own country at least, there seemed nothing abnormal in this vast ecclesiastical sovereignty being exercised by a simple presbyter; for Columba was nothing more. But in the following centuries it appeared to the writers of the Latin school anomalous, if not monstrous, that a presbyter should exercise jurisdiction over the bishops of a whole nation. We have quoted above the words of Bede in reference to his successor. "under his jurisdiction," says he, "the whole province, including even the bishops, by an unwonted order, were subjected, after the example of the first teacher, Columba, who was not a bishop, but a presbyter and a monk." [6] It truly was an *unwonted order*, for a presbyter to bear rule over bishops. But where in the Scotland of that day are the bishops? We cannot discover any, at least any whom Bede would have acknowledged to be bishops. We see the Scottish youth, after being trained in Iona, ordained to the ministry by the laying on of the hands of the

elders; we follow them to their field of labour; we see them itinerating as evangelists, or becoming settled teachers of congregations; we see Scotland better supplied year after year with this class of bishops, and the oversight of all exercised from Iona. But as regards a bishop with a diocese, and the sole power of conferring ordination—the two things that constitute a modern bishop—the Scotland of that day possessed not one solitary specimen. The very imagination of such a thing appears to us eminently absurd. All our writers, ancient and modern, concur that St. Andrews is the [7] most ancient bishopric north of the Clyde and the Forth, and its foundation is ascribed to Grig, who began to reign in 883. It had been a famous seat of the Culdees who were endowed with lands by Hungius, transferred to the canons-regular in the end of the twelfth century.[8] The author of "Caledonia" admits that Cellach, Bishop of St. Andrews, was the first bishop of any determinate See in Scotland; and speaking of Tuathal, styled Archbishop of Fortern, or Abernethy, he says, "It is a florid expression."[9] Cognac, under Alexander I. was the first Bishop of Dunkeld. There were no regular dioceses in Scotland before the beginning of the twelfth century.

It has been said that "a bishop always resided at Iona," the reason of his stay being that he might perform ordination when the act was necessary. "We have not been able," says Dr. Jamieson, "to discover a single vestige of such a character."[10] We may be permitted to add that we have been equally unsuccessful in our search. In what ancient document is it written that such a functionary resided at Iona? and where shall we find the names of those on whom he conferred ordination? Certainly there was no bishop at Iona when Aidan (634) was sent to the Northumbrians, else why was he ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbyters, the Abbot Segenius presiding? If a bishop there were at Iona, we have to ask, Whence came he, and from whom received he his Orders? If it be answered, from Rome, we reply that neither the Irish Church nor the Scottish Church of that age had any intercourse with Rome. If it be farther urged that some apostolically ordained bishop may perchance have found his way to Iona, and been retained there for the purpose of bestowing ordination on entrants into the sacred office, then we ask, why were not the orders of the Scottish clergy recognized as regular and valid by their brethren of England? A council of the Anglo-Saxon church was held at Cealtythe in A.D. 816, the fifth decree of which runs thus: "It is interdicted

to all persons of the Scottish nation to usurp the ministry in any diocese, nor may such be lawfully allowed to touch aught belonging to the sacred order, nor may aught be accepted from them, either in baptism or in the celebration of masses,[11] nor may they give the eucharist to the people, *because it is uncertain to us, by whom or whether by any one they are ordained*. If, as the canons prescribe, no bishop or presbyter may intrude into another's province, how much more ought those to be excluded from sacred offices who have among them no metropolitan order, nor honour it in others." [12] This is a distinct repudiation by the council of the orders of the Columban clergy, and it completely explodes the idea of a resident bishop at Iona, whose business it was to send forth apostolically ordained men.

Not the least important of the services of the Culdees was the transcription of the Scriptures and other books. This was one main branch of their labours, and in this way they furthered mightily the interests of religion and letters. They had attained to amazing proficiency in the art of calligraphy. Swiftly did their pens travel down the page, and in not one of many hundred lines would there be found slip or error. Columba, despite the many cares that pressed upon him, was a voluminous transcriber. Not fewer than three hundred volumes, Odonell tells us, did he transcribe with his own hand.[12] This close and daily contact of the Culdees with the sacred volume must have powerfully helped to enrich their understandings and store their memories with its truths, and give to their sermons that moral power and spiritual grandeur which come only from the Bible, and the absence of which can be compensated by no rhetoric, however brilliant, The *Belles Lettres* are a poor substitute for the *Evangel*; and when the preacher becomes the tragedian, the stage, and not the pulpit, is the place to air his histrionics and shout his vocables. Iona sent forth no tragedians. Its children were evangelists, not artists. Fresh from the study of the Scriptures, around them breathed the odour of their fragrance and sweetness. And, what a wonderful thing it must have seemed to the Caledonian, newly come out of Druidic darkness, to be introduced all at once to such a galaxy of splendours as the histories, the songs, the doctrines of the Bible. How amazing to hear its sublimes mysteries floated out upon the air of his mountains, in his own mother tongue: a tongue scarcely if at all less ancient and venerable than the language in which these truths were first written, and offering a vehicle

capable of giving them transmission in unabated force and undiminished beauty. We can imagine the assemblages that would gather from hill and valley, from hamlet and loch to listen to some Chalmers or Spurgeon of the seventh century, and the mingled astonishment and rapture with which they would hang upon their lips, from which there would flow in a stream of impassioned Celtic speech, the "glad tidings of great joy." Now they knew that the "day-spring from on high" had visited them.

Endnotes

1. Reeve's. *Vit. Colum.*, p. 152.
2. THE CELTIC LANGUAGE.—The principal conclusions established by Zeuss in his *Grammatica Celtica* (Leipsic, 1853) are: — (1st), The Irish and Welsh languages are one in their origin. Their divergences began only a few centuries before the Roman period, and were very small when Caesar landed in Britain. Both nations, Irish and British, were identical with the *Celtæ* of the Continent. (2nd.) The Celtic tongue is in the full and complete sense one of the great Indo-European branches of human speech, and, consequently, there must be an end of all attempts to assimilate either Hebrew, Egyptian, Phoenician, or Basque, or any other language which is not Indo-European, with any dialect of the Celtic. Zeuss performed a feat unsurpassed. He had never set foot on Irish soil, and yet, simply by the study of Irish and Welsh writings, dispersed in the monasteries and libraries of the Continent, he constructed the Irish language as it had existed in the eighth and ninth centuries.
3. *Vit. Columb.*, c. xxxvi.
4. See *History of the Scottish Nation*, vol. i. chap. xxiii. pp. 306, 307.
5. Reeve's *Life of Adamnan.*, Introduction, pp. Ix.-lxxi. *Historians of Scotland*, vol. vi.
6. Bede, Lib. iii. c. 4., qui non episcopus, sed presbyter exstitit et monachus.
7. Pinkerton, ii. 263.
8. Monasticon, i., 70, 71; *Culdees*, Jamieson,151
9. *Caledonia*, i., 429, Jamieson p. 151.
10. Jamieson's *Culdees*, p. 140.
11. The sacrifice of the mass had not yet been invented. The term *missa* is here used evidently in its original sense as denoting the service of the

sanctuary, seeing it is distinguished from the eucharist mentioned after it. See Bingham's *Antiquities*, vol. v. bk. xiii. chap. i. London, 1715.

12. Spelman, *Concil*., i. 329

13. The best Celtic MSS. of the Gospels are as early as the close of the seventh century. The art with which these MSS. are decorated is the same which is seen upon our sculptured stones. The best decorations in stone and metal come later, being about the end of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The inference is that the art was perfected by the Scribes before it was adopted by the sculptors. We possess a wealth of decorated art material which no other nation possesses, or ever can possess, consisting of sculptured and decorated monuments lying about in corners, fields, ditches, and graveyards; for some of the elements of this art are common to a much wider area than Celtic Britain, or even Europe. We find interlaced work on Babylonian cylinders and Mycenium ornaments, and sculpture, but not in the Celtic style. As developed into a system and taken in its totality it is restricted to Scotland and Ireland. It never gave a distinctive character to any art save Celtic art. The cradle of the art is believed to be Ireland. There the decoration of MS. reached its highest pitch, but the sculpture work on stone remained poor. The essential and peculiar element of Celtic art is not its interlacing nor its fret work, but the divergent spiral line which gives it a form of beauty known to no other nation.—See Anderson's *Scotland in Early Christian Times*, ii. 114, 115.

CHAPTER XXV.

GENEALOGY OF SCOTTISH KINGS—"THE STONE OF DESTINY"—COLUMBA NEGOTIATES SUCCESSFULLY FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE SCOTTISH MONARCHY—HIS DEATH.

THE first and greatest service which Columba rendered to Scotland was to complete its unfinished evangelization by Christianising all its three nations. Yet another service did he render. He it was who planted the Scottish monarchy. The first really independent king who swayed the scepter over the Scots had the crown placed upon his head by the abbot-presbyter of Iona. The arrival of Columba, we have said above, was at a critical moment in the history of the Scots of Kintyre. In 560 they had sustained a severe defeat from King Brude, and their possession of their lands had in consequence become exceedingly precarious. Their expulsion from Kintyre, which then hung in the balance, would have been the extinction of whatever Christianity there was in Alba. But with the arrival of Columba in 563 came the turning of the tide in their fortunes. The influence of Columba with the now Christian Brude was exerted in their favour, and the colony took a new and deeper root. They were ruled over at the time of Columba's arrival by a king of their own nation, and had been so from the days of Fergus I., who led them across to the Argylshire coast. But their king was a tributary of the supreme monarch of Ireland, whose seat was at Tara. Columba, whose views were far-reaching, and who took the deepest interest in the fortunes of his countrymen in Kintyre, aimed at consolidating their nationality on this side of the channel, and making the sovereign authority among them independent. An opportunity of effecting this patriotic purpose soon offered.

The King of the Scots died about four years after the arrival of Columba. His successor in the direct line lacked the talents requisite for the government of a little territory occupied by not the most docile subjects, and in danger of being swallowed up by a powerful neighbour. Columba set aside this feeble prince, and, acting according to Brehon, or Irish law, which permitted such deviations when the regular heir was a minor, or incapable, he selected Aidan, who had been trained in the institution of Iona, to fill the throne. Seating him on the "stone of fate," [1] he solemnly

anointed him King of the Scottish Dalriada, exacting from both monarch and subjects a promise that they would abide in the profession of the Christian faith. Aidan's reign was exceptionally prosperous. [2] He was a descendant of the famous Hibernian monarch Niall of the Nine Hostages, A.D. 400, and his descendants continued to occupy the throne till the union of the Picts and the Scots in 843. Kenneth MacAlpin, under whose rule the two nations became one, was a prince of his house. The male line of these Celtic kings ran on till the close of the thirteenth century, ending with Alexander III. in 1285. Their reign, however, was prolonged in the female line. For now came the dynasties of Bruce and Stuart, which were sprung from a female branch of the royal stock of Kenneth MacAlpin, and through them the blood of Aidan, crowned by Columba in about 567, flowed down to our present gracious sovereign Queen Victoria.

A few years afterwards the National Parliament of Ireland met at Drumceatt, in the neighborhood of Newtonlimavady. That meeting had a decisive influence on the matter of which we now speak, the independence of the Scottish sovereignty. The assemblage which we see gathering on the great plain of Drumceatt was historic, and continued to be spoken of through many following centuries. Thither came every one of rank in Ireland—the chieftains and lords, the abbots of monasteries, the heads of the great schools, and the clergy of the land. It continued in session for the unusually long period of fourteen months. Columba, as a man of princely rank and of large experience, was asked to assist with his counsel at this Convention. He accepted the invitation, and repaired to Ireland. It was the weight of his influence that led the assembly to the decision to which it came on two important matters. The first related to the Bards of Ireland. They were a powerful order, and presuming on their high office, they had been guilty of some arrogant acts which had kindled the popular wrath against them; and at this moment a decree of expulsion hung over their heads. Columba, himself a poet, pleaded the cause of the bards so sympathetically, that his eloquence disarmed the popular odium and the obnoxious decree was revolted, and harp and song continued to resound in Erin.

The other matter which engaged the negotiations of Columba at the Drumceatt Council was a still weightier one, and this affair, too, he was

able to conduct to a successful termination. It was the question of the independence of the Scottish kings. The princes of the Scottish Dalriada thought it hard that they should have to send tribute across the sea to the King of Tara. A monarch who ruled over so ample a dominion, and was master of the rich meadows of Meath, had no need to tax their bare mountains and heaths moors. Columba was able to put the matter in such a light that the King of Tara consented to forego the tribute, and to relieve his Scotch colony in Alba from the suzerainty he had exercised over it. From that day the Scotch were their own masters, and their rulers took the rank of independent kings. It was the hand of the presbyter-abbot of Iona that laid the foundation-stone of Scotch independent monarchy.

King Brude lived after his conversion twenty years, dying in 585. His throne continued to be filled by a Christian prince, who favoured, and, doubtless, also furthered the evangelization of his dominions. These northern kings do not appear to have taken offense at the erection of the Scots into an independent monarchy. Perhaps they judged that the wide realms and numerous tribes of Pictland had nothing to fear from the handful of Dalriadan Scots in Kintyre. But in truth, Columba, while he lived, was a bond of union between the two nations; and when he went to the grave, the Christianity he had planted kept the peace between Scot and Pict. The sword rested, but the plough was busy at work. The mattock and the spade were in great request in a land which had lain fallow for ages; and the Caledonian speedily discovered how much more profitable it was to water the soil with his sweat than with his blood. There were hurrying feet in valley and glen, but it was not the tread of men hastening to battle, but the throng of worshippers gathering to the sanctuary, to offer their homage to One who was no longer to them the unknown God. There were voices among the mountains, but these sounds were not the echoes of the war-cry of other days, nor the wail of widow over the slain of the battlefield, nor the shriek of victim as he was being dragged by Druid to be immolated on the altar, they were the deep, solemn melody of the psalm pealed forth by a thousand voices, or mayhap, the clear and eloquent tones of a Culdee orator preaching in the fervid Celtic the Gospel which Chrysostom had poured forth in a stream of mellifluous Greek in the great church of Constantinople, or which had been thundered in Latin by Augustine to the crowds of Hippo.

But of all changes, that which had passed on the people themselves was by far the greatest. No words could adequately depict their altered circumstances and prospects. Till the day that Columba anchored his osier craft on their shore, their wretched lot had been to be born in serfdom, to pass life in exile from the duties and dignities of manhood; to starve on an infertile soil; to shiver in the winter's tempests, and pour out their blood in the quarrels of their chiefs. This sad heritage father had transmitted to son for many generations. The Caledonian had never hoped to see an end of these evils. The chief must tyrannize, and the serf must submit and suffer. So had it been in his father's days, and so would it be in those of his sons after him—darkness, slavery, misery in interminable vista. While so he thought, lo! all suddenly these evils were gone. How, he could not well explain. He had fought no battle, he had shed no blood; and yet his whole condition was changed: a new world was all round about him. What a marvelous transformation! and how unaccountable, till he came to understand that it was the silent mighty energy of Christianity that had wrought it.

The hour was now come when Columba must die. As cometh sleep to the infant, soft and sweet, so came death to the aged presbyter-abbot of Iona. The sublime calm of his latter end formed a fitting close to the quiet, simple grandeur in which his whole life had been passed. He knew that he was to be taken up, even as the traveler knows that he is approaching a serener clime when he feels a balmier air, and a brighter light all round him; but his demeanor did not alter in the least, save that it partook of a deeper solemnity. His interest in his island, and all in it, continued the same, though soon to exchange it for a fairer dwelling. Columba bids his cart be got ready that he may make his last circuit of his isle, and take his last look of endeared, familiar objects, and speak his last greetings to his companions in labour. He drops obscure hints of what is to happen, but his heart is too tender to permit him to break the intelligence in plain words, knowing the sorrow into which it would plunge the family of Hy. Crossing to the western plain, where some of the brethren were at work in the field, we hear him say to them in gentle tones, "during the paschal solemnities in the month of April now past, with desire have I desired to depart to Christ the Lord. But lest a joyous festival should be turned for you into mourning, I thought it better to put off for a little longer the time of my departure from the world." Then, turning his face towards the east,

he blessed the island and its inhabitants.

It was the month of May. The sun of summer was on the seas around Iona, and the early green was brightening the shore and mountains of the mainland. The scene would vividly recall to mind his first arrival on the island at the same season of the year, thirty-four years before. What a succession since of labours and sorrows, of hopes and disappointments, of joys and triumphs! But the work has been done, the lamp has been kindled, and we hear Columba say, "I depart in peace, since my eyes have seen Caledonia a Christian land."

Another week passes. Columba is still with his brethren, but there remain to him only a few hours, and then, by the upward road, which the good and the great of all ages have trodden, he shall ascend above the stars and enter the gates of an everlasting life. The sad presentiment of his departure weighs down his brethren. It was Saturday (June 8th, 597).[3] We hear him say to his trusted attendant, Diormit, "This day in Holy Scripture is called Sabbath, which means rest. And this day is indeed a Sabbath to me, for it is the last day of my present toilsome life, and on it I rest after the fatigues of my labours." They then went together to the barn, and Columba expressed his joy at the store of corn laid up in it, as securing the brethren against want during the coming winter—a matter of some importance in a climate where the seasons were so variable, and the harvests so uncertain. Returning on foot, Columba felt fatigued, and sat down by the wayside. As he rested, the old white horse that had been used to carry milk to the monastery came up, and laying his head upon his master's breast, seemed to court his caresses as if he knew it was the last time he should ever feel the touch of his hand. Diormit was for driving the animal away. "No," said Columba," "suffer it, for why should not the dumb brute express his sorrow, for surely he knows that his master is to leave him?" Accompanied by Diormit, Columba next ascended an eminence which commanded a view of the college. Spreading forth his hands, he blessed it, foretelling, according to Adamnan, its future prosperity and glory. It was a benediction from the portals of the sky. Descending, Columba entered his hut, and straightway resumed his usual task—to him not labour but solace—of transcribing the psalter. Having come to that verse of the thirty-fourth psalm, where it is written, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," he laid down the pen

and said, "Here let the page and my work end together;" what follows let Baithen write." It was now the hour of evening service. He arose and went to the church, and joined in the singing of the psalms. Returning to his dormitory, he dictated a few lines of farewell counsel to the brethren, recommending mutual and unfeigned charity. This done, he lay down to sleep. Soon came the hour of midnight. The Lord's Day had commenced: the bell sounded for prayers. Columba arose from his couch, and hastening to the chapel, he was the first to enter it. Diormit, his faithful servant, followed, but all was dark, and he could not see his master. Lights were speedily brought and Columba was discovered lying prostrate before the altar. Gathering round their presbyter-abbot, the brethren gently raised him up. As they stood awestruck and silent, he raised his hand slowly and feebly, in token of blessing. It dropped, and all was over. There rose a wail of sorrow from the assembled elders. Their head had been taken from them; and while the church resounded with their lamentations, he whom they mourned was lying as warrior lies who rests on the field of his last battle, and sleeps his deep sleep with the wreath of victor round his brow. Truly, the fight was a hard one. Columba had stood up against two Goliaths at once. He grappled with the pagan Druid on the one side, and with the almost pagan Pope on the other. He had fallen fighting gloriously, and not unsuccessfully, against both; and posterity has pronounced its verdict upon the man, and upon his battle by voting him—we speak figuratively—a tomb of the whitest marble.

Endnotes

1. In the *Monasticon* we find the following description of the "Fatal Stone"—*lia fail*, or *Kaiser Stuhl* —"the ancient coronation-stone of Scotland," which is now placed below the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, with one end or side visible. We may admit the possibility of its being the same stone on which the ancient kings of Ireland seated themselves when crowned on the hill of Tara, and which Fergus (the son of Eric), the first king of Scotland, took with him when he led the Dalriads to the shores of Argyleshire. He himself was crowned upon it.... Our earliest monarchs made the like use of the stone at Dunstaffnage. It continued there as the coronation seat till the reign of Kenneth II., who removed it to Scone. Every Scottish king was crowned

and consecrated thereupon till the year 1296, when Edward I. took it to England, where ever since, in the church of Westminster Abbey, every British sovereign, seated on this "stone of destiny," has had the crown placed upon his head. A record exists of the expenses attending its removal to Westminster. Edward is said to have taken away the stone for the purpose of defeating an ancient prophecy which runs thus:—

"Unless old prophecies and words are vain,
Where'er this stone is found, the Scots shall reign."

The prophecy was regarded as verified when James VI. ascended the throne of England. See *Monasticon*, vol. i. pp. 28-30.

2. See *Scottish Nation*, vol. i. 321; Reeve's *Vita. Colum*., pp. 81, 82; *Historians of Scotland*, vol. vi.

3. Adamnan, *Life of Columb*., p. 95.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CELTIC EVANGELIZATION—FRIDOLT AND FRANCE—DISIBOD AND THE RHINE—COLUMBANUS AND THE VOSGES, SWITZERLAND AND ITALY.

COLUMBA had gone to the grave, but there came no pause in his work. The mourners around his bier doubtless thought, as they bore him to the sepulchre, that along with his ashes they were consigning to the urn the work he had inaugurated, and that the sun of Iona had set. They were mistaken. There is only one Life with which the perpetuity of the Gospel is bound up, but that Life is not on earth, nor is it subject to the laws of mortality. In truth, it was not till the tomb had closed over the Great Presbyter that it was seen how enduring his work was destined to prove, and how vast the dimensions into which it was to open out. The evangelisation of the northern Picts was but the dawn of that glorious day which the Lamp of Iona was to diffuse around it. Its rays were to cross the sea, and illuminate far-off realms which the descent of the northern nations had plunged into the darkness of a second night.

We must trace rapidly the flight of the "doves of Iona," from country to country, bearing the olive branch of the Gospel. Their first field of missionary labour out of their own country was Northumbria, and the north-eastern counties of England generally. England needed to be evangelized the second time. The Anglo-Saxons had brought with them the paganism of the North. They had mercilessly slaughtered the British population, and swept away the early Christianity of England, setting up the worship of Thor and Woden on the ruins of the British churches.[1] It required no ordinary courage to venture into the midst of these fierce warriors, and to proclaim that Thor was not a god but a demon. At the one extremity of Britain we see Augustine and his monks newly arrived from Rome; at the other extremity we behold Columba and his disciples encamped on Iona. We wait to see which of the two shall venture into this mission field, and brave the wrath of the cruel blood-thirsty idolatrous northmen, who have conquered and possessed the land, razing the churches and slaying the pastors. Augustine and his monks abide under the shadow of the towers of Canterbury, chanting, prayers, and singing canticles. They leave it to the men of Iona to seek out and convert the worshippers

of Thor. Donning their gown of undyed wool, thrusting their feet into sandals of cow-hide, swinging their leather water bottle on their shoulder, and grasping their pilgrim staff, the missionaries of Columba set forth on this hazardous enterprise. They cross the Tweed, and enter Northumbria, still wet with the blood of the British Christians, and mayhap to be watered over again with their own. These adventurous men pursue the methods they had practiced in their own northern land. They retire to the island of Lindisfarne on the coast, and make it the base from which to operate on the field they have come to cultivate. It is a second Iona. Its theological teachings were equally evangelical as those of the great school of the north, being drawn from the same fountain, the Bible. In the arts of calligraphy and ornamentation it attained to even higher excellence. The illuminations of the Gospels of Lindisfarne are said to be the finest in Great Britain, and contain all the most elaborate forms of Celtic decoration.[2]

Between thirty and forty years after the death of Columba, Aidan was ordained by the "Elders," and sent to superintend the work of combating the new paganism of England. Bede has described the man and his manner of working; a truly beautiful picture it is, and, we may be sure, not overdrawn, for the monk of Jarrow was, to say the least, not prejudiced in favour of a class of men who opposed his church in the matter of the tonsure, and, as he tells us, on many points besides. Aidan's character came nobly out in contrast with the teachers of Bede's own day. "In his constant journeys," says the historian, "everywhere, through the towns and country places, he traveled not on horseback, unless when necessity compelled him, but on foot, to the end, that as he went along he might preach to all he met, whether rich or poor; that if pagans, he might invite them to the Christian faith; or if already Christians, he might confirm their faith and encourage them, by words and deeds, to the performance of good works. And so widely did his way of living differ from the laziness of our times that he made it a rule that all who went with him, whether of the clergy or the laity, should give themselves to meditation—that is, either to the reading of the Scriptures or the learning of the psalms. This was his own daily occupation, and that of all who accompanied him, wherever they happened to be or to lodge."[3]

The result was just what might have been expected to follow the labours

of such an evangelist. The Northumbrians, forsaking Thor, whom their fathers had worshiped, turned to Christ, and the light of the Gospel spread over the eastern and midland counties of England as far as the Thames. We mention the following as among the more illustrious of these evangelists—Aidan, Finian, Colman, Tuda, Ceadda, Caedd, Diuma, Cellagh, Fursey. Under their labours the whole region of the Heptarchy—that is, all England from the Thames to the Forth and Clyde, was enlightened with the knowledge of the Saviour. But the northern missionaries found that the worshippers of Thor were not their only opponents. The monks from Rome, who had established their headquarters at Canterbury, offered them a more determined though insidious opposition than the Anglo-Saxon pagans. Of the two religions which had entered England from the north, that of Thor and that of Iona, the monks seemed to believe that the latter was the more heterodox. They gained over Oswy, the King of Northumbria, to their cause, and the first use they made of their triumph was to stop the evangelization and drive out the preachers who had come from Iona. The second result was the bloody battle at Nectan's Mere, which in its turn stopped the march of the monkish host which was advancing northwards on purpose to attack Iona, and root out the nest of heretics which in such numbers were taking their fight southwards. Of the Columban missionaries whom we see the monks of Augustine chasing out of Northumbria (684), Bede has given us a fine picture, which we here quote. He says: "How parsimonious, and how disinterested and strict in their manner of life, he (Colman) and his predecessors were, even the very place which they governed testified, by its simplicity and plainness; for, upon their departure, very few houses, the church excepted, were found there, and those only such, that, without them, there could be no civil existence. They had no money, possessing only some cattle. For whatever money they received from the rich, they immediately gave to the poor. Nor, indeed, had they need to collect monies, or provide houses for the reception of the great men of the world, who, then, never came to the church, but only to pray or *hear* the Word of God. This was the case, then, with the king himself and his retinue, who, if it ever so happened that they *did* take any refreshment, were content with the simple and daily food of the brethren. For, then, the whole solicitude of those teachers was to serve God, not the world; their whole care was to cultivate the heart, not the belly. Consequently, the religious habit was, *at that time*, in great veneration; so that, wherever a clergyman or

monk appeared, he was welcomed by all with joy as God's servant, and they listened earnestly to his preaching. And on the Lord's days they flocked with eagerness to the church or to the monasteries, not for the sake of refreshing their bodies, but of hearing the Word of God; and, if a priest happened to come to a village, the villagers immediately gathered around him, and asked him for the Word of God. Nor had the clergy themselves any other motive for going to the villages than to preach, to baptize, to visit the sick—in one word, the cure of souls, etc., and so far were they from the pest of avarice, that it was even with reluctance they accepted territories and possessions from the secular powers, for the building of churches and monasteries. All which customs prevailed for some time after in the churches of the Northumbrians." [4]

But the seas that bounded Britain could not set limits to the enterprise of the Culdee missionaries. They crossed the Channel and boldly advanced with the evangelical torch into the darkness with which the Gothic irruption had covered France and Switzerland, and generally the nations of western Europe. It would not be easy to find in the whole history of the church a greater outburst of missionary zeal. Iona and its numerous branch colleges in Scotland, and the rich and famous schools of Ireland opened their gates and sent forth army after army for the prosecution of this great campaign. These were not coarse, fiery declaimers, who could discharge volleys of words, but nothing more. They were trained and scholarly men, who could wield "the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." It was a second northern irruption, not this time to sack, and slay, and plunge realms into darkness, but to restore and build up, and say, "let the morning again visit the earth." Without doubt we should have known nothing of the Dark Ages, and we should have had instead a thoroughly evangelized and Scripturally reformed Europe all down through the centuries, if it had not been that Rome, whose power was now great, and whose ambition was even greater, organised numerous orders, and sent them forth to cope with and turn back this army of light-bearers, and efface their traces in all countries by sowing dogmas and rites not very dissimilar from those which the new inhabitants of Europe had brought with them from their native north, and which she persuaded then to accept as Christianity.

The first Culdee to set foot on the great European mission field was

Fridolt. He arrived in France in the first year of the sixth century (AD. 501). He was of the school of Patrick, and came from Ireland, for Columba had not yet kindled his lamp on Iona. He is said to have been of noble birth, for none were so eager to serve in the missionary ranks as the Scottish princes of Hibernia. Accompanied by twelve companions, Fridlolt made his way to Poitiers, and there, on the banks of the Clain, where Hilary had flourished a century before, but where he was now forgotten, and where, ten centuries afterwards, Calvin planted the first of the Reformed churches of France, did he establish a monastery or school of evangelical theology. This was just four years after Clovis and his soldiers had assembled in the Cathedral of Rheims to have the baptismal waters sprinkled upon them, and retire from the church as pagan in heart as when they had entered it. At Poitiers was the beginning of the Celtic evangelization on the Continent, and its first fruits were the conversion of numbers of the western Goths from Arianism.[5]

After a period of most successful labour, Fridolt, leaving his monastery at Poitiers in the care of two of his companions, repaired to the court of Clovis, to solicit permission to open a mission among the pagan populations of the eastern and south-eastern parts of France. The monarch gave his consent, and the Culdee missionary proceeded first to Lorraine and next to Alsace, establishing centers of evangelization in both of these fruitful and well populated provinces. His next move was to Strasburg. Here the great roads of France and Germany intersect, drawing hither at all times a vast concourse of people; and here Fridolt established another center of the "good news," judging that the Gospel would travel quickly along the highways that radiated in all directions from this point. Turning southward and ascending the Rhine towards its sources, he planted a monastery in the high-lying canton of Glarus, another in Choire, which shelters so sweetly at the foot of the Splugen, and a third at Sackingen, an island in the Rhine, a little way above Basle. Before resting from his labours Fridolt had kindled along this great valley, then as now the highroad of nations, a line of beacon-lights, which extended from the Grisson Alps to well nigh the shores of the German Sea.

Forty years afterwards (about A.D. 540), we see another little band of Culdees arriving in the valley of the Rhine and throwing themselves into this great effort of the Celtic Church to Christianise the Continent. In that

year Disibod, with twelve companions, arrived from Ireland. He struck the Rhine at the confluence of the Glan and the Nahe, near Bingen, and there he erected a monastery or college on a neighboring hill, which in memory of the event still bears the name of Disibodenberg. Beginning his evangelisation at the point where Fridolt had ended his, and operating down the stream towards its efflux into the ocean, Disibod completed the Christianisation of the Rhine valley so far as regarded the planting of mission posts and the preparation of a staff of workers. Thus, in fifty years from the commencement of this great movement, we see a line of evangelical beacons kindled along the valley of the Clain in France, and throughout the valley of the Rhine, from its rise in the Alps of the Grisson onward to the sands of the German Sea. Native assistants came to the help of the original Irish and Scotch evangelists. French and German youth were received into the Culdlee colleges, trained and sent forth to evangelize among their countrymen. Many of the names that meet us in the records of the movement are German and French; nor from anything that appears were these recruits from without lacking in genuine Culdee ardour and zeal. This work was done in times no ways peaceful or happy. The storm of the northern invasion was not yet spent. The skies of Europe were still black with gathering and bursting clouds. The tempests of war were sweeping to and fro in the valley of the Rhine region that was seldom exempt from battle when the sword happened to be unsheathed. When the Culdee went forth on his missionary tour he knew not if he should ever return, for every step was amid perils. If he visited the city, famine or plague met him. If he traversed those parts of the country which the sword had desolated, he was exposed to the wild beast or the robber; and if he found himself amid camps, he might encounter at the hands of a lawless soldiery the loss of life or the loss of liberty. Nevertheless, amid the tumults and miseries of which the times were full, the Culdees went onward proclaiming the tidings of salvation. They remembered the heroism of the early Christians, and how they had faced the lions, and the burning pile, and other and more horrible forms of death, to spread Christianity in the Roman empire. They saw the soldiers of an Alaric and a Clovis braving death every day to win a victory, or plant a throne which the sword of the next conqueror would sweep away; and should they be sparing of their blood when the victories to be won were deathless, and the seat to be set up was a throne for the world's Saviour and King?

Another half century passes, and now the stream of Celtic evangelization sets in full flood. The great Culdee figure at this epoch is Columbanus, or as he is sometimes styled, Columba the younger. He towers above all who had been before him, and he has no successor of equal stature in the work of the evangelization. About the time that the first Columba was being borne to his grave in Iona, the second Columba was stepping upon the mission field of the Continent. He was a man signally cut out for his age and his work. His education had been carefully attended to in the schools of his native land. He had studied in the Monastery of Bangor, under the best masters, among whom were Abbots Silenes and Comgal, who had taught him grammar, rhetoric, mathematics, and all the sciences of the age. A Scot of Ireland he left his native land (A.D. 590), being now thirty years of age, and crossed to France with twelve companions. He was gifted with a natural eloquence, carefully cultivated. He was a ripe theologian. He was of noble and courageous spirit, and like Columba the elder, he was a person that would have graced a court and delighted the eyes of a monarch. He relinquished without a sigh all the openings his own country offered him of rising to distinction, to dignity, and to emolument. His devotion to the work of the mission was entire and perfect. To dispel the heathenism which had settled down with the new nations on Europe, and to withstand the ceremonialism which was supplanting Christianity at Rome, was the grand passion of his soul. Compared with the supreme aim of giving a free gospel to Europe, all things were held by Columbanus to be loss. His career was chequered but brilliant. His life was full of painful vicissitude, but full also of true grandeur. He never turned aside from his grand object whether monarch smiled or frowned upon him, whether princes courted or persecuted him, whether barbarous tribes listened to or hooted at him. Amid alternate favours and neglects, amid journeyings, watchings, perils, incessant toil and frequent disappointment and defeat, Columbanus held on his way with steadfast faith to final victory. At last after many evangelical battles he crowned his career by unfurling the banner of a Scriptural faith in the north of Italy, and in the very face of Rome. He died leaving a name the glory of which has come down to our day.

We do not propose to give in detail the many great services which Columbanus rendered to his age and to the Christian church. His life is an inviting theme, and would form an exciting as well as most instructive

story: we can here chronicle actions only so far as they assert their claim to a place in the general stream of history. We must concentrate our observations on one special topic, even the testimony borne by Columbanus to the evangelical faith, and the condemnation he pronounced on the rising superstition of the churchmen and churches of his day. This will enable us to judge how near the Celtic evangelization came to the breadth and completeness of a Reformation; a reformation having Iona instead of Wittenberg for its cradle, and to be dated in ages to come, from the sixth instead of the sixteenth century. Had the times been more auspicious, and the instrumentalities for the diffusion of knowledge more numerous, it might have been unnecessary for Luther to emit his grand protest at Worms, or for the hundreds of thousands of martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to die.

Columbanus stood up at an epoch of marked historic impress. It was big with a most portentous future. His appearance was the signal of far reaching changes in both north and south Europe. It was the year 596. For two years more, and only two years, was Columba to occupy his seat at the head of Iona, and then he should descend into the grave. While this light was seen to set in the north, a star of lurid portent was beheld mounting into the skies of the south. Eleven years were to run their course, and Phocas (A.D. 606) was to place Boniface on the episcopal throne of Christendom. How wonderful the forethought and precision with which the cycles of history have been arranged, and their revolutions measured. No event comes before its time, or lingers a moment behind its appointed hour. There is no miscalculation, no surprise; for unlike the reckoning of mortals, in this high sphere it is never the unexpected that happens. The shadow of a deep darkness was gathering upon the earth, but before it shall close round the nations and shut them in, they are to be given yet another warning to forsake the gods of wood and stone to which they were beginning to bow the knee. It was at this hour that this man, endowed with the gift of a powerful eloquence, learned in all the wisdom of the schools and "full of the Holy Ghost," was sent as a prophet to the European nations. He exhorts kings, he withstands popes, and lifting up his voice, he cries aloud to peoples, "Make haste, and press into the evangelical kingdom while yet the door stands open. There cometh a night, in which you shall not be able to find the way of life, and your feet shall stumble upon the dark mountains."

In 595, as we have said, Columbanus, with twelve companions, crossed to France, taking Britain on his way. The same motive that made Columba to visit Brude at his royal palace at Inverness, led Columbanus and his companions to present themselves at the French court soon after their arrival in the country. Their errand was to obtain the royal sanction for their contemplated evangelistic tours. Clovis, who had restored by his triumphant arms the church, with dogma and ritual as taught at Rome, after its temporary suppression by the Goths of Alaric, was now in his grave, and his throne was filled by Childebert II. The fame of the missionary had preceded him, his preaching having made a deep impression as he passed along, and he was already known to the monarch when he presented himself in his presence. Struck with the noble bearing and intellectual power of Columbanus, Childebert would have attached him permanently to his court. He saw before him a man who would be the light of his kingdom and the glory of his reign, and he offered him a high position in the French national church, provided he would domicile himself in France. But Columbanus had not come to Gaul to serve in courts, or wear these honours which kings have it in their power to bestow. He declined the royal invitation, saying that so far from coveting the wealth of others, he and his associates had, for the sake of the Gospel, renounced their own. Turning his back on the court, he set out, staff in hand, to the Vosges.

The Bishop of Rome had not yet been heard of among these mountains Thor was still the reigning deity of their inhabitants. Recently arrived from their northern forests, they were still pagan. But the rudeness and superstition which might have deterred another from entering this mountainous region, drew Columbanus towards it. He believed that the Gospel, which he should be the first to preach to the new settlers, would enlighten their deep darkness and tame their savage passions. Nor was he disappointed. After twelve years of labour, passed amid the greatest privations and perils, triumph came to Columbanus, or rather to the Gospel. Thor fell and Christ was invocated. Springs of water opened in this wilderness; and the woody heights and pleasant valleys resound with psalms and prayers to the true God. Columbanus planted in the Vosges three monasteries or colleges, Anegray, Luxovium (Luxeuil), and Fontaines. These schools rose into great fame. Many of the youth,

converted by the preaching of Columbanus and his brethren, were trained in them as preachers, and were sent forth throughout the region on the service of the mission. Nobles and men of rank sent their sons to be educated in the schools of Columbanus; and princes, following his example, founded similar institutions in their dominions, and the light of Christian learning spread on all sides. Waidelenus, a Duke of Burgundy, became patron of the three monasteries which Columbanus had established, and had himself enrolled as a corresponding member of the Culdean brotherhood.

The monasteries which were the first to be founded became the parents of a numerous progeny. Like a strong and flourishing tree they sent their shoots wide around, and clusters of Culdee schools sprang into existence. The region adjoining the Vosges, and the plains of north-eastern France, then styled Austrasia, began to be dotted with these establishments. They were, equally with the greater houses, schools of the prophets, though on a smaller scale. Each had its complement of scholars, some of whom were in training as preachers of the Gospel, and others, without any special destination, were being initiated into the various learning of which the schools of Ireland and Scotland were the fountain-heads. About this time, too, that is, in the first decades of the seventh century, the missionary bands from Iona began to cross the Channel and enter France. Phalanx after phalanx, from the school of Columba, poured in upon the Continent, flung themselves with a sanctified courage, and an exalted enthusiasm into the midst of the rude warlike pagans of Europe, scenting the battle from afar, and panting like the war horse to join the noble strife. They mightily reinforced the great evangelical movement which their Culdee brethren from Ireland had inaugurated. They were in every point thoroughly trained and equipped for such a warfare. They were hardy. They did not mind the winter's blast. They could bear hunger. Were they thirsty they had recourse to their leather water-bottle. They did not fear the Goth. They could weave and fabricate their own clothes. They could extemporize a currach when they found no bridge on the river they must needs cross. A few twigs and a little clay was all they needed to build a dwelling, and wherever they were masters of a piece of soil they would not want bread, for they were skilful cultivators. Nor did the practice of these various and homely arts in the least dull their ardour or lessen their influence as missionaries. In cities, at the court of princes, in the schools

of the age, the Culdee took no second place as a scholar and a theologian. He was a many sided man, and his mastery of the arts of life gave him enhanced prestige in the eyes of the natives. When the barbarians saw his wilderness converted into a garden, and cities rising in places which had been the habitation of the beast of prey, he was inclined to believe there was some mysterious power in these men, and some beneficent virtue in the Christianity which they preached. In the fifth century Patrick had crossed the Irish Channel, a solitary missionary, and now, though it is only the opening of the seventh century, we see into how mighty a host his disciples have grown. Armed with weapons, forged in the schools of Ireland and the Columban institutes of Scotland, these warriors rush across the sea, they cover France, and now—sight terrible to Rome—the gleam of their evangelical banners is seen upon the summit of the Alps.

We return to Columbanus. He had kindled the Vosges. The pagan night had given place amid these mountains to the Christian day. The three evangelical beacons—Anegray, Luxeuil, and Fontaines—were radiating their light over the eastern kingdom of the Franks. The tide of success is at the full, when lo! the career of Columbanus is suddenly arrested. Brunhilde, the queen-mother, was a woman of flagitious and scandalous life. She was the Catherine DeMedicé of her age, equally greedy of power, and equally abandoned to pleasure. Of Visigothic descent, she acted as regent for her grandson Thierry, and threw in the path of the young prince numerous seductions to sensual indulgences, that she might enfeeble him in body and in mind, and so prolong her own powers. Columbanus, like another John the Baptist, reproved her, though he could not but know that he was rousing a tigress. He had to pay the penalty of his fidelity and bravery. The enraged queen dispatched a strong detachment of soldiers to his monastery of Luxueil to apprehend him. The troops found him chanting the psalter with his companions. They arrested him, and carrying him across France to Nantes, they put him on board a ship that was about to sail for Ireland. The vessel, with Columbanus on board, proceeded on its way, but a storm setting in, it was driven back, and stranded at the mouth of the Loire. The captain, who saw in Columbanus the Jonah who had raised the storm, commanded him, and the companions who had been sent into exile with him, to leave the ship, and go wherever it might please him. Columbanus was again at liberty, and after a while, pursuing a circuitous route, for he did not pass

through Burgundy, he reached the frontier of Helvetia.

In every age the fugitive from oppression and persecution has sought asylum in this grand mountain citadel of central Europe, whose walls of rock would seem to have been piled high in air that the bondsmen on the plains below might see them and flee thither. Doubtless, the sublimities amid which he now found himself had a soothing effect upon the chafed spirit of Columbanus, even as the majestic stillness of the desert had on Elijah when he fled from the rage of Jezebel. The mountain piercing with needle-like peak the ebon firmament; the snows kindling into living flame at sunrise; the dark and solemn pine forests; the lake, placid and clear as crystal mirror, presented a spectacle that contrasted refreshingly with the turbulence of the passions that had driven him forth, and stilled the rising fret in his own breast. Peace breathed upon him from the mountain tops. His trust in God, helped by the stupendous scene of calm on which he gazed, returned. His despondency departed. The buoyant and courageous spirit of the great Culdee recovered its usual tone. He saw that he had not been dismissed from labour as an unprofitable servant, but, on the contrary, was being called to new triumphs. He girds himself, and straightway sets to work in this new field.

Columbanus was accompanied in his journey by several of those who had come with him from Britain. His exile was shared by his faithful coadjutor Gallus. They go on together to the south. They made their first halt at Tuggen, in the valley of the Linth. Tokens soon made themselves visible to the natives that the Culdees of the north had paid the region a visit. There arose a cluster of huts, schools were opened, the fathers, in long woollen mantle, with pastoral staff in hand, were seen itinerating the district, and drawing the inhabitants into conversation. The night of northern superstition was being broken up, and light was beginning to fill the valley of the Linth. So quietly did the evangelical day dawn in a land which, nine centuries afterwards, was to enjoy for a little space the full splendour of the Reformation.

Columbanus makes another move. We find him next at Bregenz, on the shores of the lake of Constance. The welcome given him by the natives was not a kindly one. They took it ill to have the altars of their gods cast down, and their drink-offerings of beer poured on the earth. They thought

to starve out the missionaries, but Columbanus, and his companions, went to the lake and fished, to the wood and gathered the wild berries, and made a shift to live. Meanwhile they returned good for evil by continuing to teach, preach, and evangelize, and not without success. They came on the traces of the churches and schools which Fridolt had planted a hundred years before, and raised them up from the partial ruin into which they had fallen, and set going a more rigorous evangelization on their foundations. Having kindled the light on a spot on which the stakes of Huss and Jerome were afterwards to shed a glory, Columbanus went on still farther towards the south, and arrived at Zurich. On the lovely shores on which we behold him and his fellow-labourer Gallus arriving, was to be passed the ministry of Zwingle. In the preaching of Columbanus the men of the Bodensee had a promise of the fuller light which was to break on this region in the sixteenth century. The great Culdee missionary, as he passes on through the cities, lakes, and mountains of Switzerland, seems sent as a pioneer to open a track for the light-bearers of the Reformation.

He had thought to find rest amid these schools of his own planting, and to spend what yet remained to him of life in nursing them into full maturity and vigour, and marking, as his own sun declined, the evangelical day-brightening apace, and filling with its glory this whole region. But his old persecutor still lived. Brunhilde had not yet forgiven the affront he had offered her by his reproof of her profligacy. She found means of making him feel her displeasure in these parts, though distant. He must place the Alps between the queen-mother and himself. We now see Columbanus departing for Italy. It is a mitigation of his sorrow that if he shall see the faces of his converts and scholars no more, he leaves behind him the best beloved of his associates, Gallus, to superintend his monasteries. Faithfully does Gallus discharge the trust committed to him. He tends, as if they had been his own, the schools of his father, instructing the young flocks which had been gathered into them. He inquires into the condition of the monasteries of the Vosges. He finds Luxeuil half destroyed since the departure of Columbanus. He builds it up again, and it becomes the mother of a family of Culdee cloisters. He concludes his labours by founding the monastery of St. Gall, which afterwards became so famous, and which has transmitted the name and fame of this Culdee to our own day.

By what route Columbanus passed into Italy we do not know. Starting from Zurich he probably took the Rhine as his guide. Threading the rocky gorges by which its stream descends to the lake of Zurich, he would climb the Splugen, and passing under the snows of Monte Rosa, and skirting the shores of the blue Como, he would emerge on that great plain, which along with its new inhabitants had received a new name, and was now known as Lombardy. The path he was traversing led through scenery, grand beyond description, but savage. He had only one companion to share his journey. His spirit was weighed down, not by the length of the way, but by the mystery of the provinces through which he was as passing. No sooner is he about to reap what he has sowed, than he must rise up and leave the harvest to be gathered by others, while he goes elsewhere to break up new ground. What means this? Those who are selected for the highest service must pass life in solitariness. They are pioneers, and they can never receive the full sympathy of the men of their own age, nor even themselves comprehend the full bearing of the labours in which they are called to be occupied. Columbanus, as he plods onward with heavy heart, knows not that he is entering Italy to do a work of greater moment than any he had yet accomplished; a work that should profit not his own age only but the ages to come. He had kindled the Gospel lamp in the Vosges, and its light had streamed down on the plains of France. He had crossed the frontier of Helvetia, and preached the "good news" to the herdsman of its mountains. But he must come nearer that portentous combination of pagan ideas and Christian forms that was developing at Rome, that he may take its measure more accurately, and gauge the extent of the danger with which it was fraught to the world than he could do at a distance. Like Elijah, who was summoned from the mountains of Gilead to reprove Ahab and warn Israel, so Columbanus descends from the Alps to rebuke the Bishop of Rome, and sound a note of warning to the nations of Christendom. To the Pontiff he says, "Cleanse your chair," and the nations he exhorts to return to their obedience to the Chief Shepherd which is not he of the Tiber, but Jesus Christ. Divine judgments, we hear him tell them, are at the door, and will certainly enter unless speedy repentance and amendment shall intervene. Such was the commission borne by this prophet of the nations. He appeared on the eve of the great darkness, and he called on the nations of Europe to rouse themselves before the night had shut them in, to bewail their folly in the

prison house of their oppressor. The testimony of Columbanus, as courageously as faithfully discharged, re-echoed from the Alps to the very gates of Rome, as we shall see in our next chapter.

Few personal traits have been left us of these Culdees; but the incidental glimpses we obtain of their private lives reveal to us a class of men of most patient, gentle, and loving spirit. Under their homely clothing they carry a sensitive and tender heart, and amid their toilsome and perilous journeys, and the rude and cruel treatment to which they are subjected, we see them preserving a wonderful equanimity and sweetness. They are full of sympathy with nature, and with all that is pure and beautiful. Wherever they raise their huts, there fertility and loveliness spring up. They know how to disarm the suspicion and win the confidence of the savage. Nay, the very beasts of the field come under the spell of their kindliness. We have already given an instance in the case of Columba. Who is not touched when he sees the old white horse of the monastery come up to the aged abbot as he rests by the wayside, and lay his head confidently on Columba's breast. Jonas, in his "Life" of Columbanus, relates a similar anecdote of that Culdean father, which shows that, despite the stormy scenes amid which he lived, and the wrongs meted out to him, he cherished a singular sweetness of disposition and a kindly sympathy with all living creatures.[6] The squirrels, says Jonas of Bobbio, would come down from the trees and sit on the shoulder of Columbanus, and creep into the breast of his mantle. The birds knew his voice, and when he called them they came to him. Jonas says that he had it from the mouth of Chagnold, a fellow Culdee. Other animals, usually less amenable to the control of man, owned the strange spell of Columbanus sympathetic nature, and yielded compliance with his wishes. He commanded a bear to leave the valley in which he was evanelising, and forthwith the animal quitted the district. The narrator does not claim the credit of miracle for this, inasmuch as the brown bear never attacks human beings unless anger enrages, or hunger impels it.

Endnotes

1. See *British Nation*, vol i, pp. 310, 311.
2. Paper read by Mr. J. Romilly Allen before Society of Antiquaries,

Scotland, May 11, 1885.

3. Bede, lit. iii. c. 5. Let us mark the distinction of Bede. The Culdees read the "Scriptures," and "learned the psalms." They got them by heart, and could sing them by night as well as by day. The man who has reached the age of fifty, and cannot sing the psalms without a printed psalter, has either a weak memory or a weak piety.

4. *Eccles. Hist.*, lib. iii. c. 2.

5. The main source of information on the subject of the Celtic Evangelisation in the sixth and following centuries is the laborious and learned work of Dr. Ebrard of Erlangen, entitled, Zeitshrift fur die Historische Theologie—Die Irosschottish Missionskirche des sechsten, siebenten und auchten Jahrhunderts, und ihre Verbreitung und Bedentung auf dem Festland, Von Dr. J. H. A. Ebrard, Gutersloch, 1873. Dr. Ebrard's *History of the Culdee Missions* is compiled from the most authentic ancient authorities, among others, from Mabillon, "Acta Benedictinorum," sæculum ii.; Mone, "Quellensammlung der Badischen Geishichte;" "Columbanus Epistles" in "Bibliotheca Patrum Maxima;" "Vita Columbani," by Jonas of Bobbio; Pertz, "Monumenta Germanica," "Kirchengeschichte Deutschlands," and the most ancient lives of a few of the saints.

6. Dr. J. H. A. Ebrard *Die Iroschottishe Missions Kirche des schesten, siebenten und auchten Jahrhundert und ihre Verbreitung und Bedentung, auf dem Festland*, p. 268.

CHAPTER XXVII.

COLUMBANUS IN ITALY—HIS GREAT PROTEST AGAINST THE PAPACY—HIS LETTER TO POPE BONIFACE IV.—FOUNDS BOBBIO.

WE have followed Columbanus across the Alps. Over him is now the sky of Italy, and around him is many a town and river, renowned in the heroic age of Rome, and suggesting to the cultured Culdee the virtue and patriotism of an earlier day, in contrast with the venality and pusillanimity which led to the fall of the great empire. The once invincible Roman was gone, and the barbarous Lombard had come in his room: where Cæsar was law, Alboin now swayed his scepter. So passes the glory of States; and so do empires created by the sword fall by the sword; but the kingdom, in the erection of which Columbanus was privileged to take part, was one which the arms of no conqueror should ever overthrow. The motto on the banner under which he fought was the same with that which remains to this hour written on the walls of the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople—"Thy Kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting Kingdom"—an unconscious prognostication by the Turk, one would think, that Islam must yet yield up the scepter to Christianity.

Columbanus had been only a short while in Italy when tidings reached him that his enemy, Brunhilde, had fallen from power, and that the throne was now filled by Clotaire II., a sovereign friendly to the Culdee evangelisation, and in particular to Columbanus himself. This opened his way back to his monasteries, should he feel inclined to return. His children in the Vosges sent him a pressing invitation to come and live amongst them, and preside over the churches and schools which had been of his own planting, and which were now beginning again to flourish. But his new environments had shed new lights on the path of duty. A Divine hand had led him into this land. Many things he should never have understood in the remote Vosges, and the sequestered Bodensee stood here revealed in the light of day. A mysterious power was rising in the chair of the Roman bishop, which, if allowed to develop into full stature, would, he foresaw, one day extinguish the faith and crush the liberty of the Christian church. Columbanus was the right man, and he had come at the right hour. He was here to sound a warning peal of what

was coming. He must first of all admonish the bishop of Rome that he was climbing like Lucifer, and that unless he retraced his steps, while yet there was time, he should fall like Lucifer. And second, he must show the peoples of Christendom the bondage that was preparing for them, and exhort them to resist before the yoke had become too strong to be broken. He was here, moreover, to hold open the door to the Culdee army that was advancing behind him, to whom Columbanus was to bequeath the battle after he had gone to his grave. He struck the first blow, and the rank and file of the Culdee host rushed in and long maintained the struggle against Gothic paganisms and Roman corruptions. To the teachings of these men it is owing that the church of Milan retained its independence in the face of Rome till the eleventh century, and that Christianity flourished in a measure of apostolic purity in the north of Italy, long after it had been grossly corrupted in many places both south and north of the Alps. We have a noble relic of the pre-Reforrnation Christianity of sub-Alpine Italy in the Waldensian Church.

Occasion soon offered for Columbanus to raise his voice. Just eight years before his arrival an imperial decree had installed the Bishop of Rome spiritual sovereign of Christendom. It is as not to strengthen Christianity but to strengthen himself that Phocas, the usurper and murderer, conferred this stupendous dignity on Boniface III. It was simply a piece of State policy. The residence of the emperor was now at Constantinople, and who so well fitted to fill his place at Rome, and to conciliate the provinces of the western world, to the rule of the absent emperor, as the supreme pastor of the church? Phocas, therefore, placed Boniface, in his empty chair. The priestly influence of the one would be a prop to the imperial power of the other, and the chair on the banks of the Tiber would uphold the tottering throne at Byzantium. So thought Phocas; and his policy has been pursued, to the infinite damage of both states and churches, by the kings of Europe for 1200 years; nor is it antiquated even yet. We may conceive how startling to the simple and spiritual minded Culdee must have been the spectacle that met his gaze when he entered Italy—a chair changed into a throne, a pastor transformed into a monarch, who instead of preaching the Gospel, was occupying himself with political cares and ambitions, was imposing taxes, regulating finance, and giving orders for the enrolling of soldiers and the movements of troops!

And now we hear the voice of Columbanus clear and loud, and verily there is no uncertain sound in the trumpet peal that resounds through Italy. The more immediate occasion of Columbanus' interference was what is known in history as "the Controversy of the Three Chapters." To see how it bears on our subject, and especially how it brings out in the clearest possible light the INDEPENDENCE of the Culdee Church, and its explicit refusal to submit to the dictation of the Roman See in matters of faith, we must attend a little to this dispute. In the middle of the sixth century three eminent fathers—Theodore of Mopsuestia, Theodoret, and Ibas of Odessa—were condemned as heterodox by a council at Constantinople (A.D.553), now called the fifth Ecumenical council. The fourth general council, that of Chalcedon, had approved the writings of these Fathers as orthodox. The influence of the Emperor Justinian, however, procured, as we have said, the condemnation of their writings as execrable and blasphemous, and pursuing his victory over the three bishops, Justinian, by imprisonment and exile, compelled Vigilius, Bishop of Rome, to concur in the condemnatory sentence of the council of Constantinople. The question—was the condemnation of the three Fathers just and righteous, or false and iniquitous?—divided the Church. We have seen the side on which Rome ranged herself. Which side did the Celtic, that is, the Culdee Church, take? Did she follow in the wake of Rome? Far from it. She gave her verdict on the side of the three Fathers, and in condemnation of Rome. We can see no belief in the infallibility of Peter's chair here; no submission to the alleged papal supremacy. Cardinal Baronius brings out most clearly the independence of the Culdee Church at this epoch, while at the same time he rebukes that church most severely for daring to differ from Rome. The Cardinal says:—

"By the malice of the evil spirit it happened that the Irish Church, which up to this time had been well cultured, was overcast with dense gloom, having suffered shipwreck by her not following in the wake of the bark of Peter, which sails at the head of all, pointing the way into the harbour of salvation.... For *all* the bishops which were in Ireland rose up unanimously, with most ardent zeal, in defense of the Three Chapters. And when (afterwards) they heard that the Church of Rome had adopted the condemnation of the Three Chapters, and strengthened the fifth synod by her concurrence, they added also this further impiety, that they separated themselves from the same. And in this state they continued a very long

time, pitying those who followed the fifth synod as wanderers from the straight path of the faith."[1]

The clear meaning of this highly metaphorical passage is that the judgment of the Scoto-Irish Church in this controversy was in flat opposition to that of Rome, and added thereto this farther impiety," "that she separated herself from the Roman communion," that is, excommunicated the Pope and all his adherents, and continued "a very long time wanderers from the straight path." Yes, she continued till the middle of the twelfth century, when the soldiers of Henry II., crossing the Channel, drove the Irish into the Roman fold at the point of their swords.

So far Baronius: let us next hear Columbanus. He arrives in Italy in A.D. 612, just eight years, as we have said, after the title of "Universal Bishop," had been conferred on Boniface by imperial decree. Columbanus takes up his abode at Milan, and commences evangelistic efforts among the Lombards. The controversy of the "Three Chapters" is still raging, and Aigilulf, King of the Lombards, requests him to indite a remonstrance to the Pope, exhorting him in steering the bark of Peter, to eschew the tackings and shiftings which were causing so many scandals. Columbanus fell in the more readily with the king's proposal, because he saw in it an opportunity of vindicating his own church by pronouncing adversely on the action of Rome. He sat down and wrote an epistle to Boniface IV, who now filled the papal chair. To ears accustomed, as were those of the Pope, to the siren song of adulation, the honest words of the Culdee missionary must have fallen with the stunning force of a thunderclap. As we read Columbanus' letter, we feel as if Luther held the pen. Certainly, till we come down to the sixteenth century, we meet with nothing breathing a sturdier independence or a more uncompromising protestantism than this famous epistle. The Culdee missionary gives the Pope all his legal titles, and then proceeds:—

"It is not vanity, but grief, that compels me, a mere dwarf, of the meanest rank, to write to such lofty personages, seeing that the name of God is blasphemed among the nations, through you contending with one another. For I do grieve, I confess, for the infamy of the chair of St. Peter. . . . The storm threatens the wreck of the ship of the church; and hence it is that I, a timid sailor, cry out, 'Keep watch, for the water has already made its

entrance into the vessel, and the ship is in jeopardy.' For we are the disciples of Saints Peter and Paul, and of all those their disciples, who by the Holy Ghost have written the divine canon. Yes, we, the whole body of the Irish, who are inhibitors of the ends of the world, and receive nothing beyond the teaching of the evangelists and the apostles. There has never been amongst us any heretic, any Judaizer, any schismatic; but the catholic faith has been held unshaken by us, as it was first delivered to us by you, the successors, to be sure, of the holy apostles.... Therefore that thou mayest not be deprived of apostolic honour, preserve the apostolic faith,[2] confirm it by testimony, strengthen it by writing, fortify it by synod, to the end that none may justly resist thee. Despise not the poor advice of a stranger, as being a teacher of one who is zealous for thy sake. The world is now drawing to an end; THE PRINCE OF PASTORS [3] is approaching; beware lest he find thee remiss and negligent, both beating thy fellow servants with the blows of an evil example, and eating and drinking with Hebrews; lest what follows (in that place of Scripture) befall thee, as the consequence of thy security. 'For he who is ignorant shall be ignorant' (1 Cor. xiv. 38). Watch, therefore, I pray thee, O pope; watch, and again I say watch, because, doubtless, Vigilius did not keep Vigil,[4] whom those who throw blame upon thee cry out to be the HEAD OF THE SCANDAL."

This places, first of all, the creed of the Scoto-Irish Church beyond dispute. On the testimony of her most distinguished son in the seventh century, that church held nothing "beyond the teaching of the evangelists and the apostles." There is not a word here of the "traditions of the Fathers," or the "decrees of councils," which form so large a part of the creed of Rome at this day. "You, the successors of the holy apostles," says Columbanus. You, as discharging the office of bishops in the same city, but not, therefore, vested in the peculiar powers and prerogatives of the apostles, much less those higher prerogatives, which the popes arrogate to themselves, though the apostles never claimed then. Columbanus continues:—

"Lest, therefore, the murderer from the beginning (Satan) bind men in this his very long cord of error, let the cause, I beseech thee, of the schism be immediately cut off from thee by the sword, as it were, of St. Peter, that is, by a true confession of faith in a synod, and by a renouncing

of all heretics, that thou mayest cleanse the chair of Peter from every error; nay, horror! if any (as is reported) has gained an entrance there, if not, that its purity may be known of all. For it is doleful, nay, deplorable, if in an apostolic seat the catholic faith is not held . . . Therefore I beseech you, for Christ's sake, come to the relief of your good name, which is torn to pieces among the nations, that your silence be no longer imputed to your treachery by your rivals. Dissemble, therefore, no longer, keep no longer silence, but send forth the voice of a true shepherd. Surely the blame is yours, if you have wandered from the true faith, and made void the first faith. Deservedly do your juniors resist you; deservedly do they refuse communion with you, until the memory of the wicked be wiped out from you, and consigned to oblivion. For if these charges are more certain than false, then the tables being turned, your sons are changed into the head, and you into the tail, which is a grief, even to say. Therefore, also, they shall be your judges who have always kept the catholic faith, no matter who they be, even though they may appear to be your juniors.[5] For the orthodox and true catholics are they who have never, at any time, either received or defended heretics, or any persons suspected of heresy, but have always zealously persevered in the true faith."

Columbanus could not recognise Boniface as "Head of the Church," but he did not for a moment question his right to be called "Head of the Scandal." It is also here assured that the Church of Rome may lose the apostolic faith; nay, it is distinctly intimated that she had already done so, and that her title to "apostolic" had lapsed; and Columbanus puts it to her whether she does not hear the approaching footsteps of the PRINCE of pastors coming to call her to a reckoning? We proceed with Columbanus:—

"Inerrant !" we hear Columbanus exclaim. You have already erred, O Rome !—fatally, foully erred. No longer do you shine as a star in the apostolic firmament. You have fallen from that high sphere; you have plunged into the night, and unless you speedily regain the orbit in which you once shone, there is reserved for you only the "blackness of darkness," "An apostolic seat!" again exclaims Columbanus. Your chair, O! Pope, is defiled with heresy. Deadly errors have crept into it; it harbours horrors and impieties. "Catholic!" again cries Columbanus. The true Catholicism you have lost.

Could any one better define Catholicism than this Protestant of the seventh century? *The orthodox and the true Catholics are they who have always zealously persevered in the true faith.* So does the Culdee tell the man who claimed to have a monopoly of Catholicism. Columbanus goes further still:

"With us it is not persons, but reason, that has weight; but the love of gospel-peace compels me to speak out freely, what a stupor has come over you both that ought to have remained one choir.... For we, as I said before, have been devoted to the chair of St Peter; for though Rome be great and renowned, yet with us she is great and renowned only on account of that chair. For though that ancient and most august name (Rome) of Ausonian glory became renowned even to our western and out-of-the-world parts; yet from the time in which God vouchsafed to be the Son of God, and, riding on his two most glowing steeds, Peter and Paul, stirred up the stagnant waters of this world, and multiplied charioteers to the millions of innumerable nations; the head charioteer Himself —namely, Christ, the true Father, the Horseman of Israel, came even unto us. Since that time you (Romans) are great and illustrious with us, and Rome is more noble and renowned; nay, you are, if one may so speak, well-nigh celestial with us, for the sake of Christ's two apostles, and Rome is the head of the churches of the world, saving the singular prerogative of the place of our Lord's resurrection."

This passage abounds in delicate touches of sarcasm, as does the whole epistle. "The Head-charioteer and the true Father—namely, Christ." He it was who sent the Gospel to the countrymen of Columbanus by his two radiant steeds, Peter and Paul, speaking in their inspired writings, and not that other who styles himself, by the grace of Phocas, "universal Head and Father." "With us," says Columbanus, speaking in the name of the Scots of Ireland, "we are devoted to the chair of St. Peter." not, surely, to the chair of Boniface, which was "defiled with heresy," but to the chair of St. Peter; which was none other than the confession of faith made by Peter. Only so long as the Popes retained Peter's faith did they sit in Peter's chair. So does Columbanus affirm, as the following extract will show. And even with the glory of that faith around her, Rome was second to Jerusalem. This makes clear the sort of Headship which

Columbanus ascribed to Rome. It was a headship of honour, and not of authority. It was Jerusalem first, Rome next; and both on grounds of pious and reverent feeling, and not of Divine appointment. And this honour and dignity, he tells the Roman bishop, would remain with him not a day longer than he retained the true faith. The chair of Peter lacking Peter's faith was no better than the chair of Roman Augur or of pagan Druid.

"Thus it is, then, that as your honour was great, in consideration of the dignity of the chair; so you have need of great care, that you lose not your dignity through any perversity. For so long shall power remain with you, as right reason remains with you. For the key-keeper of the Kingdom of Heaven is He who, by true knowledge, opens to the worthy, and shuts to the unworthy; otherwise, if He do the contrary, he will be able neither to open nor to shut. Seeing, then, that these are true principles, and received as indisputably true by all the wise—since you (because forsooth, no one is ignorant how our Saviour gave to St. Peter the keys of the kingdom of Heaven)—since you, I say, assume to yourselves, by some arrogance or other, I know not what, an authority and power in Divine things above others, know that, if you even think such a thing in your hearts, the less will your power be with the Lord; because that which makes unity of power and prerogative, all the world over, is unity of faith, to the end that liberty to the truth be given everywhere by all, and access to error, be in like manner refused by all; seeing it was a right confession, that gave the privilege, even to the holy key-keeper himself, THE COMMON FATHER-ABBOT OF US ALL" [6]

This is conclusive as regards the opinion of Colunbanus and the Culdee Church on the claim of Rome to exclusive power. Columbanus scouts it. You the Roman Church, says Columbanus, affirm that the "keys" which Peter received from his Lord, he has transmitted to you, and to you only, and, therefore, that you possess the exclusive prerogative of opening and shutting to men the kingdom of heaven. It is an unheard-of arrogance—the very thought sinks you. These "keys," Peter received not for himself, nor for you, but for ALL of us. He was the father-abbot, not of the Roman Church only, but of all churches. All of us have a common interest in him, and all of us who have what Peter had—namely, a right confession of faith, have the same power to open and to shut which he had. It was his Confession of Faith that made Peter a door-keeper and a key-bearer,

and the church only that retains Peter's faith sits in Peter's chair, and wields Peter's sword. The passage is a distinct claim on the part of the Celtic church to full equality with, and entire independence of, the Church of Rome.

The epistle of Columbanus to Boniface IV. is one of the noblest monuments of antiquity. It is a specimen of the classic polish, the lettered grace, and the intellectual power which flourished in the schools of Iona and Ireland at that age. It is more: it is an enduring monument of the apostolic Christianity that formed the creed of the Scottish churches of Ireland and Scotland. Its sarcasm is refined, but cutting. Its logic carries the reason captive; its honesty and courage are beyond all praise, considering that when it was written from east and west flattery only was pouring in upon the man whom Phocas had made head of the universal church. In the midst of the hundreds of bishops who cringe and grovel at the foot of the papal chair, Columbanus stands erect. But the crowning excellence of this manifesto is its moral earnestness. The finger of Providence is seen in ordering that such a manifesto should be emitted at this epoch. It was a weighty and solemn call to Rome to adventure not a step farther in her newly path; and it was an equally weighty and solemn call to the nations of Europe to abandon her communion and get out from under her shadow should Rome refuse to reform. Neither Rome nor the nations gave heed to the warning. The former, century by century, departed farther from the simplicity and purity of Christianity, climbing higher and higher into the empyrean of political power, and the latter sank apace into darkness and bondage. Nevertheless the manifesto of the great Culdee was not in vain, nor did his words fall on the ground.

The epistle of Columbanus stood on the records of the age a public notification of an apostasy into which almost all churches had gone headlong, and after lying neglected for a thousand years, Luther brought it forth, and in substance published it a second time in the hearing of assembled Christendom at the Diet of Worms. It received subsequent ratification in the ever-memorable PROTEST of the German princes at Spires. It lives in the Reformation. And it will go down the ages an imperishable monument that the Reformed church is the *old*, and the church of the pontiff the *new*. The former has its institution from Christ, the latter from Phocas.

When Columbanus laid down his pen after writing his epistle, or rather his three epistles—for besides his letter to Boniface IV. he wrote two to Pope Gregory;—he may be said to have finished his work. He lived after this two years and founded the monastery of Bobbio, in a gorge of the Apennines between Milan and Genoa. He died at Bobbio, 615, and his tomb was still to be seen there in the seventeenth century, when it was visited and described by the learned Mabillon.

Endnotes

1. *Baron. Annales*, Tom. vii., an. 566, col. 619. Coloniæ Agrippinæ, 1609.
2. Ut ergo honore apostolico non careas conserva fidem apostolicaam.
3. One of the titles of the Pope when the epistle was written.
4. Vigilius non bene vigilavit.
5. Younger churches, i.e., who received the faith later.
6. *Epistola S. Columbani ad Bonifacium Papam IV. Maxima BibliothecVeterum Patrum*. Tom. xii. p28, et seq. *Lugduni*, 1677.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CULDEAN CHURCH—IN THE RHINELAND—IN GERMANY—IN HOLLAND, ETC.—WILLIBROD AND BONIFACE—OVERTHROW OF THE CULDEAN CHURCH.

WE return to the Celtic evangelization. The Culdee host which is seen doing battle with the darkness of Europe, is being numerously recruited both from Iona and from the colleges of Ireland. The result is that the Columban houses are multiplying, and the area of the evangelization is, year by year, being enlarged. We begin with France. Fridolt, as we have said, broke ground at Poitiers in 501. Having started the work at this central point he removed to the Rhine, a stream already historic, though the dwellers on its banks were still heathen. This dark land now began to see a great light. Ultimately Columbanus, as we have seen, came to the Vosges, and planted, along with other monasteries, Luxeuil, which became a fruitful mother of Culdee cloisters, which in due time dotted the Frankish plains to the west. Anthurius, a personal friend of Columbanus, we find enrolled in this army of evangelical crusaders. He founded a number of Culdean houses on the Marne, of which the most famous was the monastery of the Rebaix. His two sons, Dado and Ado, were united with him in this pious labour. At Hombeg, near Remirmont, to which Arnulf, of Metz, had retired [1] was not a cloisters but a single cell.

There came hither Germanus, the son of the senator of Treves, a lad of seventeen, who was instructed in the faith, and after being trained in agriculture, as was the Culdee fashion, he set out, in company of Fridvald, one of the few surviving brethren of Columbanus, in search of a spot on which to build a monastery. He found a suitable place on the banks of the Birs, a river well stocked with fish, and there he reared a cloister which he named Grand Ville. Other two houses owe their erection to him—St. Paul, upon the Wohrd, and one at Ursetz, on the Doubs. After Germanus came his contemporary Wandregisil, who had a more adventurous career. He set out for Bobbio, but on his way thither, stopped in the Jura. Thence he went to the well known Culdee Audoin, who had become bishop of Rouen, by whom he was consecrated as sub-dean. He afterwards repaired to the Culdee Abbot-bishop, Anudomar of Boulogne, who ordained him a presbyter, and now he founded the cloister of St. Vaudrille. His exclusive

work was the conversion of the heathen in the parts about. He lived amongst the wild men, and in this he evinced the genuine Culdee spirit. He took as his motto, "Not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory."[2]

Under Clodwig II. the wealthy Frankish noble Leudobode founded the Cenobite cloister of Fleury, near Sully,on the right bank of the Loire, east of Orleans. The letter of foundation contains as witnesses the name of Odonus, four abbots, one presbyter, three deacons, of which one subscribes himself " deacanus et vice-dominus" also a lay deacon, an attender on the sick, and eight lay witnesses. [3] Culdean houses arose in Laon, Bourges, Paris, Solignac, Charenton, at the sources of the Moselle, in the mountains of the Jura, and on the banks of the Seine. "Towards the end of the seventh century," says Ebrard, " there were in the north of France alone, *i.e.*, to the north of the Loire and the Rhone, more than forty monasteries, all daughters and grand-daughters of Luxeuil, and all obeying the rule of Columbanus." We find the whole of France, about A.D. 600, strewed with Culdee cloisters, Languedoc, Provence, and Dauphine excepted.[4] At that time it was not uncommon for persons to come all the way from Constantinople to Britain to learn the methods of evangelising.[5] In Aquitaine there existed a great number of Culdee houses. In that province, under the rule of the Western Goths, who had been converted from Arianism by Fridolt, the Culdee Church government appears to have been the prevailing form; almost, indeed, the universal form. King Witiza (701-711) commanded all his clergy to be married, or as Anisette expresses it, "he introduced everywhere the Culdee form of church government with its married clergy." This drew upon him the displeasure of the Roman clergy of Spain, who succeeded at last in expelling him from his throne.[6] Throughout the vast extent of French territory which has come under our eyes, "the Culdees," says Ebrard, "found no opposing agencies, no rival monasteries; they met with only a secularized and debased clergy. All the Merovingian sovereigns, Brunhilde excepted welcomed them." Their lands were cultivated, their subjects were instructed, and the disorders of the national clergy were held in check. These benefits repaid an hundredfold the patronage the Merovingians extended to the Culdee institutions.. Even so dutiful a son of the "Church" as Montalemlert cannot withhold the tribute of his praise from these early reformers—Protestants before the age of Protestantism. "The great Abbey of Sequania (Luxeuil)," says he, "became a nursery of

bishops and abbots, preachers and reformers, for the whole Church of these vast countries, and principally for the two kingdoms of Austrasia and Burgundy. Luxeuil was the most celebrated school of Christendom during the seventh century, and the most frequented. The monks and clerks of other monasteries, and, more numerous still, the children of the noblest Frank and Burgundian races, crowded to it. Lyons, Autun, Langres, and Strasburg, the most famous cities of Gaul, sent their youth thither."[7]

Pressing over the frontier of France on the east, the Culdees established themselves in the Rhine valley. The first to break a path into this wilderness of heathenism—for such this lovely valley then was—we have seen was Fridolt and Disibod; but its full illumination begins with the arrival of Columbanus in the end of the sixth century. His persecutor, Queen Brunhilde, became, unconsciously, a fellow-worker with the great missionary. As he fled before her, he kindled lamps of Divine knowledge in his track. While he passed upon his way, these continued to burn, and in the seventh century a line of Culdean churches and schools stretched along the whole course of the Rhine, from Moire, underneath the Grisson Alps, to the islands of the Rhine-delta.

It was the Culdee lamp that burned at Constance, at Basle, at Spires, at Worms, at Mainz, and at Cologne. Boniface, the emissary of Rome, came afterwards to put out these lights. Where the Culdee abbot had exercised his paternal government, Boniface installed a mitered hierarchy with lordly power; and where the simple Culdee oratory had stood, there rose a superb cathedral, in which the scriptural worship of Iona was replaced by the new and gorgeous rites of Rome.

Beyond the Rhine was a vast territory, broken by woody mountains and intersected by great rivers, stretching eastward to the mountain barriers of Bohemia. In that age this wide tract was inhabited by pagan races. It was a daring feat for the Culdee to carry his lamp into this great and terrible wilderness—this land overhung by the shadow of death; yet the ardor of the Culdee enabled him to accomplish this unspeakably hazardous, but unspeakably glorious enterprise. "One man," it has been said, "does the work, and another runs off with all the praise." It never was more signally so than in this case. The man who figures in history as the "apostle of the Germans" is Boniface, the emissary of Rome. The

real "apostle of the Germans" was the Culdee Church. It was the first to break a pathway into this great heathen world. But for it the Germans might have continued the worshippers of Thor till Luther arrived. The missionaries of the North and the West knew well the moral condition of this land, and they entered it on purpose to plant the Cross on the ruins of its pagan shrines. The greatness of the conquest fired their imagination not less than their piety. And the work they came to do they accomplished, though at infinite toil and hazard. They spread themselves, in the course of their peregrinations, from the banks of the Rhine to the frontier of Bohemia. They searched amid the forests and the morasses and mountain chains of that vast expanse for suitable centers from which to diffuse the light, and having found such, they proceeded to erect their little city of log huts, with its oratory, its school, its refectory, its barn for storing their grain, and its mill for grinding their meal. It was another Iona on the German plain. Their little village they prudently enclosed with a rath; for their encampment was in the midst of barbarians, who were not likely to show much consideration to the strangers, till they knew something more of the errand on which they had come. Christian life was possible only in an insulated Christian community.

The first lesson the Culdees gave their heathen neighbours was in the arts. The fields around their encampment ploughed and cropped, the fishing-net flung into the lake or into the river, the gin set to snare the wild fowl or the roe, would suggest to the wild men, in whom the disposition to roam was still strong, the advantages of settled over barbarian life. The good order of the Culdee families was a yet higher picture of civilization not likely to be thrown away upon those who were both quick to observe and apt to learn. Years might pass till the Germans were gained to listen to higher teachings, but the patient labours of the missionaries, who gave their lessons by the wayside, in woods, anywhere, in short, were at last crowned with success; and over the whole of western Germany schools and churches arose, which there under Culdee government, and were fountains of Culdee theology.

We can give only a few of the names that figure in this first Christianization of Germany. From North Friesland and Heligoland to the Rhine Delta, and from the Rhine Delta through Hessen to the Saale; and on the Maine through the whole of Thuringia, known at this day as the Black Forest,

did the sons of the Culdees lay the solid foundation of a mission-work in accordance with the Word of God.[8] One of the more distinguished of this mission band was Willibrod, an Anglo-Saxon by birth. He threw himself with great ardour into the conversion of the Germanic nations, and in the end of the seventh century he passed over into Holland, with eleven of his countrymen, and began operations among the Frieslanders. From thence he went to Heligoland, but being cruelly treated by King Radbod, who put a member of the mission-party to death, he departed to Denmark, where he evangelized. Finally he returned to Holland, where his second ministry was attended with remarkable success. We shall see in the sequel that he was ultimately compelled to lay these evangelical spoils at the feet of the Pope. He died at Utrecht, and did not live to see the damage which the compliance of his old age inflicted upon that cause for which he had spent the vigour of his manhood, with a devotion and success that have carried his fame down to our day.[9]

About the same time, or a little before (685), Killean, born in Scotland, entered the field. One Sabbath, as he sat in church, the text, "Whosoever taketh not up his cross and followeth me, cannot be my disciple," came into his mind, and he resolved to become a missionary. He set out with twelve companions for the country of the eastern Franks, among whom the labours of this little band of Scotchmen were rewarded with numerous conversions. The first conversion of Bavaria was by Eustasius about 618, a few years after the death of Columba. Its second evangeliser, Erfurt, was sprung of an aristocratic Frankish family, and under him the mission greatly prospered. Culdeeism ascended the Danube, entered the Lower Pannonia, churches and cloisters were founded everywhere in the region, on the Waller See and on the ruins of the Roman city of Salzburg. The years 696-710, embrace the labours of this missionary. The footsteps of the Culdees can be traced as far north as Iceland. They had their stations there, and continued their labours, relieving each other by turns, till driven out by the Norwegian invaders in the ninth century. "There were then," says Ara, the Norwegian historian,[10] "Christians there whom the Norwegians call *Papas*" (Fathers). "There were left by them," says another Icelandic writer, "Irish books, bells, and crooked staffs, and several other things, which seemed to indicate that they were west men," *i.e.*, Culdees.

Throughout the wide extent of our survey Culdeeism stood distinct and apart in its faith, in its worship, and in its government from the Roman Church. As regards all these points the Culdee Church continued unchanged during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. Its one supreme authority was Holy Scripture. Each house—which combined in one, church, school, and colony—had an abbot chosen by its members, who exercised not lordly but paternal sway. To him the bishops, or missionary pastors, were subject. The bulk of its clergy were married men. They trained their own missionaries, and having ordained them, sent them forth to fields, the selection of which would seem to have been left largely to themselves. They dwelt in clusters of timber huts, and not in one stone building, as was the Roman fashion in succeeding centuries. They united agricultural labours with their mission work proper. Some of the richest provinces in Germany and France at this day were first broken in from the wilderness by the industry of the Culdees. They were indefatigable transcribers of theological treatises, psalters, and Holy Scripture. The museums of many of the Continental universities are stocked with the fruits of their pen. The Ambrosian Library of Milan has a Commentary of Columbanus on the Psalms, long ascribed to Jerome, which, with other Culdee relics, it accounts amongst its most precious treasures. The crowning gift of the Culdee pen to these early churches was a translation of the Bible into the vernacular. The first Frankish translation of the Scriptures, Ebrard says, was given by Oatfridis to the German people in 750. It was no part of the policy of the Culdees to keep under the spirit of their converts by imposing upon them the yoke of a foreign tongue, or the authority of a ruling city. The Gospel adapted itself to the nations among whom it journeyed, addressing each in its own tongue. To the Germans it became a German; to the Franks a Frank. The Romans invited the nations to come to Italy if they would receive the Gospel; the Culdees brought the Gospel from Italy to the nations.

The explorations of Ebrard have revolutionized our conceptions of the early Christian church of western Europe. History till now knew nothing really of this great, widespread, apostolic church. It had tracked the footsteps of a few individual Culdees; it had registered a few incidents of their story. But the facts it had picked up and transmitted were fragmentary, insulated, and failed utterly to give us any adequate idea of the importance and grandeur of the drama of which they were broken-off

parts. History has enriched itself by this discovery which has made us acquainted with an enterprise of spiritual chivalry so vast and so long sustained that we hardly know where to look for its like. Historians had filled their page with the miserable jealousies, quarrels, and battles of Roman bishops and Roman councils when, lo! the veil rises from the sixth century, and there stands to view a church at Iona and Bangor, at the ends of the world, instinct with the spirit of the Bible, bursting with missionary zeal, pouring out armies of thorough-trained missionaries, who spread themselves south and north—in short, over all western Europe, and in the face of a thousand dangers—wars, deserts, seas, barbarous tribes—invite the nations to drink of the Water of Life from the golden fountains of the Scriptures. It is, says Ebrard, "of this Rome-free and essentially evangelical church, which was governed from the island of Iona, that Columba, the younger, writes that it numbered a thousand abbots, all under the jurisdiction of one Archimandrite." [11]

We shall sum up our rapid sketch of this church—in the presence of which that of Rome in the same centuries stands dwarfed—in the words of Ebrard:— "If now we look back upon all the ground we have gone over, leaving out of view altogether the extension which the Culdean Church had obtained up to 661 in Ireland, Scotland, and Northumberland, and confining our attention to its spread on the Continent, we find this religious community in France, at the beginning of the eighth century, existing in the heart of the National Church, and not merely tolerated, but over the whole country, from the Jura to Nantes, and from this line as far north as the delta of the Rhine, Rome-free, and entirely unrestricted in its internal organisation, decidedly favoured by the Merovingian kings, even dominating the National Church in the sense of spiritual and intellectual influence, and often also taking a part in its external government by the appointment of its abbots to important sees. We find the whole of the northern half of France sowed, so to speak, with monasteries, with all their peculiarities, in unopposed development. Then we find the whole of Rhineland converted to Christianity by this Culdean Church, and ecclesiastically governed by it in its own peculiar manner; likewise the whole of the country now called Franconia, and Alamannia, and Bavaria, converted and ecclesiastically governed by Culdeans, and Culdeans alone. And if we are to speak of the influences of the British Church, as some express themselves, it must at least be confessed that these influences

might be compared to the overflow of a river, which covers the whole land. All the distinctive peculiarities of the Culdean Church—its married priests, its sending out of its missionaries by twelve, its practice of constructing its settlements in separate houses, its subjection of *chorepiscopi* (or bishops of monasteries) to the rule of the abbots—all this we find in Bavaria and Alamannia in 730-739, just as it was in Scotland in 565. It is all one and the same church-fellowship, that of the *Viri-Dei*, or in Irish, the *Keile De.* In the whole south and west, and in a great part of the north of Germany, before 'the apostle of Germany was heard of, we find in existence a flourishing, well-organised, Rome-free church, whose sole supreme authority was the Holy Scriptures, and whose preaching was the word of the free redeeming grace of God in Christ Jesus."

Gladly would we permit the curtain to descend on the Culdee Church while yet its root is firm in the soil and its boughs are stretched from Iona in the West to Bohemia on the East, and its shadow covers France and Germany besides. Gladly would we spare ourselves and our readers the melancholy recital of the tragic extirpation of this once noble vine. We must, however, pursue our subject a little further. We behold Western Europe on the point of completing its reformation. The spiritual illumination which has broke upon it from the north is year by year filling its sky with glory, when, all suddenly, its nations are thrown back again into night. What has occasioned a reversal so sad? It is the off-repeated tale of profound dissimulation on the one side, and a too credulous trust on the other. Winfrid, an Anglo-Saxon by birth, and a Benedictine monk, in 719 seeks out Willibrod, then at the head of the Culdee evangelization, and under a great show of guilelessness and much pious zeal, insinuates himself into his favour. He desires to study the methods of evangelising under the Culdee leader. "He crept in beside Willibrod," says Dr. Ebrard, "as the wolf steals in beside the shepherd," and lived for three years with him, a professed coadjutor, but in reality a spy. At the end of three years he returned to Rome, whence he had come, and where he had been instructed.[12] Pope Gregory II. consecrated him as bishop, and changed his name to Bonifacius, the "good-doer," as if in anticipation of the services expected from him. He returned to Germany, no longer wearing the Culdee mask, but as the legate extraordinary of the Pope. He brought with him letters from the pontiff, addressed to all princes, enjoining them

to assist him in ruling the churches over which he had been set. Supported by the authority of Carloman and Pepin of France, he proceeded to suppress the Culdee establishments by changing them into bishoprics subject to the authority of Rome. He founded in Germany the Sees of Wartzburg, Burabourg, Erfurt, and Aichstadt, and in 744 the monastery of Fulda. This was the method Boniface adopted to evangelise the Germans, even metamorphosing Culdee missionaries into Benedictine monks, and Culdee colleges into Romish Sees, by fair means if possible, by force where artifice failed. It was in this way that he earned his title of "apostle of the Germans." Even historians who think him deserving of the honour do not conceal the startling vices that deformed his life. Mosheim, for instance, observes of him that his "zeal for the glory and authority of the Roman pontiff equaled, if it did not surpass, his zeal for the service of Christ and the propagation of his religion," and that he "often employed violence and terror, and sometimes artifice and fraud, in order to multiply the number of Christians," "and discovered a cunning and insidious turn of mind," and "ignorance of many things appertaining to the true nature and genius of the Christian religion." [13] The historian Ranke speaks in similar terms of this "apostle of the Germans." [14] Nevertheless, both ascribe to him, mistakenly of course, the glory of converting the Germans from heathenism. We see the foundations of Culdeeism beginning to be sapped.

What helped, doubtless, to pave the way for the fall of the Culdee Church, was the partial apostasy of Willibrod. In his latter days he was drawn into an acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope, and accepted at his hands the bishopric of Utrecht. Willibrod could plead precedents for accepting a Roman miter. Some eminent Culdees in the century before had accepted high positions in the National Church from the kings of France, though they still remained within the lines of Culdeeism. Willibrod accepted his appointment from the pontiff, a power before which, if one begins to bow, he is sure at last to fall. His locks were shorn, and though he still governed the Culdee Churches of Thuringia, it was with a diminished authority. Next, Boniface arrived from Rome as legate extraordinary, and soon to be primate of Germany. In his former pupil and colleague Willibrod now found a superior and master. The papal legate had no inclination to betake himself to the forests and break up new ground. It was not to his taste to risk his precious life amongst those

of the Germans who were still heathens. He preferred to build upon the foundations that Willibrod and other Culdees had laid, and to effect a second conversion of Germany on the ruins of its first conversion.

Meanwhile, another cause hastened the downfall of the Culdean Church. The supreme political power of the West had passed from the Merovingian to the Carlovingian race. Pepin of Heristal stood up. He turned back the Moslem by his arms, and saved Europe. The Pope, seeing it for his interests, allied himself with this rising house. Thus the pontiff was able to wield the Carlovingian power against his rivals and enemies the Culdees. This turned the balance in the conflict. Boniface, the papal legate, was supported by the friendship and authority of the French monarch. Willibrod was handicapped in the struggle. He had to contend against both the papal and the royal power wielded by Boniface, now become primate of all Germany, and to whom he, as bishop of Utrecht, owed obedience. The issue was that Willibrod, after forty years labour (680-720), had to surrender this whole region to Boniface, and the battle was lost.

The transformation of these countries went on apace. It became the policy of both courts, that of Rome and that of France, to wear out the Culdees, and eventually efface every vestige of them. Where had stood a Culdee oratory or church, there rose a superb cathedral for the Roman worship. Where a Culdee abbot had ruled, there a diocesan bishop bore sway. Where a cluster of log huts, inhabited by Culdee brethren, had stood, there was erected a large stone building, in which monks of the Benedictine order sheltered. The words which Bishop Aungerville addressed to the friars of his day apply to the change we see passing on the Rhineland and the German countries with even more point:— "Now base Thersites handles the arms of Achilles; the choicest trappings are thrown away upon lazy asses; blinking night-birds lord it in the nest of eagles; and the silly kite sits on the perch of the hawk." The traveler, as he passes along the lovely valley of the Rhine, or visits the German cities, fails to reflect, it may be, that the ecclesiastical edifices that everywhere meet his eye and awaken his admiration are in truth the memorials of the great Celtic evangelization of the early centuries. These monuments of the wealth and power of Rome rise on the spots where Culdee builders were the first to rear human habitations, where Culdee

agriculturists were the first to cultivate the ground, and where Culdee missionaries were the first to open the Book of Life to the eyes of the ignorant natives.

When the light of the Culdee Christianisation began to fade away, and at last went out, the shadows of the Dark Ages fell fast and thick. Who, we ask, is responsible for the loss of these ten centuries? There is no room here to hesitate. The Destroyer of the Culdee Church must answer at the bar of posterity to this terrible indictment. The fiat that decreed that the Celtic evangelization should be suppressed, also decreed that Christendom should abide for ages without light and without liberty. That decree will yet crush into dust many a marble tomb, and sweep from history's page many a name which at this hour shines brightly there. The world will not easily condone so great a crime once it has come to the clear apprehension of it. Meanwhile it is far from having attained to this. With a touch of Islam resignation it looks on the Dark Ages as a dispensation, so fixed and absolute that it was no more in its power to avoid passing through its darkness than it is in its power to forbid an eclipse, or stay the going down of the sun. But the world will one day come to think more rationally of it, and then it will ask why knowledge was enchained, and why so many ages were given over to wars and superstition and slavery, which, but for the suppression of the Celtic evangelization, would have been ennobled with freedom, enriched with the spoils of art, and crowned with the blessings of a pure Christianity.

Endnotes

1. Ebrard, *Die Iroschottishe Missionskirche des sechten, sieventen und auchten Jahrhunderts*, p. 313.
2. Ebrard, *Die Iroschottishe Missionskirche* &c. pp. 313, 314.
3. *Ibid*., p. 315.
4. *Ebrard*, p. 318.
5. *Ibid*., p. 316.
6. *Ibid*., p. 320.
7. *Monks of the West*, Book vii. This brilliant work is not exempt from the charge of misleading. It confuses in the mind of the reader two very different classes of monks and monasteries, even the Culdee missionaries

and the Roman monks who succeeded them, men of a wholly different spirit, and who worked for wholly different ends, and who ultimately succeeded in undoing the labours of the Culdee evangelists. But in this Montalembert has only followed the example of his church, which has claimed many of these early Culdees as belonging to herself, by placing them in her calendar of saintship. It will amuse the reader to learn that among others whom she has canonized is Columbanus, the man who was her greatest and most uncompromising opponent in the early ages. We need not say that these Culdees had been long in their grave before Rome ventured to "honour them," as Montalembert calls it, "with public worship."

8. *Ebrard*, p. 390.

9. Mosheim, cent. vii. part i. chap. i. See also Alcuin's *Life of Willibrod*, in Mabillon's *Lives of the Saints*.

10. Ara, *Multeisius*, cited by Lanigan.

11. *Zeitschrift für die Hiatorische Theologie*. Paper 5th. *Die Iroschottishe Missionskirche des sechten, sieventen und auchten Jahrhunderts und ihre verbreitung auf dem* Festland, p. 389.

12. *Ebrard*, p. 393.

13. Mosheim, cent. viii., part i., chap. i.

14. *History of the Popes*, Book i., clap, i.

Contents

HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH NATION

BY

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AUTHOR OF *HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM*, ETC.

VOL. III.

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,

leaving her lamp untrimmed, and the region around immersed in spiritual gloom. With her release from thraldom there came, doubtless, to the church in Pictland, and, perhaps, also in the ancient territory of the Scots, a reawakening of zeal and a revival of the light. That light, it is true, burned less brightly now than when it was first kindled on Iona, four centuries before. But the old lamp was not to be permitted to go out. The appearance of the Roman tonsure on the heads of certain of the Columbite clergy gave emphatic warning that years, and it might be centuries, of darkness were yet in store for Scotland. In presence of these gathering shades, what could the friends of the gospel do, except watch around their lamp and feed its flame, and if they could not bring back its pristine brightness, they could keep it alive, till the night had numbered its watches, and the hour had struck for that great dawn to appear for which the world was waiting.

ENDNOTES

1. Hic subjugavit sibi Hyberniam totam et fere Angliam."—Innes' *Critical Essay*, pp. 801, 802.
2. John Von Muller, *Universal History*, vol. ii. p. 134. London, 1818.
3. Wilkins (*Concilia*, i. p. 186, et seq.) has given us a specimen of Alfred's labours in a portion of the law of God translated by him.

CHAPTER V.

A.D. 889—942

DONALD—CONSTANTINE—LOST BATTLES AND THEIR LESSONS.

The royal vaults at Iona had received another tenant,[1] and Donald, the third of that name, the son of Constantine II., now filled the throne (A.D. 889). The keen eye of Gregory had not failed to mark the virtues of the youth, and on his deathbed, it is said, he recommended him to his nobles as his fittest successor. "Nor did he deceive," says Buchanan "the judgment of that wise king." [2] No long time elapsed till occasion presented itself for testing the capabilities of the new sovereign. Across the German Sea had sped the tidings that Gregory was dead, and in a brief space the black galleys of the Norsemen were again seen ploughing the waves, their dragon-headed prows turned in the direction of England.

They arrived off the coast of Northumbria, and for some days they remained inactive, as if uncertain whether to swoop down upon the northern or upon the southern half of the island. Alfred, who was still alive, fearing that the tempest now hanging on the Northumbrian coast might finally burst upon his own dominions, made advances to Donald of Scotland. He reminded the Scottish king of the alliance which had subsisted between the two kingdoms in his predecessor's time, and which had been fruitful in benefits to both countries, and proposed that the old friendship should be continued, and that each should assist the other, as occasion required, against the enemies which the sea was continually sending forth against both. These overtures were cordially met by King Donald. An armed force was sent to the help of Alfred of England, and there followed a bloody battle with the common enemy, in which the bulk of the Danish invaders were slaughtered. The remnant that survived the carnage have, it would seem, but little heart to go back to their own country, were permitted to settle in Northumbria, on condition of their embracing the Christian faith. These worshippers of Odin accepted without scruple the easy stipulation; but their conversion brought neither honour to their new religion, nor in the end safety to the country in which it opened to them a settlement

Scarcely had this cloud passed away till another rose in the opposite quarter which tested still more severely the spirit of the Scottish king. The clans of Moray and Ross had fallen out and were fighting with one another. It were vain to seek for the cause of quarrel, for it needed but little to kindle at any moment the flames of internecine war on this region of normal disturbance. What added to the gravity of the affair was the circumstance that a body of Danes, lured by the scent of plunder, had joined the fray, and were increasing the effusion of blood which already exceeded what would have been spilt in a pitched battle. On receiving the tidings that his chieftains were quarrelling, Donald turned his face towards the north and marched right into the heart of the tempest. He met the insurgent host,—a ravaging horde of stranger Danes, mutinous Picts, and rebellious chieftains, and he defeated them in two successive battles, the one fought at Cullen, and the other in the neighbourhood of Forres. The well-known stone in the latter locality, which has engaged the attention of the curious for centuries, but which no one has yet indubitably deciphered, is not unnaturally conjectured to be in some sort the memorial of these events, and to mark, it may be, the grave of King Donald. His death is variously recorded, but the preponderance of opinion is that he died at Forres, [3] having fallen in the battle, or sunk under the fatigues consequent on the campaign. So says Fordun. Boece, on the other hand, prolongs his life, and makes him visit Northumbria to see how it fared with the Danish colony planted there, and whether those worshippers of Odin, who had been so summarily transformed on the battlefield into the professors of the Christian faith, were conducting themselves as became loyal subjects and good Christians. The old historian John Major hints his concurrence with Boece.[4] All agree, however, that King Donald breathed his last in the eleventh year of his reign. His career was brief but full of stirring events, and now that it was over he was borne amid the grief of his nation to rest in the solemn quiet of Iona.

Donald was succeeded by Constantine (A.D. 900), the son of Swift Foot. During the reign of the man who we now see mounting the throne the shadow on the dial of Scotland was destined to go back several degrees. His wavering faith and unsteady friendships wrought greater vexations to himself, and brought greater calamities upon his country, than if he

had been a bad and not simply a week prince.

The Scottish reigns of that day were short. The throne was beset by too many enemies to permit any long interval of time to part the "Fatayle Chayre" at Scone from the royal sepulchres of Iona. War, or foreign invasion, or domestic treason were never far from the royal seat, and its occupant was given but few years to possess it, and these fully of anxiety, and darkened by the shadow of the all but certainty of a tragic end. But King Constantin was an exception. His reign was prolonged for forty years, and when at last he came to die, he expired on the bed of peace. His reign, as we have hinted, wore a sombre complexion, yet its mistakes and reverses are redeemed by an event that sheds a halo round the man, and gives a singular interest to his epoch. That event was the convocation, in the sixth year of his reign, of a nationally Assembly at Scone for the reformation of the Scottish Church. Our curiosity and interest are intensely awakened by the unexpected occurrence of a reforming Assembly in the tenth century of Scotland. What, we naturally ask, were the subjects discussed, and what the practical resolutions adopted? But instead of full information on these points, we are baulked and mortified by receiving only a few meagre details.

Neither the ancient chroniclers nor the modern historians have appreciated the significance of this convention. They dismiss it in six lines: and yet it clearly indicate a rallying of the Columban forces, all the more remarkable that it takes place in what we have been accustomed to regard as one of the deadliest periods of Scottish history. What further adds to its significance is the fact that this convention at Scone is one in a chain of events, all of which point in the same direction, even the continued corporate existence of the Scottish Church, and its systematic progressive action. First comes the restoration of the Columban clergy to the east and north of Scotland by Kenneth MacAlpin. Next they have their ecclesiastical status and freedom restored to them by King Gregory, and now the Scottish Church, east and west, united in one, and her liberty of action given back, assembles under Constantine to reform herself according to her ancient laws and the Word of God. Looking at it in this light, the convocation records its own history, and refuses to be wiped out from the nation's annuals, despite that chronicler and historian have virtually ignored it, and all but consigned it to oblivion. Waiving this

matter for the present, we shall devote the following chapter to the special consideration of this convention.

Before entering on the political and military events of the reign of Constantine, we must pause here to sketch the civil divisions and arrangements of Scotland which were made about this time. First of all it behoves our readers to bear in mind that the Kingdom of Scotia has not yet made its appearance. The Scots and Picts are there, fusing their blood into one nation, and uniting their realty before one throne, but the territory they occupy is still known as the Kingdom of Alban. What is the extent of the Kingdom of Alban, and where are its boundaries placed? Alban is bounded on the south by the Firth of Forth, and on the north by the Spey. So small was the area, and so restricted the limits of Alban at the opening of the tenth century. Both north and south of the Kingdom of Alban was a broad margin of territory over which the tides of war were incessantly flowing and ebbing. The fealty of the inhabitants of these districts was regulated by the turning and shifting of battle. On the south of the Forth was Saxonia; and when victory inclined to the Scots the men of the Lothians and the Merse recognised their ruler in the occupant of the royal palace at Scone, and did his bidding; but when the Anglo-Saxons proved the stronger, they carried the tribute of their homage across the Tweed to lay it at the feet of the Northumbrian monarch.

It was much the same in the counties on the north of the Spey. The Kings of Norway, having subjected the Orkneys, pushed their conquests southward into Caithness and Sutherland, and onward to the fertile region which is watered by the Findhorn and the Spey. But their dominion over these parts was precarious and transitory, and was always challenged by the Kings of Alban. The Albanic monarch claimed to be the lords superior of these counties, and the Norwegian Jarls, who the Kings of Norway appointed to govern them in their name, had frequently to pay verbal homage, and at times more substantial tribute to the Scottish kings. While these outlying regions north and south of the Alban were in this transition state, neither included in Scotland, nor yet wholly excluded from it, the condition of the inhabitants was far from enviable. Their territory was the battlefield on contenting Kings, and they were continually familiar with war in its most barbarous forms. They escaped from the yoke of

one master only to fall under that of another and after a brief space to return into bondage to their former tyrant. So passed their lives; much reason had they to wish that the time would come when their absorption into the Kingdom of Alban would bring them rest. That time was now near.

It remains that we indicate the civil divisions of the Kingdom of Alban. As stated above, this little kingdom, soon to grow into the greater Scotland, was meanwhile included within the modest limits of the Forth and the Spey. It was divided into five regions. On the west was the province of Fortrenn. It consisted of the modern districts of Menteith and Strathearn, and its population, mainly Pictish, was spoken of as the men of Fortrenn. The second region, lying next on the east, consisted of the territory embraced by the Forth and the Tay, Fife and Fotherif. To this was attached the Carse of Gowrie. The inhabitants of this province were eminently the *Scoti* of Alban. This was the nucleus or heart of the kingdom, and here, at Scone, was placed the royal palace of the Scottish kings. The third province, beginning at Hilef, extended to the Dee and the German Ocean. It included Angus and Mearns; the districts known in our day as the shires of Forfar and Kincardine. There is some doubt as regards the position of Hilef, the starting point on the west of the third province. It is probably Lyff, on the north bank of the Tay, and the present boundary between the counties of Perth and Forfar. The inhabitants were called the Men of Moerne, and had as their stronghold the Castle of Dun Fother or Dunotter. The fourth reign stretched northward from the Dee to the River Spey, and included the modern counties of Aberdeen and Banff. The fifth province extended from the Spey to the mountains of Drumalban, including the present Breadalbane and Athol.

These were the five regions that constituted the body of the kingdom; but we have said the boundaries of Alban were not fixed and immoveable. A successful raid or victorious battle would at times enlarge them beyond their normal lines. When this happened on the north, the county of Moray formed a sixth province, and the ancient Dalriada, lying along the western seaboard, formed a seventh.

These five regions were subdivided into smaller sections, each under its

respective ruler. In this division the unit was the Tuath, or tribe. When several Tuaths were combined, it became a Tuath-Mor, or great tribe. When two Tuaths-Mor were united it constituted Coicidh, or Province. At the head of the Tuath was the Toisech. At the head of the Tuath-Mor was the Mor-maer. At the point where the four southern provinces met, was the seat of the capital and the palace of the king. That point was Scone.[5]

We return to Constantine, whom we now find filling the throne. His misfortunes began with the colony of Odin worshippers which had been so unwisely planted in Northumbria, in the belief that the mystic but mighty rite of baptism had extinguished in them all the vices of paganism and replenished them with the virtues of Christianity. This body of Danes, who had come back unchanged from the baptismal font, parted like a wedge the dominions of the Scottish and the English kings, and were a thorn in the side of both monarchs. Their position gave them an importance far beyond their numbers, and their alliance being sought now by the one and now by the other, they were able to turn the scale in the frequent contests waged at this time between England and Scotland. The great Alfred was now in his grave, and his son Edward known as Edward the Confessor, occupied his throne. The two predecessors of Constantine, Gregory and Donald, had remained the incorruptible friends of Alfred and his Christian subjects of England, despite all the seductions and promises of the Danes. No so Constantine III. Departing from the lofty policy of his predecessors, and deluded by the vain hope of enlarging his dominions on the south, he formed a league with the Danes, and set out in the company of his new allies to attack the English, and win new territories over which to sway his secptre. But this cause did not prosper.

When the two armies appeared on the field, the English host was found to be much smaller than the Scotch, but stratagem supplied the place of numbers. Hardly had battle been joined when the English made a feint of retreating. The confederate Scotch and Danish host, thinking that they had not to fight but only pursue, broke their ranks, and with headlong ardour followed the fleeing enemy. Suddenly the aspect of the battle was seen to change. The foe, which the Scotch believed to be routed, rallied at a preconceived signal, and turned on their pursuers, hewed down their scattered groups, and continued the merciless slaughter till

hardly one of the northern army was left to carry tidings to their countrymen of what had befallen them on this bloody field.

Soon after these events Edward, the English monarch, went to his grave, and his son, the warlike Athelstan, ascended his throne. A full decade passed away during which it is impossible to see what is transacting in Scotland. When the veil is lifted disaster has again returned and a deeper gloom is brooding over the little kingdom than the former reverse of its arms had brought with it. The Scottish king, forgetful of his former error, and heedless of the lesson the bloody chastisement was meant to teach him, has reentered the same ill-omened path, and is contracting alliance with the enemies of his nation and religion. The suspicions that cling to Athelstan touching his father's death, led to conspiracies against him among his own subjects, and the Northumbrian Danes, seeing in his perplexities their own opportunity, marched southward and seized upon the city of York. The Scots permitted themselves to be drawn into the quarrel. The illusion of a kingdom on the south of the Tweed, fairer and more fertile, if not so large, as the great mountains and broad straths over which Constantine reigned in the north, had resumed its fascination over the king's mind, and blinded him to the essential injustice and great risks of his crooked policy. This time the omens were favourable. The Scoto-Danish army was reinforced by the Welsh, the Danes of Dublin, and the Britons of Strathclyde. Each nationality had its own particular cause of quarrel with Athelstan, and if only this vast confederacy can be brought into the field and kept together till they have struck a blow at the power of the English king, there can be little doubt of the issue. The Scots this time will carry back not the doleful news of the crushing defeat, but the welcome tidings of a glorious victory.

A great tempest was rolling up on all sides against Athelstan, who meanwhile was making vigorous preparations to meet it, and direct its destructive fury past himself and his subjects. The Scottish army was transported by sea, and landed at the mouth of the Humber. They marched into the interior of the country to meet their allies, and deliver their meditated blow with united and decisive force. They sighted the encampments of their confederates, as the believed, but no friendly shout welcomed their coming. The Scots halted, for the ominous silence told them that it was the camp of Athelstan to which they were drawing

nigh. The Welsh and other confederates had not yet arrived. The promptitude of Athelstan had anticipated the junction of the allies. He struck at once, and with vigour.

A gleam of romance heralded the dark tragedy that followed. So says the legend. Along with the Scots came Anlaf, a son of Godfrey, king of the Danes of Dublin, and a relative of King Constantine. Anlaf knew, like most of his countrymen, how to handle the harp. The thought struck him that his gift of music might be turned to account in the cause of his royal relative. He had read of an adventure not unlike what he was now meditating, successfully carried out by the great Alfred. Disguising himself as a minstrel, he appeared at the gates of the English Camp, and was instantly admitted. Anlaf touched his harp, and to the music of its strings added the yet sweeter music of his voice. Even in monarch's hall the well-played strains would have brought praise to their author, but heard on the battlefield, where they naturally suggested with the force of contrast the rougher sounds by which they were so soon to be succeeded and drowned, they entranced the English soldiers. The musician was left to range at will through the camp. He was brought before the English king, that he might display in the royal presence the marvellous melody of his harp when touched by the skilful hand of its owner. Athelstan was delighted with his music, and dismissed him with a reward. The musician was not so carried away by the triumph of his art as to forget his object in coming hither. He carefully noted the disposition of the English army, and in particular the position of the royal tent, so as to be able to lead in a nocturnal assault upon it.

It so happened, however, that a soldier who had formerly served in the Irish army, and was now with the English, recognised Anlaf under his disguise, and communicated to the king his suspicions that the minstrel, whose performance had so delighted the army, was a spy. The king, profiting by the hint, made a priest occupy his tent for the night, himself sleeping in the priest's bed. The night assault came off, Anlaf leading in it. The priest was slain, and the king lived to lead the battle of the morning.

That morrow brought with it emphatic intimation to the Scottish king that his dream of conquering a kingdom in England was not to be realised. Still the omens continued to be favourable. The dawn witnessed the

arrival on the field of action of the looked for Danish reinforcements. To these were added some Cumbrian Britons, making the Scottish army superior in respect of numbers to the English host. Athelstan, knowing that delay would only lessen the hopes of victory by increasing the number of his enemies, immediately joined battle. The action was fought near the Humber, at a place which Fordum calls Brounyngfeld, most probably the modern Brumby (A.D. 937). Athelstan, at the head of his troops, rushed sword in hand into the midst of the Scottish entrenchments. Both sides fought with desperation. Locked in deadly grapple with each other they contended on ground which was every moment becoming more slippery with the blood, and more cumbered with the bodies of the fallen. The Londoners and Mercians, the flower of the English army, threw themselves upon the Scots. The latter, for some time, bravely sustained their onset, but at last they were compelled to give way. With them went the fortunes of the day; for though the slaughter was prolonged, it was not for victory but for vengeance. It was with difficulty that the Scottish king made his escape alive from the field, but it must have sadly embittered the pleasure arising from his own safety to reflect that he had left behind him the bulk of the Scottish army, including the flower of his nobility, to be buried by the English, or devoured by the birds of prey which in those days gathered in flocks to feast at such banquets as that which was now spread for them on the banks of the Humber.[6]

On both sides the loss was great. Speaking of the Scots army, Fordun says that "the slain were innumerable." He specifies, moreover, three princes and nine generals as having fallen. The English chroniclers magnify still more the carnage, and call the battle of Brunanburgh the bloodiest ever fought in Britain. Of course they could compare it only with battles which had happened before their day, and which had been stricken on a very limited territory. The "Britain" of their day, we need not remind our readers, did not mean the far spreading empire which the name calls up to our minds; it did not even include the northern hills, and the southern plains which the "four seas" of our insular home enclose; the "Britain" of the English chroniclers of that time lay within the two walls of Hadrian and Severus. It had Anglo-land on the south, and Alban, now beginning to be called Scotia, on the north, and was restricted to the strip of territory lying between the Tyne, or at the utmost

the Humber, and the Forth. Still in judging the rank assigned to this battle by the English historians, we must bear in mind that the district where it was fought was conspicuously a region of battles. Such had been its history from the days of the Romans downwards, and its evil destiny still cling to it; and of all the bloody conflicts waged upon it, the last we are told was the bloodiest.

The humiliation which had befallen the Scottish monarch, and the reverse which had been sustained by the Scottish arms, had in it a great lesson to the nation, though we greatly doubt if that lesson was understood at the time or seriously laid to heart. It emphatically taught the Scots that their allotted portion of earth was the mountains of the north. It taught them that where shone the lamp of Iona there were their tents to be spread, and it effectually rebuked that ambition which impelled them to seek an enlarged territorial domain at the sacrifice of interests of infinitely higher importance than a great Scottish Kingdom. It would have been a great misfortune to the world, and to the Scots themselves not less, if they had conquered England and placed Constantine on the throne of both countries. If they had come to mingle with the Saxon race their peculiar fervour and fire would have been extinguished. Their energies would have been relaxed and their strength abated if, instead of being concentrated in their own little country, against the narrow boundary of which we so often find them chafing, they had been permitted to overflow into the wider spaces of Great Britain. In a word, they would have been lost as the Scottish nation to Christendom, and the Scotic elements so intense and so vitalising might have disappeared from the forces of the world. The Scots were a reserve force for the ages to come. How much their national individuality would have been missed at certain great epochs of the future, the record of the long past can alone enable us to judge. The Scots were taught by these disasters to eschew the path of foreign war, and seek conquests on other fields and with other weapons than those with which they had contended so fatally for themselves on the field of Brunanburg.

After this terrible battle the Scottish king made haste to go back to his own country, but Athelstan, like an avenging Nemesis, trode close behind him. The darkness as of a thunder cloud fell upon the land as he pursued his way northward, and the allies, discomfited and dispirited, were fain

to propitiate the conqueror by yielding a ready submission to whatever chastisement he chose to mete out to them. Athelstan tightened his yoke on those ceaseless plotters, the Northumbrian Danes. He stript Constantin of the provinces of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which, when attached to the Scottish crown, were commonly governed by a prince of the blood, the heir presumptive, like our Prince of Wales at the present day. Crossing the Tweed, Athelstan traversed the Merse, broke into the Lothians, marking his steps through the terrified country with devastation, and finally rolled back the Scottish frontier once more to the banks of the Forth. Such ending had this expedition which had begun amid so many auguries of success, was supported by the arms of a multitude of confederates, and which had promised a rich spoil to all concerned in it, and to Constantine a new kingdom stretching southward to the meadows of the Humber, if not to the richer banks of the Thames.

By this time the chair of Columba had ceased to be astricted to the island in which it was originally set up. It had become a moveable seat. The kings of Scotland had already transported it from Iona to Dunkeld, from Dunkeld to Abernethy, from Abernethy to St. Andrews, where it now stood. With every removal of the Scottish capital came another transportation of that chair. It gave sanction to the Scottish power; it was the prop of the throne, and therefore never far from the seat of royalty. If Constantine had succeeded in extending his kingdom so as to include the great capitals of York and London, the chair of Columba, following the established custom of the Scottish kings, would have been set up first at York and finally at London. But how long would the lamp of Iona have burned at either place. That lamp had not now the vigour it its early days: it had waxed dim. Moreover, the air of England had become mephitic and murky by reason of the fast gathering shades of Romanism in the southern kingdom. The light of the Scottish lamp would have gone out in the unfriendly air, and the extinction of the Scottish Christianity would have been speedily followed by the death of the Scottish genius.

Constantine's first care after his arrival in his own country was to convoke his nobles and take counsel with them on the position of affairs. He assembled them at the old Pictish capital of Abernethy. Many words were not needed to depict the deplorable conditions into which his ill-

fated expedition had brought the kingdom. It was not one but a multitude of calamities that were weighing upon it. The King indeed had returned safe, but with him had not returned that numerous and high-spirited army he had led into England. It strength and valour lay rotting on the gory field of Brunanburg. The many vacant places in the circle around the King gave mournful proof that of the nobles who had accompanied him to the war a few only now lived. Scotland was not nearly so large as it had been a few short months before. Its boundaries had suddenly shrunk to the shores of Fife, and the sway of Athelstan had reached at a bound the banks of the Forth. The reign of Constantine had now been prolonged for thirty-five inglorious years. The task of governing was becoming too heavy for him, and he was anxious to lay down the sceptre. His subjects, we may well believe, were not unwilling that the burden should be transferred to a stronger shoulders, and an other chance given the little, valorous, but of late ill-governed country of gathering up its energies, and of vindicating for itself its rightful position and influence among the nations of Europe.

The conference at Abernethy ended in the abdication of Constantine. When he laid down the crown and assumed the "cowl,"—using the phrase in a loose sense, for monkery, in the modern meaning of the word, had not yet been introduced into Scotland,—the monarch selected as his retreat the Monastery of Kilrimont (St. Andrews), where he might pass the evening of his life in the society of the Culdees, "retiring," says Buchanan, "as to a safe haven, and passed the remaining five years of his life in their society."[8] He died in the fortieth year from his accession to the throne, and in A.D. 943. We take leave of Constantine at the gate of his monastery. As he passes from our view we may be permitted to drop an expression of sympathy with him amid the many misfortunes which have bowed him down. Subject to illusions, mistaking the path of ambition for the path of honour, in a word, a weak rather than a flagitious ruler, we see him not ungracefully closing a reign, clouded with many calamities, by acknowledging, if he could not repair, the errors into which he had fallen. St. Berchan touchingly describes his latter end: "Afterwards God did call him to the monastery on the brink of the waves. In the house of the Apostle he came to death: undefiled was the pilgrim." He came not into the sepulchres of his fathers! The same spot which had given Constantine a shelter for his age, gave him a grave for

his ashes.

Endnotes

1. "In pace diem clausit extremam," says John Major of Gregory, "et in insula Iona sepultus." –*Hist. Britain.*, Lib. iii. cap. 2, p. 91.
2. Buchanan, *Hist.*, Lib. vi. c. 14.
3. "Oppidum Fother occisum est a gentibus."—*Chronicon Pictorum*. Pinkerton's *Enquiry*, vol. i. p. 495. By the "Fother" here Chalmers (*Caledonia*, i. 384) believes Forteviot to be meant, and that the words intimate its destruction by the Danes. But "occisum" is not the word usually employed to denote the destruction of a town, but the slaughter of a man. Innes, Pinkerton, and others agree in thinking that Forres is here meant, and that Donald was there slain. Skene says Dunotter.
4. *Historia Britannioe*, Lib. iii. c. 2, p. 91.
5. "Such is the account given by Dr. Skene in his *Celtic Scotland* (i. 340 et seq.), mainly on the authority of Andrew, Bishop of Caithness, a Scotsman by birth, and a Monk of Dunfermline. He is mentioned as Bishop in 1150, and died in 1184.
6. It is impossible to arrive at certainty regarding the events which happened under Constantine of Scotland and Athelstan of England. And in particular it is impossible to say what exactly were the causes which gave rise to the war that ended in this great battle. According to some it was the desire of Constantine to aggrandise his kingdom; according to others, it grew out of the ambition of Athelstan to extend his territory to the Forth. We may perhaps be permitted to divide the blame between the two. All the chroniclers, Scotch, English, and Irish have written of the battle of Brunanburgh, but their narratives are a tangled web. Dr. W. F. Skene has brought vast Celtic scholarship and laborious research to the elucidation of this, as well as of many other points in Scottish history. See *Celtic Scotland*, i. 351-359. He says, "Aldborough unites almost all the conditions required for the battle of Brunanburgh.
. . .About a quarter of a mile to the west of Boroughbridge are three large monoliths, varying from eighteen to twenty-three feet high. They are now called the Devil's Arrows; and east of Aldborough, at a place called Dunsforth, was a tumulus called the Devil's Cross. It was broken into many years ago for road materials, and in it were found human remains. The Devil's Cross and the Devil's Arrows may be memorials

of the battle." Vol. i. 359.

7. "Unde iste Constantinus grandi cum exercitu Angliam ingreditur, et in praelio victus Coimbriae terras quas a diebus Gregorii 54 annis Scoti Tenuerant, Turpiter amissit."—*Historia*, Johannis Major, Lib. iii. cap. ii. p. 92.

8. Buchan, *Hist*., Lib. vi. c. 17. "Et in senectute descripitus baculum cepit et Domino servivit."—*Chronicon Pictorum*. "Hic dimisso regno sponte, Deo in habitu religionis abbas factus Kelederum S. Andreae 5 ann. Servivit et ibi mortuus est et sepultus."—Ex. Registro Prioratus S. Andreoe.

CHAPTER VI.

A.D. 906.

SPECIAL MISSION OF SCOTLAND—SYNOD OF SCONE—TENTH CENTURY REFORMATION.

Going aside from the noise of battles, let us withdraw for a brief space into a region where quieter forces are at work. Although quieter it by no means follows that the forces in the presence of which we now find ourselves are weaker. On the contrary, they possess a strength unknown to those agencies which in the midst of tumult and uproar overturn the throne of kings and dissolve the fabric of empires. It is the silent influences that accomplish the mightiest results. The turbulent activities dwell on the surface, the still powers descend into the depths, and working there unheard make their presence known and their power felt only when they have prepared the way for some tremendous revolution, or brought to the birth some epoch of new and grander promise for the race.

Were the rude agencies of the battlefield the only influences that were at this hour shaping and moulding the nation of the Scots? Above most countries in Christendom, Scotland possessed a dual character. There was an outer Scotland, the theatre of wars, invasions, and battles; and there was an inner Scotland, the seat of great spiritual movement which had for its end the educating and training of a nation to serve the cause of truth and liberty in the ages to come. Was this education making progress? It is the chronicles of the inner Scotland we should most like to write. Amid the wars in which we see the Scots engaged now with the Dane and now with the Saxon was the soul of the nation growing. Was Scotland becoming fitter for its great purpose?

Scotland was growing in skill and valour on the battlefield, but this was not progress with reference to its special end. Scotland was not destined to build up a great empire by arms like Rome. Its mission came nearer to that of Greece, it came still nearer to that of Judea; only it was greatly more intellectual and spiritual than that of either. The special mission of Scotland was to apprehend and hold forth to the world Christianity—the last and perfected form of Divine Revelation—in all the simplicity

and spirituality in which man on earth is able to receive it. To say that this was the special mission given to the Scottish nation may seen a merely transcendental idea. Second thoughts however will satisfy us that it is far indeed from being so. Of all systems in the world Christianity is the most powerful in both its individual and its national action. But the power of Christianity is in the direct ratio of its spirituality. The man who rises to the full realisation of what is spiritual and eternal in Christianity, dropping what is temporary, symbolical, and mundane, is the highest Christian. In him we are sure to find the fullest development of its moral and spiritual virtues, because on him Christianity acts in the plenitude of its power. It is so as regards a nation. It is like the sun shining direct from the firmament without any intervening or obstructing medium to weaken the power of his beams.

It is instructive in this connection to mark that, contemporaneously with the corruption of Christianity at Rome, there came in Britain a great revival of it in its purely spiritual character, first in the ministry of Patrick, and next in that of Columba. In the early days of Iona Christianity was severely simple—simple to severity, and it was then that it won its greatest pre-Reformation triumphs. This simplicity or austerity has all along been a characteristic of Scottish Christianity, and has been conspicuous at every period of its revival. This, doubtless, it owes to the stamp impressed upon it in this that the strength and glory of Scottish Christianity lies. In this form only, disrobed of the garments of Paganism, and set free from Jewish symbol, Greek ceremony, and Roman rite, and presented in all the simplicity that appertains to a spiritual system, can it go round the earth and convert the nations. Observing the behavior of the Scots at all the testing periods of their history, we discover in them a disinclination to permit their religion to be mixed with ceremony, and a steady desire to preserve the ancient simplicity of their faith and worship. This was shown in the Synod at Scone, which is now to come under our notice; it was shown again in the days of Malcolm Canmore, and it was shown still more conspicuously at the era of the Reformation. So far Scotland has understood and fulfilled its mission.

The materials are scanty for constructing the religious history of Scotland all down the centuries since Columba's day, and noting the advance of the nation at each several epoch in moral righteousness and spiritual

power. That the Columban Church continued to exist all down these ages we know. We come upon the incidental notice of it under the various names of Iona, the Columban Brotherhood, and the Culdees. But we should like to know in what state of purity did that Church exist, and what amount of influence did it exert on the population. The interest of knowing this is great, but the difficulty of ascertaining it is equally great. These ages passed away and left us no written records of the state of personal and family religion in Scotland during them. We know the church arrangement and services, but we are unable to enter the homes of the people and mark the forms in which social and domestic piety displayed itself. We have pictures of the great leaders, but we should have liked a nearer view of the converts and ordinary workers. The first book known to Scottish literature—Adamnan's "Life of Columba"—is not very satisfactory on this head. As our earliest information it is invaluable. It brings out the grand personality of Columba, and the thoroughly evangelical and spiritual character of his great enterprise—an enterprise which redeemed the age from the darkness, and filled half of Europe with light; but around Columba and his work Adamnan has hung an atmosphere of miracle and prodigy. This environment has the effect of lifting him up into a region above the earth, and makes us fain that he would come down and walk among men. It also shrouds his work in an atmosphere that magnifies and mystifies it, and we rise from its perusal uncertain and unsatisfied. Legend, and not fact, was plainly the *forte* of Adamnan's pen.

The next earliest composition in our country's history is the "Book of Deer." Its genuineness is unquestioned. To Celtic scholars it is a curious and precious relic, and it determines some not unimportant points in our nation's history, and attests, along with other proofs, the marvellous facility of the clerical caligraphists of those days, the extraordinary beauty that marked the productions of their pens, and the delight they took in transcribing the Holy Scriptures. But when we have said thus much, we have exhausted the claims of the "Book of Deer" on our admiration and gratitude. It is not till we come to the reign of David I. (A.D. 1124) that we find anything like firm historic footing. With the times of David we reach the age of charters. Among the earliest engrossed charters extant is one given by that monarch, and is contained, with some six hundred others, in the chartulary of the monastery of Dunfermline. The period

covered by this collection extends from the end of the thirteenth century to the middle of the sixteenth. These chartularies form the earliest history of our country, though they do not furnish much information on the special subject of our present enquiry—the Church's purity and doctrine, and the knowledge and piety of her people.

In truth the evidence for Iona as the great Christian Institute of the age—less than Rome in one sense, far greater than Rome in another—is not so much *written* as *monumental*. There is the tradition, which time has not been able to conquer, of its vast renown. There is Pictland, rescued from the darkness of Druidism, and opening its astonished eyes on the dawn of the Christian day. There are hundreds of spots throughout the country, where the names of the great Columban missionaries are still living names, being perpetuated in the churches the Columbites founded, and the parishes in which they laboured, and where they made to flourish the industrial arts and the Christian virtues. Nor is it Scotland only that offers these indubitable proofs of the learning and evangelical ardour of the pastors of its early church. In what land of northern Europe do we not see the footprint of the Culdee? We trace his steps—blessed of all peoples to which they came—from the Apennine to the North Sea, and from the borders of Bohemia to the shores of the Atlantic. Whose hand save that of the Culdee created those inimitable manuscript volumes which are the pride of so many princely cabinets and conventual libraries on the Continent? These are the memorials of the large development attained by the Columban Church, and the wide area over which it diffused its spirit and teaching. These memorials are daily multiplying as the past comes to light under the researches of the Celtic scholars. But already we know enough to justify the remark that there are few things in history more marvellous than the blaze of intellectual and spiritual light into which our remote and barbarous country burst forth in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries under the presidency of Iona. Could letters and philosophy alone have kindled such an illumination? History of nations supplies us with no similar example. The glory into which Greece burst under Pericles, and the splendour of the Renaissance in Western Europe in the fifteenth century; were but fitful and short-lived gleams—meteors of the night—compared with the Columban evangelisation of the centuries named. The eloquent tribute of Dr. Johnson to the little isle which was the focus of that illumination is

often quoted with applause; it is just, nay generous, and yet it expresses only half the truth, and not even half: and were the great lexicographer to pronounce a second eulogium, if he did not express it in more glowing terms, he would give it a wider application, and in doing so, make it more in accordance with the fact. In addition to "the savage clans and roving barbarians" of the ancient Caledonia, to whom Iona gave "the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion," he would speak of tribes beyond the sea, of famous schools, of princely courts and great monarchs who saw and rejoiced in the light which shone from Icolmkill.

We get glimpses as we pass on of the Columban Church. These however occur at very considerable intervals of time; they are moreover exceedingly fragmentary, and we can only doubtfully infer from them the real state of that Church at the epochs when these glimpses bring her before us. We have come to a record of this sort. In the midst of the wars and calamities of Constantine, whom we have just seen exchanging his throne for a Culdee cell at St. Andrews, the Columban Church comes into view. She is seen only for a moment, and again disappears. But as these glimpses are rare, it is all the more incumbent on us to mark rightly what they disclose, touching a society in which was bound up the life of the nation.

In the sixth year of the reign of Constantine (A.D. 9056), a great church assembly was held at Scone. It was presided over by Constantine the king and Kellach the bishop. It was attended, we are told, by the nation of the Scots, that is, by both clergy and laity. The object of this national convention was the reformation of religion, in accordance with the laws and discipline of the faith, the rights of the Church, and the precepts of the Gospel.[1] How much one wishes that one had in full the proceedings of this assembly. How interesting to read at this day what was proposed, concluded, and sworn to nine centuries ago. We would willingly give any half-dozen battles of the time for the record of this assembly on the Mote Hill, Scone. But brief as the statement regarding it is, it makes clear and undoubted some not unimportant points in the constitution of the Scottish Church at the opening of the tenth century. One of these points is her complete INDEPENDENCE. No. "Letters Apostolic" have summoned this convocation: no papal legate presides over the pastors and members assembled on the Mote Hill. No ecclesiastical functionary

of whatever grade from outside Scotland takes part in the debate, or offers advice, or, so far as we can discover, is even present in the gathering. The Scottish Church has met of her own motion, for the transaction of her own business, and she knows nothing of any church authority outside her own territory. At the opening of the tenth century she is seen to be Free.

And farther, as a second point to be specially noted, she reforms herself on the lines of her own original constitution. Her standard of reformation is the "laws and discipline of the faith," the "rights of the churches," and the "doctrines of the Gospel." Nothing is here said of the canons of Rome; no extrinsic rule or model fetters her in her reformation: what she aims at is a return to the "old paths." It is to Iona, not Rome, that the faces of this great gathering are turned. The time is not now very distant when a cardinal legate will be seen taking his seat in the synods of the Scottish Church, but as yet no such functionary had crossed the Tweed, nor had the Roman purple come to mingle its gleam with the woollen robes of the assembled Culdee pastors.

And farther, we accept this national convention as a confession on the part of the Columban clergy of the declension of their church. Their church was not nearly four hundred years old, but when they thought of what that church had been in its youth, when not content with cleansing its own territory from the impurities of Druidism, it had flung itself into the heathenism of Germany and dethroned its time-honored deities, nay made the thunder of its protest, as in the case of Columbanus, be heard at the gates of Rome itself, and when they contrasted these achievements of its past with its powerlessness now, when not only had it ceased to extend its conquests abroad, but even on its own proper territory it was losing its footing and falling back before its great rival, it was impossible not to feel how melancholy the change which had passed upon their once aggressive and triumphant church. In truth the Columban Church for a century and a half had been on "the down grade." The scissors of Rome had passed upon the heads of some of her clergy, and the very touch of these scissors was benumbing. But now again, by some means or other, there had come to be an awakening; and that awakening was not confined to a class or to a locality, it was general and widespread in the land, for here is the nation gathered together to discuss the evils of

their time, and set on foot a reformation, not in the way of an approach to Rome or Canterbury. There is not the slightest evidence that this assembly wished to move in that direction; their course is the very opposite; it is back to first principles. The goal at which they wished to arrive, as distinctly defined in the words of the original record, is the "faith," the "church," and the "gospel": not Rome but Iona.

This assembly fittingly crowned their proceedings with a vow or oath in which they bound themselves to prosecuted their reformation. So we are expressly told. [2] Nothing could better attest the importance of this council, and the gravity of the matters determined in it, than the solemn act with which they close it. We are not told the shape into which they put their resolutions, nor the heads of their projected restoration, but there can be no doubt about the leading aim and general scope of their reform, and as little can there be doubt about the unity of sentiment and the earnestness of purpose that animated the members of the council. Errors and corruptions had crept in during years of deadness; these must be purged out. The discipline of the church had been relaxed; it must be invigorated. The standard of national morals had been lowered; means must be taken to elevate both the social and family life of the nation. A growing languor and feebleness had afflicted the clergy; fresh oil must be brought to the dying lamp of Columba. And whence was this oil to be fetched? Not from the Seven Hills, not from the traditions of the Pope, but from the fountain at which this lamp had been replenished at first, and its flame lighted, even Holy Scripture. This was the reformation needed. Raising their hands to heaven, the Scottish nation, king, clergy, and people vow to go forward in this work. A remarkable assembly for the tenth century! We owe not a little to the scribe who had handed down to us this brief but pregnant record of it. It discloses, if only for a moment, the undercurrent of moral and spiritual influence that was flowing in the nation, on the surface of which little was to be seen save the spectacles of oppression and distraction and war. The church of Columba was not dead. Nay, it is seen to have still some centuries of life in it.

The Council at Scone has finished its business. The Columban presbyters have descended the Mote Hill, henceforward to be known as the "Hill of the Faith," and once more the darkness closes in around the Scottish

Church. Much would we give to be able to follow this Assembly in subsequent years, and trace its workings in the Columban brotherhoods and in the homes of the people. That it bore fruit in a quickened zeal and in purer lives we cannot doubt; but here our information abruptly stops, and our knowledge for a century onwards is only inferential. The Columban church kept its place at the heart of the nation, and though no pen of scribe has given us the picture of those days, and the higher prosperity that brightened them, many incidental facts assure us that for years to come the Scottish Church was instinct with a new life, and doubtless, gave proof of it in the greater vigour and success with which she worked. We think we may fairly ascribe to this assembly, and the new departure it gave the nation, the arrest of the Roman advance, and the delay for an hundred and fifty years of its triumph. And when at last this triumph was accomplished in the days of Queen Margaret, it was not by the conversion of the Scottish people to the faith of Rome, but by the intervention of the royal power, and the influx into Scotland of a crowd of foreign partisans which brought Rome with them.

This convention was held in the beginning of the tenth century; in the end of the twelfth century we find the Columban churches still in existence and in action throughout Scotland. This fact, we think, warrants the conclusion that there was a rallying of the spiritual forces and a revival of religion in this Assembly on the Mote Hill, and that the movement did not expire when the members broke up and returned to their homes. They felt the obligation of their oath, the people caught the quickened zeal and new spirit of their pastors, and the forces set in motion continued to act as propelling powers on the country, and kept it on the road of progress despite the retarding influences of war, and of other calamities.

ENDNOTES

1. "In vi. anno (regni sui) Constantinus, rex (filius Edii) et Cellachus episcopus, leges disciplinasque fidei, atque jura ecclesiarum, evangeliorumque, pariter cum Scotis in colle credulitatis, prope regali civitate Scoan, devoverunt custodiri. Ab hoc die collis hoc (nomen) meruit, i.e. Collis Credulitatis."—*Chron. Pictorum*. Pinkerton's *Enquiry*, i. 495, 496. Innes's Appendix, n.3.
2. "Devoverunt custodiri."—*Chron. Pic*

CHAPTER VII.

DESTRUCTION OF EARLY SCOTTISH LITERATURE—THE COLUMBITES METAMORPHOSED—TRANSUBSTANTIATION—WAS IONA A ROMAN OR A PROTESTANT CHURCH?

How comes it that we are without written record of these times? The day was not long past when Scotland could boast some hundreds of expert pens all busy at work, and to such good purpose that scarce was there glen or hamlet which had not its copy of the Bible. Columba is said to have placed a copy of Holy Scripture, written with his own hand, in every house which he founded. The first care of these sacred scribes was, doubtless, to multiply copies of the Word of God; but, over and above, following the example of Adamnan, it is probable that they compiled an occasional "life" or "chronicle" or "short history" of events. What has become of these compositions? A hundred enemies—the moth, the mildew, the flame—make war on the manuscript volume. To these foes of the early church history of Scotland, we have to add another, peculiar to the age of which we write—the Norseman, to wit. In his eyes these treasures had no value, and were left to perish in the same flames which consumed the monastery in which they had been written and were laid up.

Beset by so many dangers, it was hardly to be looked for that these fragile productions should preserve their existence for a period of time which suffices for twenty generations to run their course and disappear in the grave. Of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of MS. Bibles that undoubtedly existed in Scotland in these centuries, only some three or four remain to us; and is it wonderful that those other compositions so very much fewer, and so much less sacred, should have disappeared, and that the life of Columba by Adamnan should remain the one solitary exception to the universal destruction of early Scottish literature?

When we come down to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it is still more hopeless to look for information regarding the state of the early Columban Church. The writers in the times succeeding Malcolm Canmore knew not Columba. Or if they knew him, they knew him only as the founder of a schismatical sect, whose heads bore the tonsure of

Simon Magus, who celebrated the eucharist with barbarous rites, and who walked not in the ways of Roman Christendom. They judged it a wise policy, therefore, to let Columba and his followers sink into oblivion, or to speak of them only in the language of apology and pity, as men who inhabited regions so remote from the centre of Christendom, that they were to be forgiven the errors of doctrine and the eccentricities of worship into which they had fallen. They forgot that the man who possesses the Bible is at the centre of Christendom, let his dwelling-place be at the ends of the earth.

Since the days of Malcolm Canmore, Columba and his church have suffered a still greater wrong. Ecclesiastical writers of the Roman and Prelatic school have, in our own day, done worse than ignore the "Elders of Iona:" they have completely metamorphosed them. They have converted them into the partisans of a cause of which they were the avowed and strenuous opponents. From the day that Columba laid the foundation-stone of the Scottish Church onward to the time that Romanism gained the ascendency by the force of the royal authority, the disciples of Columba, inheriting the spirit of their great chief, ceased not to maintain the war against Rome, at times with signal and triumphant vigour, at other times more feeble, but all throughout they retained their attitude of protest and resistance. Even after Malcolm Canmore and his queen had summoned them to lay down their arms, they did not absolutely surrender. Their submission was partial. A remnant still kept up the faith, the traditions, and the name of their country's once famous, free, and virtually Protestant Church. They dwelt in cloisters, in islands and in remote places of the land, but they continued a distinct body; they compelled recognition and toleration, and they thus made palpable the fact that Rome was not the country of their birth; that their lineage was distinct from that of the clerics who now occupied the edifices from which they had been thrust out, and that they were the children of a more ancient and purer faith. If there is anything true in our country's history this is true; and to go on claiming these men as professing a theology and practising a worship substantially the same as that of Rome, differing, it may be, only in a few rites and customs owing to remoteness of position, yet in heart one with Rome, loving her and obeying her, is to exhibit a marvellous clinging to a fond hallucination, and a bold but blind fight against established and incontrovertible facts. This is a method

of warfare which may bring wounds and death to the assailants, but cannot bring victory save to the cause that is assailed.

This subject of the entire contrariety of Iona to Rome has already come before us. However, we may be permitted here to supplement what we have already said upon it. We shall compare the Columban and the Roman Churches in two most essential points—their foundation-stone and their top-stone. Hardly could two things be more diametrically opposite than are these two churches in these two points.

The first foundation-stone of the Roman Church was the Bible. Next it was the Bible misinterpreted; and long before the time at which we are arrived, the tenth century, the Bible had been thrown aside, and the rule of faith in the Roman Church was the decrees of Councils. The church had become a rule to herself, and so continues to this day. It is a human voice that speaks from the Seven Hills.

The voices of prophets and apostles, silent in Rome, were still speaking in Iona. The echoes of these voices filled the land. By these voices alone were the members of the Columban Church guided. The Bible was their sole rule of faith. This much we learn even from their accusers. We beg again to refer to an authority we have already quoted, the venerable Bede. After telling us that the great light, the "Church," to wit, had never risen on the pastors of Iona, and that they had to grope their way in dubious paths by the Bible alone, he charitably excuses these benighted men on the ground of remoteness from the seat of councils. "For," says he, "dwelling far without the habitable globe, and, consequently, beyond the reach of the decrees of synods . . .they could learn only those things contained in the writings of the prophets, the evangelists, and the apostles; while they diligently observed the works of piety and love."[1] The unequivocal testimony of Bede then is, that in the Church of Iona and its branches, in the eighth century, the rule of faith was the Bible, and the Bible alone. The phrase, "the prophets, the evangelists, and the apostles." was the common one used to designate the Old Testament, the Four Gospels, and the Epistles, that is, the whole inspired canon. And hence Bede adds, "that they had a zeal for God, but not altogether according to knowledge."

Were the divines of Iona really ignorant, as Bede supposes, of the decrees of the councils, and was it because they knew no clearer light that they followed that of the Bible alone? Why then did not Bede, who compassionated the condition of these men, and so earnestly desired to lead them into canonical paths, send a copy of the decrees of the Church to the monastery at Iona? All over the very district in which Bede lived, the Presbyters of Iona were going out and in teaching the natives. Why did not Bede put these doctors in the way of seeing these canons, and so temper and regulate their zeal, which he tells us was not "altogether according to knowledge"? In truth, the Columban evangelists knew well the synod decrees, but they rejected them because they believed the to be unscriptural. The missionary bands which traversed France and Switzerland and the north of Italy could not have avoided making acquaintance with these decrees, even had they wished to remain in the ignorance which Bede bewails. They were often subjected to persecution because they transgressed the canons in the matter of Easter. We find Columbanus, for instance, writing to Pope Gregory on the subject, and vindicating his own mode of celebrating Easter on the ground that it was strictly scriptural. Ridiculing as "frivolous and silly" the objection that "it was the same as that of the Jews," he warns the Pope, "that to add aught of our own to the Scriptural path would be to incur the censure of that divine command in Deuteronomy, 'Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it.'" And referring to the faith held by himself and his brethren, he tells Pope Gregory that it was in "all things indubitably ground on the divine Scriptures." [2] And once more Columbanus, in his letter to the local bishops, let it be known that he was not ignorant of the canons of the Church, which they accused him of violating, but that he owed no allegiance save to "the true and singular canons of our Lord Jesus Christ." And affirming that the churches of Scotland and Ireland grounded their faith on the Scriptures, he exclaims, "Our canons are the commands of our Lord and His Apostles; these are our faith; lo! Here are our arms, shield, and sword . . . in these we pray and desire to persevere unto death, as we have seen our elders also do." [3] Anticipating the well-known saying of Chillingworth, the great Culdee missionary exclaims, "The Bible, the Bible is the religion of Columbites." So much for the foundation of the Columban Church.

We come to the other point. What of the crowning rite in the worship of the two churches—the eucharist and the mass. Was the eucharist of Iona substantially the same as the mass of Rome? An attempt has been made by recent ecclesiastical writers to establish, at least, strongly insinuate, that the Columban eucharist and the Roman mass were substantially the same. We find, for instance, a recent historian, not of the Romish communion, saying, "The doctrine of the Scottish Church, in regard to the eucharist, was in accordance with the ritual by which it was celebrated. Its sacrificial character was distinctly recognised, and it was believed that after consecration the bread became the body of Christ. This much is implied in the passages which allude to the eucharist, but in none of them is there any attempt to define the mystery."[4]

To what does this statement amount? It amounts to this even, that the two essential principles in the mass were constituent parts of the Columban theology; for when the writer uses the term "sacrificial," we must understand him as using it in the sense of expiatory, and when he speaks of the body of Christ, we must understand him as referring to that which becomes literal by consecration. If this is not the meaning of the terms, they have no bearing whatever on the point they are adduced to establish, and the passage is a platitude and nothing more.

An earlier writer, Father Innes, of the Roman Church, quoting a number of phrases which Adamnan and Ciminius make use of when speaking of the eucharist, [5] argues from them that the Columbite doctrine of the Supper was the same in substance with that of the Church of Rome in his own day, and in all former ages. In thus gravely affirming that the Elders of Iona in the days of Adamnan believed substantially in transubstantiation and the sacrifice of the mass, and expressed this belief in the rites of their worship, he assumes his readers to be ignorant, though he himself could not possibly have been so, that the dogma of transubstantiation was not even heard of till nearly two hundred years after Adamnan had gone to his grave, and not till other seven centuries had passed away was the mass decreed to be a propitiatory sacrifice. How these two notable doctrines of the Roman theology should have come to be known in Iona so many centuries before they were known in Rome, Father Innes does not explain.

This one consideration alone might be held to settle the question, Was the Columban eucharist and the Roman mass identical? For to show that it was impossible for a thing to have existed, is to show that it did not exist. But the writers to which we refer are not in the habit of permitting themselves to feel discouragement, much less dismay, in the presence of the most tremendous difficulties. They see no absurdity in maintaining that Columba took precedence of Boniface by five centuries, and that while the system of Popery was only in embryo on the Seven Hills, it had reached its maturity on the Rock of Iona, and blossomed into the crowning doctrines of transubstantiation and the mass. Hence the assertions to which we are so often called to listen, that the early Christianity of Scotland was Romanism, that we rendered evil for good at the Reformation when we cast down the altars of a church which had been our first instructress, and abjured a faith which our nation had been taught in its cradle. So stoutly is this maintained, that it becomes necessary to look at the kind of proof which is offered in its support.

The point has not been proved when it is shown that the early church sometimes called the sacramental symbols "the body and blood of Christ," or styled the Lord's Supper "an offering," or spoken of Christ as "present in the sacrament." The question here is not, Did the ancient Church believe in a *spiritual* presence of Christ in the sacramental action, and in a *spiritual* presence of Christ in the sacramental action, and in a spiritual communication of Him to the worthy receiver? The writers to which we refer know well that this is not the question. The question is, Did the ancient Church believe the consecrated bread to be literally and corporately the Savior? Neither is the question, Did that Church call the elements the body and blood of Christ? For all antiquity called the consecrated elements so, as our Lord Himself did at the first Supper. Our Reformers called the bread and wine in the sacrament the body and blood of Christ; so did Calvin style them; and the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the descendant, as we hold, of the Columban Church, speaks of them at this day as the body and blood of Christ," in themselves decide nothing. They may indicate a material fact or a spiritual doctrine; a change wrought by the priest's potency, resulting in a physical product, or a change wrought by the recipient's faith, resulting in a spiritual benefit. The question to be ascertained from history is, in which of the two senses, the figurative or the literal, were the words used?

They were used figuratively only. On this point the evidence is abundant. Let it be observed that the early church called everything presented to God or laid on His table an "offering," an "oblation," or a "sacrifice." Therefore, the use of these phrases by the early Scottish Church proves nothing. Commenting on Hebrews x. 3, Sedulius, the well-known theologian and commentator of the ninth century, [6] says: "A remembrance is made of sin, whilst every day, and year after year, a victim was offered for sins. But *we* offer daily for a *remembrance* of our Lord's passion, once performed, and of our own salvation, the sacrifice of bread and wine." Nor is this all. In his commentary on the second chapter of Colossians he lays it down as a settled canon of exposition, "That where the *truth* is present there is no need of an *image*." [7] Expounding the institution of the Supper is contained in I Corinthians xi., Sedulius anticipates Zwingle, not in the substance of his doctrine only, but also in the figure which he employees to illustrate it: "Do this in remembrance of Me." Having quoted these words of Christ, he goes on: "He left us His remembrance, just as one setting out for a far away country leaves behind him some pledge to him whom he loves, that as often as he beholds it he may be able to call to mind his benefits and friendships." Again, on verse 29, he adds: "Not discerning the Lord's body, that is, making no difference between it and common food." [8] Here the rite is seen simply and holy, even as it was beheld at the first table, and as it was to be again beheld in the sixteenth century, when, emerging from the ghastly obscuration of the Middle Ages, it became once more the simple, beautiful, and touching memorial of the death of Christ it was designed to be.

We adduce the testimony of Claudius Scotus in the ninth century. "Our Savior's pleasure," says he, "was first to deliver to His disciples the *sacrament* of His body and blood, and afterwards to offer up the *body itself* on the altar of the cross. For as bread strengthens the body, and wine works blood in the flesh, so the one is *emblematically* referred to Christ's body, the other to his blood." [9] There is here a plain distinction between the sacrament and the body The one is the *sacrament* of the *body*, that is, the sacred sign or instituted symbol of the body, the other is the body itself. Nor does the commentator leave us to mere inference: he tells us in express words that the one is the *emblem* of the other; even

as Augustine had defined a sacrament to be "the sign of a sacred thing."[10] Not less Protestant is the verse of Sedulius the poet. Celebrating the Supper in song, he asks, Who else is "present in it but its great Institutor, the true Melchizedeck, to whom are given gifts that are his own, the fruit of the corn, and the joys of the vine"? [11]

In truth, it was impossible for the divines of that age to think or write of the sacrament of the Supper in any other way. No one had yet hinted that the *elements* on the table were other than they seemed, simple bread and wine, though set apart from a common to a holy use, and not dreaming that their meaning could possibly be misunderstood, they spoke of them all the more freely at times as the "body and blood of Christ." But soon, like some phantom of the night, transubstantiation arose, challenging the belief of an amazed and stupefied Christendom. The year 831 is a memorable one in the annals of ecclesiological development. In that year an enormity, which four hundred years after came to bear the barbarous name of transubstantiation, had its first conception in the human mind. In 831 it appeared the book of Paschasius Radbertus, a French monk, in which for the first time it was propounded to the world that the body of Christ in the sacrament is the very same which was born of the Virgin, and was nailed to the cross. The whole Western Church was astounded. The greatest theologians of the age declared the notion to be absolutely new, and offered it their most strenuous position. Nowhere was the repudiation of this stupendous novelty more emphatic than in the Scottish Church and her allied branches. In the front rank of its opponents were the Scoto-Irish divines, among whom was Johannis Scotus, Erigena, the founder of the University of Paris. Scotus was then residing at the Court of Charles the Bald of France, and that monarch called upon him to enter the lists against Paschasius. The great Culdee scholar responded to the royal call, and wrote a book in condemnation of the revolting dogma, for so did the French Church of that age regard it. Another distinguished divine, Bertram by name, took part with Scotus in his war against the new and monstrous proposition. The book of Bertram, written in refutation of Paschasius, is still extant, and occupies a distinguished place with the Bible in the Index Expurgatorius of Rome. The work of Johannis Scotus had ultimately a different though a not less honourable fate. About two hundred years after, when the doctrine of transubstantiation, strengthening as the darkness deepened, began to

make way in Germany and France, Berengarius stood forth as its uncompromising opponent. To maintain himself in the storm of persecution which is bold defence of the truth drew upon him, he appealed to the work of Scotus, as showing that his own views of the sacrament were those of the Church of the ninth century. This drew the tempest upon the book of Scotus without diverting it from Berengarius. The work of our countryman had the honour of being committed to the flames by order of Pope Leo IX., A.D. 1050. But this title has been preserved in the records of the age, and remains to this day to witness to the orthodoxy of the Scoto-Irish Church, and of the Church universal, on the head of the sacrament, till towards the opening of the tenth century. That title runs thus: "The Sacraments of the Altar are not the real Body and Blood of Christ, but only the commemoration of his Body and Blood."[12]

Nor does the use of the term "altar" on the part of the early church in the least assist the Romanist in his argument. It is admitted that the phrase often occurs in the records of early Christianity, but the question is as before, in what sense was the phrase used? History furnishes us with an answer which is nowadays doubtful. The "altar" of the early church was a wooden table. The "mass" of the early church was a commemorative offering or sacrifice of bread and wine, and the "priesthood" that stood around the table on which this sacrifice was laid were the Christian people, their worship being led by the officiating minister. We find no Roman dogma under the "altar" of the primitive church when historically interpreted. We can see neither sacrificial meaning nor expiatory virtue in the simple offering of bread and wine on the wooden table, transubstantiation and the mass being yet a great way off, and neither in the sight nor in the thought of the early church. All as yet is natural, simple, and spiritual. How absurd, then, is it for the Romanist to maintain that these terms were used by the early church as expressions or symbols of ideas and dogmas which were then, and for many centuries afterwards, unheard of in the world! And it is equally absurd to attempt fastening upon the Columban Church the belief of these undiscovered theological enormities, simply because she made use of the same phraseology when speaking of her religious services which was employed by the whole early church of Christ, that church being ignorant of what unthought-of things the future was to bring forth. The argument of the Prelatist and

the Romanist is really this, that seeing the Roman Church after her declension continued to apply to her newly-invented novelties of doctrine and worship the phraseology which the early church had employed concerning a very different doctrine and worship, therefore the Roman dogmas, though not yet promulgated, were the belief of the Primitive church; and of the church of Columba also. It is a hard task, verily, which these reasoners impose upon themselves. We will not say that they are arguing with conscious absurdity; on the contrary, we willingly admit that they believe in the soundness of their position, for otherwise we cannot account for the persistence with which they press their view upon others, and the boldness with which they maintain an argument which all outside their circle see to be preposterous

Let us mark how the picture which Cave gives us of the worship of the early church corroborates what we have said. The strict accuracy and truth of his "Primitive Christianity" have not been questioned, certainly not disproved. "As for *ALTARS*," says he, "the first Christians had no other in their churches than *decent Tables* of wood, upon which they celebrated the holy eucharist. These, ‘tis true in allusion to those in the Jewish temple, the fathers generally called altars; and truly enough might do so, by reason of those sacrifices they offered upon them, namely, the commemoration of Christ’s sacrifice, in the blessed sacrament, the sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving, and the oblation of alms and charity for the poor, usually laid upon these tables, which the apostle expressly styles a sacrifice. These were the only sacrifices, for no other had the Christian world for many hundreds of years, which they then offered upon their altars, which were much of the same kind with our communion tables at this day."[13]

The simplicity of the early church was retained at Iona. The "altar" in the monastery of Columba was a wooden table. The sacrifices offered upon it, of which Adamnan so often speaks, were the simple offerings of bread and wine. And so, too, as regards the altars of the Columban churches throughout Scotland: they were wooden tables. Even after King Malcolm Canmore had introduced popery with its stone altars and their rich symbolic embellishments, the Culdees stuck to their "honest wooden tables. We are told of the Culdees of St Andrews that they "celebrated the eucharist in a corner of the church," doubtless at their wooden table,

and that "this was the Culdee manner of celebrating the sacraments." [14] Dr. Lindsay Alexander puts the right interpretation upon this statement when he says: "They administered the sacred ordinance in a way totally different from the Romish Ritual, not at the altar, but in a corner of the church—not with the ceremonial of the mass, but with simplicity and humility."[15] And such, too, were the altars of the early church of Ireland. The bread and wine of the eucharist were presented on wooden tables. These continued in use in Ireland in many places, at least, down to the end of the twelfth century. When the bishops of Adrian IV, and the soldiers of Henry II. (1155) conquered Ireland, and bound the yoke of popery upon the necks of its sons, it is significant that the wooden tables were cleared out and altars of stone substituted.

We quote in proof the constitutions and canons made by John Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, and confirmed by Pope Urban III. in 1186. The first canon "prohibits priests from celebrating mass on WOODEN TABLES, *according to the usage of Ireland*, and enjoins that in all monasteries and baptismal churches altars should be made of stone. And if a stone of sufficient size to cover the whole surface of the altar cannot be had, that, in such a case, a square entire polished stone be fixed in the middle of the altar, where Christ's body is consecrated, and of a compass broad enough to contain five crosses and the foot of the largest chalice. But in chapels, chantries, and oratories, if they are necessarily obliged to use wooden altars, let the mass be celebrated on plates of stone, of the before-mentioned size, firmly fixed in the wood."[16]

With the change in the altar has come a change in the spirit of the worship. This sacrifice is no longer one of thanksgiving and commemoration: it is one of expiation, and can be fittingly offered on an altar of stone only—although the altar on Calvary was of wood. Neither are the materials of the sacrifice the same: the bread and wine have undergone a change strange and awful: they embody a stupendous mystery, for which Christendom has as yet found no name, and which it has not dared to define, but which continues to shape itself more and more into dogmatic form, till at last Innocent III., in the thirteenth century, gives it dogmatic decree, and, coining a new name for the new prodigy, calls it Transubstantiation, and commands it to be piously received and believed by all the faithful.

The use of the term "mass" in the early church would seem to favour even more the Romanist contention, yet, when examined, it is found to possess not one particle of weight in the argument. Nothing is more easy of explanation than the simple and natural, we might say Protestant, use of the term "mass" by the primitive church. When the sermon was ended, and the Supper was to be administered, the catechumens, and all others not members of the congregation, were bidden depart. The church was careful to exclude from participation in the eucharist all whose knowledge was defective or whose lives were unholy. This was called the dismissal, or the *missio*. In no long time the term—*missio*—was appropriated to the ordinance which followed immediately on the departure of the ordinary hearers, in which the "faithful" only were permitted to take part. Such was the origin of the term "mass," which was in use for ages before transubstantiation was decreed or the ceremonial of the Roman mass enacted. Let us hear Cave. Whose statement is in strict accordance with all ancient history on the point.

"No sooner was the service thus far performed," says Cave, "but all who were under baptism or under the discipline of penance, i.e., all that might not communicate at the Lord's table, were commanded to depart, the deacon crying aloud, *Osoi kathcoumeuoi proelqete*. Those that are catechumens go out. In the Latin Church the form was Ite MISSA EST; depart, there is a dismission of you: *missa* being the same with *missio*; as *missio*, oft used in some writers for remissio, and so the word missa is used by Cassian, even in his time, for the dismission of the congregation. Hence it was that the whole service, from the beginning of it until the time that the hearers were dismissed, came to be called *Missa Catechumenorum*, the mass or service of the catechumens, as that which was performed afterwards as the celebration of the eucharist was called *Missa Fidelium*, the mass or service of the faithful, because none but they were present at it; and in these notions and no other word is often to be met with in Tertullian and other ancient writers of the Church. 'Tis true, that in process of time, as the discipline of the catechumens wore out, so that the title which belonged to the first part of the service was forgotten, and the name *missa* was appropriated to the service of the Lord's supper, and accordingly was made use of by the Church of Rome to denote that which they peculiarly call the mass,

or the propitiatory sacrifice of the altar, at this day. And the more plausibly to impose this delusion upon the people, they do with a great deal of confidence, muster up all those places of the fathers where the word *missa* is to be found, and apply it to their mass; though it would puzzle them to produce but one place where the word is used in the same sense in which they use it now, out of any genuine and approved writer of the Church for at least the first four hundred years."[17]

A shadow of this ancient custom has continued to linger in the Greek Church to our own day. We find a recent traveller in the East thus describing a scene which he witnessed in St. Sophia, the venerable cathedral of Justinian at Constantinople. "The Epistle and Gospel for the day having been read, the Liturgy of the common service proceeded to its close, when the catechumens, according to primitive eastern custom, were, with a blunt force, bidden depart, although, now, nobody stirs, or is at all expected to do so. The liturgy of the faithful, as it is called, or of the members of the church proper, then began, which bore from its commencement on the dispensation of the Holy Communion."[18]

One cannot help wishing that the age of miracles would return, and that Columba would rise from his grave and tell us what he thinks of those who put this strange sense into his words, and whether he judges them true interpreters of his meaning. We can imagine the warmth with which he would repudiate the belief of notions which were only then beginning to have their first feeble inception in certain minds, and which it required seven centuries to bring to dogmatic form and embody in church ritual. Not a little astonished, perhaps not a little indignant even would he be to find himself claimed as a disciple of doctrines which had not in his day found expression in human language, and which, when announced to the world three centuries afterward, startled and amazed it, and drew forth from an unanimous Christendom a declaration that till not these doctrines had been unheard of, and were as revolting as they were novel. But there is no need to bring up Columba or any of the Columban fathers to tender their evidence on the point.

These Fathers speak to us in the records of the past. The missionaries nurtured in the school of Columba and sent forth by his church, preached with one voice that Christ's sacrifice was finished, that redemption was

complete, and that the bread and wine on the communion table were the simple memorials of a death accomplished once for all, and never to be repeated. In their sermons and writings we hear the voice of Columba. The testimony of history is as decisive as a witness from the dead could be; and they who refuse to yield to its force would, we fear, remain equally unconvinced although Columba himself should rise from his tomb.

ENDNOTES

1. Bede, *Lib*. iii. c. 4.
2. Columban. Epist. Ad S. Gregor Papam. In *Biblioth. Vet. Pet.*
3. Columban. Epist. Ad Patres Synodi cujusquam Gallicanae, super quaestione Paschae congregatae.
4. *Ecclesiastscal History of Scotland, by George Grubb, A.M. Vol. i. 146. Edin., 1861.*
5. We give a few samples: "Sacra eucharistiae mysteria," "Sacorosancta mysteria," "Sacrificale mysterium," "Sacrae oblationis mysteria," "Sacrae eucharistiae mystyeria consecrare," "Sacram oblationem consecrantis," "Christi corpus ex more conficere."—*History*, p. 167.
6. He was abbot of Kildare, and that he was the author of the *Commentaries of the Epistles of St. Paul* is the belief of the most eminent antiquarian historians, as Labbe, Mabillon, Bayle, Dr Lanigan, and others.
7. "Imagine non opus est, veritate presente."—Sedul. On Col. C. ii.
8. "Id est non discernens ipsuma a cibo communi."—Sedul., 1 Cor. xi.
9. Claudius on Matt. chap. Iii.
10. "Signum sacrae rei."
11. Coelius Sedulius, *Carmen Paschal*, Lib. iv.
12. Dupio, Cent. Ix. C. 7. Besides the title, a few extracts from the work of Scotus have been preserved, as for instance: "The things that take place at the altar are done in show, not in reality." Specie geruntur ista, non veritate.
13. Cave's *Primitive Christianity*, Part I. chap. vi. pp. 142, 143. Lond., 1672.
14. "Keledei namque in angulo quodam ecclesia quae modica nimis erat, suum officium more suo celebrabant."—*Historia Beati Reguli*. Pinkerton's *Enquiry,* vol. i. p. 464.
15. Dr. W. L. Alexander's *Iona*, pp. 115, 116. Prelatic and Romanist historians sometimes give themselves very high airs. They speak as if

they had a monopoly of learning and historic insight, and were alone entitled to pronounce on any historic point. Their ipse dixit is delivered as if it were entitled to pass current without examination or challenge. Mr. Grubb, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, sneers at Dr. Lindsay Alexander (pp. 145, 146) for the statement quoted in the text, even that the Culdees "administered the sacred ordinance in a way totally different from the Romish ritual." And he gives this as an example of the "assertions of the most absurd description" which "have been made and repeated on this" (the administration of the Supper) "as on many other points connected with the doctrine and discipline of the Columbites." We are not aware that Mr. Grubb is entitled to sneer at Dr. Lindsay Alexander on any ground. We know, at all events, that in the present case it is Mr. Grubb who is open to the charge of advancing an "assertion of the most absurd description" in connection with the doctrine and discipline of the Columbites. He refutes the statement of Dr. Alexander by quoting the words of Adamnan and Cuminius: "Sancti Columbae, ante altare stantis, et sacram oblationem consecrantis." Behold holy Columba standing at the altar, and consecrating the sacred oblation. The words prove nothing as regards the question at issue, and as a refutation of Dr. Alexander they are utterly frivolous. All they prove is this, that Adamnan, along with the whole early church, called the communion table an altar, and the bread and wine an oblation. If Mr. Grubb shall insist that they prove more than this—that they have a Roman sense, that the terms. "altar" and "oblation" imply transubstantiation and sacrifice—then Mr. Grubb must show how that was possible in the case of words used centuries before either name or thing was invented. When Mr. Grubb had done this, they he will be entitled to rebuke Dr. Alexander for committing an absurdity.

16. Ware's Bishops, by Harris, Dublin. Article *Comyn*.

17. Cave, Primitive Christianity, Part I. chap. ix. pp. 282-284

18. *Christianity East and West: an Ecclesiastical Pilgrimage*, by Thomas Grieve Clark, p. 277. London, 1889.

CHAPTER VIII.

A.D. 942—971.

REIGNS OF MALCOLM I.—INDULF—DUFF—CULLEN—SCOTLAND'S ONE TALENT.

Malcolm I., son of Donald, was the successor of Constantine, the monarch whom we saw, in a former chapter, descending from the throne to pass his age in the Culdean Monastery of St. Andrews. With Malcolm I. there opens a series of obscure reigns which it were tiresome and wholly without profit minutely to chronicle. Constantine had left to his successor a legacy of political troubles, the settlement of which occupied the first years of Malcolm's reign. The task was a difficult one. The spirit of the nation had sunk low, its arms tarnished, its bravest leaders fallen in battle, and violence lifting up its head in the provinces, but the new king grappled manfully with the evils that confronted him on all sides. He first put himself right with his neighbours in England; he next gave the Danes to know that it was at their peril should they set foot on Scottish earth while he filled the throne. Finally, he addressed himself to the work of restoring order at home. He purged his tribunals from the corruption of venal judges. He coerced by the terrors of his justice those whom the sense of equity and honesty could not restrain. He repressed with a firm hand the lawlessness which had grown up under the former reign. These measures made every peaceable man his friend; but they made all who delighted in robbery and pillage—and they were not few—his enemies. He was occupied in pursuing some robbers in Moray, and attempting to make the power of his sceptre felt beyond the Spey, the boundary of Alban, when he perished by the dagger of an assassin. The Pictish Chronicle says that the men of Moerne slew him at Feteresso, in the parish of Fordun, Kincardineshire; "but the later chronicles remove the scene of his death farther north, and state that he was slain by Ulurn by the Moravienses, or people of Moray." [1] St Berchan places his grave at Dunotter. Malcolm's death took place in A.D. 954, in the thirteenth year of his reign.

Malcolm I. was succeeded by Indulf, the son of Constantine The most notable event of Indulf's reign was a fresh invasion of the Danes. These

visits, which were growing more familiar but not more welcome, came to brace the patriotism of the nation when in danger of becoming relaxed. The Norsemen crossed the sea in a fleet of fifty ships. They ravaged the southern shores of England. Intent, however on gathering more booty before returning to their own country, they sailed northward and entered the Firth of Forth. Their appearance spread terror along both shores of the Firth. The timid left their houses and fled. The courageous hastened to the beach, and mustered in such force that the Danes deemed it prudent to withdraw. Dropping down the Firth past the May, their galleys crept round the "neuk" of Fife and entered the estuary of the Tay. Again a phalanx of determined combatants lined the shores of the river, and the invaders saw that neither here was there safe landing place. They sailed away, and coasting along the shores of Angus and Mearns, they arrived off Buchan, searching all the way for unguarded creek, or bay into which they might run their galleys and let loose their ravaging hordes like a flock of vultures upon the land. The coast bristled with defenders ready to grapple with the foe should he dare to land and throw him back into the waves. The invaders put their helms about and bore away to the Danish shore. It was a feint. After vanishing in the blue, they suddenly reappeared. Finding the coast unguarded, they landed unopposed in Banffshire near Cullen. Brief time was given them to pillage and slay. Indulf soon came up with them, and the two armies were installed in hot combat. The Danes were worsted and driven to their ships, and hoisting sail, this time in earnest, they made off to their own country. King Indulf had fallen in battle, and the throne of Scotland was again vacant. [2]

One other event in Indulf's short reign of eight years must we note. His father, Constantine, fleeing before Athelstan, had abandoned the Lothians, and with the Lothians a city destined one day to be the capital of Scotland, to the English. What the father lost the son recovered; for in Indulf's days Edinburgh took its place once more among Scottish cities, not again to come into possession of strangers, or be ruled by any but a Scottish sceptre. [3]

Duff, the Black (962), was the new king. He was an excellent prince, if the uncertain records of these far off times may be believed. Fordun calls him a man of dovelike simplicity, yet the terror of rebels, thieves, and robbers. Cullen, the son of his predecessor, attempted to seize his

throne, in violation of what in those days was the established order of succession, even, that the brother or nephew and not the son succeeded the deceased monarch. Cullen carried his cause to the battle-field and was defeated. Among the slain was Dunchad, Abbot of Dunkeld.[4] One wonders what business he had in the battle at all. The incident, however, is significant. It tells us that a great change had now taken place in the office of abbot. The temporal possessions of the abbacies had been disjoined from the spiritual duties of the office, and these institutions had come to have a dual head. The lands, converted into a hereditary lordship, were owned by families of high rank, and the spiritual duties were performed by a prior. This enables us to understand why an abbot should appear in arms on the field, and his corpse be found among the slain when the fight had ended.

Duff the Black had vindicated on the battlefield his right to reign, but now he was attacked by an enemy from whom arms were powerless to defend him. The king was seized with a strange disorder. His physicians did not understand his malady; they certainly failed to cure it, and accordingly they found it convenient to refer it to a cause which their art did not enable them to cope with. The king, it was said, was pining away under the withering power of wicked spells. His illness shut him out from superintending in person the administration of justice, and this was almost tantamount to a suspension of government; for unless the king were present to pass sentence, and see it carried into execution, crime went unpunished. The king's sickness was a golden opportunity for the thief and the robber. The lawless waxed the bolder from the confident belief that the king was on his death-bed, and would never again put himself at the head of affairs. Duff, however, falsified these evil auguries. Shaking off his malady, he arose from his couch, to the terror of the evil-doer, and proceeded to call to account marauders of every degree, from the serf to the noble. The king, according to the later chroniclers, visited the counties of Moray and Ross, which had become hotbeds of arson and rebellion. He succeeded in apprehending the ringleaders, and, bringing them to Forres, he made them be publicly executed. But this act of righteous vengeance, which the king hoped might inspire a salutary dread of law in districts were it was flagrantly set at nought, gave moral offence to the governor of the royal castle of Forres. Among those who had expiated their crimes on the gallows were

some of the governor's and his wife's relations, for whose lives they are said to have made supplication to the king in vain. They waited their opportunity of revenge. On his way to the south the king halted to pass the night at the castle of Forres. Occupied in tracing to their haunts robbers and outlaws the king's fatigues had been great, and his sleep was deep. The guards at his chamber door were drugged. At midnight two assassins were admitted into his bedroom, and these promptly did their cruel work. [5] How was the gashed and mangled corpse of the monarch to be disposed of? The morning would reveal the bloody deed of the night. In the darkness the current of a neighbouring river was diverted from its course, a grave was hastily dug in the bed of its channel, and when the body of the murdered king had been deposited in it, the waters were again turned on, and the stream was made to flow in its accustomed bed. The spot where the royal corpse was hidden was near or under the bridge of Kinloss. The regicide, despite this ingenious device for concealing it, did not long remain undiscovered, nor did its perpetrators escape the punishment their crime merited. The body of the king was exhumed and carried to Iona. His death is placed in 967.

Cullen, the son of Indulf, who, as we have seen, had attempted to snatch the crown from the brows of a worthier man than himself, now held the sceptre. The power he had so ardently coveted he now lawfully possessed, but notoriously and shamefully abused. There is a consent amongst historians that Cullen, the son of Indulf, was one of the worst kings that ever reigned over the Scots. He set no bounds to his licentious pleasures. John Major calls him "the Scottish Sardanapalus." [6] He infected the youth of the nation with a vice which of all others saps manly virtue, and is fatal to noble resolve. The cares of government were neglected: the nobles fled from his court, and the people were fleeced to maintain the revels of the palace. Such a course could have no other than a violent ending. An assembly of the Estates met at Scone to concert measures for correcting the disorders of the State. Cullen was invited to meet them, and on his way thither he was waylaid and slain at Methven by Rohard, Thane of Fife, into whose family his liaisons had brought dishonour and distress. He had reigned four years and six months. [7]

Scotland, at this hour, gave but small promise of ever attaining the high destiny to which it seemed to be so surely and so rapidly advancing

under Columba and his immediate successors. Its strength had been weakened in the way; it had turned aside from the only road that led to the goal which in former years it had so eagerly striven to reach. It looked as if fated to fall back into its primeval barbarism, and never see the good land of a perfected spiritual and political liberty. Scotland had received but one talent: it was therefore all the more incumbent on it to preserve that one talent, and trade with it, and turn it to the best possible account. Some of its neighbours had received ten talents. They had been gifted with ample territories, with a fertile soil, with a delicious climate, and the arts and letters which their ancestors had perfected and transmitted to them. But none of these rich endowments had fallen to the lot of the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." Scotland had received but one talent, and that one talent was Bible Christianity. If it should trade upon it and wax rich and great, and outstrip its neighbours with their ten talents, well; but if it should fold its one possession in a napkin and bury it in the earth, what had Scotland besides? It had squandered its all, and had nothing before it in the ages to come but poverty and serfdom.

This was now no mere untried theory to the Scots. They had tested the power of their one talent, and seen that it had in it the promise of a richer recompense to those who should trade with it in the market of the world than all the ten talents of their neighbours of France and Italy and other countries. It was Iona, in other words Bible Christianity, which had made Scotland to burn like a lamp in ages not long gone by. It was this which drew kings and princes from afar to its shore, and made them proud to breathe its air, and converse with its wise men, and be taught the wisdom of its schools. When Iona arose the fires of Baal ceased to blaze, and the cruel sacrifices of the Druid were no longer offered. Then Scot and Pict, instead of meeting in deadly strife on the battlefield, met in peaceful assembly in the sanctuary. The painted Caledonian disappeared from his native straths and hills: the savage transformed into the civilized. The plough went forth to make war upon an ancient sterility, and bid the barren field rejoice because the time had come for the springing of flowers and the waving of golden harvests. Commerce was putting forth her earliest buds in that tender spring time. The artisan was perfecting the cunning of his right hand in homely achievements. Architecture was training its infant skill for the erection of more

pretentious structures than the wattle-built hut. The loom was sending forth fabrics of finer textures and richer colours, which shewed that the weaver's art was as yet far from having reached the limits of its resources. The trader had begun to make ventures beyond seas, and the return visits of the foreign merchant gave a powerful stimulus to the industry of the country by the proffered interchange of home commodities with foreign products. The marvellous transformation now passing on the face of the country was the work of influences as silent but as irresistible as those by which Spring transforms the landscape bringing it out of death into life and beauty; but all these influences had their fountain-head in Iona. Scotland was trading with its one talent, and reaping an hundredfold.

But the men of the tenth century only dimly apprehended all this. Their fathers of the sixth and seventh saw it clearly, and knew what they did when they laid the foundations of Iona. They called into existence a church, simple and pure, whose glorious mission is should be to redress the moral and spiritual balance of Christendom which had been destroyed by the corruption of Christianity in its original seats, and so repair the wrong done the world by churches which had betrayed their great trust. It was a bold enterprise, but they acted in faith, and faith is the truest foresight and highest statesmanship. Its work alone endures, rising triumphant over opposition and temporary defeat, and surviving those changes and revolutions which sweep away the clever schemes of the mere Church and State politician, and bury the name and fame of their author in oblivion. But the men of the tenth and eleventh centuries in Scotland had waxed weak in a virtue which has been the strength of all strong men in every age, and which was eminently the strength of their fathers. "What good," they had begun to ask, "will this old-fashioned creed do us?" It may have served to guide our fathers, but our sky is brightening apace with a new light! Surely we shall not err if we exchange the pale and dying ray of Iona for the rising glory of that ancient and apostolic church which has her seat on the Seven Hills. Let us not be singular; let us not separate ourselves from the rest of Christendom; let us not dwell always outside the habitable world. So spoke many of the Scots. How plain is it that they had begun to despise their "one talent," and were burying it in the earth.

A decline had set in which called for an immediate corrective. That

spiritual force which had its seat in the hearts of the people, and, though unseen, acted night and day upon the nation, ministering nurture and upholding order, was largely withdrawn, and unless some terrible danger shall arise to absorb all passions in the one great passion of enthusiasm for country, the nation will consume and waste away in the enmities, the outrages, and the bloody feuds, which, in the relaxation of their great bond of cohesion, have already deformed the country, and, continuing to operate, will ultimately destroy it, converting the glory of the seventh century in to the bye-word of the eleventh. Better that the cruel Viking should burn and slay, than that Scot should fall by the hand of Scot; and that strangers in time to come should point to the fallen country, and say: Its sons perished in no battle for their independence, nor were they crushed by the force of foreign arms; their undoing came from themselves. They allowed their light to go out, and now they sit in darkness.

ENDNOTES

1. *Pict. Chron*. Skene's Celtic Scotland, i. 364, 365.
2. Chron. Pictorum, No. 5. Innes. On the moor west of Cullen are several tumuli of various sizes, believed to be the memorials of this battle.
3. *Chronicon Pictorum*. Pinkerton's *Enquiry*, vol. i. 496.
4. "Bellum inter Nigrum (Duff) et Caniculum (Cullen) super Dorsum Crup, in quo Niger habuit victoriam, ubi cecidit Duchad abbas Duncalden." –*Pict. Chron*. The Annals of Ulster under the year 965 mention a battle among the men of Alban themselves, in which many were slain, and among others the Abbot of Dunkeld.
5. "Vir pacificus, sed tempore ejus partes boreales latrones pertrubarunt, quos dum comprehendere perrexit in cubiculo occisus est."—Major, Hist. *Scot., Lib*. iii. cap. iv.
6. Major, *Hist. Scot*., Lib. iii. cap. iv. In the extract given on a pervious page from the *Chronicles of the Picts* he is styled Caniculus, a whelp, from Cu, a dog; an expression which implies contempt, and would seem to intimate that Cullen was the worthless character which he has been represented.
7. An English chronicle says that Cullen fell in battle with the Britons. It has been suggested that the author probably meant the Scotch lowlanders. Guthrie's *History of Scotland*, vol. i. p. 188; Buchanan, Hist. Scot., Lib.

vi. c. 79. It is also said in the *Pict. Chron.*: "Culen et frater ejus Eochadius occisi sunt a Britonibus."

CHAPTER IX.

REIGN OF KENNETH—BATTLE OF LUNCARTHY—HOUSE OF HAY—ALTERATION OF LAW OF SUCCESSION.

The Scots had halted in their path, or rather they had stepped out of it, and gone aside from the straight course, and they needed to be beaten back to it with the rod of national calamity. In no long time we find them smarting from a stroke, which doubtless they deplored as a misfortune, but which they ought to have accepted as a benefit. There, again, on their eastern coast were the Norse galleys filled with warriors athirst for blood, wielding battle axes rudely fashioned of bog iron, and swords sharpened and tempered by more skilled artisians than the armourers of Scandinavia.

These marauders had crossed the main to load their ships with booty and captives, and go back to their own land and there revel in the spoil. That was all the Vikings thought of or cared for. They had come forth, however, on another errand, though they knew it not. They had been summoned from their fiords to reunite the sundered parties of the Scots, by concentrating in one supreme struggle for independence the passions and energies which meanwhile were being expended on petty personal feuds, and recall to a sense of duty a nation that was becoming unconscious of its high mission.

But first an occupant has to be found for the vacant throne. The dissolute life and brief reign of Cullen had, as we have seen, been brought to a sudden end on the highway by an act of violence which ad been provoked, though not justified, by his own criminal amours. It required some courage, one should think, to sit down on the fatal Stone of Scone, after recent experiences of the cares and risks that waited on royal power in Scotland. Kenneth, the third of that name—an honoured name in the royal line of the Scots—the brother of Duff the Black, was the successor of Cullen. No sooner had he mounted the throne (971) than he addressed himself to the task of setting in order a kingdom which had, as might well be believed, under such a ruler as Cullen, fallen into confusion. It was rare indeed that there was not a smouldering rebellion in one or other of the northern counties. But this danger was greatly aggravated

by an evil which it was more difficult for Kenneth to reach with his arms than insurrections in Lochaber or Ross-shire. The numerous islands which besprinkle the western seas, and which charm the eye of tourist with their picturesque beauty or their rocky grandeur, were in those days so many "cities of refuge," whither the thief, the robber, the manslayer, and the rebel could flee, and where he might defy justice. The difficulty of coping with this evil was the greater from the circumstance that the Norwegians had begun to exercise at times the sovereignty of these islands, and were not unwilling to weaken the power of the kings of Alban by extending their protection to the enemies of their government. If Kenneth could have submerged this harbourage of outlaws and freebooters in the waves of the Atlantic, he would, no doubt, have robbed our western coast of much of its attractiveness, but he would have lightened the cares of his government, and consolidated the peace of his kingdom. He had begun to grapple with the monster evil, and was making some progress in its suppression, when his attention was called away to another quarter of his dominions. Nothing, Kenneth doubtless thought, could be more unfortunate at this moment. It placed the king and the Scottish nation between two fires. On the west were a score of isles about to blaze into insurrection; in the east hung the Norwegian war-cloud, in the dark folds of which slumbered the lightnings.

Never had such a flotilla of Norse war-galleys been seen as now cast anchor off the Red Head on the Angus coast. For some days they did not move from the spot, but hovered above the shore, like a flock of birds of prey, as if they wished to render the inhabitants helpless through terror before swooping down upon them with their battle-axes and sharp-edged swords. It was being debated on board whether they should make their descent on England or on Scotland, England, it was argued, was the richer land, and there they would gather greater abundance of spoil, whereas in the northern and poorer country they could hope to glean but little, and that little with greater peril owing to the fiercer nature of the people. But over against this the Norsemen had to set the consideration that in either case they should be unable to avoid an encounter with the Scots, who might possibly hasten to the help of the English, if only to ward off the danger from themselves, and thus they should have to fight two nations instead of one. The wise men of the Norse council therefore resolved to strike where they were. Rounding the tall cliffs of the Red

Head, their galley entered the estuary of the Esk at Montrose, and the invaders leaping on shore, carried sack and slaughter along the banks of the river; and meeting with no opposition for some days, they extended their ravages southward to the Tay, and westward along the great valley of Strathmore.

The king was at Stirling when the news reached him of this new invasion of the old enemies of his kingdom. Kenneth mustered what forces he had with him, and giving orders for the rest of the population to arm and follow, he set out to meet the invaders. The Viking host had by this time penetrated into the interior and come to Perth. The two armies met near the confluence of the Tay and the Earn. The battle that followed is one of the more famous in the history of these invasions. Both Dane and Scot burned with hereditary hate. What had the pagan Viking to do in this land? It was not his, and the Scot was determined that it never should be his. If he comes here to find a grave, he shall have it; but as regards these mountains and plains, they have been the dwelling of the Caledonian from immemorial time, and what was the possession of our fathers, shall be the possession of our sons. So said the Scots. In this spirit it was that the battle was joined.

It raged with sanguinary fury. What a soft and gracious spot the scene of the conflict looked at sunrise; but before noon, battle had transformed it into a very shambles, frightful to behold, although the rage with which the combatants struggled with one another made them heedless of the horrors around them. Hacked and mutilated trunks, cloven skulls, lopped-off limbs, Dane and Scot stretched out and clutching one another, their faces darkened in death, and their eyes still burning with the fire of battle, strewed the fair meadows on which the conflict took place, and dyed the two rivers which water the valley which war had made as ghastly as it usual aspect is sweet and inviting. The day had gone against the Scots, and they were beginning to escape from the field in terrified crowds. It was now that an incident occurred which turned the fortunes of the battle, and threw a romantic gleam of patriotic heroism over its carnage.

It happened that a stout yeoman and his two sons were ploughing in a field which lay in the track of the fugitives. Indignant at seeing the Scots

turn on their back on the enemy, he stopped his plough, unyoked his oxen, and arming himself and his sons with the implements of their husbandry, he took his stand right in the path of the runaways, and partly by reproaches and partly by blows, he arrested their flight, and compelled them to face about and resume the battle, himself and his two sons heading the fight. Courage is as infectious as cowardice. The old Caledonian war spirit, which had stood its ground before the Roman legions at the foot of those very mountains which looked down upon this battle with the Danes, flamed up in the breasts of the Scots. The Viking host was defeated; and the day, which till now had been full of disaster, and was closing darkly over the Scots, was turned with almost magical quickness into one of victory.

The story, doubtless, has received some embellishments in its transmission downwards, but its historic supports are too numerous to permit of its being regarded as wholly legendary. The incident, in some form, must have occurred, for how otherwise could it have obtained the footing it has got in history, both written and heraldic, as well as in the traditions of the country? The ground itself witnesses to the fact. The broken weapons and the fragments of skeletons which are dug up in it, tell of some long past, but fiercely fought battle. The name of the stout and bold peasant who changed a moment of dire peril to his country into one of glorious triumph was Hay. He entered the field a simple ploughman, he strode out of it a belted knight. If ever after he put hand to plough, it was to till the wide acres which his grateful sovereign gave him as a reward of his valour in the fertile Carse of Gowrie. Thus were laid the foundations of the noble house of Errol.

Boece and Buchanan, and the historians who follow them, have told the adventure of Hay and his two sons in the battle of Luncarty with circumstances not, indeed, impossible or even improbable, but of a character so surprising and romantic as to make the truth of the story be suspected. Why, it has been asked, should Hay and his sons have been ploughing their fields when a desperate battle was raging at no great distance from them? In occurrences like this there are always circumstances involving difficulty which a full narration of details would satisfactorily clear up. Were the whole facts of the case known to us, which they never can be, there is little doubt that the patriotism of Hay

and his sons would stand clear of all suspicion. Against this one objection to the story we have to set numerous concurring testimonies in favour of its actual occurrence. That a battle of a very sanguinary description—was fought with the Danes at Luncarty will, we suppose, be generally granted. That the stout Perthshire yeoman may have come in at a critical moment and turned the fortunes of the battle, is surely not an impossible occurrence. How often has it happened, in both ancient and modern warfare, that the heroism of one or a few men has all at once changed the aspect of conflict and turned defeat into victory? This is the substance of the story, disengaged from its accidental circumstances. That such a feat was performed by Hay we have many corroborative evidences. There is the widespread popular tradition. Boece and Buchanan did not create that tradition. It existed long before their day, and must have had its first origination in an achievement of the character ascribed to Hay. There is, moreover, the armorial bearing given the family of Errol, in which are conspicuous the agricultural implements which their brave ancestor so suddenly converted into weapons of battle to the discomfiture of the Danes. And finally, as corroborative of the achievement, we have the high position of the house of Errol from an early time. Their descendant was High Constable of Scotland in the reign of Robert the First, and if we mistake not, the present representative of this noble house fills the same high office.

After this, Scotland saw some tranquil years. Strengthened by this great victory, the king laid his hand more heavily upon the thieves and robbers that infested the northern countries. He brought in what would now-a-days be called an Option Bill, giving these worthies a free choice between an honest life and the gallows. He taught the nobles reverence for the crown; he threw his shield over the common people, protecting them from rapacious exactions. Arts and agriculture revived in the breathing space given them from the home robber and the foreign plunderer, and Kenneth embraced the opportunity offered him by the quiet and contentment that prevailed to effect an important alteration in the law of succession to the crown, of which we shall speak presently.

After the battle of Luncarty, Kenneth, we are told in the Chronicle of the Picts, built forts on the banks of the Forth, doubtless to prevent the incursions of the Danes. It is interesting to know that in those days the

Forth was liable to be visited by those black fogs which embarrass at times the navigator in the same waters in our day, and which kept Mary Stuart three days on end from landing when she came to take possession of the Scottish throne. In the Saxon Chronicle the Forth is termed Myrcford, the mirk of dark firth; and so does it figure in the Norse sagas, where the name given it is Myrk-va-Fiord. Having done his best to bar the entrance of the Danes into Scotland by way of the Dark Frith, Kenneth set out to ravage Saxonia. History throws no light on the causes which tempted him to the expedition, or the results that flowed from it. Beyond the somewhat improbable statement that the King of the Scots carried captive a son of a king of the Saxons. If Kenneth carried off any one it was probably some Northumbrian ruler of inferior dignity. And here the Chronicle of the Picts closes with the intimation that this King (Kenneth) gave the great city of Brechin to the Lord." [1]

In the early ages of the Scots, and down to the reign of Kenneth III., the crown, as we already said, did not pass directly from father to son. On the death of the monarch it was not the next of kin, but the one of all his relations who was judged the most fit to govern, that was chosen to succeed him. The arrangement was demanded by the state of the country and the character of the Scots. It needed a man of mature understanding and firm will to govern a people so impetuous, and at times so intractable. These qualities were not to be looked for in one of tender years. Accordingly, on the demise of the sovereign, the Estates assembled and chose a successor, taking care only that the person elected, in addition to possessing the requisite qualifications, should be of the royal stock—that is, a descendant of Fergus the First, King of the Scots. The nobles in the main were averse to a change in their ancient law, which had worked well. But the king pressed the matter. He pictured the evils that attended the present mode of election to the throne, the intrigues and contentions of candidates, and the seditions, conspiracies, and wars that sometimes were fostered by disappointed competitors: and he represented on the other side that by enacting that on the death of the king the crown should pass directly to his son, and if that son were of tender age, that a regency, consisting of the wisest in the nation should be appointed till he attained majority, all the advantages of the present system would be retained, and all its inconveniences avoided. To these arguments Kenneth is said to have added others of a more palpable kind to gain the

concurrence of the nobility. Be this as it may, the king carried his project, and the law of succession to the crown, which had obtained since the foundation of the Scottish monarchy, was from that day changed. It was enacted "that the king's eldest son, for the future, should always succeed to the father, whatever his age should be; likewise, if the son died before the father, that the next of kin should succeed the grandfather. That when the king was under age, a tutor or protector should be chosen, being some eminent man for interest and power, to govern in name and place of the king, till he came to be fourteen years of age, and then he had liberty to choose guardians for himself." This change in the law extended to other things besides the throne. The law of succession in private families is said to have been altered or modified at the same time.

Boethius and Buchanan have loaded the memory of this prince, who on all the other transactions of his reign acted a wise and upright part, with the guilt of procuring the death of Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, to make way for the direct succession of his own son. The Scottish king at that time held Cumberland as a feudatory of the English monarch. The arrangement was mutually advantageous, being a bond of amity between the two kingdoms, and a defence to England on its northern boundary against Danish invasion. The governor of Cumberland was commonly regarded as heir-apparent to the Scottish throne. He held an analogous position among the Scots, as Caesar under the early emperors, or as the Dauphin of France or the Prince of Wales in our own day. The management of the little principality was admirable apprenticeship for the government of the larger kingdom. The Prince of Cumberland under Kenneth III. was Malcolm, the son of Duff. He was pre-eminent among the Scottish youth for manly and princely qualities, and his advent to the throne was looked forward to with eager expectation by the nation. It so happened that about the time that Kenneth began to agitate for a change in the law of succession, Malcolm, Prince of Cumberland, died. The king appeared touched with a genuine sorrow for the loss of the prince, and gave him a funeral becoming his rank, and the place he held in the nation's esteem. The fact that the two events—the change of the law of succession, and the death of Malcolm, son of Duff, who stood between Malcolm, son of the reigning sovereign, and the throne—were contemporaneous, or nearly so, has furnished Boethius and Buchanan with presumptive ground for the grave charge they have advanced against

this king. Fordum is silent. All the probabilities of the case appear to us to be against the two historians named and in favour of Kenneth, and we refuse to be partners in affixing so dark a stain on grounds so slight on the memory of a monarch who, during a long reign, and under a variety of conditions, some of them sufficiently hard, had maintained a name unblemished as respects magnanimity and honour.

Nevertheless, Kenneth was far from reaping the advantages he had promised himself from the change he had been so anxious to effect in the constitution of the kingdom. The latter years of his life and reign were clouded by troubles springing out of that very matter. How often, whilst painfully shaping his steps amid domestic snares, he must have wished that the Danes would come back and give the Scottish thanes legitimate vent for their passions and ambitions, by summoning them to the red field of conflict for country! Even after the grave had closed over him, and all earthly tumults around him had been hushed, save that of the western billows where he lay entombed, this measure continued to vex the country, and to yield a harvest of conspiracies and wars.

The story of the king's end has been variously told; one thing is certain, that Kenneth III., like so many of his predecessors, died by violence. He had gone, according to Johannis Major and Hector Boethius, on a pilgrimage to the grave of Palladius, whose bones by this time had acquired a wonderful repute for sanctity, and whose tomb had become a famous resort of pilgrimage. After performing his devotions at the shrine of the saint, the king turned aside to visit the castle of Fettercairn, of which Finella, a sort of Scottish Heroedias, was mistress. This lady, who owed the king a grudge for hanging her son Crathilinth for the crime of making to free with the king's laws and the lives of his subjects, took care that he should not leave her castle alive. Winton, however says that the king was sent away with every token of good will, but that he was slain by horsemen who lay in ambush for him on the road. His death occurred in A.D. 995, and the twenty-fifth of his reign. A funeral cortege is beheld moving slowly westward along the great plain which the Sidlaws bound on the one side and the mightier Grampians on the other. The royal barge, followed by a flotilla of boats carrying numerous mourners, conveys the royal corpse across the Sound of Iona, and the sepulchres of the kings at Icolmkill receive another tenant.

Endnote

1. "Cinadius autem vallavit ripas vadorum Forthin. Primo anno perexist Cinadius, et praedavit Saxoniam, et traduxit filium regis Saxonum. Hic est qui tribuit magnam civitatem Brechne Domino."—*Pict. Chron*. Dr Skene is of opnion that the Pictish Chronicle was written at Brechin in the reign of King Kenneth, seeing it breaks off with the intimation of the gift of this city by Kenneth to the Lord.—*Celtic Scotland*, i. 369.

CHAPTER X.

A.D. 995—1034

MALCOLM II—CESSION OF LOTHIAN TO SCOTS—BATTLES OF MURTLACH AND BARRY—KINGDOM OF SCOTIA.

The first day of Scotland was over, and its second had not yet opened. The visit of Kenneth III. to the tomb of Palladius is a glimpse behind the scenes. It shows that the memory of Columba, Scotland's mightiest name and greatest benefactor, had begun to fade, and that his lamp was growing dim. That lamp was to grow yet dimmer before the new day should shine out. The interval that parted the first from the second and brighter day was filled up with social disorders and political oppressions, under which the nation appeared to be hastening to dissolution. In the career of nations as in that of individuals, it is some only that reach the goal. The most part sink down on the road, and unable to resume the march, remain as wrecks on the highway of the world. Scotland again and again seemed on the eve of being overtaken by this disastrous and dishonourable fate. But ever as the die of its destiny appeared about to be irretrievably cast, the Dane presented himself, and the sight of his war galleys, from which savage faces and cruel eyes looked forth, woke up anew in the breasts of the emasculated Scots their sense of nationality, and gave them once more to feel how exhilarating is the air of the battlefield when the fight is for country and homestead. Thus they were kept from sinking down outright, and carried through the evil years—and they had not yet seen the worst—till the time should come when they would resume their course on the old lines, but with a breadth and enlargement which they had not known in the first ages of their nation.

We have just seen Kenneth III. laid in his grave with the reputation of a great prince, not unworthily won by his efforts on the battlefield to save his country from the grasp of the Danes, and his less warlike but not less patriotic endeavors to maintain the authority of the laws. It was within five years of the close of the tenth century. Calamity is again seen gathering over the country. Hardly are there gloomier pages in its annals than those in which the early chroniclers record the history of the ten years that succeeded the death of Kenneth III. The succession to the

crown was fiercely contested. These contests parted the nation into factions, and brought on civil war. The rapacious nobles took advantage of the confusion and license of the times to oppress the people. Robberies and murders were common. The peaceful pursuits of industry and agriculture were interrupted. The neglect of tillage brought on famine. After famine came pestilence. The miserable inhabitants had no way to flee from the host of evils that pursued them. If they entered the city they were slain by the plague, and if they retired to the country they became the prey of the robber. It was not for the good of the Scots that the Danes should be long absent.

According to the new law of succession as now altered, Malcolm, the son of Kenneth III., was the rightful heir, and ought to have ascended the throne. The funeral obsequies of his parent called him to Iona, and before he could return, Constantin, the son of Cullen, who would have inherited the crown under the old law of tanistry, made himself to be crowned at Scone. He collected a large force, and endeavoured to support his usurpation by arms, but perished on the battlefield after a troubled reign of a year and a half. The throne was next claimed by Kenneth, the son of King Duff. He too perished on the field of war, but not till eight years of calamities had passed over the country. Grim [1] fallen, the son of Kenneth at last ascended his father's throne (A.D. 1005) under the title of Malcolm II. Fordun gives us a brief but vivid sketch of the character and personal endowments of Malcolm. "The people," says he, "were much better pleased with the actions of Malcolm than of Grim; for there was scarcely a man in the kingdom who could equal Malcolm in the exercises of the field, either in his wars or his amusements. Our Historical Annals [2] represent him as skilful in the management of the sword and the lance; and of his bearing to a miracle, hunger, thirst, cold, and the longest watching . . . his great strength and the beauty of his person become the universal theme of applause and praise, till at last the public voice pointed him out as the most worthy of the kingdom."

Malcolm began his reign, as did almost every Scottish king of those days, with an attempt to annex the territory betwixt the Forth and the Tweed to his Kingdom of Alban. He burst into Northumbria at the head of a great army and besieged Durham. The campaign, however, ended in disaster. Malcolm's soldiers were nearly all slain, and the English

celebrated their victory after a ghastly fashion. They topped the walls of Durham with a grisly row of Scottish heads.

The Scottish king renewed this attempt in the year 1018 with better success. Entering Northumbria, he met the English army at Carham on the Tweed, and a great battle followed. The English were routed, and the slaughter was immense, for Simeon of Durham tells us that well-nigh the whole population between the Tweed and the river Tees had been drafted into the army, and were left dead on the field. This terrible calamity, Simeon also informs us, did not happen without prognostication. For thirty successive nights before this great slaughter a comet blazed in the heavens and lighted up the skies of Northumbria with awful terror. The effect of the victory was the cession of the territory lying south of the Forth to the Scots: the Tweed was henceforth the boundary of their kingdom, and a long-cherished object of the Scottish kings had been at last attained.

Sheathing the sword of war, Malcolm unsheathed that of justice. He sent commissioners into all the provinces to see that the laws were enforced against offenders of whatever degree. Soon things began to change. The husbandman resumed his labours, for now he might hope to reap what he had sowed. The tides of commerce, such as they were, began to flow in their old channels. The trader could carry his goods to market without fear of the robber. Life, under so wise and firm a king, began to wear its old aspect.

But more drastic remedies were heeded to restore the tone of the nation. Moral disorders and political antipathies had to a most lamentable extent unloosed its loins and dissolved its vigour. It needed that some great object should combine its strength in a common action. Such occasion arose. The Scots were again summoned to the battlefield to decide not what family or what clan should rule Scotland, but whether there should be a Scotland at all. The nation was at this moment seriously threatened with effacement. The Scots had seen this calamity overtake their neighbours. The ancient race had perished from the soil of south Britain. It had been conquered first by the Angles, next by the Saxons, and it was being overrun at this hour by the Danes. A new people was tilling its fields and occupying the cities of England. The Caledonians all the

while had maintained himself on his native soil, and had given place neither to Roman nor to Dane. But horde after horde from the teeming sea coast of northern Europe were being precipitated upon the little nation. The Scots must gather their energies into a combined effort if they would preserve for the world, as one of its most vitalising forces, their peculiar idiosyncrasy of spirit and fervour of genius. This was now made plain to them. Never before had so numerous an armament been seen on their coast as the fleet of Norse warriors which now entered the mouth of the Spey. It was clear that their purpose this time was not the loading of their ships with spoil, but the subjugation of the country and their permanent settlement in the land. Had they been able to compass their design it is curious to reflect what consequences would have grown from it. The lamp of evangelical Christianity in Scotland would have been extinguished. The divine seeds of the faith, and the consciousness of Scottish nationality, which lay quiescent in the soil during the four hundred dark years that followed, and which burst out afresh in the sixteenth century, would have been trampled utterly out, and would have had no resurrection. Bannockburn would not have been: the Scottish Reformation would not have been: the Solemn League and Covenant, which those who have most deeply studied the history of Europe will be the first to grant saved the liberties of Christendom, would not have been, and the action of the Scottish mind on England and on her vast colonies would not have been. It is impressive to mark that all these consequences hung largely upon the loosing or winning of a battle on the shores of the Moray Firth.

The Scottish king had no warning of the coming of the Vikings, and their landing was unopposed. It was some days before a Scottish soldier appeared, and the invaders meanwhile did their pleasure on the defenceless country. They spread themselves over the rich province of Moray, slaughtering in city and hamlet, and making room with their merciless swords for their own wives and children who were to follow them across the ocean. When intelligence reached Malcolm of the atrocities that were reddening the plains of Moray, he hastily collected a considerable force, and marched to repeal the invaders. The first sight of the Danish host struck the Scots with consternation, their ships were so many and their army was so numerous. But that feeling was soon changed into one of exasperation. The frightful devastation around them

kindled a desire for vengeance, and they could with difficulty be restrained till the necessary arrangements were made for joining battle. They rushed upon the Danes with a blind fury which cost them dear. They were driven back, and Malcolm was carried out of the field badly wounded. This was no auspicious commencement of a struggle on which so much depended for the Scots.

Was the Dane to conquer and leave Scotland as a heritage to his children? This must have been the question that suggested itself to the mind of Malcolm as he led his dispirited troops southward in presence of the victorious Danes. The kingdom of the Norsemen was spreading like an eclipse over the Scottish land. Each new swarm from across the sea penetrated farther into the bowels of the country, and threatened ultimate extinction to that line of rulers who had received their anointing on the "Stone of Destiny." Orkney and Shetland were already theirs. The Hebrides owned their sway. They had added Caithness and Sutherland and Ross to their kingdom. The retreat of Malcolm with his army looked as if Moray next was given up to them. The Danes believed that it had been so, and that the conquest of all Scotland would speedily follow. The had driven out the garrisons and inhabitants of Forres and Elgin. They treated the peasantry in every respect as a conquered people. They compelled them to cut down the corn for their use, and do whatever work they wished to have done. They fortified themselves in the castles on the seaboard like men who had no intention of removing; and sending to their friends at home, they invited them to come and plant themselves in the pleasant land.

The bloody day of Murtlach brought a change in the outlook, although it did not entirely dispel the danger that hung over the country. King Malcolm, who had retreated into Mar, worked day and night to save the monarchy. His efforts were rewarded with a more numerous and better disciplined host than the former. The men of Angus and Mearns, the warlike citizens of Aberdeen and other towns, the yeomen of Fife, rallied to the standard of their king at this great crisis, burning to do battle against the invader of their homes. Malcolm, putting himself at the head of this new army, again marched against the Danes. The two hosts joined battle at Murtlach. The action was contested on both sides with obstinate and desperate valour. The ranks thinned fast. The sword hewed terrible

gaps in them. The corpses lay thick on the field: citizen and yeoman, Dane and Scot, were heaped up together. The living still continued to strive as fiercely as ever around their comrades, locked in the sleep of death, all heedless now of the ebb and flow of the strife. At length there came a turn in the battle, but it was against the Scots. They had sustained terrible losses, not in men only, but in generals. First Kenneth, thane of the Isles, fell mortally wounded. Next Grim, thane of Strathearn, was stretched dead on the field; and finally Dunbar, thane of Lothian, was struck down. The fall of these three chieftains filled the Scots with dismay, and they fell back.

They were not beaten: they had but retreated to rally on stronger ground. At some distance in their rear was a narrow pass, where Malcolm had lain entrenched while occupied in sending the tocsin through the southern countries to rally his fighting men. The Scots halted in this stronghold, and waited with a determined front the arrival of the Danes. The latter, believing that the Scots were discomfited and in flight, came on with an impetuosity which lost them the victory which they thought was already secure. They were slain as they came up by the Scots, who waited for them behind their defences. At this stage of the combat their leader fell, and his death disheartened the Danes. The Scots were in the same proportion inspirited. Malcolm saw that the critical moment had arrived. Rallying his warriors, he attacked the Danes with great fury, and the battle was won. The Danish host retreated into Moray, and took up their winter quarters, the sea and their ships in their rear. The loss of the Scots on the battlefield had been so great that they did not venture to pursue the enemy.

Not yet was Scotland rid of the terror of the Dane. This fierce and warlike foe had determined that the Scot should wear his yoke, and Denmark was then a powerful country. Sweden and Norway were under the Danish Crown, and this struggle of the little Scottish nation for very existence had to be maintained against the combined strength of three kingdoms. The Danes in addition to their continental territories were now masters of England. In 1017 Cnute the Dane became king of the whole of southern Britain, and the Danes wished to round off their possessions in the British Isles by the annexation of Scotland. This must have seemed to them a task of easy accomplishment after what they had already achieved. In

truth the Danes already embraced the little country in their arms. For not only were the islands around its shores the property of the Danes: on the mainland their kingdom came up to almost the feet of the Grampians on the north, leaving only the southern half of the country to be subdued. This ought not to be long in doing. It seemed impossible for the Scots, weakened as they were by the loss of their northern provinces, and of many of their bravest warriors, long to hold their ground. The struggle was an unequal one: so did it appear to the Danes, whose ambition was excited by the rapid growth of their power, and the recent triumph of their arms on both sides of the German Sea. It would have gone as they reckoned but for the personal valour; intrepidity, and patriotism of King Malcolm, who neither despaired himself nor would permit the nation to despair, but kept it alive, bravely battling till he had brought it through this great struggle on which depended far higher issues than perhaps the monarch foresaw.

The Danes had lost the battle of Murtlach, and tidings of their defeat were on their way to Sueno. Sueno was the representative of the Danish power in England, and governor of the realm in his father's room. He received the tidings very coolly. The loss of one battle could be repaired by fighting another. The ill success of the day of Murtlach would cause only a little delay in the conquest of Scotland, and eventuality already assured, and which nothing but their dogged pertinacity prevented even the Scots seeing to be so. Without leaving his place Sueno issued his orders for a more powerful army, drawn partly from the mother country of Denmark and partly from England, to sail for the coast of Scotland. At the head of this great host he put Camus, the most famous Danish captain of the age. The armament destined to close the reign of the race of Fergus, and carry the "Stone of Destiny" to Westminster before its time, appeared at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. A thrill of battle, not of fear, ran through the Scottish counties, and brought to the shore thousands of defenders. Nowhere could the invaders find landing place without having first to fight a bloody battle on the sea. The fleet sailed away to Red Head, behind the precipices of which opens the spacious bay of Lunan, and here they found roomy anchorage and quiet landing. They began their operations by seizing the castles on the coast, for so was their usual strategy, seeing it kept open the way back to their own country, if necessity should arise, by a double line of defence, one of

forts and one of ships. They marched to Brechin, leaving their track over the rich country but too easily traceable. They besieged the castle of Brechin which nature as well as art had fortified, but finding that its capture would too long delay them, they laid the town and church in ashes and departed. Their next encampment appears to have been at Kirkbodo, on the ridge of the Sidlaws, where they had the Romans as predecessors, and where they looked down on the valley of Glamis on the north, and on the long slope that extends on the south the south to the shores of the Tay.

Malcolm meanwhile was not inattentive to the movements of the invading host. He was no more willing to put his sceptre into the hand of Harold of Denmark than Bruce, in an after age, was to put his into the hand of Edward of England. Again the summons to arms went forth, and there flocked to the standard of the king an army of as fierce fighters as the Danes, and who were likely to be none the less brave from knowing that they fought in a better cause. They thought of the day of Murtlach, and of their brothers who were sleeping beneath the gory sod of that terrible field. The battle bequeathed to them by the men who had died there they would maintain with an equal valour. They would sooner lie in the same bloody bed than live as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Danes.

The Scottish king took up his position at Barry, on the northern shore of the Tay. Camus, having information by his scouts of the approach of Malcolm, led down his men from the heights of Kirkbodo to Panbridge, where he could fight with the sea and his ships in sight. Camus had headed the army that conquered England. Those who served under him in this Scottish expedition were veterans. There could await him nothing less than victory in the battle to which he was advancing, and the defeat of the Scots would fall with double force and effect, inasmuch as the blow would be struck, not at the extremities of the kingdom, not in the northern regions, but in the south, in the heart of the country. This must have been strongly felt on both sides, and if it gave hope to Camus it kindled in the Scots, whom Camus saw already vanquished, a courage as fierce as it was fearless.

The two armies were drawn up in order of battle. They stood a day

confronting each other. The issue of the fight either way must be momentous, and neither side seemed in haste to begin it. On the second day the battle was joined. No eye witness gives us the particulars of that eventful field. Tradition alone has preserved the fact of its awful carnage. It speaks of the brook that adjoined the battlefield rolling sea-ward a torrent of blood. Victory was hard to win. Hour after hour the clash of swords and the groans of dying men resounded along the heights of Barry and Panbridge. At length the fortune of the day began to incline to the Scots. The Danish leader, seeing that he had lost the battle, withdrew his forces, and retreated toward the Sidlaws. He was pursued, and, before he had got two miles from the field, overtaken, his followers cut to pieces, and himself felled to the earth by some strong arm which sent the good sword it wielded at a single stroke right through his skull. The spot where Camus fell was named in memory of the event, Camuston, and a tall stone or obelisk in the woods of Panbridge with the rust of nine centuries upon it marks his grave. [3] The rest of the Danish army, under cover of the darkness which had not set in, made their way through the downs and sand hillocks that here line the shore to their ships in the Tay. So ended this memorable day. When it opened the Scottish nationality trembled in the balance: when it closed the Scottish monarchy and nation had received new and stronger guarantees, although at the cost of one of the bloodiest of those many bloody battles which marked the course of that long strife, which gave union and solidity and hardness to the Scottish people, and furnished watchwords to kindle their patriotism in after years when new dangers should present themselves.

These two battles sealed the fate of the Danish project to subjugate Scotland. They showed that it was not to be. Every time the Danish spear touched the Scottish soil it sent a new thrill of life through the Scottish nation, and summoned into existence a new and more powerful phalanx of warriors to defend the country. The Dane at last desisted, for he saw that these repeated attempts were bringing him no nearer to what he sought, but on the contrary were teaching the Scots to beat him, and fatten, alas! the Scottish soil with Danish corpses.

From this time the "Kingdom of Alban" disappeared from the page of history, and the "kingdom of Scotia" comes in its room. This is significant of the advance made by the country under Malcolm II. The blood shed

on his battlefields had not been spilt in vain; on the contrary it had borne good fruit in bringing to the birth the kingdom of Scotland. It was now a century and a half since the Scots and Picts were united under Kenneth MacAlpin. The greater part of that time had been passed in struggles with the Danish and Norwegian power. We now see the final outcome. The two nationalities have been thoroughly amalgamated; the stronger of the two races has come to the front. The supreme effort of the Dane, who had all at once attacked the country from three sides—from England on the south, from Orkney on the north, and from beyond the sea on the east—has been rolled back. The voice of events has unequivocally proclaimed that the future of his country belongs to the Scots. And in meet accordance therewith the Kingdom of Scotland now comes upon the stage. The first historic mention it is in the chronicle of Marianus Scotus. Scotus, a native of Ireland, was born in the reign of this Malcolm, and he records his death as the "King of Scotia" on the 25th November 1034.[1] Prior to this the kings of Alban had sometimes been styled "Kings of the Scots," but never "Kings of Scotia." Ireland was the proper "Scotia" of the early centuries, and the transference of the territorial designation from the one side of the Irish channel to the other is the more emphatic from the fact that the first intimation of that transference comes from an Irishman. By the opening of the eleventh century there had come to be a general consent that the country into which the Scots had migrated, and made good on so many battlefields, their title to possess and govern, would be the Scotland of the future.

Malcolm II. was the last of the male descendants of Kenneth MacAlpin. He had no son, nor was there any male relative in the collateral line to succeed him on the throne. Nevertheless the ancient race of Scotland's kings does not become extinct. The royal line of Fergus, the founder of the Scottish dynasty, and of Kenneth MacAlpin, the first king of the united nation of Scots and Picts, runs on in the female branch. Although Malcolm II, had no son he left two daughters, one of whom was married to Crinan, lay Abbot of Dunkeld. Her son, Duncan as we shall see, succeeded to the throne on the death of his grandfather.

Having ended his wars, Malcolm, it is said, devoted the remainder of his life and reign to effacing the ravages of the sword. He rebuilt the churches burned down by the enemy, and indemnified the clergy by

liberal benefactions for the losses they had sustained. [5] The religious houses were the first to suffer in an invasion. They contained, it was believed, much treasure which might be harried at little risk, seeing its owners were not men of the sword. The dismantled castles were restored, and the plough was set agoing in districts which, trodden by armies and ravaged by plunderers, had become almost a desert. Malcolm is also said to have rewarded with an ample gift of land those nobles who had so bravely helped him in his campaigns. We meet with no such magnanimous and patriotic king as Malcolm II. till we come to Robert the Bruce. The former fought the battle of his country's independence in circumstances almost as desperate as those in which the latter waged his great struggle.

After all these great services Malcolm II. was entitled, one would think, to end his days in honour and die on the bed of peace. Yet no! if we may believe the Scottish chroniclers. Some of them speak of plots springing up around the brave old king, now eighty years of age, thirty of which he had passed on the throne. If so it were, the conspirators belonged probably to the old factions of Kenneth and Grim, who had opposed his succession to the throne. Malcolm is said to have been massacred in the castle of Glammis. The murders fled on horseback and mysteriously disappeared. In their haste they road unawares into the loch of Forfar, the surface of which was at the time frozen over and covered with snow. The ice giving way beneath them, they sank and were drowned. When the thaw came their bodies were discovered, and being taken out were hung in chains on the shore of the lake. Why was it that in the case of so many of the kings of early Scotland the cypress was entwined with the laurel? Whoever mounted the "Stone of Destiny" seemed fated to descend from it by a death of violence. It was pleasant for the Scottish monarch to be assured that when their reign was over they should come into the sepulchres of their fathers, and sleep at Icolmkill, but not so pleasant to reflect that probably the dagger of an assassin would open to them the doors of the royal vaults.

Endnotes

1. This king is often called Grim by the Scottish historians. The best original authorities style him Kenneth, the son of Duff. The chronicles of the Picts and Scots tell us that he was slain by Malcolm, the son of Kenneth, at Moeghavard or Monzievaird.—*Chron. Picts and Scots*, pp. 175, 289.

2. This phrase is instructive, and ought not to escape our observation. The original is *Annales Historioe.* Fordun professes to have earlier records before him, and to found his narrative of Scottish events on the information contained in these writings. There is no improbability in this. On the contrary, it is highly probable that it was as Fordun here in effect says. In the early centuries, Scotland, it is admitted on all hands, abounded in expert writers. These were not mere copyists, but compilers, there is reason to think, of registers and chronicles. Fordun professes to have such before him, and why should he not be believed? These writings are not now extant, but a great variety of causes were operative in Scotland in succeeding times, more than sufficient to account for their disappearance. The fashion at this day is to hold that the early writers of Scottish history had no authentic records, and wrote largely of their own fancy. The native chronicles are thrown overboard, and the sagas put in their room. It seems to be assumed that the early Scottish chroniclers are all fable and the sagas all truth. This is absurd. Who is to assure us that the compilers of the sagas wrote only truth? May not they too have indulged in flights of fancy? Were they likely to be better informed than writers in the country itself? Worse informed, we should say. The prevalent and popular mood professes to be critical. We would say it is sceptical. It has converted the early history of Scotland into a book of genealogies. It is minute, laborious, without light and shade; without life, and therefore without truth; without purpose, or progress, or lesson—a genealogical tree; a catacomb of dried mummies, mostly kings and bishops; not a history.

3. Buchanan mentions an obelisk erected on the ground in memory of this battle. The monument is called Camus's Cross. The figures upon it are much defaced, but so far as they can be made out they go only a little way as an illustration of the action that here took place. They seem to be emblems of devotion rather than of victory. Uncontested tradition, however, assures us that this cross was erected on occasion of Camus's

death. We extract an interesting account of this stone from he Commissary Maul's MS. *History of Scotland*, as given in *Gordon's Itinerarium Septentrionale*.

"About eight miles from Brechin, at Karboddo, a place belongs to the Earl of Crawford, are to be seen the vestiges of a Danish camp, fortified with a rampart and ditch, and vulgarly called Norway Dikes; near which is the village of Panbridge, where anciently was a church dedicated to St. Brigid, because on that saint's day which preceded the battle, Camus, general of the Danes, pitched his camp there. Not far from hence is the village of Barry, where a mighty battle was fought betwixt the Danes and Scots, with great slaughter on both sides, near the mouth of a small rivulet called Lough-tay. There many little artificial mounts, or tumuli, are still to be seen, within which were buried the bodies of those slain in the fight; and because the soil thereabouts is sandy, the wind blowing away the sand frequently discovers bones of a size much exceeding those of our age. Near this is Camus-Town, a village belonging to the barons of Panmure, and noted for the death of Camus, slain there, it being a mile from the field of battle. There to this day is to be seen an obelisk. . . .Nine years after I wrote that treatise, a plough turning up the ground discovered a sepulchre, believed to be that of Camus, enclosed with four great stones. Here a huge skeleton was dug up, supposed to have been the body of Camus;' it appeared to have received its death by a wound on the back part of the head, seeing a considerable part of the skill was cut away, and probably by the stroke of a sword."—Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrional*, pp. 154, 155.

4. "1034 Moelcoluim Rex Scotiae obiit 7 Kal. Decembri."—Marianus Scot.

5. "Ipse etiam multas oblatioones tam ecclesiis quam clero ea die distribuit."—*Chron. Picts and Scots*, p. 131.

CHAPTER XI.

A.D. 1034—1057.

DUNCAN AND MACBETH.

The times that immediately succeeded those of Malcolm the Second down to Malcolm the Third, better known as Malcolm Canmore, might be dismissed with but brief notice where it not for one circumstance to be immediately adverted to. The events that fill up the interval between the two Malcolms were, it is true, of a tragic character, and stirred deeply the passions of those who were the chief actors in them, but they were aside from the highway of Scottish history, and have left their mark upon neither the character nor the course of the nation. It was the wars of Malcolm II. that most largely contributed to fix the position which Scotland was to hold in time to come. At a great cost it was called to buy its nationality and independence. The effort welded its people together. They were not likely soon to forget Murtlach and Barry, and other red fields, nor value lightly what had cost them so dear, or, by yielding to the spirit of clanship, incur the risk of having to fight such terrible battles over again.

The contentions that broke out under the two reigns on which we are now entering were of a commonplace character, the fruit of an ignoble ambition, and they would by this day have been forgotten had it not changed that the immoral light of genius fell upon the, and invested them with a halo which, despite their inherent triviality, has given them a place in Scottish story from which they never can be dislodged. Shakespeare, as is well known, has borrowed materials from the transactions of these reigns which he has woven into one of the grandest dramas of the world's literature. We enter, as it were, upon enchanted ground when we come to this period of Scottish history. We are well aware of this, and know that the grandeurs and terrors amid which for some time our path lies are imaginary, and yet despite our every effort to dismiss the illusions that surround us, and see only the realities of the case, the creation of the poet stubbornly keeps its place before our eye as the true image and picture of the time.

More than one attempt has been made of late to unravel the vexed question of how Macbeth stood related to Duncan, and what claims he had, or whether he had any, on the throne. The problem, however, seems to defy elucidation, and after all attempts it remains, we are compelled to say, where it was. Neither Scottish chronicle nor Scandinavian saga—and both keys have been had recourse to—can unlock the mystery. Perhaps one would regret were the obscurity wholly dispelled. The gloom and darkness which overhang the stage, and through which the actors and their actions are contemplated, make them seem gigantic and awful, and fill the mind of the beholder with a vague and pleasurable terror which he would be unwilling to exchange, it may be, for the calm mood to which the prosaic narrative of the historian would recall him. Nevertheless, at the risk of disobliging or disenchanting our readers we must state the facts of the history so far as they are known.

Malcolm II., as we have seen, left no male heir. He had however, two daughters, one of whom he married to Crinan, the lay abbot of Dunkeld, one of the most powerful noblemen of the day in Scotland, and the other he espoused to Sigurd the Stout, the Norwegian earl of Orkney. Through these marriages Malcolm had two grandsons, Duncan and Thorfin. Duncan was the son of that daughter who was the wife of Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and ultimately succeeded his grandfather on the throne. Thorfin was the son of Sigurd the Stout, and lost his father in the battle of Clantarf, when only five years old. So far the lineage of Duncan. It is only when we ask, who was Macbeth? That the perplexity begins. We have been furnished with two different tracings of the antecedents of Macbeth, and the course of events which led up to the murder of Duncan. The Scotch chroniclers follow one line: the Orkneyinga Saga adopts another: we prefer that of our own historians as being the more probable. According to them Kenneth III., the immediate predecessor of Malcolm II., had a granddaughter named Gruoch. This Gruoch had a son named Luach, whose claims to the throne under the old law of succession were about as good as those of Duncan, and might have made him a formidable competitor to Duncan but for his weakness of intellect. Gruoch's first husband dying, she took for her second Macbeth, the mormaer of Ross and Moray. The nearness of Macbeth's son-in-law to the throne gave some colour to Macbeth's pretensions to it, the more so that he possessed in eminent degree the qualities for governing so signally lacking in Luach.

The Scottish throne of those days was no seat for an indolent man. Unhappily the "gracious" Duncan who now filled it was an easy, good-natured prince. He loved to take his kingly duties leisurely. While the northern robber pillaged and murdered with expeditious haste, Duncan punished with deliberate slowness. In no long time the Highlands were in a blaze, The easygoing king saw that he must bestir himself and stamp out the flame, otherwise it would spread to the other provinces of his kingdom, and the northern rebel would do what the Dane had not been able to effect. The rising was headed by a chieftain named MacDowal, who had drawn to his standard the western islanders and the more daring of the Irish by the hope of plunder, and the assurance of perfect impunity under a monarch "fitter," he said, "to reign over droning monks than over brave men." The king sent a troop to quell the insurrection, but the soldiers were cut in pieces, and their leader was taken and beheaded. It was now that Macbeth came to the front. He offered, were the command of the army given him, along with Banquo, thane of Lochaber speedily to crush the insurgents and restore the reign of law.

If Duncan knew the real character of the man he must have felt it equally difficult to accept or to decline his proffered help. Macbeth was possessed in eminent measure of those qualities which Duncan lacked. He was brave, energetic, of large capacity, of quick genius, to which he added a boundless ambition. Duncan had no choice except to put himself into the hands of Macbeth. He and Banquo were sent against the rebels. They smote them with discomfiture, and the land had quiet.

Macbeth could hardly feel other than contempt for the man who took his ease on the throne, while he left to himself the labour of governing the country. "Would that I were king," we hear the ambitious Macbeth say to himself, "the country should soon have rest." Perhaps he persuaded himself that the throne was rightfully his, on the principle of the fittest and not the nearest. On the point of fitness as between the two there could be but one opinion. Moreover, the thane of Ross was mated to a wife who spurred him on in his resolve to be king. Not that she was the demon which the dramatist has painted her, so far as history discloses the character of Lady Macbeth, but her mood was masculine, and she was not likely to be swayed by any tenderness of heart where her

husband's advancement was at stake.

As regards the precise way in which Macbeth removed Duncan and opened his own way to the throne, they have been various conjectures. Shakespeare makes Duncan perish by treachery in the castle of Glammis. Others say that he was waylaid and slain on the road to Forres. Macbeth, a brave man, was not likely to seek to compass by treachery what he could attain by open and bold means. We incline to what is now the general opinion, that the mormaer of Moray found a pretext for coming to an open rupture with King Duncan, and taking the field against him. A battle is said to have been fought betwixt them on the 15th of September 1040, at Bothgouanan, probably the modern Pitgaveny, near Elgin, in which Duncan, after a reign of five years, fell, and Macbeth took the throne. [1]

The Orkneyinga Saga gives a different version of the career and death of Duncan. It is in substance this. On the death of Malcolm II. a fierce war broke out between the two cousins, Thorfin, earl of Orkney and Caithness, and Duncan, King of Scotland. Duncan demanded from Thorfin the cession of Caithness, as being part of the kingdom of Scotland, leaving him in possession of the sovereignty of Orkney. Thorfin refused to surrender Caithness, and Duncan prepared to wrest it from him by force of arms. Both sides raised great armies. There followed many sanguinary battles both on land and sea. The war drew at last into the province of Moray, and Macbeth, the mormaer of that province, became the leading general of King Duncan. In the end Duncan sustained a crushing defeat; and when Macbeth saw that Thorfin had conquered and would retain possession of all his authorities, he slew his sovereign, went over to the side of Thorfin, and divided the kingdom with him. So far the Orkneyinga Saga. [2]

It is out of these doubtful and slender facts that the mighty dramatist has constructed his tail of crime and horror and remorse. If history has gone but a very little way to assist him in his work, the power of his genius is all the more conspicuous. The actors are commonplace, so too are their actions, but the touch of Shakespeare kindles these ordinary incidents into grandeur. It is like the rising of the sun on the snowy Alps: where before there stood a range of dull cold mountains, there is now a chain

of blazing torches. The stupendous embodiment of ambition, of pride, of cruelty, and of iron will which is presented to us in the person of Lady Macbeth is not the Gruoch of history, it is the Gruoch of the poet's creation. The remorse of Macbeth and its fearful workings are too a picture which Shakespeare only could have painted. How solemnly does he read to us in the horror-stricken man the lesson that the Nemesis of crime is within. It is not the ermined judge nor the black scaffold, it is CONSCIENCE that is the avenger; and the moment the act is done, the vulture begins to gnaw. It is himself whom the murderer has slain.

Not less is the genius of Shakespeare shown in finding a fitting scene for his awful tragedy. He has placed it just where such a drama was possible. It would have been out of place in France of Italy. In the actors in the drama there is a depth of passion, an undemonstrative but terrible force of purpose which are not within the capabilities of Frenchmen or Italians. Their constitutional frivolity and levity would have unfitted them for sustaining their parts with seemly decorum amid such grandeurs and horrors. They could not have helped letting it be seen that they were moved by only a mimic rage and despair. In the remorse of Macbeth there is not a little of the Puritan. Such a remorse was possible only in a land where something of the strength and tenderness, the brightness and the gloom of Puritanism as it was afterwards to be exhibited, had already found entrance. And as regards Lady Macbeth, she is the exaggerated expression of some of the less amiable qualities of the Scottish character—its doggedness, its self-resource and self-control—qualities which we meet with every day in humbler examples, but which, in the great instance before us, are shown in colossal size. The triumph of the poet is complete. This epoch in our country's annals has made to disappear, and has put his own grand fiction in its room. And despite that we are perfectly conscious of the deception he practices upon us, we willingly yield ourselves to the spell of his genius, and would part with more regret with the fiction of the dramatist than with the facts of the historian. The three hags on the moor of Forres, the lady or demon of Glammis Castle, the midnight horror in the royal bedchamber, the alarms and consternation which the morning brought with it, these never were, and yet they kept possession of history's stage as if it were rightfully theirs.

Duncan has fallen, and Macbeth, the son of Finnlaec, has climbed over the royal corpse into the vacant seat. We expect to see the usurper become the tyrant; and if we credit Fordun, we are shut up to the conclusion that the slayer of the king was the oppressor of the people. But all the indications of authentic history point in another direction. The picture of Scotland under Macbeth, as seen in the obscure records of the time, is not that of an oppressed and distracted country; it is rather that of a land at peace, and in the quiet of good government, prosecuting its husbandry, extending its commerce, and adding yearly to its wealth. The reign of Macbeth lasted seventeen years, and of those ten or a dozen were years of exceptional prosperity. "Brimful," says St Berchan, sketching in one vivid phrase Scotland under Macbeth, "brimful was Alban, east and west." The new sovereign displayed excellent talents for governing. He was a man of penetration, and saw that the best means of making his subjects forget the iniquitous act by which he had become possessed of the throne was to use the power thus obtained for their good by the exercise of an upright and vigorous administration. Even a bad law is preferable to no law, that is, to absolute lawlessness; and tyranny is a less calamity than unrestrained licence. Macbeth acted on this maxim when he made justice be administered and law obeyed in all parts of his dominions and by all classes of his subjects. Scotland now steadied itself, and forgot the distractions of Duncan's reign in a ten years' prosperity.

Nor was Macbeth unmindful of the Church. We read of "Macbeth, the son of Finnlaec, and Gruoch, daughter of Bode, granting the lands of Kirkness to the Culdees of Lochleven, from motives of piety and for the benefits of their prayers." And yet another gift, even, the lands of Balgyne to the same fraternity, "with veneration and devotion." The deed of gift is in the simplest form. It is made to "Almighty God, and the Culdees of Lochleven." It is to be noted that in this dedication there is no mention of Pope, or Apostle, or Bishop. Kirkness and the lands of Balgyne are given directly to the Culdees, who are described as "the servants of God," no other party having right or interest or property in the inheritances bequeathed. [3]

Nevertheless the Nemesis of the guilty act by which Macbeth had seized the power which he turned to so good account both for himself and for

his subjects continued to dog his steps. It needed no "weird sister," like those who are said to have greeted Macbeth on the moor of Forres, to foretell in what way he should descend from the *Lia-Fail*, to which he had raised himself by the dagger. Meanwhile no one was in a position to oppose him. The sons of Duncan, Malcolm and Donald, were probably of tender years when their father was slain, and till they should be grown to manhood Macbeth might promise himself the quiet possession of the throne. When they saw that their father was dead and that his slayer was on the throne, the young princes fled from a land where their lives were no longer safe. Donald is said to have made good his escape into the western isles. Malcolm found refuge in England. Edward the Confessor was then on the throne of that kingdom, and having known what exile was, he gave all the more cordial and gracious a welcome to the young prince who sought his protection in his evil day. Years passed on: Malcolm grew to manhood: the time came for asserting his claim to his ancestral kingdom, and with it came the power of making it good. Siward, the powerful Earl of Northumberland, was a relation of Malcolm's, the sister or the cousin of the Earl being Malcolm's mother. Siward now resolved to assist his relative Malcolm to recover his paternal throne. The expedition undertaken for that purpose is obscurely hinted at in the Saxon Chronicle and in the Ulster Annals. We are told in the former that in the year 1054 Earl Siward went with a large army into Scotland, that he invaded it with both a land and a naval force, that he made great slaughter of the Scots, but that their king escaped. Siward only half accomplished his object in this expedition. He installed Malcolm in the provinces of Cumbria and the Lothians, but he failed to overthrow the usurper and give the throne to Malcolm. Meanwhile Siward died, and the matter rested for a few years, Malcolm reigning as King of Cumbria, and Macbeth occupying the Scottish throne.

From this time Macbeth himself seems to have prepared the way for his own downfall. The approach of the rightful prince and the forebodings which it filled the usurper brought back the memory of his crime, and appears to have wrought in him a morose and gloomy temper. He saw conspirators in the nobles of his court. His suspicions fell mainly on Banquo, the most powerful nobleman in his dominions, to whose posterity the prophecy of some witch, as tradition says, [4] had given the throne after Macbeth. He is said to have invited him to a banquet, and

dismissed him from the royal table with every mark of kindness, although he had already given orders that assassins should waylay him on the road as he road homewards. Banquo murdered, Macbeth is said to have transferred his suspicions to Macduff, thane of Fife, and after Banquo the next most powerful nobleman in Scotland. One day, when it happened that Macbeth and Macduff were together, the testy monarch growled out a threat which made Macduff feel that his destruction was resolved upon. The thane of Fife fled into England, but Macbeth, baulked of his prey, confiscated his estates. The nobles made haste to get away from the court, not knowing on whom the royal displeasure might next light. The affections of the people toward their monarch were cooled. These latter acts effaced from their memory the many good deeds of Macbeth's better year. They saw the man who had formerly been swayed by justice now governed by passion. The friends of the late king who had feared to show themselves came forth and began to demand that the son of the murdered Duncan should be recalled and placed on his father's throne.

Macduff, driven into England, would naturally open communications with Malcolm, who, these three years had been contentedly governing his kingdom of Cumbria. He would tell him that the Scots were tired of Macbeth, that they were ready to receive back the son of their former king, and he would urge him to take the field and strike for his paternal inheritance. Prince Malcolm resolved to do as the thane of Fife had counselled. Tostig, the new Earl of Northumberland, came to his help in this second attempt to recover the throne, and he soon found himself strong enough to advance into Scotland, The national sentiment rallied in his support as soon as he appeared. The force he brought with him was recruited by daily deserters from the standard of Macbeth; and so overjoyed were the soldiers at these presages of victory, that, as Buchanan tells us, they placed green boughs in their helmets, more like an army returning in triumph than one advancing to battle. They found, however, that the campaign was not to be ended by a single blow. Their antagonist was brave, resolute, and was now grown desperate, and a good deal of hard fighting was required to drive him from the throne. Few trustworthy details of the campaign have come down to us. One thing is certain, it ended in the defeat of Macbeth. He was driven across the Mounth, and slain by Malcolm at Lumphanan in Mar on the 15th day of August 1057. [6] The uproar of civil war was instantly drowned in the rejoicings of the

Scottish nation around the Stone of Destiny, on which they now saw seated the scion of their ancient kings, and the crown, wrested from the usurper, transferred to the brow of its rightful owner. Malcolm Canmore was king.

Endnotes

1. *The Chronicle of the Picts and Scots* (p. 65), Tighernac under 1040, and the later chronicles all agree in this account of the death of Duncan and the usurpation of Macbeth.
2. Dr. W. F. Skene, in his *Celtic Scotland* (i. 400-403), gives at large the Orkneyinga Saga as the probable explanation of this obscure part of Scottish history. It is not safe to differ from so eminent a Celtic scholar and judicious historian, but Dr. Skene himself accompanies the Saga with a caution to the effect that its authority is not absolute. He says, "Although its authority is not unexceptionable, and the events it records are not to be found elsewhere, the narrative still carries with it an air of truth, and it supplies a blank in the meagre records of the time which supplies a clue to their real character."
3. Machbet filius Finlach contulit per suffragiis orationum et Gruoch filia Bodehe rex et regina Scotorum, Kyrkness Deo omnipotenti et Keledeis prefatae insulae Lochlevine cum suis finibus et terminis. The town of Kirkness and the lands of Balgyne here given Deo Omnipotenti et Keledeis are declared to be exempt from all military and civil imposts and burdens.—*Chron. Of St Andrews*, p. 114, 12. See Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, p.401.
4. The apparition of the three witches on the moor of Forres, which gives such terror and grandeur to the tragedy of Shakespeare, is the invention of Boece. Winton says it was no more than a dream which Macbeth had. The truth probably is that Macbeth gave out that he had such a dream to sway popular opinion in his favour.
5. Marianus Scotus and Tighernac, both contemporary authorities, give this as the date of Macbeth's defeat and death. The Ulster Annals add that he was slain "in battle, " and the later chroniclers "at Lumphana.

CHAPTER XII.

A.D. 1057—1087

MALCOLM CANMORE AND WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

Scotland was on the threshold of great changes. The day on which Malcolm Canmore took his seat on the Lia-Fail at Scone and assumed the crown of his ancestors, may be said to have been the first day of the new age. The war with the Viking now lay behind the Scots. They had brought their nationality and independence out of these bloody fields not only intact, but more consolidated than ever. But the nation had not yet made its final escape from the refining fires of the battlefield: the struggles that lay before it were different in kind and higher in character than those rude contests which had exercised their strength till now. The past battle had lasted two centuries; the coming one was to continue four hundred years, and to conquer in it would demand greater patience and a more enlightened patriotism than had sufficed to win victory on previous fields.

The new invaders were not to come clad in mail and brandishing spear; they were to appear in the soft garb of peaceful ecclesiastics. This was a mode of warfare the simple-minded Scots did not understand. It was easier for them to withstand the battle-axes of the Dane than the sophisms of the priest. Armies of stealthy-paced men, with shorn crowns, hands clasped in prayer, and eyes upturned, as if they deigned not to regard the earth on which they trod, or coveted aught upon it, were to cross the Tweed, and without fighting so much as one pitched battle, were to take possession of the country and spread their tents by its river sides, and appropriate its meadows and pasture-lands as their peculiar inheritance, leaving the more sterile parts, the bare moor, and the rocky mountains, to the children of the soil. For an invasion like this the Scots of the eleventh century were but ill prepared. The oil in Columba's lamp was far spent, its flame had sunk low, and the consequence was that the men who had boldly met the Danes and chased them from their shores, or flung them into Scottish graves, were likely to offer only a feeble fight to the champions of an arrogant ecclesiasticism, and in the end bow their necks to an authority that claimed to be Divine.

For a short space, however, this battle was postponed. Other cares pressed on the attention of Malcolm the "big head" and his Scots, who, though they had waxed valiant in the fight of arms, were grown lukewarm in that other combat which it was their special mission to maintain with that great spiritual power which was trampling on the independence of all nations, and was about to put her yoke on their neck. Let us first briefly narrate these preliminary occurrences before coming to the greater battle beyond.

It is the 14th October 1066, and the knights and warriors whom William Duke of Normandy has led across the sea are mustering on the field of Hastings. The battle about to be joined between Harold and William is for the crown of England. With the close of the bloody day comes a close to the life and reign of the English king. Harold is stretched a corpse on the field, and his crown has passed to the conqueror William. In the short, stout, iron-featured, deep-thoughted, slow-speaking Norman duke the English have found a master. They saw without alarm the sceptre pass into his strong hand; but when it began to grow into an iron rod they knew what the Norman victory on the field of Hastings imported, and stood aghast at the vista it had opened. Nevertheless the tyrant of Normandy was the best friend of the England of that day. William found the country without unity, and therefore without power: it was transferring its sceptre from one weak hand to another; it was wasting its blood in useless battles, and its patriotism in party strifes. Progress had become impossible to it; but when William stood up, this miserable antagonism of interests and parties, which was pulling England in pieces, had an end. Faction fled before him. Angle and Saxon and Dane, to which we have now to add Norman, began to cohere and grow into one people, and now England entered on its great career.

William had fulfilled his mission. He had called into being the great English people of the future, and ought to have rested content with what he had accomplished. But like almost all men who have been the special favourites of fortune, and have been visited with sudden and overflowing success, William did not know when he had finished his work and come to the limit beyond which no effort of ambition and no strength or skill in arms could carry him. And now we are brought back to Scotland, the

independence and nationality of which was again brought into jeopardy by the triumph of the Norman arms in England.

It is not easy to determine whether it was Malcolm Canmore or the English monarch who was to blame for the fierce war that now broke out between England and Scotland. Certain it is there is no bloodier chapter in all the Border history of the two kingdoms than that which we are now called briefly to write. There were interested motives on both sides prompting to a policy of war. William might feel that his English conquests were not secure till he had enclosed them within the four seas, and could stretch his sceptre from the Channel to the Pentland Frith. And it was equally natural for the Scottish king to seek to fortify himself against the formidable danger which had suddenly risen on his southern frontier by expelling the Norman from the throne of England, and seating upon it a scion of its ancient kings. Malcolm has been all the more open to this suspicion from the circumstances that the heir to the English throne was not his brother-in-law. And yet it does not appear to have been Malcolm but William who took the initiative in this enterprise.

Edgar Aetheling, the representative of the royal family of England, was now resident at the court of Malcolm Canmore. How he came to be so we shall immediately see. William the Conqueror saw danger to his throne in the escape of Edgar to the Scottish court, and demanded that the royal fugitive should be given up. Sooner than surrender into the hands of his enemy the prince who had cast himself upon his protection, Malcolm would risk crown and kingdom and all. His refusal incensed the haughty ruler of England, and his anger was still more inflamed by seeing Malcolm open the gates of his kingdom to the crowd of Saxon nobles who, chased from England by the terror of William, had flocked to Scotland. Flushed with success, the Conqueror would deal with the little country as he had dealt with the greater: he would add it to his English possessions, and of the two countries make one England. His victorious arms had already accomplished a greater achievement.

William sent his army, but did not come in person. According to the English chroniclers, the main authority for these warlike events, he gave the command of his forces to an Earl Roger. William's lieutenant never returned to tell him how he had sped. Approaching the Scotch border

his army was routed and dispersed, and himself slain by his own soldiers in expiation of his want of skill or his want of success. William sent a greater army, giving the command of it to the Earl of Glo'ster. Glo'ster perpetrated an harrowing amount of sack and pillage as he advanced northward, but won no victory. Before him was a champaign country, where the plough was at work, and villages smiled; behind him was a devastated land, strewed with corpses, and darkened with the smoke of burning habitations.

A third army, more numerous than the first two, William is said to have sent against Scotland. The command was given to his brother Odo, formerly Bishop of Beyaux, now created Earl of Kent. Odo had no better success than his predecessors. Having gleaned what remained of the spoil of these provinces, Odo was returning southward laden with booty, when Malcolm fell upon, dispersed his army with great slaughter, and returned to Scotland with troops of miserable captives in his train. Even yet William was incapable of perceiving that he had undertaken a task beyond his power.

Instead of dying out, the war acquired a new life. The powerful monarch with whom the Scottish king maintained this combat now felt the necessity of bringing all his resources into it, and the flames burst out in greater vehemence and on a wider area. The Saxon chronicle tells us that in the year 1072 King William came in person into Scotland, sending his fleet into the Tay, and marching his land troops round by Stirling to Abernethy, and there he came to terms with Malcolm, the King of Scotia.

There is a consent of English historians as regards this march into Scotland of William the Conqueror. It receives some appearance of probability from the fact that in 1072 he had made a conquest of the Isle of Ely, and this might afford him leisure to raise an army and strike at the root of all his dangers by subduing Scotland. The English say he entered Scotland by Galloway, the provinces of Durham and Northumberland being so depopulated and ravaged that they could not subsist his army on its march through them. Ailred,[1] Abbot Rivaux, says that he traversed Lothian and Stirlingshire, crossing the Forth by the Carse, the great gateway of entrance into the northern division of the kingdom of Scotland. Florence of Worcester tells us that he penetrated

to Abernethy, his fleet being in the Tay. Neither king could feel at ease in view of fighting. If William should be defeated he could not hope to carry back his army into England. If Malcolm were beaten, the loss of battle might be to him the loss of his kingdom. This gives probability to the statement of the English chroniclers, in which the Scotch agree with them in the main, that a peace was patched up between the two princes, that Malcolm "became Williams's man," that is, for the possessions he held in England, and that he gave Duncan, his eldest son by his first wife, Ingibiorg, as a hostage. The youth was then about ten years of age. After this transaction William, we are told, back his army into England.

We should but wary and indeed disgust our readers by dwelling farther on these raids, the accounts of which are so various, so confused, and so conflicting. Only one thing about them is certain, even the immense destruction of human life which they occasioned. The area of their devastation enlarged and contracted by turns. Now the strife would confine itself to one unhappy district; then it would expand and cover the whole of what is now Yorkshire, enveloping in flames the cities of Durham and York. Anon it would take a westward direction, leaving its red prints on Cumberland, and turning the waters of the Solway into blood. Again it would return eastward, and now it was the Humber which was darkened by the smoke of burning towns and villages. Old Simeon of Durham has painted the doleful spectacles with which the men of these parts were at that time familiar. The harvests, he tells us, were swept off, the trees were cut down, towns were given to the flames, and their inhabitants to the sword, and, saddest of all, bands of young men and young women were led away to become bondsmen and bondswomen to their Scotch captors. The outcome of this terrible strife was that the boundaries of the two kingdoms were fixed much as they had been before it began. The dividing line was drawn through Stanmore Moor, where a cross was set up, displaying on its sculptured face the arms of the two kings, and saying to each, "Hitherto your sceptre may be stretched, but not beyond."

William the Conqueror had now leisure to reflect how easily he had won England, and how completely baffled he had been in his attempts to make himself master of Scotland. Was there not more in this than mere valour could explain? When he thought of the brilliant success

which had attended his arms in the one case, and the humiliating repulses they had suffered in the other, did it not occur to him that the Power to whom belongs the issues of battle does not always fight on the side of the "biggest battalion," and that arms are not the supreme Arbiter of the fate of kingdoms and monarchs? Whether William knew it or not, it is a truth most sure. We at this day can very clearly see what a misfortune it would have been to both kingdoms had William succeeded in subjecting the northern country to his sway. We should indeed have had a larger England, but we should have had no Scotland. It may be said that a Scotland we should still have had, not as a distinct nationality, but as part and parcel of the greater country to be formed of the two. That is true: we should have had the mountains, and straths, and rivers of Scotland. The soil would not have been annihilated by its absorption into England; but the spirit of the Scots would. It is its spirit and not its acres that forms Scotland. Scotland could benefit England not otherwise than by preserving its Celtic fire, its Teuton doggedness, and its Norse bravery, and taking care that its keen love of independence and its philosophic mood of reflection should not die out. England needed such a neighbour to steady it, and be a balance to it in religion and politics. All these national characteristics would have been crushed out of Scotland by its subjection to the iron sway of William the Conqueror, and the loss would have been not less great to England than to the northern country itself.

The blame of these furious and bloody wars may, we think, be fairly meted out in equal portions between the English and the Scottish sovereign. These incursions had their initiative doubtless in ambition, but the originating motive was soon lost in the desire for retaliation and revenge which grew stronger with each new raid. The palm of victory can be claimed by neither. William rushed on the Scottish frontier to be broken by the shock, and Malcolm swept like a whirlwind into Northumbria to achieve only fruitless expeditions. We may say of both kings, they sowed toil and blood, and reaped a harvest of ashes. The praise of bravery—if bravery in such a contest can be called a virtue—must be awarded to the northern sovereign. It was a bold thing in the king of a little country like Malcolm to stand up against a powerful conqueror like William of Normandy. The resources of the two men were very unequal. Having buried one host in the graveyard, which the

Border counties had become, Malcolm could with difficulty raise another from the scattered villages and thinly populated glens and mountains of Scotland. William was more advantageously situated. With the rich and populous England at his back, with the plains of Normandy, the breeding-ground of armies, also to draw from, the English monarch could throw any number of men on the Scottish spear, knowing that if they were slaughtered, as so many hosts had been before them, he could quickly supply their place from the well-stocked recruiting fields—English and French—to which he had access.

Endnote

1. Ailred puts the following words into the mouth of Walter l'Espec, "Angliae victor Willelmus per Laodoniam, Calatriam, Scotiam usque ad Abenith penetraret."

CHAPTER XIII.

A.D. 1069 QUEEN MARGARET—CONFERENCE WITH THE CULDEE PASTORS.

We again leave the stricken field—the battle of the warrior with its garments rolled in blood—and enter the royal closet, where we find in full and energetic play those subtle forces which do more to mould the character of a people and fix their destinies, than the rude contests of the sword which are carried on with so much noise, and fill so large a space in history. The combatants before us are no mailed warriors who wear iron visor and wield steel glaive. On the contrary, there stands before us a royal lady, queenly in air as in station, comely in person, and sweet and gracious in manner. Around her is a group of pale-faced and soft-voiced ecclesiastics, of courtly manners and foreign aspect: and standing in a row, face to face with them, is a small body of Columban clergy, grave-featured men, in the usual habits of their sacred order. They are dressed in cowl, grey woollen robe, and sandals. Their speech is Gaelic. It is their mother tongue.

The place where this company has assembled is the Malcolm Tower at Dufermline. Strength and not magnificence has been consulted in the erection of this keep. It is strong, massive, and square, and its walls, which are of great thickness, are built of hewn blocks. Its site adds to its strength and security. It is placed on a rocky plateau, around which on the west and the south, nature, as if in foresight that here the kings of Scotia were one day to dwell, has dug a formidable ravine, seventy feet in depth, its face bristling with rocks and its bottom the bed of a summer rivulet, which in winter grows into a torrent, and thunders along with loud rough roar. Behind it, landward, rises a clump of trees, tall and strong of stem, as if to bar the advance of foe, and shade with their summer foliage the royal inmates of the "forest tower." It was every way fit for the dwelling of a king in unsettled times, and yet it was only the beginning of what was soon to grow into a magnificent palace and a sumptuous monastery, and which, after sheltering four Scottish kings, have left their broken and ruined walls as memorials to our day of the style in which our monarchs were housed in the eleventh century.

One day as Malcolm Canmore rested in his tower, a messenger brought him word that the royal family of England had arrived in his dominions, and that the ship that carried them lay moored in the Forth, almost underneath his palace windows. Malcolm hastened to the shore, only some six miles off, and invited the illustrious exiles to his castle. Driven from England by the terror of William the Conqueror, they had come to throw themselves on the protection of the Scottish monarch. The party consisted of Eadgar Aetheling, heir of the English throne, his mother Agatha, and his sisters Margaret and Christina. With them, forming their retinue, came a considerable number of Anglo-Saxon nobility. The high birth and great misfortunes of those to whom we see Malcolm Canmore extending the hand of welcome and leading the way to his castle, appealed touchingly to one who himself had been disinherited, and compelled to eat the bread of an exile and seek the protection of strangers. Of the party now become guests in King Malcolm's palace, one in particular began to find special favour in the eyes of the gallant monarch. This was Margaret, the elder sister of Eadgar Aetheling. This royal lady brought with her to Malcolm's court the refinement and grace of the south, to which she added what neither courts nor climate can impart, sweetness of disposition and great goodness of heart. She possessed a vigorous understanding, a firm will, a sympathetic nature, and a graceful and copious eloquence. These endowments of mind and character made her stand out, doubtless, from the Scottish maidens of that day, who had not Margaret's opportunities of acquiring refinement and polish. Two centuries earlier Scotland could boast a deeper and richer civilisation than England. There was then a powerful principle of refinement at the heart of the Scottish nation, but the influence of the Culdee element had declined, and the ruggedness incident to the northern land had begun again to assert itself. From the day Margaret entered it there was a new light in the "forest tower" of Dunfermline, and a new brightness on the face of its royal master. Margaret became Malcolm Canmore's wife, and Queen of Scotland. The marriage drew after it most important consequences to the nation of the Scots.

We must spend a few moments in the contemplation of a woman who had so large a share in the moulding of the Scotland of the following centuries, and those influence has not even yet perhaps quite passed away. Queen Margaret undoubtedly possessed great decision and

elevation of soul. Standing between two eras she was representative of both, combining what was best in the one, with not a little of what was worst in the other. Pious she was, but not after the type of the Columban Church. She went for her ideals of devotion and her models of sanctity to the deserts of the Thebaid rather than to the school of Columba and the "elders of Iona." Her religion was a rule to walk by, a formula to be observed, rather than an indwelling principle, spontaneously developing in a life of good works, and a character of evangelical virtue. Margaret did not take into account that right relations to God is the key to all right relations to man. Much of Margaret's worship consisted of that "bodily exercise which profiteth little." Every year she kept a literal fast of forty days before the advent of Easter, and another of equal length when Christmas came round. How much more easy is it to robe the body in sackcloth than the soul in penitence! How much more easy to rend the garment than to rend the heart, to strike upon the breast than to break in pieces the idol enshrined within it!

In Margaret's creed *good works* held a higher place than *faith*. We do not wonder that she mistook the right order of the two. It was the common error of her age. The teaching of Paul on the point had been lost, and Luther had not yet arrived to proclaim to Christendom that "it is not the good works which make the good man, but the good man that makes the good works." This truth we fear Margaret did not understand. She filled her life with beautiful and virtuous deeds. This must be acknowledged, unless indeed Bishop Turgot, her friend and confessor, has given us a romance pure and simple instead of a *life*. Her biography, as it comes from his pen, is that of a perfect woman! It is the life of one in whose character no imperfection existed, in whose soul no virtue was lacking, in whose deportment no blemish or fault ever was found; it is the life of one who left no day without its deed of charity, and no hour without its act of piety. A beautiful picture if only it be true! We ask—Is this a possible life? It goes without saying that Bishop Turgot has not given us the real Margaret. How then are we to judge of her? We shall take Malcolm Canmore's queen as Turgot has painted her, clothed in virtues as other queens in jewels, and see whether it be a fact that in this perfect character there is neither flaw nor fault. The radical defect in Queen Margaret's piety, we venture to think, is that it is faultless. She rises to Bishop Turgot's ideal, it is a low one. It is sensuous, not spiritual

The better half of her religion is an outside development, not the working of an inward principle. It is stiff and artificial. It has the musty odour of the religion of the Pharisee, and like his too, it is done before men. The impression it leaves is that of the good works making the good woman, to be followed of course by a reward to be counted not of grace but of debt.

To care for the widow and orphan as Margaret did, and to deal her bread to the hungry, were truly Christian acts, and sprang doubtless from that principle which is the source of all really good works. We cannot say the same, however, of some other services in which Queen Margaret showed great regularity and devotion, as, for instance, in her washing daily of the feet of so many paupers or vagrants. "When the office of Matins and Lauds was finished," says Turgot, "she, returning to her chamber, along with the king himself, washed the feet of six poor persons, and used to give them something wherewithal to relieve their poverty. It was the chamberlain's special duty to bring these poor people in every night before the queen's arrival, so that she might find them ready when she came to wait upon them." [1]

We like better the act with which Margaret began the day. It is more genuinely kind. "When it was morning," says her biographer, [2] she rose from bed and devoted a considerable time to prayer and the reading of the Psalms, and while reading the Psalms she performed the following work of mercy. She ordered that nine little orphans utterly destitute should be brought in to her at the first hour of the day, and that some soft food, such as children at that tender age like, should daily be prepared for them." When these children had been duly fed, there followed the gathering of three hundred people into the royal hall, and when they had been seated at table, "the king on the one side," says Bishop Turgot, "and the queen on the other waited upon Christ in the person of His poor, and served them with food and drink." Queen Margaret was a punctual observer of "holy days," and passed their hours in the prescribed litanies of the "Holy Trinity," the "Holy Cross," and "Holy Mary," as also in the recital of the Psalter, and in the hearing of five or six masses. After these prolonged services she again "waited on twenty-four poor people, whom she fed." [3] Her fasts were frequent and very rigorous; in fact she weakened and ultimately broke her constitution by her

abstinences.

There is much artificiality and toil in all this; but as regards the good accomplished, it comes to very little in the end. The power and grandeur of a life spring out of the principles on which it is founded. The man who plants at the foundation of society some great principle which is a permanent cure of its evils—some principle which regenerates the society as a whole, and not merely benefits a few of its members—is the real benefactor. Margaret's good deeds were local and temporary alleviations, not lasting reforms. They were a drop in the bucket of Scotland's necessities, and they were counterbalanced a hundredfold by the evil she initiated when she planted at the heart of the Scottish nation a principle which was at war with all the elevating forces which till her day had been acting on the country. She turned Scotland backwards.

By and by Margaret took in hand weightier matters than the distribution of the palace alms. She essayed to act the role of the national reformer. Scotland needed a reformation; it was the true idea. This alone would bring back the grand Scotland of the Columban age. Margaret might deal out alms to all the beggars in her husband's dominions. She might wash the feet of every vagrant in the kingdom: what better would Scotland be? The next day or the next year would bring more beggars and more vagrants. She was but rolling the stone of Sisyphus. What Scotland needed was to have its dying lamp relit, that the men who were stumbling in the dark might see where their happiness lay, and find their road to it. Margaret, in her mistaken zeal, was more likely to put that lamp out than rekindle it.

Nevertheless the Queen of Malcolm Canmore put her hand to the work of reforming the Scottish Church. We return to the council in the Palace of Dunfermline, convoked by her husband's orders, to "travail" in this matter. It was composed of a few Culdee pastors on the one side, and three English ecclesiastics on the other, chosen and dispatched by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, at Margaret's request. [4] The archbishop, himself a learned disputant, knew the right men to send on a mission of this sort, where a kingdom was to be won to the papal interest. The Queen came to the front in the debate, but as she could speak only Saxon, and the Culdees understood no language but Gaelic,

Malcolm, who could speak both languages with equal facility, acted as interpreter. The conference lasted three days. Margaret soon let it be seen that what she aimed at was a reformation on the model of Canterbury, that is of Rome. The restoration of the ancient Scottish Church was not what she desired. What she sought and hoped to accomplish was rather its overthrow, and the erection of a foreign ecclesiasticism in its room. "Observing," says Bishop Turgot, "that many practices existed among the Scottish nation which were contrary to the rule of the right faith, and the holy customs of the universal church, she caused frequent councils to be held, in order that by some means or other she might, through the gift of Christ, bring back into the way of truth those who had gone astray. Among these councils the most important is that in which for three days she, with a very few of her friends, combated the defenders of a perverse system with the sword of the Spirit, that is to say, with the Word of God. It seemed as if a second Helena were there present." [5]

As regards the points raised in the debate, Bishop Turgot gives with considerable fulness and force the defections charged upon the Columban clergy, but he omits to give with equal fulness their explanations and defences. He permits Queen Margaret and her Saxon assessors to be heard, but he shuts the mouths of the Culdee pastors, or affords them liberty of reply to only the extent of bowing assent. It may be very judicious in Bishop Turgot thus to enjoin silence upon one of the parties, but in a conference lasting for three days it is absurd to suppose that the spokesman were all on one side. Still the fact that a debate took place is itself a most important admission, as we shall immediately see.

The points raised were these: uniformity of rite, the Lenten fast, the observance of the Sabbath, the practice of marriage, the celebration of the eucharist, and the time of the observance of Easter. The Scottish Church and her clergy were charged on all these points, as being in error, and needing to be "brought back into the way of truth." Is not this a clear admission that the Columban Church in the end of the eleventh century still occupied separate ground from Rome? that she refused to receive the Roman laws and customs, and that she was not subject to the Roman jurisdiction, but on the contrary maintained her ancient independence? And does it not cut the ground from beneath the feet of those who assert that the Scottish Church by this time was, and had for

some centuries previous, been one with the Church of Rome in doctrine and worship? Surely Queen Margaret would not have convoked a conference to bring about a union between two churches if they were already one and the same? A more decided proof there could not be of the *independence and anti-Romanism* of the Scottish Church of the eleventh century.

Let us look a little more closely at the points of difference between the two churches as they were brought out in this discussion. The Queen opened the conference by insisting on uniformity of rite as essential to uniformity of doctrine. "All who serve God in one faith with the Catholic Church," said Margaret, "ought not to vary from that church by new or far-fetched usages." [6] No church has so often employed this argument, and no church has so often contradicted it by her example as the Roman Church. Within her pale an iron uniformity of rite has always existed with a boundless latitude of opinion. But the point to be noted here is that Margaret's remonstrance carries in it that neither in rite nor in faith did the Columban Church and the Roman Church agree.

The Queen next charged the Culdees with having fallen into grievous heterodoxy in the matter of the Lenten fast. "Our Lord fasted forty days," Margaret urged, "so does the Roman Church; but the Scots by refusing to fast on the Sabbaths in Lent, shorten their fast to thirty-six days." Margaret told them that they sinned in so abbreviating this fast. Margaret, if any one, had a right to call the Culdees to repent of this heinous transgression, seeing she herself was so very exemplary in the observance of the duty of fasting. According to Turgot, the pastors professed penitence and a promised amendment.

We very much doubt the accuracy of Turgot's statement on this head. The historic presumption is against the bishop. The Culdee pastors were not likely to profess penitence or promise amendment in a matter in which they stood fully acquitted in the eyes of their Church. It is important to observe here that the Scottish Church followed the Eastern usages in their fasts and festivals, and by the ordinances of the Eastern Church all fasts were severely prohibited on Sabbath (Saturday) and the Lord's Day (Sunday). [7] Besides, "Fasting" was not the supremely meritorious observance in the eyes of the Culdees which it was in those of Queen

Margaret. Even granting that they were not able to take full advantage of the liberty which the Gospel gives to Christians, especially in the matter of bodily mortifications and ceremonial observances, they would not have burdened their consciences, we are disposed to think, with a day more or a day less in the matter, or regarded themselves and their fellow church members as shut out of the kingdom of heaven because they fasted thirty-six days only instead of forty, in the holy season of Lent.

After this came up the question of Culdee observance, or rather neglect, of the Lord's Day. "It was another custom of theirs," says Turgot, "to neglect the reverence due to the Lord's Day by devoting themselves to every kind of worldly business upon it, just as they did upon other days."[8] It startles one to hear that the Columban clergy had sunk so low on this vital point. If they had turned the day of sacred rest into a day of ordinary labour: if they yoked the plough, worked the scythe, carried home the harvest, and did all their work on that day, as the words of Turgot appear to imply, they verily deserved the sharpest censure which Margaret could administer. The matter, however, is susceptible of a satisfactory explanation. The practices of the Eastern and Western Churches differed very considerably as regards the keeping of the Sabbath, or rather as regards the day observed by them as that of holy rest and worship. Saturday was the Sabbath or Holy Day of the Eastern Church: not indeed to the entire exclusion of the first day of the week, on which it was their custom to sing hymns and celebrate divine service. The Western Church observed the Lord's Day or Sunday. Britain, including Scotland, received its first evangelisation from the East, and it continued to follow generally the usages of the Eastern Church. The historian Socrates, speaking of the usual times of the public meeting of the members of the Eastern Church, called the Sabbath and the Lord's Day, that is Saturday and Sunday, "the weekly festivals on which the congregation was wont to meet in the church for the performance of divine services.[9] In the early Irish Church we come on traces of this custom, that is, of the observance of Saturday as the day of weekly rest and worship. We find such traces also in the history of the Scottish Church.

A well-known instance is that of Columba, as related by Adamnan. Being come to his last day, he said this day is named the Sabbath, which means

rest; and this day I shall enter into my rest. He died as he had foretold, On Saturday, at midnight. This aspect of the matter completely exonerates the Columban clergy from the rather serious accusation, for which it seems at the first blush, which Turgot preferred against them, and serves to bring out the fact that the Culdees claimed relationship with an older church than Rome.

The Roman Church followed the Western usage, that is, it observed, not the seventh but the first day of the week, the Lord's Day, the day of resurrection, as the day of rest and holy worship. What Margaret wished was to get the Culdees to adopt this practice, and so break them into conformity with the Roman and Western Church.

The marriage customs of the Scots were next passed in review in this conference. Here again we are startled by the strong language of the Queen, as if the Scots were plunged in dreadful immoralities by their Culdeeism. "Next she proved," says Turgot, "how utterly abominable, yea more to be shunned by the faithful than death itself, was the unlawful marriage of a man with his stepmother, as also that the surviving brother should take to wife the widow of the deceased brother."[10] We have here another link between the Culdees and the East, and another proof that the Christianity of the Scots did not come to them by way of Rome. It was enjoined in the Old Testament, in certain circumstances, that a man should marry the widow of his deceased brother. It is for this the Scots are here blamed. Their real offence, we are persuaded, consisted in their opposition to the marriage law of Rome. The Church of Rome was enlarging her code of "prohibited degrees;" she was changing marriage into a sacrament, and declaring all marriages unlawful which were not so solemnised; in short, she was employing marriage as an instrument for the enslavement of society, and in the charges thrown out against the Scots on this head we trace another attempt on the part of Rome to bring them to submit to her yoke.

The purity of the Scots is borne witness to by Alcuin, an English writer of the ninth century. "The Scots," says he, "are said to lead a most chaste life, amid their worldly occupations, by rational consideration. But it is said that none of their laity make confession to priests, whom we believe to have received from Christ our God the power of binding and loosing

together with the holy apostles." [11]And still more significant, as regards the alleged contempt of marriage by the Irish and Scottish Christians, is what is said in the *Life of Malachy*, in the twelfth century. "The most wholesome use of confession," says he, "the sacrament of confirmation, and the contract of marriage," by which St. Malachy means the Roman sacrament of marriage, "all which they before were either ignorant of or did neglect, Malachy did institute afresh." [12]

To understand that the Scots did not observe the ordinance of marriage is to contradict all Scottish history, though Giraldus Cambrensis has so represented the matter. And even Lanfranc and Anselm have preferred this same accusation, which is as absurd as it is calumnious. Sedulius reckons marriage among those things that "are gifts but not spiritual." [13] The Church of Rome, however, knows nothing of such marriages.

Finally came up the supreme question of the eucharist. The sacrament of the Supper in the church of the West had long ceased to be the simple commemorative ordinance which it is seen at its first celebration in the upper chamber at Jerusalem; but neither had it as yet grown into that ceremonial of pomp and mystery which it was one day to become, and to which it was rapidly approximating. Nothing would have so delighted Margaret as to banish the simple Culdee "Supper," and replace it with the operatic splendour of the Roman Eucharist, because nothing would so conclusively seal the submission of the Scots to the authority of Rome. This was the heart of the controversy. Here must the great blow be struck.

"The Queen," says Turgot, "now raised another point; she asked them to explain why it was that on the festival of Easter they neglected to receive the sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, according to the usage of the Holy and Apostolic Church?" The answer of the Culdees, as Bishop Turgot has reported it, was that they felt their unworthiness so deeply that they feared to "approach that mystery" This cannot have been their whole answer, for every one sees that this sense of unworthiness would have kept them away from the holy table not only on Easter day, but on all days and in all places. Now we know that the Culdees celebrated the eucharist in their own churches, and kept Easter after their own reckoning. Nay, it was made matter of accusation against them at an after stage of this same controversy, that they did celebrate this sacrament, although

in a way displeasing to Margaret, because not "according to the usage of the Holy and Apostolic Church."

What was the point of the accusation brought against the Culdee clergy, and what was the real attitude taken up by them on the question of the eucharist in this controversy? Turgot's report has brought out neither. The accusation was not that they neglected observance of the sacrament of the supper. Their opponents knew that this they did not do. The accusation was that they refused to join in the celebration of the eucharist at the Roman altars on Easter day. Why? They "feared," they said, to "approach that mystery," that is, they feared to approach those communion tables on which the "Supper" had become the sacrament of the "Body and Blood" of Christ in another sense than that of its institution. Innocent III. had not yet enacted the dogma of transubstantiation, but after two centuries of discussion the belief of that mystery had worked itself into the general mind of the Roman world, and the Culdees hesitated to compromise their own faith or hurt their consciences by joining in this festival with those who believed that to be the literal flesh and blood of Christ which they knew to be only bread and wine. Therefore it was they eschewed the eucharistic table of Queen Margaret's church.

If the Culdees "feared" the "mystery" presented on the altars of Margaret, the Queen in her turn was shocked at the bald simplicity of the "Supper" as seen on the Culdee communion tables. "There were certain places in Scotland," says Bishop Turgot, that is, there were Culdee chapels and cells, "in which masses were celebrated according to some sort of barbarous rite contrary to the usage of the whole church." [14] The Bishop does not say what these "barbarous rites" were, but we can have no difficulty in guessing. They were the wooden communion tables of the Culdees: they were the vessels of home manufacture used in the celebration of the Supper, and the ordinary woollen dress of the officiating Culdee pastor. These all "were contrary to the usage of the whole church," therefore "barbarous." The same charge might have been brought against the first Supper in the upper chamber at Jerusalem. "Fired by the zeal of God," says the Bishop, "the Queen attempts to root out and abolish this custom, so that henceforth, from the whole of Scotland, there was not one single person who dared to continue the practice" We must here understand the good Bishop as stating what he earnestly desired or fondly

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 battlefields, 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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