

# **SCOTLAND'S STORY**



“Hold you, hold you, brave Wallace! The English have  
hanged all your best men like dogs.”

# **SCOTLAND'S STORY**

**A HISTORY OF SCOTLAND  
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**BY H. E. MARSHALL**

**WITH PICTURES**

**BY J. R. SKELTON, JOHN HASSALL  
AND J. SHAW CROMPTON**



**YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS  
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA**

Cover and arrangement © 2006 Yesterday's Classics.

This edition, first published in 2006 by Yesterday's Classics, is an unabridged republication of the work originally published by T. C. & E. C. Jack, Ltd. in 1906. The color illustrations by J. R. Skelton, John Hassall, and J. Shaw Crompton in that volume are rendered in black and white in this edition. For a complete listing of books published by Yesterday's Classics, visit [www.yesterdaysclassics.com](http://www.yesterdaysclassics.com). Yesterday's Classics is the publishing arm of the Baldwin Project which presents the complete text of dozens of classic books for children at [www.mainlesson.com](http://www.mainlesson.com) under the editorship of Lisa M. Ripperton and T. A. Roth.

ISBN-10: 1-59915-056-5

ISBN-13: 978-1-59915-056-7

Yesterday's Classics  
PO Box 3418  
Chapel Hill, NC 27515

**TO**  
**WINIFRED AND DORIS**



## WHY THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN

“It is very nice,” said Caledonia, as she closed her book with a sigh; “but why did you not tell us stories of Scotland?”

“Because there was no need. That has been done already by a great and clever man.”

“Oh, but children sometimes like the stories which are written by the not great and clever people best,” said Caledonia wisely. “Littler children do, anyhow. They are more simpler, you know.”

“Oh indeed!” said I.

“I wish you would write Scotland’s Story for littler children like me,” went on Caledonia, “and please put more battles in it than in *Our Island Story*. But you must not say that the Scots were defeated. I don’t like it at all when you say ‘The Scots and the Picts were driven back.’ ”

“But you know we were defeated sometimes, Caledonia.”

Caledonia looked grave. That was very serious. Presently her face brightened. “Well, if we were, you needn’t write about those times,” she said.

So, because Caledonia asked me, I have written *Scotland's Story*. I am afraid it will not please her altogether, for I have had to say more than once or twice that "the Scots were defeated." But I would remind her that "defeated" and "conquered" are words with quite different meanings, and that perhaps it is no disgrace for a plucky little nation to have been defeated often, and yet never conquered by her great and splendid neighbour.

"Fairy tales!" I hear some wise people murmur as they turn the pages. Yes, there are fairy tales here, and I make no apology for them, for has not a grave and learned historian said that there ought to be two histories of Scotland—one woven with the golden threads of romance and glittering with the rubies and sapphires of Fairyland? Such, surely, ought to be the children's Scotland.

So I dedicate my book to the "littler children," as Caledonia calls them, who care for their country's story. It is sent into the world in no vain spirit of rivalry, but rather as a humble tribute to the great Master of Romance, who wrote *Tales* for his little grandson, and I shall be well repaid, if my tales but form stepping stones by which little feet may pass to his Enchanted Land.

H. E. MARSHALL.



# CONTENTS

	Page
I. THE STORY OF PRINCE GATHELUS	1
II. A FIGHT WITH THE ROMANS	6
III. THE MARCH OF THE ROMANS	12
IV. THE STORY OF SAINT COLUMBA	17
V. HOW THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS BECAME FRIENDS	24
VI. THE LAST OF THE PICTS	30
VII. HOW A PLOUGHMAN WON A BATTLE	36
VIII. MACBETH AND THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS	40
IX. MACBETH—THE MURDER OF BANQUO	45
X. MACBETH—HOW THE THANE OF FIFE WENT TO ENGLAND	49
XI. MACBETH—HOW BIRNAM WOOD CAME TO DUNSINANE	55
XII. MALCOLM CANMORE—HOW THE KING OVERCAME A TRAITOR	61
XIII. MALCOLM CANMORE—HOW SAINT MARGARET CAME TO SCOTLAND	67
XIV. THE STORY OF PIERCE-EYE	74
XV. THE REIGNS OF DONALD BANE, DUNCAN, AND EDGAR	79
XVI. ALEXANDER I., THE FIERCE	82

## CONTENTS

XVII.	DAVID I., THE SORE SAINT—THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD	86
XVIII.	WILLIAM I., THE LION	96
XIX.	THE STORY OF ALEXANDER II.	101
XX.	ALEXANDER III.—HOW THE LITTLE KING WAS CROWNED AND MARRIED	105
XXI.	ALEXANDER III.—THE TAMING OF THE RAVENS	110
XXII.	ALEXANDER III.—HOW A BEAUTIFUL LADY TOOK A BRAVE KNIGHT PRISONER	115
XXIII.	ALEXANDER III.—HOW THE KING RODE HOMEWARD THROUGH THE DARK NIGHT	119
XXIV.	THE MAID OF NORWAY	123
XXV.	JOHN BALIOL—THE SIEGE OF BERWICK	127
XXVI.	JOHN BALIOL—THE LAST OF TOOM TABARD	132
XXVII.	THE ADVENTURES OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE	135
XXVIII.	WILLIAM WALLACE—THE BLACK PARLIAMENT OF AYR	141
XXIX.	WILLIAM WALLACE—THE BATTLE OF STIRLING BRIDGE	145
XXX.	WILLIAM WALLACE—THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK	149
XXXI.	WILLIAM WALLACE—THE TURNING OF A LOAF	156
XXXII.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—HOW THE BRUCE RECEIVED A LETTER AND STRUCK A BLOW	161
XXXIII.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—HOW THE KING WAS CROWNED	167
XXXIV.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—IF AT FIRST, YOU DON'T SUCCEED, TRY AGAIN	172
XXXV.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—THE KING TRIES AGAIN	178

## CONTENTS

XXXVI.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—THE FIGHT AT THE FORD	185
XXXVII.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—HOW THE KING ESCAPED FROM TRAITORS, AND HOW HE MET A TRUE WOMAN	189
XXXVIII.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—THE TAKING OF PERTH	196
XXXIX.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—HOW TWO CASTLES WERE WON	202
XL.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—HOW THE CASTLE OF EDINBURGH WAS TAKEN	207
XLI.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—HOW SIR HENRY DE BOHUN MET HIS DEATH	212
XLII.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN	218
XLIII.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—HOW THE SCOTS CARRIED THE WAR INTO ENGLAND	222
XLIV.	ROBERT THE BRUCE—THE HEART OF THE KING	230
XLV.	DAVID II.—THE STORY OF BLACK AGNES	235
XLVI.	DAVID II.—THE BATTLE OF NEVILLE'S CROSS	241
XLVII.	ROBERT II.—HOW THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS MADE WAR ON ENGLAND	246
XLVIII.	ROBERT II.—THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN	252
XLIX.	ROBERT III.—THE STORY OF A FEARFUL HIGHLAND TOURNAMENT	259
L.	ROBERT III.—THE STORY OF THE DUKE OF ROTHESAY	264
LI.	REGENT ALBANY—THE STORY OF THE BATTLE OF HARLAW	270
LII.	REGENT MURDOCH—THE SCOTS IN FRANCE	274

## CONTENTS

LIII.	JAMES I.—THE BEAUTIFUL LADY OF THE GARDEN	278
LIV.	JAMES I.—THE POET KING, HOW HE REIGNED, AND HOW HE DIED	285
LV.	JAMES II. OF THE FIERY FACE—THE STORY OF THE BLACK DINNER	295
LVI.	JAMES II. OF THE FIERY FACE—THE FALL OF THE BLACK DOUGLASES	303
LVII.	JAMES III.—THE STORY OF THE BOYDS	311
LVIII.	JAMES III.—HOW A MASON BECAME AN EARL	315
LIX.	JAMES III.—THE BATTLE OF SAUCHIEBURN	322
LX.	JAMES IV.—THE STORY OF A GREAT SEA FIGHT	327
LXI.	JAMES IV.—THE THISTLE AND THE ROSE	334
LXII.	JAMES IV.—FLODDEN FIELD	343
LXIII.	JAMES V., THE KING OF THE COMMONS—THE FALL OF THE RED DOUGLASES	348
LXIV.	JAMES V., THE KING OF THE COMMONS—THE STORY OF JOHNNIE ARMSTRONG	358
LXV.	JAMES V.—THE GOODMAN OF BALLENGIECH	362
LXVI.	JAMES V., THE KING OF THE COMMONS—HIS LAST DAYS	366
LXVII.	MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS—FRANCE	371
LXVIII.	MARY—DARNLEY AND RIZZIO	381
LXIX.	MARY—BOTHWELL	389

## CONTENTS

LXX.	MARY—HOW THE QUEEN ESCAPED, AND HOW SHE WAS MADE PRISONER AGAIN	398
LXXI.	JAMES VI.—KING'S MEN AND QUEEN'S MEN	405
LXXII.	JAMES VI.—ABOUT THE DEATH OF TWO QUEENS AND THE JOINING OF TWO CROWNS	414
LXXIII.	JAMES VI.—NEW SCOTLAND	420
LXXIV.	CHARLES I.—THE KING AND THE COVENANT	424
LXXV.	CHARLES I.—HOW THE SOLDIER POET HELPED THE KING	429
LXXVI.	CROMWELL—HOW THE SOLDIER POET DIED	434
LXXVII.	CROMWELL—FOR THE CROWN	440
LXXVIII.	CHARLES II.—HOW THE KING CAME TO HIS OWN AGAIN	447
LXXIX.	CHARLES II.—THE CHURCH AMONG THE HILLS	452
LXXX.	JAMES VII.—A FORLORN HOPE	460
LXXXI.	JAMES VII.—THE BATTLE OF KILLIEKRANKIE	465
LXXXII.	WILLIAM III. AND MARY II.—THE STORY OF THE GLEN OF WEeping	469
LXXXIII.	WILLIAM III.—FORTUNE'S GILDED SAILS	474
LXXXIV.	ANNE—HOW THE UNION JACK WAS MADE	484
LXXXV.	GEORGE I.—FOR THE KING OVER THE WATER	491
LXXXVI.	GEORGE II.—A STORY OF SMUGGLERS	497

## CONTENTS

LXXXVII.	GEORGE II.—THE STORY OF HOW PRINCE CHARLIE CAME HOME	505
LXXXVIII.	GEORGE II.—THE WANDERINGS OF BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE	513
LXXXIX.	GEORGE III.—ABOUT A GREATER CONQUEROR THAN KINGS	520
XC.	GEORGE IV.—GOD SAVE THE KING	524
	LIST OF KINGS FROM DUNCAN I.	529







## **CHAPTER I**

# **THE STORY OF PRINCE GATHELUS**

ONCE upon a time there lived in Greece a king who had a son called Gathelus. Prince Gathelus was very handsome and brave, but he was wild, and gay, and wicked, and he caused his father much sorrow and trouble. Over and over again the King punished and imprisoned his son for his evil deeds. But in spite of all his father could do, Gathelus grew no better but rather worse. At last the King had no more patience with him, and banished him from the land.

When Gathelus knew that he was banished, he took a ship, and gathering as many of his friends as would come with him, he sailed away to a far country called Egypt.

When they arrived in Egypt, Pharaoh, the ruler of the land, received them very kindly, for he was at that time fighting great battles, and he hoped that these gay young knights would help him against his enemies.

This, Gathelus and his friends did, and when Pharaoh had, with their aid, defeated his enemies, he

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

rewarded them richly and gave them a city in which they could live together. Gathelus alone was not content with the rewards, for he had seen Pharaoh's beautiful daughter Scota, and he longed to marry her. And as Pharaoh could refuse nothing to the gallant Prince who had freed him from his enemies, he gave his consent, and Scota and Gathelus were married.

For many years Gathelus lived in Egypt, growing rich and great, and ruling over his people, who became more and more numerous as the years went by. And Gathelus loved his wife so much that he commanded that in honour of her name Scota, all his people should be called Scots.

But when Pharaoh began to be unkind to the Children of Israel, and terrible plagues fell upon the land, Gathelus wished to live there no longer. So he gathered a great fleet of ships, and with his wife and children, and all his soldiers and servants, and a great company of people, he went on board and sailed far away across the sea in search of another country.

After many storms and adventures Gathelus and his company arrived at last on the shores of Spain. They had been tossed and buffeted about by winds and waves for many days. They had eaten all the food which they had brought with them, and they were nearly starving. So they were very glad to be safe on land once more.

But the people of Spain were not glad to see these strangers, and they made ready to fight them.

## *THE STORY OF PRINCE GATHELUS*

Gathelus too made ready to fight, and a fierce battle followed in which the Spaniards were beaten.

But Gathelus and his Scots wished to live at peace with the people of the land, and although neither could speak the language of the other, the Scots found means to make the Spaniards understand that they did not wish to fight against them or to hurt them in any way. So the two nations became friends, and the Spaniards gave a part of their country to the Scots, where for many years they lived in peace.

As the years went on, the Scots grew to be still richer and greater than they had been in Egypt, and Gathelus, who had been so wild and wicked when he was young, became a wise and good King. But when the Spaniards saw that the Scots had become a powerful nation, they were once more afraid of them, and they resolved to drive them out of the country.

Then both the Scots and the Spaniards gathered their mighty men, and there was a great and terrible battle, with awful slaughter on both sides. But in the end the Scots won the victory. Then once more peace was made, and the two nations agreed again to live side by side as friends.

But when Gathelus saw how the Scots still went on growing richer and greater day by day, he feared that the Spaniards would again become angry and want to fight. So he began to think how this might be avoided. At last, hearing of a Green Island

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

which lay in the sea not far distant, he resolved to send some of his people there.

Gathering a great number of ships, he filled them with soldiers, and making his two sons, who were called Hiberus and Himecus, captains, he sent them away to seek for the Green Island.

For some days the ships sailed upon the sea seeking the Green Island in vain. But at last they came to it and landed there. The Scots soon found out that there were very few people on the Green Island, and those who were there were gentle and kindly, and had no wish to fight.

Hiberus and Himecus therefore, instead of fighting, tried to make friends with the people. This they easily did, for the inhabitants of the Green Island, seeing that the Scots meant them no harm, welcomed them gladly.

So the Scots settled in the Green Island and taught the people many useful things. They showed them how to sow and plough and reap, how to build houses, how to spin, and in many ways how to live more comfortably. Then presently, in honour of Hiberus, who was their Prince, they changed the name of the island to Hibernia. The island is still sometimes called by that name, although we generally call it Ireland.

For many years the Scots lived in Hibernia. Gathelus died, and Hiberus died, and after them ruled many kings. At last, when many hundreds of years had passed, a prince called Rothsay sailed over to the islands which lay opposite Hibernia, and took

## *THE STORY OF PRINCE GATHELUS*

possession of them. The island upon which he first landed he called Rothesay, and to this day there is a town on the island of Bute called by that name.

The Scots, finding that these islands were fertile, and good for breeding cattle, sailed over from Hibernia in greater and greater numbers, bringing their wives and children with them. At last they filled all the little islands, and some of them landed in the north of the big island, which was then called Albion.

After many, many years, the north part of Albion came to be called the land of Scots, or Scotland, just as the south part was called the land of Angles, or England.

Some people think that this story of Prince Gathelus is a fairy tale. But this at least is true, that in far off days when people spoke of Scotia, they meant Ireland, and when they spoke of Scots, they meant the people who lived in Ireland, and Scotland took its name from the people who came from Ireland and settled in Scotland.

## CHAPTER II

# A FIGHT WITH THE ROMANS

WHEN the Scots first came to Albion, they found it already peopled by the Britons, and by another race called the Picts. It is not certain from where these Picts came, but they were a very wild and fierce people. It is supposed that they were called Picts, from the Latin word *pictus*, which means painted, because they painted their bodies instead of wearing clothes.

So there were three races living in Scotland, and these were divided into many tribes who often fought with each other. There were kings of Scots, kings of Picts, and kings of Britons, all ruling in Albion. Sometimes the kings and their peoples all fought against each other; sometimes the Picts and the Scots joined together against the Britons. Those were fierce and wild times, and they were all fierce and wild peoples. They lived in caves, or in holes dug in the ground and covered over with turf and with branches of trees. They wore few clothes except those made from the skins of animals, although the Scots knew how to weave and make cloth in bright coloured checks and stripes.

## *A FIGHT WITH THE ROMANS*

A great part of the country was covered with forests. In these forests wild beasts prowled about. Bears, wolves, wild boars, bison, and a kind of tiger, were the fiercest, but there were also several kinds of deer, beavers, and many other animals which are no longer to be found in Scotland.

The people hunted these animals and killed them for food, and also for their skins, of which they made clothes. In hunting they used bows and arrows. Bows and arrows were used too in war, as well as a long, blunt, heavy spear. And in hunting and fighting the men spent nearly all their time.

Years went on. Many kings, good and bad, lived, and ruled, and died, and at last a great and clever people called the Romans heard of the island of Britain, and came sailing over the sea to conquer it. They landed first in the south of the island and tried to conquer the people there, and it was not until the year 80 A.D., more than a hundred years after the Romans first came to Britain, that a general called Agricola marched into Scotland against the Caledonians, as the Romans called all the tribes who lived in the north part of the island.

Agricola took some of his soldiers into Scotland by land. Others sailed there in great galleys, as the Roman ships were called. The Caledonians did not fear the Roman soldiers. They had already fought against them many times, for they had often marched into the south of the island to help the Britons against the Romans. "They were willing," says an old writer, "to help towards the delivery of

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

the land from the bondage of the Romans, whose nestling so near their noses they were loth to see or hear of."

But if the Caledonians did not fear the soldiers, the great galleys of the Romans filled them with awe and dread. Never before had they seen so many nor such great ships. "The very ocean is given over to our enemies," they said. "How shall we save ourselves from these mighty conquerors who thus surround us on every side?"

But although the Caledonians were filled with dread, they fought bravely. As Agricola marched northward by the coast, his galleys followed him on the sea. Sometimes the galleys would come close to the shore, and the sailors would land and join the soldiers in the camp. There they would tell stories to each other of the battles and dangers, of the storms and adventures, through which they had passed, each trying to make the others believe that their adventures had been the most exciting, their dangers the greatest.

The Caledonians fought fiercely, but Agricola's soldiers were far better trained, and gradually he drove the islanders before him into the mountains beyond the rivers Forth and Clyde. There he built a line of forts. He knew that he had neither conquered nor subdued the fierce Caledonians. So he built this line of forts in order to cut them off from the south, and shut them, as it were, into another island.



## *A FIGHT WITH THE ROMANS*

Having built this line of forts, Agricola marched still farther north. But the Caledonians fought so fiercely that some of the Roman leaders begged Agricola to turn back. Agricola would not go back, but as the winter was near, and the roads were so bad as to be almost impassable, he encamped and waited for the spring before fighting any more.

The Caledonians spent the winter in making preparations for battle. All the various tribes forgot their quarrels and joined together under a leader called Galgacus. Sending their wives and children to a safe place, the men, young and old, from far and near, flocked to Galgacus eager to fight for their country.

When spring came and the roads were once more passable, the Romans left their camp and marched northward, seeking the Caledonians. They met, it is thought, somewhere upon the slopes of the Grampian hills, but no one is sure of the exact spot.

The Caledonians were little more than savages, yet they were ready to fight to the last for their country. They were almost naked. They wore no armour and carried only small shields. For weapons they had bows and arrows, blunt iron swords and heavy spears. Those in the centre of the army were mounted upon rough little horses, and there too were gathered the war chariots with swords upon the wheels ready to dash among the enemy and cut them down.

Against these savage warriors came the splendid soldiers of the Roman Empire, clad in

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

glittering coats of mail, armed with swords and spears of sharpened steel, every man among them trained to obey, to fight, and to die.

As the Caledonians stood ready for battle, Galgacus made a speech to them. "Fight to-day," he said, "for the liberty of Albion. We have never been slaves, and if we would not now become the slaves of these proud Romans there is nothing left to us but to fight and die. We are at the farthest limits of land and liberty. There is no land behind us to which we may flee. There is nothing but the waves and rocks and the Romans in their ships. These plunderers of the world having taken all the land, now claim the seas, so that even if we fly to the sea there is no safety from them. They kill and slay, and take what is not theirs, and call it Empire. They make a desert and call it Peace. Our children, our wives, and all who are dear to us, are torn from us, our lands and goods are destroyed. Let this day decide if such things we are to suffer for ever or revenge instantly. March then to battle. Think of your children and of the freedom which was your fathers', and win it again, or die."

When Galgacus had finished speaking, the Caledonians answered with great shouts and songs, then with their chariots and horsemen they rushed upon the Romans. Fiercely the battle began, fiercely it raged. The Caledonians fought with splendid courage, but what could half-naked savages do against the steel-clad warriors of Rome? When night fell, ten thousand Caledonians lay dead upon the field. The Romans had won the victory.

## *A FIGHT WITH THE ROMANS*

All through the night could be heard the desolate cries of sorrow and despair, as women moved over the battlefield seeking their dead, and helping the wounded. All through the night the sky was red with the light of fires. But in the morning the country far and near was empty and silent, and the villages were smoking ruins. Not a Caledonian was to be seen. They had burned their homes and fled away to hide among the mountains.

Agricola, knowing that it would be useless to try to follow them through the dark forest and hills, turned and marched southward again beyond his line of forts. A few months later he was called back to Rome.

Agricola had been four years in Scotland, and when he left it the people were still unconquered.

## CHAPTER III

# THE MARCH OF THE ROMANS

ALTHOUGH the Caledonians had been defeated, they were not subdued, and they continued to fight so fiercely that the Romans gave up trying to keep the forts which Agricola had built.

Later on a Roman Emperor called Hadrian came to Britain, and he built a wall from the Tyne to the Solway. This wall ran straight across the country from sea to sea over hills and valleys, and it was so strong, and so well built, that although hundreds of years have passed since then it may still be seen to this day.

But even this great wall did not keep back the Caledonians. They broke through it or sailed round the ends of it in their little boats made of wickerwork covered with the skins of animals. Some years later another Roman Emperor called Antonine came to Britain. He drove the Caledonians back again beyond Agricola's forts, and there he built a wall which is still called by his name.

But the Caledonians broke through or climbed over this wall too. The first man who leaped

## *THE MARCH OF THE ROMANS*

over the wall was called Graham, and the ruins of that part of the wall are called Graham's Dyke to this day. Dyke is a Scottish word for wall.

Many years passed. The Romans called Britain a Roman province, but the wild people of the north not only remained unconquered but they became ever more and more bold. They over-leaped the wall more and more often, coming farther and farther south, fighting and plundering as they went.

At last an Emperor called Severus, hearing of the deeds of the wild Caledonians, resolved to conquer them. This Emperor was old and ill. He was so ill that he could not walk, and had to be carried in a kind of bed called a litter. But he was full of courage and determination, and gathering a great army of soldiers he invaded Scotland.

Scotland at this time was covered in many parts with pathless forest, and even where there were roads they were not fit for a great army, such as Severus now brought with him, to pass over.

So Severus as he marched his army through Scotland cut down trees, drained marshes, made roads and built bridges. Slowly but with fierce determination, led by a sick man who was carried about in a bed, the Romans marched through Scotland. From south to north they marched, yet they never fought a battle or came face to face with an enemy.

The Caledonians followed their march, dashing out upon them unawares, swooping down upon and killing those who lagged behind or who

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

strayed too far ahead. In this way many were killed, many too died of cold, hunger, and weariness; still on and on, over hill and valley, swept the mighty host, to the very north of Scotland. There they turned and marched back again, and at last they reached the border and crossed beyond the wall, leaving fifty thousand of their number dead in the hills and valleys of the north.

No wonder that brave old Severus gave up the task as hopeless, and instead of trying to fight any more, he strengthened and repaired the wall which Hadrian had built so many years before.

And so it went on year by year, the Caledonians always attacking, the Romans always trying to drive them back again. At last, nearly five hundred years after they first came to Britain, the Romans went away altogether.

When the Romans had gone, the Caledonians found the south of Britain more easy to attack than ever. For as the Romans took away not only their own soldiers, but the best of the British whom they had trained to fight, there was now no one to guard the walls.

So the Caledonians threw down and destroyed the wall between the Forth and the Clyde. They broke and ruined great parts of Hadrian's wall too, and overran the south of Britain as far as London.

At last the Britons were in such dread and fear of the Caledonians that they sent to their old enemies the Romans for help. But the Romans

## *THE MARCH OF THE ROMANS*

would not help them. The Britons then sent to the Saxons, and the Saxons came to their aid.

When the King of the Picts heard that the Saxons had come to help the Britons, he sent to the King of the Scots begging him to join in fighting them. So the Picts and the Scots joined together against the Britons and the Saxons. But when the Picts and Scots saw the great army of Britons and the strange fierce Saxon warriors, some of them were afraid and stole away to hide themselves in the woods near. The two kings when they heard of this were very angry. They sent to seek these cowards, brought them back, and hanged them every one in sight of the whole army, so that none might be tempted to follow their example.

Then Dougall the Scottish King and Galanus the Pictish King spoke to their people and encouraged them with brave words.

When the battle began, arrows flew thick and fast, and it seemed as if neither side would give way. But when they came near to each other, the Picts and Scots charged so fiercely that the Britons fled before them. Then a fearful storm arose. The sky grew black with clouds and the air dark with rain and hail, which dashed on friend and foe alike. In the darkness the Picts and the Scots lost their rank and order, and when the storm passed over, the Saxons and the Britons had won the battle.

It was a sorrowful day for the Picts and the Scots. They fled away, leaving the Britons to rejoice

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

over the thousands of their enemies who lay dead upon the field.

But the Britons had no great cause for rejoicing, for the Saxons rid south Britain of the Picts and the Scots only to conquer it for themselves. And soon the Britons were glad to ask the Picts and Scots to help them to drive the Saxons out of their land. This they were never able to do, and the Saxons took all the south of Britain and made it their own. But Scotland they could never conquer.



## **CHAPTER IV**

# **THE STORY OF SAINT COLUMBA**

IN Ireland there lived a priest called Columba. He was very tall and strong and beautiful. He was the son of a king and might himself have been a king, but he did not care to sit upon a throne nor to wear a crown and royal robes. He did not long to fight and kill, as kings in these fierce days did. He was gentle and loving, and he longed rather to make people happy. So he was called Columba, which means a dove.

When a little boy, Columba had heard the story of Christ, and he had become a Christian. When he grew up, he spent his time teaching other people to be Christian too. For at that time nearly all the people in the world were heathen.

The Picts were heathen. Some of the Scots may have heard the story of Christ before they left Ireland, but if they had, they very soon forgot it amid the fierce wars and rough, wild life they led.

Often Columba turned his kind grey eyes across the blue waters to the islands where his

## SCOTLAND'S STORY

fellow-countrymen had gone, and he longed to sail over the sea to tell his story there, and to teach the wild people of these islands to be kind and gentle.

At last he had his wish. He found twelve friends who were willing to go with him, and together they sailed across the sea in a little boat.

The boat, which was called the *Deny-Red*, was small and frail. It was made of wickerwork covered with the skins of animals, and seemed hardly fit for so long a journey.

But these thirteen men were not afraid, and taking with them bread and water and a little milk, enough to serve them for a few days, they set sail. They were dressed in long white robes, their feet were bare except for sandals, and although they were going among fierce, wild people they took no weapons. God would guard them, they said.

The sun shone brightly and a soft wind blew as the *Deny-Red* slid out upon the waters. Columba sat at the stern, steering straight for Albion. But as the shores of Ireland faded in the distance he looked back with tear-dimmed eyes. The rowers bent to the oars, and their eyes too were dim. These men loved their country dearly, but they were leaving it for love of others.

At last they reached the islands of Albion, and they landed upon one of them. But looking back across the sea they still faintly saw the shores of Ireland. "We must go further," they said, "if day by day we see our dear country in the distance, our hearts will for ever return to it. Let us go where we

## THE STORY OF SAINT COLUMBA

cannot see it, so that we may be content to live among strangers, in a strange land.”

So once more Columba and his friends entered their boat. They sailed on till they came to an island then called Hy, but which is now called Iona.

The sun was setting as the frail little boat touched the rocky shore. Once more Columba looked back. The sea shone golden in the evening light, but across the sparkling waves no glimmer of the Irish shore was to be seen.

Columba and his white-robed followers landed, and climbing to the highest point in the island again turned their eyes westward. Still no faintest outline of the Irish shore was to be seen. They had found what they sought, and kneeling on the rocky shore they gave God thanks who had brought them in safety over the sea. The dove and his message of peace had found a resting-place.

Upon this spot a cairn or pile of stones was raised which is called *Carn cul ri Erin*. That means “The back turned upon Ireland.”

For two years Columba remained in Iona. During that time, besides teaching the people, he and his men built houses to live in, and also a church. Most of the people who lived in Iona and the islands round were Scots. Many of them became Christian; then Columba made up his mind to go to the Picts to teach them too about Christ.

The King of the Picts lived then at Inverness, and from Iona to Inverness the journey was long

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

and difficult. But Columba had no fear. Through the dark forests where wild animals roared and prowled, by pathless mountain sides, among fierce heathen people he travelled on until he reached the palace of the King.

But the King and his heathen priests had heard of the coming of Columba, and the gates of the palace were barred against him and guarded by warriors.

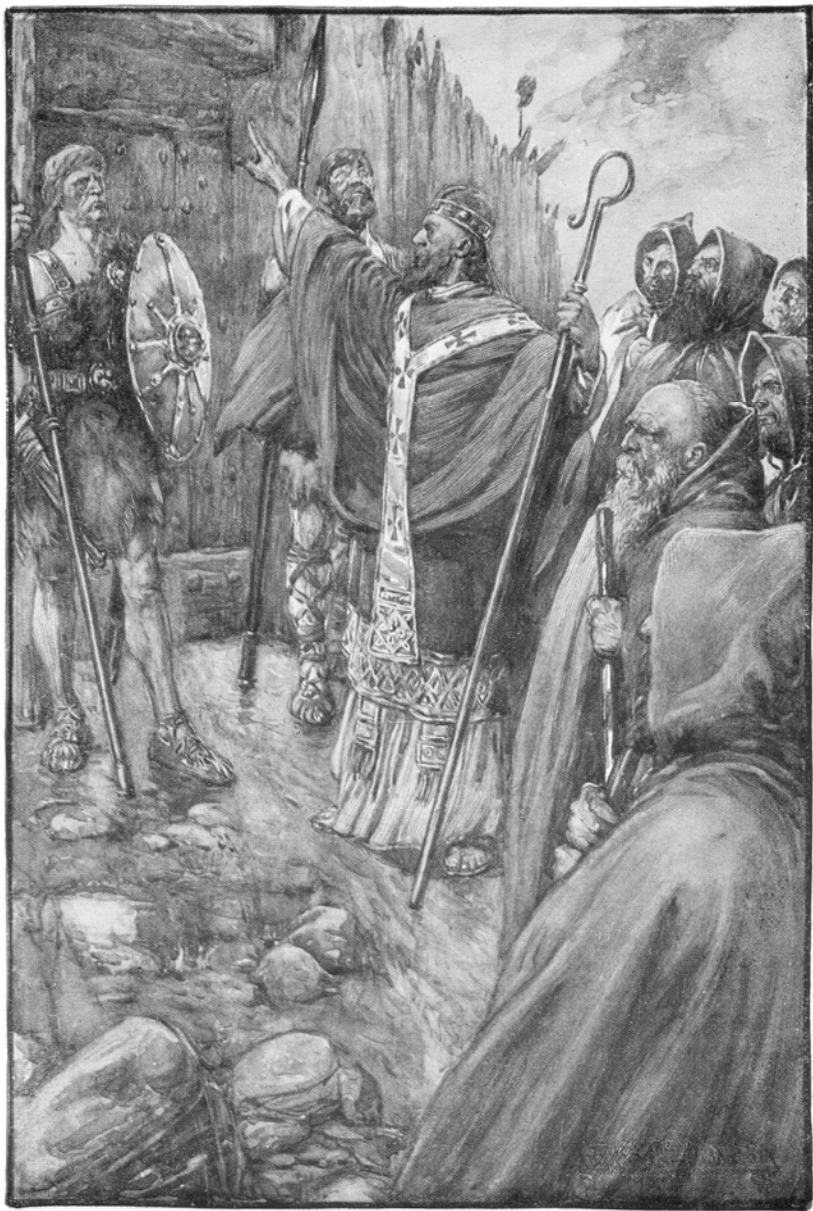
Still Columba had no fear. Right up to the gates he marched, and raising his hand he made the sign of the cross upon them. Immediately the bolts and bars flew back. Slowly and silently the great gates turned upon their hinges and opened wide of their own accord. At the sight, the guards fled in terror to tell the King, who sat among his lords and priests.

When the King heard the wonderful story, he rose up from his throne, and crying out, "This is a holy man," he hurried to meet Columba.

Dressed in beautiful robes, Columba came slowly through the palace followed by his white-clad monks. As soon as the King saw him he knelt before him, praying for his blessing and protection. So the King became Columba's friend, and helped him in every way.

But not so the heathen priests. They hated Columba, they hated his teaching, and they did everything they could to keep him from speaking to the people.

## *THE STORY OF SAINT COLUMBA*



St. Columba made the sign of the Cross, and the great gates opened wide.

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

One day when Columba's followers were singing hymns, the heathen priests tried to stop them, lest the people should hear. But instead of being silent, Columba himself began to sing, and his voice was so wonderful that it was heard for miles and miles around. It was heard by the King in his palace and by the peasant in his hut. And yet although it was heard so far away it sounded sweet and low to those who were near. The sound struck terror to the hearts of the heathen priests, so that they too were silent, and listened to the beautiful music.

For four-and-thirty years Columba lived among the people of Scotland. He travelled over all the land telling to the fierce heathen the story of Christ.

Many wonderful tales are told of Columba, and although we cannot believe them all, they help us to know that in those far-off times there lived a man whose heart was large and tender, who loved the helpless and the ignorant, and who gave his life to bring them happiness.

Besides preaching and teaching, Columba spent much of his time in writing. In those days all books were written by hand, and Columba copied the Psalms and other parts of the Bible. One night as he worked he grew very weary. He wrote the words "They who seek the Lord shall want no manner of thing that is good," then he said to those around him, "Here I must rest. Some one else must finish my work."

## *THE STORY OF SAINT COLUMBA*

Then sitting upon the hard stones which served him for bed and pillow he spoke to his followers. "Dear children, this is what I command with my last words—Let peace and charity be among you always. If you do this, following the example of the saints, God who gives strength to the just will help you. And I who shall be near Him will pray Him to give you all that is needful to you in this life, and to greatly reward you in the life that is to come."

These were his last words.

At midnight Columba rose, and, going into the dark church, knelt before the altar. His servant followed him, but in the darkness could not find him. So in distress he called out, "Where art thou, my father?" There was no answer.

At last groping about the church the man came upon Columba lying upon the steps of the altar. He raised his head and rested it against his knees, calling aloud for help.

Soon all the monks were roused, and lights were brought. With cries and tears they crowded round their dying master. Columba could not speak, but he smiled upon them, and raising his hand seemed to bless them. Then with a long sigh he closed his eyes and was at rest for ever.

## CHAPTER V

# HOW THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS BECAME FRIENDS

YEARS passed on and many kings ruled in Scotland. They were years of war and bloodshed, for the country was still divided into different kingdoms, and besides the Picts and Scots and Britons, there were Saxons, who, although they could not succeed in conquering Scotland as they had conquered England, had settled in the part south of the Forth. Sometimes the Picts and Scots fought against each other; sometimes they joined and fought against the Britons; or again they would join with the Britons and fight against the Saxons. But always and always the story is of war.

At last there arose a good and wise king called Achaius. He tried to rule well and bring peace to his land.

In the time of Achaius the greatest ruler in Europe was Charlemagne, King of France and Roman Emperor. He was very powerful, but even he dreaded the wild Saxons, for they invaded France as



## *HOW THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS BECAME FRIENDS*

they invaded Briton, and did many wicked and cruel deeds.

When Charlemagne heard how the Picts and the Scots resisted the Saxons and remained free, he resolved to make a league with them against their common enemy. He wanted too, to make his people love learning, and in all the world he could hear of no people so learned as the Scots. He resolved therefore to send to them and ask them to come to teach his people. So he called some of his greatest nobles and sent them with a message to Achaius, King of Scots.

These nobles stepped into a beautiful ship with purple sails and gilded prow and sailed away to Scotland. As soon as they landed they were led to the court of King Achaius, who greeted them kindly and treated them with great honour.

“Noble King,” said the messengers, bowing low before Achaius, “our master, the most Christian Prince Charlemagne, sends you greeting. The fame of your good name and of the love you bear to the Christian faith has come to him. He has heard too of the learning and the bravery of your people, and of how they have resisted the heathen Saxons who have invaded Britain and done many evil and cruel deeds there. Our noble King desires therefore to be in fellowship with you and with your people, so that Scotsmen shall help Frenchmen and Frenchmen shall help Scotsmen. To this end let it be sworn between us that whenever the Saxons come with an army to France the Scots shall invade England. And

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

if the Saxons come with an army to Scotland then the French shall take their ships and invade England.”

When the messengers had made this long speech they again bowed low and waited for King Achaius to answer.

“I thank your noble King for the love he shows towards me,” he replied, “and when I have taken counsel with my lords and nobles you shall have my answer to carry back to him.”

Then the messengers were led to splendid rooms in the King’s palace. Everything was done to please and amuse them. There were great banquets and hunting parties in which some of the nobles took part, but the greatest and wisest gathered round the King to give advice.

Long they talked, for the lords and nobles could not agree. “Why should we make friends with a people from over the sea?” said one noble. “Would it not be far more sensible to make friends with the Saxons who live in the same island as we do?”

“No,” said another, “we can never be sure of the Saxons, they are full of falseness and treason. What misery and trouble have fallen upon the Britons through the deceit of the Saxons. Do not mistake, they do not wish to be our friends. They have conquered Britain, they also desire to conquer our land. Therefore if we intend to avoid the hatred of our most fearful enemies; if we intend to honour the faith of Christ for whose defence the French now bear arms; if we have more respect for truth

## *HOW THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS BECAME FRIENDS*

than falsehood; if we labour for the fame and honour of our nation; if we will defend our country and bring it to peace; if we will defend our liberty and our lives, which are most dear to man, let us join with France, and let this bond be a defence to our country in all times to come.

Then all the lords and nobles shouted, "It is well said. Let it be done."

King Achaius then sent to the messengers, commanding them to come to court the next day to hear his answer. That night there was great feasting and rejoicing in the palace, and next day the King in his royal robes, surrounded by his nobles, waited to receive the messengers of the French King.

"My lords," said the King, "I desire you to take to your master, the most Christian King Charlemagne, my greeting and thanks. Say to him that my people and I desire above all things to enter into a bond with him, which shall last for all time, and be for ever a joy to both nations. To make the bond more sure, I send back with you my own brother, who is a true and trusty knight, and with him shall go a company of soldiers and four wise men. The soldiers shall fight for the Emperor whenever he goes against the enemy, and the wise men shall teach his people."

Then the messengers rejoiced greatly, and thanking the King they departed to their own land. The Scottish soldiers who went with them formed the beginning of a French Scots guard which afterwards became famous, and the four wise men

## SCOTLAND'S STORY

founded schools and colleges in France, and so added honour to the name of Scotsman.

King Achaius had taken for his standard a red lion rampant (that is, standing upon his hind legs) upon a yellow ground. Now, in order that the nobles might never forget his bond with France, he surrounded the red lion with a double row of fleurs-de-lis, the emblem of France. This was meant to show that the fierce lion of Scotland was armed with the gentleness of the lilies of France, and that the two peoples were friends for ever.

Wise people say that the story of Achaius and Charlemagne can only be a fairy tale, for that at the time when Charlemagne ruled, the people of Scotland were still a poor, half-savage, ignorant people, and that a great king like Charlemagne could have learned nothing from them, and that he would not have wished to make a bond with them.

However that may be, you will find as this story goes on that the French and the Scots were friends through many ages, and if you look at the Scottish Standard you will see that the lion is surrounded by the lilies of France.

It is said that King Achaius founded the Order of the Knights of the Thistle. This is the great order of knighthood in Scotland, just as the order of the Garter is the great order of England.

When King Achaius founded the Order of the Thistle, he made only thirteen knights—himself and twelve others. This was in imitation of Christ and his twelve apostles. So it was considered a very great

## *HOW THE FRENCH AND THE SCOTS BECAME FRIENDS*

honour to be made a Knight of the Thistle. There were never more than thirteen Knights of the Thistle until hundreds of years later, when King George IV. made a law that there should be more.

The ornament worn by the Knights of the Thistle is a picture of St. Andrew with his cross surrounded by thistles and rue. The thistle was the badge of the Scots. Rue was the badge of the Picts. Thistles prick and hurt you if you do not touch them carefully; rue soothes and heals, and was supposed to cure people who had been poisoned.

Some people say, however, that this Order was not founded in the time of King Achaius but in the time of King James V., a King who lived many, many years later.

## CHAPTER VI

# THE LAST OF THE PICTS

KING ACHAIUS married the daughter of the King of the Picts, and long after his death his grandson, Kenneth Macalpine, claimed the Pictish crown, as well as that of the Scots, because his grandmother had been a Pictish Princess. The Picts, however, did not want a Scottish king, so there was war between the two nations.

But the Scottish lords at this time did not desire to fight against the Picts, so for some years, although the war went on, there was no great battle, but only little fights every now and again.

Kenneth Macalpine, however, did not give up his determination to win the crown of the Picts, and at last he called all his lords together to a council, and tried to persuade them to gather for a great battle. He talked to them very earnestly, but, say what he might, he could not move them. They did not want to fight, and they would not fight.

Seeing he could not persuade them to do as he wished, the King brought the meeting to an end,

## *THE LAST OF THE PICTS*

but commanded them all to come together again next day to talk once more about the matter.

Now King Kenneth Macalpine had made up his mind that, as he could not persuade the lords by talking to them, he must try some other plan.

That night he made a very grand supper, and invited all the lords to come to it. They came, and it was such a grand supper, with so many courses, that it lasted far into the night. At length it was over, and all the lords went to bed. They were so tired with the long day that they fell asleep at once.

But while the lords feasted, the King's servants had been busy. No sooner were the lords asleep, than there appeared at each bedside a man dressed in fish-skins, covered with shining scales. In one hand he held a torch and in the other an ox-horn. The night was very dark, and the light from the torches shone on the fish-scales, making a soft and silvery light. When each man was in his place, they all raised their horns, and speaking through them as through a trumpet they cried, "Awake."

At the sound of that great shout each lord started wide awake, and seeing the strange being at his bedside, lay trembling and wondering what it might mean.

Then speaking through their horns, which made their voices sound terrible and unearthly, and quite unlike the voice of any human being, the dressed-up men said, "We are the messengers of Almighty God to the Scottish nobles. We are sent to command you to obey your King, for his request is

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

just. The Pictish kingdom is due to him as his rightful heritage. Therefore, you must fight for him and win it. That is the will of the Lord of All."

Having so spoken, these pretended messengers from heaven put out their torches. The glimmer of the silver scales vanished, and in the darkness the men stole quietly away.

In fear and trembling each lord lay in his bed, and could sleep no more that night. Was it a dream? each asked himself. Was it a vision? Had any other seen or heard it?

When the grey morning light streamed in through the windows, and the darkness was no longer terrible around them, the lords arose. Quickly they gathered to the great Council Chamber. With pale faces and questioning eyes they looked at each other. "You too have heard? You too have seen? Then it was no dream. A message has indeed been sent from heaven; a message which we must obey."

So they spoke to each other, and after some hurried consultation, they went quickly to the King.

"Great King," they said, "this night we have seen strange signs and visions. The Lord of Heaven himself hath sent a message to us, and we are ready to fight as you command us."

Then they told the King of the vision which each one had seen in the night.

"I too have seen a vision," said the King, "but I said naught of it, fearing lest you should think I



## *THE LAST OF THE PICTS*

boasted. But now I tell you as you have all seen the like.”

This of course was not true, and the King knew very well that what the lords had seen was no vision, but only his own servants dressed up.

So in this manner the King had his own way, and his lords gathered all their soldiers together, till there was such a great army as had never before been seen in the land of Scots.

When the King of Picts heard of the great preparations which the Scots were making, he too gathered all his soldiers together. But finding that his army was not large enough to withstand so great a host, he sent to England and asked the Saxons to help him. And the Saxons, because he promised them great gain and plunder, came.

Very early one morning, when it was just beginning to grow light, the battle began. Without a shout or sound of a trumpet, the Scots rushed upon the Picts, and when the Saxons saw this silent host moving through the dim morning light like ghosts, they were dreadfully afraid. So afraid were they, that they took to their heels, and fled away to the mountains near. The noise and clattering made by these fleeing Saxons startled the Picts, and threw them into great confusion. Their King tried in vain to encourage them, and bring order again into the ranks. It was of no use. The Scots fought so fiercely, that in a very short time the Picts were utterly defeated, and following the example of the Saxons, they too fled away. Their King himself, seeing that

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

all was lost, turned his horse, and rode fast from the field, he and all his army pursued by the victorious Scots.

After this battle the King of Picts sent messengers to Kenneth Macalpine desiring peace. "Tell your master," replied Kenneth, "that he shall have peace when he gives the crown of Picts to me. It is mine by just right and title."

When the messengers went back to the King of Picts with this answer, he was very angry. "I will never give up the crown," he said, so the war continued.

Battle after battle was fought, sometimes one side, sometimes the other, winning. But at last in a great and terrible battle the King of Picts and nearly all his nobles were slain.

Then Kenneth marched through Pictland, killing men, women, and children in the most cruel manner, till those who were left fled away to England to escape from his cruelty.

Thus the kingdom of Scots and the kingdom of Picts were united, and Kenneth Macalpine ruled over both. He took all the land belonging to the Pictish nobles and gave it to the Scottish nobles who had fought for him and helped him to conquer the Picts. He changed the names of all those lands and gave them Scottish names, so that the memory of the Picts might utterly perish.

Some people say that the story of the great slaughter of the Picts is a fairy tale. Perhaps it is. But

## *THE LAST OF THE PICTS*

this is true, that about this time the Picts did vanish away out of the story of Albion, and we hear no more of them, but only of Scots.

The Picts vanished away so completely that even very wise people cannot find out what kind of language they spoke. And so these wise people cannot agree as to what race the Picts belonged to.

Kenneth Macalpine was a wise king and made good laws, and after the battles with the Picts were over he ruled his people in peace. He reigned for twenty-three years, seven years over the Scots alone, and sixteen years over the whole land. He died in 859 A.D., and was buried in the island of Iona, which, ever since St. Columba had built his church and monastery there, had been used as a burying-place for the Scottish kings. If you ever go there, you may still see the graves of some of these ancient rulers of Scotland.

## CHAPTER VII

# HOW A PLOUGHMAN WON A BATTLE

YEARS passed on, king following king, and still the land was filled with fighting and strife. But out of the confusion and war of these stormy times Scotland grew.

There was war with the Saxons; there was war with the fierce sea kings who came sailing over from Norway and Denmark. Wild heathen men were these, tall and strong, with long fair hair and blue eyes. Fearless, and brave, and cruel, they landed in the islands to the north of Scotland, burning, destroying, conquering, and carrying off both men and women as slaves.

Fiercely the kings of Scotland struggled and fought against these wild invaders. Again and again they were driven out. Again and again they returned. They swept round the island; they wrecked the monastery of St. Columba on the island of Iona. Everywhere they carried fire and sword, leaving death and desolation behind them.

## *HOW A PLOUGHMAN WON A BATTLE*

In the reign of a king named Kenneth III., these Danes were defeated in a battle called the battle of Luncarty. The fight had been sharp and cruel, and the Danes fought with such desperate bravery that at last they drove the Scots backward. In confusion they fled from the field. Down a long lane fenced on either side with high walls they fled, hotly pursued by the victorious Danes.

But in one of the fields near, a ploughman and his two sons were quietly at work. When the old man saw how the Scots were fleeing, he seized the yoke from the neck of his oxen, and calling to his sons to do the same he sprang into the lane. Side by side the three men stood barring the way. They were armed only with their wooden ox-yokes, and with them they beat back all those who fled.

“Would ye flee and become the slaves of heathen kings?” cried the old man, whose name was Hay. “Nay, nay, turn back, turn back, and die rather as free men.”

So stoutly did he speak, such blows did he deal, that the Scots took heart again. They turned, and led by Hay, they once more attacked the on-coming Danes. And the Danes, thinking that a fresh army had come to help the Scots, were seized with fear and fled. Then the Scots, who had been so nearly defeated, now filled with new hope and courage, chased them from the field. Many were killed in the battle, many more fell in the chase, and the victory of the Scots was great. But all the honour

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

was given to the ploughman and his two sons, who had won the day after it seemed lost.

The King then commanded that these three brave men should be dressed in splendid robes, and brought before him. But they did not care for fine clothes, so they refused the robes of silk and satin which were offered to them, and they went before the King wearing their old shabby clothes, covered with dust and mud, in which they had fought.

All the people were eager to see the men who, by such bravery, had saved their King and country from the terrible Danes. So they crowded along the road to see them pass, and with cheering and shouting a great throng of people accompanied them, doing them as much honour as if they had been kings and princes.

Thus, followed and surrounded by a rejoicing crowd, they came to the King's palace. All the courtiers wore their most splendid robes. The King sat upon his throne, his golden crown upon his head. Before him stood Hay and his sons in their old shabby clothes, carrying their wooden ox-yokes upon their shoulders.

"What can I do for you? What can I give to you," asked the King, "as a reward for your great services?"

"Give me, sire," replied Hay, "as much land as a falcon will fly over without alighting."

"That is but modest asking," said the King. "Let it be done."

## HOW A PLOUGHMAN WON A BATTLE

Then the King and all his courtiers went out into the fields near the palace, and watched as a falcon was let loose. As soon as the bird was free it rose high in the air, then spreading its wings it flew away and away.

On and on it flew, on and on till, to those who watched, it seemed but a speck in the distance. Then it disappeared. The horsemen, who followed its flight, rode fast and they too were lost to sight. On and on the falcon flew, till at last it alighted upon a stone.

It had flown six miles without stopping, and all that six miles of land was given to Hay and his sons to be theirs for ever.

The King then made Hay and his sons knights. As you know, knights always had something painted upon their shields in memory of the great deeds which they had done. So King Kenneth commanded that Hay should have a shield of silver, and that upon it three red shields should be painted. That was to show that the ox-yokes of Hay and his sons had been as shields to the King and country. On either side was painted a ploughman carrying an ox-yoke, and over all was a falcon.

I must tell you that some people say that this story too is a fairy tale, but there is still a great family whose name is Hay, and who bear these same arms with the motto, *Serva jugum*, which is Latin and means "Keep the yoke."

## CHAPTER VIII

# MACBETH AND THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS

AFTER King Kenneth III. died, several other kings reigned, of whom there is not much to tell. At last a king called Duncan came to the throne. He was so kind and gentle that he was called Duncan the Gracious.

He was too kind and gentle for those rough times. The beginning of Duncan's reign was quiet and peaceful, but when the people saw how kind he was, and how little he punished evil-doers, they grew unruly and rebellious, thinking they might do as they wished, because of the weak rule of this mild King.

Some of the people rose in rebellion under a leader called Macdowald, and Duncan, who did not like fighting, hardly knew what to do. But he had a cousin called Macbeth who was a great and powerful man, very fierce and stern, and a splendid soldier.

Macbeth was impatient of the King's softness. He was eager to fight, so Duncan gave the command of his army to this cousin and to another noble called Banquo.



## *MACBETH AND THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS*

When the rebels heard that Macbeth was coming against them, they were so afraid that many of them left their leader Macdowald. Some of them stole away to hide. Others joined Macbeth. Macdowald was left with very few soldiers, but he was obliged to fight, for he could not escape from Macbeth. In the battle which followed, the rebels were utterly defeated and their leader was killed.

No sooner had Macbeth put down this rebellion than the Danes once more invaded Scotland. But he defeated them too, and they fled away, promising never again to return.

One day, soon after the war with the Danes, Macbeth was walking over a lonely moor with Banquo, when they were met by three old women. These three old women were very ugly and dreadful to look upon. They were called the Weird Sisters and were supposed to be witches. Nowadays no one believes in witches, but in those far-off times every one did.

These three old women stopped in front of Macbeth, and pointing at him with their skinny fingers, spoke.

“Hail, Macbeth! hail to thee! Thane of Glamis,” said the first.

“Hail, Macbeth! hail to thee! Thane of Cawdor,” said the second.

“Hail, Macbeth! hail to thee! King of Scotland,” said the third.

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

Both Macbeth and Banquo were very much astonished, and wondered what this might mean, for Macbeth was certainly not King of Scotland, nor was he either Thane of Glamis or Cawdor.

Thane was an old Scottish title meaning very much the same as the Saxon title earl which came to be used later.

"You say fine things to Macbeth," said Banquo, when the old women had ceased speaking; "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Yes," said the first witch, "we promise greater things to you than to him. He indeed shall be King of Scotland, but his end shall be unhappy. His children shall not follow him on the throne. You shall never reign, but your children shall sit upon the throne of Scotland for many generations."

Then the old women vanished, leaving Macbeth and Banquo full of astonishment.

They were still wondering what it all might mean when a horseman came spurring towards them. When he came near he threw himself from his horse and kneeling at Macbeth's feet, "Hail, Macbeth," he cried, "thy father Sinell is dead, and thou art Thane of Glamis."

What the first Weird Sister had said had come true.

More full of astonishment than ever, Macbeth went on his way. But he had gone very little farther when a second messenger came hurrying towards him.

## *MACBETH AND THE THREE WEIRD SISTERS*

“Hail, Thane of Cawdor,” cried this second messenger, kneeling at his feet.

“Why do you call me that?” asked Macbeth. “The Thane of Cawdor is alive. I have no right to the title.”

“He who was the Thane of Cawdor is alive,” said the messenger, “but because he has rebelled against the King his thaneship has been taken from him. The King has made you Thane in his place as a reward for all your great deeds.”

What the second Weird Sister had said had come true.

Now that two things had come true, Macbeth began to think more and more of what the Weird Sisters had said, and he longed for the third thing to come true too. But unless Duncan should die there seemed no hope of that. Macbeth despised Duncan because of his gentleness, and he wished he would die. Sometimes the wicked thought came to him that he would kill Duncan. Yet he could not quite make up his mind to do the evil deed.

Macbeth had a wife, who was a very proud and beautiful lady. She longed to be queen, and when she heard of what the Weird Sisters had said she kept urging Macbeth to murder Duncan and make himself King.

But Macbeth could not so easily forget that King Duncan was his cousin, that he had always loved and trusted him, that he had made him general of his army and Thane of Cawdor and had heaped

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

upon him many honours and rewards. So when Lady Macbeth tried to make her husband murder the King, he reminded her of all this.

But Lady Macbeth cared for none of these things. She hated Duncan and all his family, because his grandfather had killed her brother. She longed to avenge his death, and she longed to be queen. She kept on telling Macbeth that he was weak and cowardly not to murder Duncan. So at last Macbeth listened to his wife, and giving way to his own evil wishes and to her persuasions, he killed the good King Duncan.

## CHAPTER IX

# MACBETH—THE MURDER OF BANQUO

KING DUNCAN had two sons, one called Malcolm Canmore, or Bighead, the other Donald Bane, or White. When these two princes heard what had happened to their father, they fled away, fearful that Macbeth would kill them too.

Malcolm Canmore fled to England to the court of Edward the Confessor. Edward received him very kindly, for he remembered that he too had been driven from his own land and had been an exile in France for many years. Donald Bane fled to Ireland. The King there also received him kindly and treated him with honour.

Macbeth then caused himself to be crowned. And because he was so strong and powerful the lords and people of Scotland accepted him as King.

And although he had come to the throne in such an evil way, Macbeth proved to be a good king. For some years he ruled well, if sternly. He made good laws; he punished the wicked, and rewarded

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

the good, and tried in every way to make people forget how he had won the crown.

But the people did not forget, and they did not love Macbeth. Neither could Macbeth forget what he had done. Although he was a good king, he was a most unhappy man. When he thought of the three Weird Sisters and their words he felt more unhappy still. For he remembered that they had said that Banquo's children, and not his, should rule over Scotland.

Then he began to hate Banquo and to fear him. "Will not Banquo kill me in order to get the crown just as I killed Duncan?" he asked himself. The more he thought of it the more sure he felt that Banquo would murder him, and at last he made up his mind to rid himself of this fear.

One evening Macbeth asked Banquo and his son Fleance to supper. Suspecting no evil, they came. Macbeth provided a splendid supper for them which lasted until very late. At last when it was quite dark and every one else had gone to bed, Banquo and Fleance said good-night and started homeward.

Now Macbeth intended that they should never reach home again. He dared not kill them in his own house lest people should find out that he was the murderer. So he paid a large sum of money to wicked men, who promised to lie in wait for Banquo and Fleance and kill them on their way home from the supper.

In the quiet, dark night, as father and son walked home together, these wicked men suddenly

## *THE MURDER OF BANQUO*

set upon them and tried to kill them. They did kill Banquo, but Fleance escaped through the darkness and fled away to Wales. There he lived safely for a long time, and married a Welsh lady. Many years after, his son Walter came back to Scotland. Walter was kindly received by the King who was then on the throne, and he was made Lord High Steward of Scotland. He was called Walter the Steward. The title was given to his sons and grandsons after him, and soon Steward, or Stewart, came to be used as the surname of his family. For in those days people often received their names from their work or office. At last a High Steward married a royal princess. Their son became King, and was thus the founder of a race of Stewart kings who reigned for many years in Scotland.

In this way what the Weird Sisters had foretold to Banquo came to pass.

After the murder of Banquo, Macbeth was no happier, nor did he feel any safer than before. Indeed he began to dread, and to look upon every man as an enemy.

Macbeth's fears turned him into a tyrant. For very little cause he would put a noble to death and take his land and money for himself. No man knew when his life was safe, and the nobles one and all began to dread the King.

At length Macbeth found pleasure only in putting his nobles to death, for in this way he not only rid himself of his enemies, but he became daily richer and richer.

## SCOTLAND'S STORY

With the money of the dead nobles he paid an army of soldiers, some of whom he kept always round himself as a bodyguard. But in spite of his army of soldiers Macbeth's fear of being killed grew greater and greater. At last he went to the Weird Sisters to ask them for advice.

"How shall I keep myself safe," he asked, "when every one around me is trying to find a way to kill me?"

And the old women answered:

"Be lion mettled, proud, and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are;  
Macbeth shall never vanquished be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him."

Macbeth went home feeling much comforted and quite safe, for how could Birnam wood come to Dunsinane? They were twelve miles apart, and it was impossible for trees to uproot themselves and walk all these miles through the valley to the hill beyond. Macbeth began to believe that he would never be killed at all. Feeling safe, he treated his nobles even worse than before, so that they grew to hate him more and more, and many of them turned their thoughts to the banished sons of the gracious King Duncan, and longed for one of them to come and be their King.



## CHAPTER X

# MACBETH—HOW THE THANE OF FIFE WENT TO ENGLAND

IN order to make himself quite safe from his enemies, Macbeth thought that he would build a strong castle on the top of Dunsinane hill. It cost a great deal of money to build this castle, because the wood and stones for it had to be dragged up such a steep slope. So Macbeth made all his Thanes help. Each in turn had to build part of the castle, sending men and horses to drag the stones and wood up to the top.

At last it came to the Thane of Fife's turn to help with the building. This Thane, who was called Macduff, was a very great man and he was much afraid of Macbeth. For the greater and richer a man was, the more Macbeth seemed to hate him. Besides Macduff had loved Duncan, and secretly hoped that Prince Malcolm would one day return. Macbeth knew this, and hated him the more. Macduff sent builders and workmen with everything that they might need for the work. He gave them orders to be very careful, to work diligently and well, and to do everything aright, so that the King might find no

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

fault with them. But he himself kept away, for he knew that King Macbeth had no love for him, and he feared to be seized and put to death, as so many nobles before him had been.

One day Macbeth came to see how the castle was getting on. "Where is the Thane of Fife?" he asked, looking round, and seeing him nowhere among his men.

On being told that the Thane of Fife was not there, but had sent his workmen only, Macbeth fell into a violent rage. "I knew beforehand of his disobedient mind," he said. "Now I am resolved to punish it."

At this moment some oxen which were drawing a load up the hill stumbled and fell. "He cannot even send beasts fit to work," cried Macbeth. "I will make an example of him. I will lay the yoke upon his own neck instead of upon that of his oxen."

One of Macduff's friends who stood by heard the King's angry words. This friend went quickly to Macduff to warn him to fly from the country, for it was quite certain that the King meant to do him an evil.

Macduff, as soon as he heard, mounted upon a swift horse and fled away to his strong castle in Fifehire.

The King lost no time in following. Close behind Macduff he came with a great army of soldiers. It was a fast and furious race. Macduff was

## *HOW THE THANE OF FIFE WENT TO ENGLAND*

almost alone, and he had had to ride away in such haste that he had little money with him. When he came to the ferry across the river Tay, which he must pass in order to reach his castle, he had nothing with which to pay the ferryman except a loaf of bread. But the ferryman was content to take the loaf, and for many years the place was called the Ferry of the Loaf.

On again rode Macduff, faster and faster still, until at length the turrets of his castle came in sight. Now he was quite close; now he was thundering over the drawbridge; now his breathless, sweating, panting horse carried him safe within the courtyard.

“Up with the drawbridge, men, let the portcullis fall,” he shouted. In olden times a castle was always surrounded by a ditch filled with water, called a moat. Over the moat there was a bridge, but the bridge was made so that it could be drawn up in time of war. In this way an enemy often found it difficult to get across the moat and enter the castle. The entrance was also guarded by a portcullis. This was a heavy, barred gate, but instead of turning upon hinges as gates usually do, it was raised up and let down like a window.

As soon as Macduff had seen his orders obeyed, he went to greet his wife and tell her what had happened. Together they looked out from the castle turret. In the distance they saw a dark, moving mass. Now and again as the sun caught it, they could see the glitter of steel. It was the King’s army.

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

“We cannot hold the castle long against such a host,” said Lady Macduff, as she watched the long lines moving onward. “You must fly. Our little vessel lies in the harbour ready to put to sea. Go quickly on board. I will hold the castle until you are safe.”

Macduff did not want to go and leave his wife and children whom he loved. But there was no help for it, so he said good-bye, and stepping on board his little vessel which lay in the harbour behind his castle, he sailed away. He sailed away to England to see Prince Malcolm and to ask him to come and be King.

Meanwhile, brave Lady Macduff held the castle. Macbeth and his soldiers came close below the walls, calling to Macduff to give up the keys. But no one answered.

With beating heart Lady Macduff watched the white sail grow smaller and smaller in the distance, and listened to Macbeth as he poured out dreadful threats of what he would do if Macduff did not yield himself at once.

Then, at last, when Macduff was safely beyond the reach of pursuit, Lady Macduff came to the walls. “Do you see that little white sail far out to sea?” she asked. “Yonder is Macduff. He has gone to England to the court of Edward. He has gone to bring Prince Malcolm back to Scotland. When he comes we will crown him King. You will be dragged from the throne and put to death, so you will never put the yoke on the Thane of Fife’s neck.”

*HOW THE THANE OF FIFE WENT TO ENGLAND*



"Do you see that little white sail far out to sea? Yonder is Macduff."

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

When Macbeth heard these brave words, and knew that Macduff had escaped him, he was fiercely angry. He began to storm the castle at once. The few men who had been left to guard it fought bravely, but in vain. In a very short time Macbeth's fierce soldiers won an entrance, and gallant Lady Macduff and all her children were put to death.

Macbeth then took all Macduff's land and money, proclaimed him a traitor and an outlaw, and forbade him ever again to return to Scotland.

But Macduff did return.

## CHAPTER XI

# MACBETH—HOW BIRNAM WOOD CAME TO DUNSINANE

MACDUFF sailed southward, little knowing the dreadful things that were happening at home, little dreaming that his brave wife was dead, and his castle a ruin.

Through storms and dangers he sailed, until at last he landed safely in England and went to seek Prince Malcolm at the court of Edward the Confessor.

Malcolm received Macduff very kindly, for he was glad to have news of his own land. Macduff told the Prince of all the sorrows and griefs of Scotland, and begged him to come to fight for the crown.

“Do not mistrust me,” he said. “Your father found me ever faithful. In spite of the many hardships which I have borne, to you also I have been faithful, and am, and shall be, all my life. If you come to claim the throne, nearly all the lords will support you, and the common people, I know, will joyfully shed their blood for you.”

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

When Malcolm heard these words he was very glad in his heart. He longed to go back to Scotland to claim his crown and throne. But still he was not sure if Macduff was to be trusted. He feared that he had been sent by Macbeth to persuade him to come to Scotland so that he might be betrayed and killed. So Malcolm was silent, wondering if he should go or not, turning it over and over in his mind, while Macduff still urged, and persuaded. "I am truly grieved," said Malcolm at last, "to hear of the misery which has come upon Scotland. I love my people and I would like to make them happy, but I am not fit to rule. I am a bad man. I am the most greedy creature upon earth, and if I were King I should try in so many ways to get money and lands that I should put to death the greater part of the Scottish nobles, for pretended faults, in order to take their goods and possessions for myself. So it were well for you that I should not come to be your King. I am ashamed to own it, but I am a thief and a robber."

All this Malcolm said to try Macduff.

Macduff, when he heard it, was very sad, but he answered, "What you tell me grieves me deeply, but when you are King, you will have great wealth; when you are King you will have no lack of gold and silver, or of precious stones, or jewels, or whatever else you may desire. Be brave then. Do your best, come to be our King, and forget your greed and wickedness."



## *HOW BIRNAM WOOD CAME TO DUNSINANE*

“But,” said Malcolm, “that is not all. I am deceitful, I love nothing so much as to betray and deceive. No man can trust my word. I make promises, but I never keep them. I am not fit to be a King.” Then Macduff was silent, too sad to speak. After a minute or two he cried out, “Oh unhappy and miserable Scotsmen, alas for us! To be subject to you, our liege lord by right—never! You confess yourself a thief, false, cunning, faithless. What other kind of badness seems to be left but that you should call yourself a traitor. A traitor you are. You shall never be lord over me. Neither shall I be subject to Macbeth. I will rather choose banishment,” and bursting into tears Macduff sobbed aloud. Then looking northward he stretched out his hands. “Scotland, farewell for ever!” he cried, and turned to go.

But as Macduff, with downcast head, went slowly away, Malcolm sprang after him, and catching him by the sleeve, cried, “Be of good comfort, Macduff, I have none of these wickednesses. I only said these things to prove whether you were faithful or faithless. Wicked people have so often come to try to betray me into the hands of Macbeth, that I wished to make sure that you were true to me. Now I know that you hate falseness and cunning, even as I do. Forgive me, dear friend. Let us go to Scotland together. You shall not be an exile. No! you shall be first in the kingdom after the King.”

Then Macduff, who had been weeping for sorrow, wept for joy, and falling upon his knees clasped Malcolm’s feet and kissed them. “If what

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

you say is true, my lord," he cried, "you bring me back from death to life. Oh hasten, hasten, my lord, I implore you to free your people who wait and long for you!"

"If you would keep good men and true from harm,  
Men who have fought without one helping arm,  
Men on whose necks foes, for three lustres trod,  
Help them, in pity for the love of God.  
Stay not to think, but up, and fell the foe;  
Lighten the burden of thy people's woe.  
Gird on thy sword, thy trusty weapons take,  
For strong thy limbs and firm thy sturdy make.  
Is A Scot the heir of a long royal race,  
Good hap advance thee to thy father's place."

Malcolm and Macduff talked long, making plans. At last it was agreed that Macduff should return to Scotland at once, and there secretly gather the people together and make known to them that their true King, Malcolm Canmore, was coming.

As soon as Macduff had gone, Malcolm went to King Edward and told him that he meant to return to Scotland to fight for the crown. And Edward, who had always been kind to Malcolm, gave him leave to take with him any of the English nobles and soldiers who cared to go to help him to win the crown. So Malcolm, taking with him the Earl of Siward and ten thousand English soldiers, set out for Scotland.

It was soon seen that Macduff had spoken the truth, for nearly all the Scottish nobles joined

## *HOW BIRNAM WOOD CAME TO DUNSINANE*

Malcolm, and the common people flocked to his standard in hundreds. But Macbeth did not believe that he could be either defeated or killed, for he remembered what the Weird Sisters had said about Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane. So he shut himself up in his strong castle on Dunsinane hill, and felt quite safe.

Without fighting any great battle, Malcolm marched through Scotland until he came to Birnam wood. There he lay encamped, intending next day to attack the castle of Dunsinane where he knew Macbeth to be.

In the morning the army arose rested and refreshed. Before the march to Dunsinane began, Malcolm ordered every soldier to cut down a bough of whatever tree was near to him and to carry it in his hand. "In this way," he said, "our army will be hidden by the green branches, and Macbeth will be unable to tell what numbers are coming against him."

So each man cut down as large a branch as he could carry, and held it before him as he marched.

A few hours later Macbeth stood on his castle wall looking out towards Birnam wood. Suddenly his face grew pale and he trembled in fear. What was this coming slowly and surely onward? Trees walking? Birnam wood had come to Dunsinane hill. Then all was lost.

Macbeth was really brave, and now that he felt that his last fight had come, he meant to fight it well.

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

So, calling all his soldiers about him, he marched out to meet the enemy.

In the thickest of the fight Macduff and Macbeth met. "Traitor," cried Macbeth, lifting his two handed sword high.

"I am no traitor, but am true to my lawful King," cried Macduff, as he sprang aside to avoid the blow. A minute later Macbeth lay dead upon the ground, slain by Macduff's sharp sword.

So died Macbeth. He had reigned for seventeen years. At first he had been a good and wise King, doing much for the happiness of his people, but in the end he had proved himself a tyrant, and was hated and despised as tyrants ever are. He was killed in 1057 A.D.

## CHAPTER XII

# MALCOLM CANMORE—HOW THE KING OVERCAME A TRAITOR

PRINCE MALCOLM was now set upon the throne. He was crowned at Scone with great ceremony, sitting upon the Stone of Destiny, or the Stone of Hope as it was sometimes called.

This stone, it was said, was the stone which Jacob had used as a pillow when he slept in the wilderness and saw the vision of angels going up and down upon a ladder set up from earth to heaven. Prince Gathelus had brought it with him from Egypt, and from that time it had always been in the possession of the Kings of Scotland, for it was said that wherever this stone was the Scots should reign.

“Except old saws do fail,  
And wizards’ wits be blind,  
The Scots in place shall reign  
Where they this stone shall find.”

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

When Kenneth Macalpine became King over the whole land, he brought the Stone to Scone, and there it remained for hundreds of years, and the Kings of Scotland always sat upon it when they were crowned.

Malcolm did not forget his promise to Macduff, and as soon as he was King he rewarded him greatly, making him second only to himself in power.

Macduff was now called the Earl of Fife, for Malcolm having lived so long in England had learned many English ways and words, and he brought this Saxon title into use in Scotland.

To the Earl of Fife was given the honour of placing the crown upon the King's head at his coronation. He was also chosen to be leader of the army, and over the people of his own country of Fife he was given power equal to that of the King.

Malcolm was not allowed to take possession of his kingdom without a struggle. A few nobles still refused to acknowledge him as King, and they set Lulath, Macbeth's cousin, upon the throne. But Malcolm, hearing of this, sent an army against him. In the battle that followed, Lulath was killed and all his soldiers scattered.

For ten years after this the land had peace. Malcolm Canmore was a good King and ruled well. We are told that he was a King very humble in heart, bold in spirit, exceedingly strong in bodily strength, daring though not rash, and having many other good qualities.

## *HOW THE KING OVERCAME A TRAITOR*

One day a courtier came to King Malcolm to tell him that one of his greatest nobles had agreed with his enemies to kill him. But the King bade the courtier be silent, and would not listen to him. Shortly after, the traitor came to court, followed by a great company of soldiers. The King greeted him kindly, and did not let him see that he knew what wicked thoughts were hid deep in his heart.

That night there was a fine supper, and the King ordered a great hunting-party for next day. Very early in the morning every one was astir. Huntsmen and dogs were gathered, and with a great noise and clatter they set off.

The King arranged in which direction each man was to go, and he himself rode off, attended only by one knight. This knight was the wicked traitor who wished to kill the King.

Side by side they rode through the wood—the King and the murderer. On and on they went, riding farther and farther away from the others. The noise of jingling harness, the voices of men, the baying of dogs, grew fainter and fainter in the distance. At last they were heard no more. Darker and denser grew the wood, but still the King rode on. At last, bursting through a ring of trees, they came to a clear open space.

Then the King turned and looking sternly at the traitor, said, “Here we are, you and I, man to man. There is none to stand by me, King though I be, and none to help you; nor can any man see or hear us. So now if you can, if you dare, if your

## SCOTLAND'S STORY

courage fails you not, do the deed which you have in your heart. Fulfil your promise to my foes. If you think to slay me, when better? When more safely? When more freely? When, in short, could you do it in a more manly way? Have you poison ready for me? Would you slay me in my sleep? Have you a dagger hidden with which to strike me unawares? All would say that were a murderer's, not a knight's part. Act rather like a knight, not like a traitor; act like a man. Meet me as man to man. Then your treachery may at least be free from meanness, for from disloyalty it can never be free."

On foot at liking thou mayest fight,  
Or on horse if thou wilt be,  
As thou thinkest best. Now choose thee  
Horsed and armed as well  
As I am thou art every whit.  
Thy weapons are more sharp and ready  
Than any that unto this stead have I.  
Target, spear, knife, and sword,  
Between us now deal we the weird.  
Here is best now to begin  
Thy purpose, if thou wilt honour win.  
Here is none that may us see,  
None, help may either me or thee,  
Therefore try now with all thy might  
To do thy purpose as a knight.  
Since thou hast failed in loyalty  
Do this deed yet with honesty,  
If now thou may or dare or will,  
Hesitate not to fulfil  
Thy promise, thy purpose, and thine oath.  
Do forth thy deed and be not loth.  
If thou thinkest to slay me,



## *HOW THE KING OVERCAME A TRAITOR*

What time than now may better be,  
With freedom or with manhood?  
Forth thee! do as should a knight.  
Go we together. God deal the right,  
With our four hands and no more  
Thereon must all the game go."

All the time that the King was speaking, the wretched traitor sat upon his horse with bowed head. He was ashamed to look up, and the King's words fell upon his heart like the strokes of a hammer upon an anvil. He cursed himself for his evil thoughts. The weight of shame seemed more than he could bear.

The King ceased speaking, and the traitor springing from his horse threw away his shield and spear. With trembling hands he unbuckled his sword and flinging that too away, he knelt at the King's feet, unarmed. His face was pale and tears were in his eyes; "My Lord and King," he cried, "forgive me. Out of your kingly grace forgive me this once. Whatever evil was in my heart, whatever wicked thought was mine shall be blotted out. I swear before God that in the future I shall be more faithful to you than any man."

"Fear not, my friend," replied the King, raising him up, "you shall suffer no evil from me or through me on this account."

"The King then all his action  
Forgave this knight there quietly,

## *SCOTLAND'S STORY*

And took him all to his mercy;  
And there he became his man  
More leal than he was before then.  
And the King that was his lord  
Let no man know of their discord  
Till the knight himself this case  
Told, and all that happened was.”