

And so they parted, with eyes that gleamed like tigers.

Rosa drove home in great agitation, and tried to tell Christopher, but choked, and became hysterical. The husband physician coaxed and scolded her out of that; and presently in came Uncle Philip, full of the humors of the auction-room. He told about the little boy with a delight that disgusted Mrs. Staines; and then was particularly merry on female friendships. "Fancy a man going to a sale with his friend, and bidding against him on the sly."

"She is no friend of mine. We are enemies for life."

"And you were to be friends till death," said Staines, with a sigh.

Philip inquired who she was.

"Mrs. John Cole."

"Not of Curzon Street?"

"Yes."

"And you have quarreled with her?"

"Yes."

"Well, but her husband is a general practitioner."

"She is a traitress."

"But her husband could put a good deal of money in Christopher's way."

"I can't help it. She is a traitress."

"And you have quarreled with her about an old wardrobe?"

"No, for her disloyalty, and her base good-for-nothingness. Oh! oh! oh!"

Uncle Philip got up, looking sour. "Good-afternoon, Mrs. Christopher," said he, very dryly.

Christopher accompanied him to the foot of the stairs.

"Well, Christopher," said he, "matrimony is a blunder at the best; and you have not done the thing by halves. You have married a simpleton. She will be your ruin."

"Uncle Philip, since you only come here to insult us, I hope in future you will stay at home."

"Oh! with pleasure, Sir. Good-by."

## THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS.

THE lakes and glens, the brown and lofty hills, the wild and savage mountains, the swift and lovely streams of Scotland have been made illustrious by their own poets, their own novelist, with a rare good fortune that has befallen no other land; nor is there any other portion of Europe that is so familiar to transatlantic readers as that which has been painted for all ages by the magic touch of Scott, or whose more delicate and hidden charms live forever in the passionate insight of Burns. Many a Bandusian fount or tall Soracte rises immortal in the pictures of the Scottish bards. The rushing Ayr, the mirk midnight, the morning breaking blithe over Craigie-burn, Loch Leven, Ben Lomond, the Highland glens, the broom, the daisy, or the milk-white thorn, allure the traveler from Australia or the Rocky Mountains; and the narrow and barren land that pierces the solitude of the Northern seas is peopled for all the world with friendly forms and faces, and shines in the light from heaven.<sup>1</sup> Yet possibly he who wanders within the shadow of the Pentland Hills, or by Magus Muir, may sometimes forget that one of the fiercest, the most desperate struggles of the human intellect for freedom and progress was carried out in the lovely scenes around him;<sup>2</sup> that souls grand and immutable as their native mountains here resisted

temptation, defied tyranny, and lived and died for the countless generations of the future; that the seeds of Scottish genius were sown in the perils of Scottish martyrs; and that but for the gentle Hamilton, or the fervid Knox, the fierce Cameron, the saintly Renwick, Loch Katrine had wanted its minstrel and Ayr been left unsung; that the genius of civilization once struggled amidst these brown hills and silver streams with the genius of decay; that, like the spirits of the Arabian tale, they darted fire from their eyes and nostrils; that the world shook with the contest; and that often the fairer genie was forced to turn itself into a worm, a fish, or a seed, to escape the malice of its foe; but that, at the last, it consumed its enemy to ashes.

The trials and the tears of Scotland began with the German impulse from Luther, when Patrick Hamilton, a student and a visitor at Wittenberg, first brought to his native shores a spark that was to kindle a general illumination; they were ended by the generous policy of William of Orange, whose decision and whose vigor fixed forever the course of modern civilization. Fair, gentle, learned, connected with the ruling families of Scotland, of royal descent, and graced with all that high station, opulence, or power could give, Patrick Hamilton, by a heroic resolution, dared first to speak the truth to the corrupt clergy of his country, repeated the lessons of reform he had heard from the German teacher, and perished at the stake, the first martyr of the Scottish Reformation. He was only twenty-three years old: youth,

<sup>1</sup> "And yet the light that led astray was light from heaven." Burns, in his "Cotter's Saturday Night," has painted the Covenanter's home.

<sup>2</sup> For the history of the Covenant, Wodrow is the fullest authority. See, too, Hetherington and Kirkton. Stanley, Church of Scotland.

genius, virtue alone could fill the yawning chasm of decay.<sup>1</sup> It is easy to conceive what must have been the cruelty and the crimes of the monks, the abbots, the opulent bishops, who saw from the windows of St. Andrew's the slow fire wreath around the fair form of Patrick Hamilton, his constancy, his ardor, and his faith. Yet the most conspicuous trait of the Scottish Reformation is its rapidity. The ashes of Hamilton and his company of martyrs seemed borne on the winds to fertilize and awaken the remote glens, the distant hamlets, the rising cities. Nobles and commons, priests and monks, starting up as if from a hideous dream, threw off the visions of the papacy.<sup>2</sup> The friendly hand of Elizabeth drove from Scotland the trained soldiers of France and the Guises; and at the cry of the impetuous Knox the people dashed down the images and pictures of church and cathedral, and left shining over the Scottish scenery only the wrecks of the fallen monastery—the moon-lit ruins of Melrose.

Whether cherishing some dim recollection of the pure faith of Iona and its early teachers, or moved by an innate taste for simple converse with the unseen world, Scotland, by a sudden stride, passed from the deepest gloom of superstition to a faith of intense purity. In its papal period it had been noted for its abject devotion to the faith of Rome. Its landscape was covered with fair, rich, and stately abbeys,<sup>3</sup> and Cistercian and Benedictine, friars black or gray, consumed in opulent ease the wealth of the nation. Its bishops were temporal lords, ruling in no modest pomp over wide domains. The priests had engrossed one-half the land of a poor nation; the churches and the cathedrals glittered with the wealth that had been ravished from the cottages and the hovels of the peasant, or won from the superstition of feeble kings. Nor was there any land where the clergy were more corrupt, or the gross manners of a depraved hierarchy had been less hidden by a decent veil. Suddenly the fervid intellect of the gifted people tore down the whole fabric of Italian superstition; the worship of the Virgin, the adoration of the saints, relics, images, and pictures, were thrown aside with unfeigned disgust; the cruel bishops, monks, and priests were chased from the narrow

realm; and of all the impulses of the Scottish nation the strongest, the most lasting, was its hatred for the papal rule.

In the place of that pompous ritual which had graced the cathedral of St. Andrew or filled the arches of Melrose with pagan splendors, of that faith which had been crowded with legend and tradition, the Scottish reformers would accept only the simple rites, the unchanging doctrines of the Scriptures. Not from Luther or Cranmer, not even from Calvin and Geneva, but from the written thoughts of inspiration alone, would they build their church.<sup>1</sup> The cathedral must be stripped bare and dreary; the convent perish; the very name of bishop, the symbol of that foul Italian heresy which had so long hung like a poisonous mist over Scotland, must be forgotten; no image nor saint must intervene between the believer and his Maker; no formal service must check the spontaneous utterances of an animated faith. To this bald yet majestic conception of a church the whole nation turned with singular unanimity. The peasant in the wilds of Nithsdale, the traders of Glasgow, the noble in his armed palace, accepted the novel doctrine—new to that barbarous age; all Scotland leagued together to maintain the presbytery, to repel popery or prelacy; a covenant was signed in 1592 by the chiefs of the people, and even by the king; in the close of the sixteenth century the Reformation seemed to rule safely and triumphantly over that distant land, which, in its earlier years apparently incapable of progress, had lain the willing prey of priests and friars. With one vigorous exercise of latent strength the Scottish intellect had freed itself from Italian bondage, and might well prepare for rapid progress in the new paths of reform. Nor could it have foreseen that a century of pains and woes, scarcely surpassed in the Vaudois valleys or in the fens of Holland, was to spring from a sister church and from its native kings, and that the darkest period in the history of its stern and barren land was to come from the malice of Rome disguised in the thin mask of bishops like Laud or Sharp, princes like the first and second Charles and the first and second James.

The part which the Church of England was induced to take in the persecution of the Presbyterians of Scotland has no defenders, and can scarcely admit of extenuation; it is one of those crimes over which posterity should lament, and strive by new acts of tenderness and of humility to hide in sad oblivion;<sup>2</sup> a trait of barbarism which injudicious writers are apt to condone as among the common vices of the age. Yet it

<sup>1</sup> Hetherington, *Hist. Church Scot.*, i. 26, 39. Hamilton was burned in 1528, at twenty-three.

<sup>2</sup> Kirkton, i. p. 21, on Scotland. He says "the whole nation was converted by lump, and within ten years after popery was discharged in Scotland there were not ten persons of quality to be found who did not profess the true reformed religion," etc. See, too, Knox, *Works*. These rude historians are often vigorous.

<sup>3</sup> Scott, *Prov. Ant. Scotland*, ii. 296, describes the beauty of Roslyn chapel. Tytler, *Scotland*, i. 329, ii. 337, numbers the rich monasteries, the fourteen Gothic churches. For the wealth of a monastery, see ii. 477.

<sup>1</sup> Hetherington, *Preface*, xlii.

<sup>2</sup> Stanley, *Church of Scotland*, is inclined to set off the faults of one sect against those of another. It would be probably better for each to study only its own guilt, and make suitable repentance.

is possible that had the Church of England remained what it was when it came freshly moulded from the hands of Latimer and Ridley, Cranmer and Rogers, no taint of Romish cruelty would have stained its purer progress, and it might have gladly united with its northern brethren in the pursuit of the germs of a lost Christianity. It was the well-known design of the English reformers of the reign of Edward VI. to receive into one communion the rising intellects of every land. Exiles from Italy, or Bucer from Alsace, shared their hospitality; the question of rites and ceremonial was determined by a wide liberality; the doctrines of Luther and Calvin might blend in the same sect.<sup>1</sup> But Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer perished in the flames; and when the English Church was renewed under Elizabeth and James I., its expansive and liberal spirit was lost in the arbitrary tendencies of its rulers. It had ceased to sympathize with the people, and had learned to lean upon kings and nobles. Its rites were corrupted, its papal tendencies were fostered into baleful vigor; the Low-Churchmen and the Puritans were driven from its communion, or held in unwilling bondage by stringent laws; and at length the insane dreamer and fanatic, Laud, a new Dominic or Loyola, assailed the lingering Protestantism of the people with bitter persecution, denounced the Low-Churchmen or the Puritans as worse than infidels, and amused his leisure hours by slitting the ears of honest reformers, and filling the prisons with reputable clergymen.

Of the madness of princes, the least excusable seems the attempt of the Stuart kings to force bishops and episcopal rites upon the Presbyterians of Scotland. They knew that three-fourths of the people hated the name of bishop as they hated that of pope; that, except a few traitors or hirelings, no Scotchman could endure the English rites and service; that the Scotch Church had resolved to adhere to its severe simplicity with heroic tenacity. Yet the Stuarts were equally resolute to put down religious insubordination. They saw, perhaps, that the Scotch Church was the creation of the people rather than of kings; that it owed its existence to the human labors and the divine gifts of men to whom royalty and nobility seemed but paltry baubles, to be dashed to pieces when they stood in the pathway of advancing truth; and that the doctrine of passive obedience which the English prelates had accepted with easy subservience could never be made acceptable to the followers of Knox and Wishart.<sup>2</sup> But

whatever might be their motive, no entreaties, no menaces of the angry people, and even no real dangers could dissuade the stubborn Stuarts from their fatal resolution. James I. persisted in forcing upon Scotland his barren scheme of episcopacy, amidst the scoffs and jeers of his countrymen. His successor, Charles I., animated by the daring bigotry of Laud, determined to convert the Scotch to the prelatical creed by the fiery sword of persecution. A service-book was prepared, under Laud's especial care, to be read in all the Scottish churches; the simple Presbyterian rites were to be suppressed by law; the arms of England and the authority of the king were to be employed in reducing to subjection that fervid intellect which had so vigorously cast off the spiritual tyranny of Rome.

For a time it seemed as if Charles and Laud might prove successful. The Scottish clergy were apparently terrified and degenerate. Laud's service-book was brought to Scotland by hiring curates, and amidst the horror and shame of the Presbyterian nation, the bishop and the priest prepared to celebrate their popish rites in Edinburgh and Glasgow. Then suddenly the nation rose, struck by the heroic act of a woman, whose name, made renowned by the wonderful results of her swift resolution, may well be associated with a Joan of Arc or a Charlotte Corday. On the day when the new ritual was to be performed in the High Church of St. Giles, at Edinburgh, vast throngs filled the streets, and followed the Anglican dean as he made his way to the pulpit.<sup>3</sup> The church was crowded with an eager but hostile congregation; and scarcely had the first words of the service passed the lips of the reader when Jenny Geddes, an old woman, sprang up in her place and cried out, "Villain, will you read the mass at my lug?" She lifted the stool upon which she had been sitting in her vigorous arms and flung it at the head of the astonished dean. Jenny's decided act was no doubt in singularly bad taste, but she became from that moment a leader of the people. The Bishop of Edinburgh in vain strove to soothe the enraged congregation; the church was filled with uproar; the dean and bishop fled, and were saved with difficulty from the rage of the angry crowd; the impulse swelled over Scotland, and in every hamlet or city the daring of Jenny Geddes was told with delight, and a fierce resolution was formed by ministers and people to live and die "Presbyterian Protestants."

The year 1638 is held sacred in the annals of the Scottish Church as the moment when its piety was most fervid, its courage un-

<sup>1</sup> The liberality of the early English Church is wholly forgotten by the ritualists, who trace their ceremonial to Edward VI.

<sup>2</sup> Baillie writes, Letter to Strang, 1638: "Our maine feare is to have our religion lost, our throat cutted, our poor countrey made ane English province."

<sup>3</sup> I have followed the common story of Jenny Geddes, though Burton, *Hist. Scot.*, varies the narrative. So, too, Stanley, p. 71.

doubted; when, amidst a fierce enthusiasm that bound all Scotland in one united sentiment,<sup>1</sup> on the 1st of March, in the Greyfriars' Church at Edinburgh, was laid out on a tombstone an immense parchment that proclaimed the renewal of the Covenant; when with enthusiastic joy vast throngs pressed forward to sign the solemn league, until the roll was too narrow to contain the signatures; when many found room to sign only their initials, and some affixed their names in letters of blood. It was a covenant to defy papacy and prelacy, and to maintain the church of the Scriptures; but it was, too, the appeal of a free people against the claims of every form of despotism. Nor can it be doubted that this fervid outbreak of independent thought amidst the bleak hills of Scotland helped largely to rouse the people of England to rebellion, and to secure the liberties of Europe and America; that the shrill outcry of Jenny Geddes was the signal for a revolution whose waves are still swelling over the earth. In the autumn of the same memorable year, when the Ayr murmured mournfully through its barren fields and Ben Lomond was clad in snow, the General Assembly of the Scottish Church met at Glasgow. Henderson, the boldest of its leaders, presided. No terms were any longer to be kept with the faithless king or the intrusive bishops.<sup>2</sup> The Protestant lords and their armed retainers guarded the patriotic Assembly; the royal commissioner was awed into silence; amidst a fierce excitement that had been gathering through generations of tyranny the Scottish clergy abolished episcopacy, declared the re-establishment of the Presbyterian discipline, and, with deep and ominous applause, separated to arouse the nation to the necessity of defending by arms, on many a battle-field, the faith they had inherited from their fathers.

The "Bishop's War" followed, and twice the obstinate king led his English troops in vain efforts to force his prelates upon the united Scotch.<sup>3</sup> But the most preposterous of invasions closed in the utter ruin of the plans of Laud and Charles; the Scotch forces under Leslie easily routed the disaffected English; and the king was forced, in November, 1640, to assemble that great Parliament that established Presbyterianism in England, and brought Laud and Strafford to the block. The crown and the prelatical church fell together. The compact which had been signed on the tombstone at Edinburgh was enlarged into the Solemn League and Covenant, and ruled supreme from the

Orkneys to the Straits of Dover. Yet when Charles I. had perished on the scaffold, the imprudent Scots, in a moment of intense loyalty, perhaps of uncontrollable remorse, gave their allegiance to his worthless son, and were conquered by the arms of Cromwell. But from 1640 to 1660 the Scottish Church enjoyed a golden period of comparative repose; papists and prelatists were chased from the barren glens and populous cities; Henderson and Baillie, Guthrie and Gillespie, adorned its pulpit with ardent if unpolished eloquence; the swift inroads of Montrose and the vigor of Cromwell checked its pride, but scarcely disturbed its supremacy. Nor when, in 1660, with fond and glad congratulations, the Scots welcomed back the wandering Charles II. to his ancestral throne, could they have imagined that the ungrateful and cruel Stuart, as cold, as faithless as his ancestress, Mary, would commence a persecution against the Church of the Covenant that rivaled the atrocities of the pagan emperors, and halloved the fairest landscapes of Scotland with the heroic memories of unconquerable spirits.<sup>1</sup>

In the period of twenty-eight years (1660-1688) between the accession of Charles and the flight of James II. occurred the final conflict of the Presbyterians with the prelatists of England.<sup>2</sup> The terrors of the spectacle deepened toward its close. Then were heard those heroic testimonies "emitted" by cultivated and resolute saints on the scaffold, in the noisome prison, or on the wintry heath; then a throng of involuntary anchorites, yet rejoicing in their desolation, fled like an Anthony or a Benedict to the caves and ravines of the wildest glens, were hunted with blood-hounds, and shot down as they shivered on the lonely moors; then, in the fairest retreats of the picturesque land, immense assemblages gathered around their field-preachers, and the joyful season of prayer and praise was often ended by the oaths of the wild dragoons and the ready pistol of Claverhouse; then terror, pains, and torture, fines and imprisonment, slowly seemed to corrode the vigor of the Scottish intellect. The conflict seemed near its close. The churches were held by prelatical curates. The Anglican bishops ruled with haughty supremacy over the Scottish Kirk. Its fairest ornaments had been ravished away by death. Henderson had died early; Gillespie had preceded him; Livingstone was an exile. A throng of famous men, eminent for genius, eloquence, and moral worth, had yielded to the rigors of Bass Rock prison,

<sup>1</sup> Stanley, p. 73, notices, with some carelessness of style, "the universal rush."

<sup>2</sup> Hetherington, i. 363, gives an account of the various covenants. See, too, Gilfillan's animated "Martyrs and Heroes."

<sup>3</sup> Milton began now to write against prelacy, and seems to have learned much from Scotland.

<sup>1</sup> Hetherington, ii. p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> "During these twenty-eight years of persecution," says Howie (Worthies, p. 508), "it is computed that not less than 18,000 persons suffered death, or the utmost hardships and extremities," and this from a small population.

had found consumption and fever in their damp caves and forests, or had sought shelter in Leyden and Geneva. Of the men who in 1638 had signed the memorable Covenant that had given a foretaste of liberty to England, few had escaped the rage of the persecutor. The Scottish Church was lost: the people had been apparently won over to the side of bigotry and of despotism. A few wild Cameronians alone, half crazed or half inspired by suffering, foretold from their dismal retreats, where they hid from the troopers of Claverhouse, the discomfiture of their Neros and Domitians, the horrible judgments from above that awaited the last Stuarts. Nor was it until the reformers of Holland stretched out their friendly hand to the English as well as the Scottish Church, that the cloud of woe forever passed away, and the Scottish intellect began to ripen into mature vigor.

No portion of his subjects had reason to look for kindlier treatment or more grateful consideration from Charles II. than that vigorous church which had first placed the crown upon his head when he was a powerless exile,<sup>1</sup> which had fought in his cause, with useless valor, against the arms of Cromwell, and had welcomed with ardor his return to his ancient throne; nor could Scotland, ever full of a secret enthusiasm, be led to discover, except by terrible pains, the utter unworthiness of its native kings. It was therefore with a kind of dull amazement that the Scottish nation, almost with the first notes of the restoration sounding amidst its valleys, and echoing from the Frith of Forth to the Western Isles, felt the cruel hand of its destroyer. Charles II. had come back from Paris and Madrid a convert to the loose theories of the papal rule. He feared the rigid scrutiny of reform, and was resolved to involve the nation and the age in his own moral death. The English Church was once more made the instrument of a cruel king. On the plea of renewing prelacy in the heart of unwilling Scotland, bishops, priests, and curates, service-books and surplices, were ordered to be adopted by the astonished nation; the whole Scottish people were once more commanded to abandon Presbyterianism. The terrors of the Northern persecution preceded and perhaps encouraged the massacre of the Vaudois and the expulsion of the Huguenots.

At the head of the Scottish reformers stood Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyle.<sup>2</sup> His gravity, his prudence, the purity of his

life, and the ardor of his zeal had made him the chief agent in all the religious changes that had passed over his country since the famous rising of 1637; his scholarship was considerable, his courage, though sometimes wavering, had often been displayed in field as well as in council; his territories had been ravaged by the predatory bands of Montrose and the Irish invaders. Yet his loyalty to Charles II. had been as conspicuous as his pious zeal, and when the youthful prince was proclaimed king at Scone, the Marquis of Argyle had placed the crown upon his head. When Charles was driven from Scotland he acknowledged the faithful services of the marquis, and promised, on the word of a king, that, should he ever be restored to his throne, he would repay with gratitude the favors he had received and the large sums of money for which he was indebted to Argyle. The Restoration came. Charles was King of England. One of his earliest acts was to direct the trial and execution of his benefactor. The faithless Stuart remembered the bold words in which Argyle had reproved his vices; he resolved to strike down the most powerful of the Scottish Presbyterians, and intimate its doom to the unsuspecting church. The marquis, who had gone up to London, with some misgivings, to welcome his early friend and sovereign, was at once thrown into the Tower. He was afterward sent to Scotland, and confined in the common prison at Edinburgh. He was condemned to die. He parted from his faithful wife with words of resignation. "I could die," he said, "like a Roman; I would rather die like a Christian." He put on his hat and cloak, and, followed by several noblemen and friends, went down the street and with great serenity mounted the scaffold. He kneeled down, he prayed, gave the signal, and his head was severed from his body. It is easy to conceive with what indignation and what grief the Scottish Covenanters beheld the fate of the wise and generous Argyle, the first martyr of the new persecution; nor could presbyter or layman any longer doubt that the unsparing tyrant who sat on the English throne had resolved to repay with no less bitter ingratitude the early devotion of the Scottish Church.<sup>1</sup>

Nobler victims soon followed, more devoted and more resolute than Argyle. The favorite pastors and teachers of Scotland were the shining marks of the English persecutors. Sharp, renegade and traitor, ruled over the Scottish prelacy; the Covenant was burned by the common hangman amidst the shouts of a disorderly throng, and an edict was issued (1662) commanding all Presbyterian ministers to submit to the bishop of the diocese or be expelled from their livings. The

<sup>1</sup> Keith, *Scottish Bishops*, may be consulted for the Anglican side of the question, p. 492. He thinks that in the beginning of Charles the Second's reign Scotland was not averse to prelacy. But why, then, did it resist?

<sup>2</sup> Wodrow, i. 130. "He was the head of the Covenanters of Scotland." His death "was a blow at the root of all that had been done," etc.

<sup>1</sup> Howie, *Scots Worthies*, Marquis of Argyle. Wodrow, i. 157.

soldiers were ordered to drag them from their pulpits should they refuse to obey. But the clergy, animated by a heroism that has no parallel, except, perhaps, in the same land and under a not dissimilar impulse, prepared to abandon their comfortable homes in the depth of winter, when the chill winds and snow swept over the narrow borders of Scotland, and with their wives and children go forth as beggars rather than submit to an episcopal rule. On a sad and memorable Sabbath, amidst the tears of crowded congregations, nearly four hundred ministers delivered their last sermons from their customary pulpits; the next week they were homeless wanderers, often hiding in caverns, or sleeping upon the lonely moors. In a recent example of Scottish devotion, almost in our own generation, the clergy once more abandoned their comfortable manses to live in pressing want and die in fatal privations; yet the friendly hands of countless admirers at last relieved the sufferings of the Free Church. But for the Covenanters, with their starving families, no friend could give aid, except by stealth. The government pursued the helpless wanderers with ceaseless rigor. Sharp and his dreadful hierarchy laughed aloud at the feeble lamentations of aged Covenanters as they condemned them to the scaffold; and the Romish agents who ruled at the court of Charles exulted as they saw the tears of Scotland, the madness of the Anglican Church.

Low as had fallen that solemn Covenant which in 1638 had been signed by Scotsmen in letters of blood, and in 1643 had been extended over all England, the foundation of a commonwealth, its children still clung to its memory and prayed for its restoration. Driven from the cities and their usual pulpits, the exiled ministers still gathered around them their faithful people, and preached in lonely glens and secret solitudes to vast and eager throngs. The Church of the Covenant flourished with new strength amidst its desolation. The parish churches were abandoned; the gross and illiterate curates who had been installed by the bishops were met with jeers and mockery by their new congregations; but whenever it was whispered among the hills that a Welch or a Blackadder would preach in some secluded valley, troops of peasants and the more daring of the nobles and gentry climbed the rough country roads, crossed streams, hills, and mountains, and gathered in thousands to listen to the touching exhortations of the heroic pastors. A deep religious solemnity filled all the land. New converts were won; the spirit of faith revived; the Covenant was taken anew, and the Presbyterian clergy, wandering from house to house, from shire to shire, saw with no common joy the devotion of the people. But their persecutors, the bishops, resolved to

deprive the Scottish Church of its refuge in the wilderness, and a law was passed making it seditious to hold religious meetings without the consent of a prelate. Troops were poured into the Presbyterian counties. The coarse soldiers invaded pious households with fierce oaths and painful ribaldry; they robbed, they beat, they defiled; heavy fines impoverished the industrious, and the gross vices of the prelatical soldiers filled with disgust the stern and resolute Scots.

At length the people (1666) rose in arms. A spectacle of intolerable cruelty roused them to hopeless rebellion. An aged man—the story may recall one of the vivid pictures of Livy—was seized by the soldiers of Sir William Turner for refusing to pay the bishop's fine; they had bound his hands, and were threatening to roast him on a gridiron, when two or three fugitive Covenanters interfered.<sup>1</sup> The soldiers were made prisoners; the people sprang to arms, and Turner himself was captured in his bed at Dumfries. Three thousand Covenanters gathered near the river Clyde, but at the approach of a hostile force under Dalziel they wandered through storm and cold to the Pentland Hills, whose bold and massive outline bounds the scenery of Edinburgh, and with worn, disheartened, and diminished forces, awaited the attack of the foe. The Covenanters stood on a little knoll; Dalziel charged them, and was driven back. The battle raged until evening, but the faint and famished peasants were no match for his trained soldiers. They fled, defeated, in the gloom of the dull November night, and the hopes of Scotland seemed to perish forever in the battle of the Pentland Hills. A new and terrible severity was now exercised through all the rebellious districts;<sup>2</sup> men were hanged, shot, and tortured upon slight suspicion; a woman was thrown into a hole full of toads and reptiles because she refused to betray a friend; the timid Presbyterians began to frequent the prelatical services, and the more resolute hid in caves and forests. Yet the field meetings still renewed the dying intellect of the nation, and if Scotland failed to sink into the moral and mental feebleness of Italy and Spain under the tyranny of Sharp and his usurping church, the cause must be sought for in those centres of mental progress that were still kept open in the wilderness. It was death to attend one of these conventicles. The dragoons shot down without remorse the lonely Covenanter who was found climbing the hills to join his brethren in their solemn worship, or dashed, pistol in hand, into the pious gatherings. But the meetings increased in number and fervor.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hetherington, ii. 45.

<sup>2</sup> Hetherington, ii. 35. The hands of the prisoners were cut off; they were racked and tortured.

<sup>3</sup> Wodrow, ii. 347. See an account of the Pentland

The awful majesty of wild and sterile nature looked down for many years upon the only services of the Presbyterian Church. The cry of the eagle and the ptarmigan, the bleating of the sheep upon the mountain pastures, the thunders of the mountain torrent, mingled with the psalms of happy multitudes, and blended not inharmoniously with the simplest form of religious adoration. Amidst savage hills and gloomy glens, beneath the blue or the clouded sky, the exiled church often celebrated its marriage rites, baptized its infants in the springs of living waters, pointed its mourners to the golden gates that were opening above, and recounted with exultation the growing catalogue of its martyrs. It is scarcely possible that the Scottish intellect has ever since been wrought to such a pitch of heroic vigor as when Cameron denounced all tyrants in his wilderness, or Renwick opened in fancy the joys of paradise to suffering throngs; when the minister was lodged in a cave, and the congregation worshiped in the fields with dauntless fervor, in the expectation of instant death. It is plain that but for the ardor of the Presbyterian clergy one of the mightiest centres of mental progress would have perished in blind fanaticism.

A painful and terrible event next deepened the rigors of persecution, and threw some discredit upon the cause of the Covenant. As Sharp, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, was driving in his coach over Magus Muir, where the wild moor-land spreads away to the hills of Fife and touches the sandy shore of the German Ocean, he was met by a party of twelve Covenanters. Several of them were fierce and lawless men, who had felt the severe rule of the bishops in their own persons or in the fate of their friends and neighbors, and they were keeping watch on Magus Muir for one of the inferior persecutors, noted for torturing women and children. He did not come, but in his stead rode up Sharp, with his daughter Isabel, surrounded by the state of his high office, and crowned with the wages of crime. Renegade from the Presbyterian faith, one of the chief authors of the miseries of his country, the Covenanters believed that it was no mere chance that had delivered the archbishop into their hands. Heaven, they thought, had ordained that he should die. Balfour of Burley and his companions dragged the old man from the coach. Hackstoun stood apart, refusing to interfere. The Covenanters plunged their swords in the body of their chief foe, and laid him dead on the silent moor. His daughter Isabel, whose tears and prayers had failed to touch the iron hearts of Burley and his friends, was left to keep watch over the body of her father, and the twelve Cove-

nanters rode safely away. Yet the death of Sharp was fearfully avenged in new persecutions. The "Highland host" of eight thousand savage clansmen poured down from the mountains to prey upon the hapless west;<sup>1</sup> all Scotland was racked by fines and tortures; and at the head of his dragoons Claverhouse began now that career of horrors that has made his name the symbol of murderous hate. He murdered women and children with his own hand; he shot down with his pistol John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier. To chase and kill a Covenanter was to Claverhouse no worse sport than to hunt and bring down a stag.

The battle of Drumclog (1679) soon followed the outrages of Claverhouse and his dragoons. On the desolate and distant moors, amidst morasses and quaking fens, where Loudon Hill rises majestic over the lonely landscape and looks down upon the Avon and the Clyde, on a Sabbath morning, June 1, assembled a great throng of men, women, children, to celebrate in the secure retreat the forbidden services of the Presbyterian faith. We may well conceive the singular aspect of these woodland congregations. The men were usually armed. Some were on horseback, experienced soldiers from the European wars. Balfour of Burley stood amidst the throng, and not far off was Hackstoun, the sharer in his recent crime. Ministers, stealing from their caves, came to arouse the ardor of the people. Women, and even children, were ready to die for their faith; the blue banner of the Covenant, lifted in the wilderness, shone over the fells of Drumclog; nor was there a coward or a traitor in all the animated throng. It was the first day of summer; the milk-white thorn was blooming in the lowlands; the yellow broom covered the sterile hills; the services began with unusual fervor, and the exhortations of able pastors were heard with no common interest in the wide amphitheatre of morasses.<sup>2</sup> But each man in the congregation felt the peril of his act. Claverhouse, it was known, was ranging over the country in search of conventicles. Balfour of Burley and the armed Covenanters had come to Drumclog resolved to defend themselves in case the dragoons should approach. A watchman was posted on a neighboring height to announce the first appearance of the foe. While the vast throng were gathered around their preachers, the carbine of the sentinel startled them; he ran down from his station to warn his countrymen of their danger. Claverhouse was near. The congregation was at

<sup>1</sup> Wodrow, ii. 428, describes the terrible outrages of the Highlanders.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Douglas led the services. Claverhouse had his horse shot under him. See a brief account in Howie, Worthies, p. 581. Keith, Bishops, 491, insists that the Covenanters were all rebels.

once arranged in the order of defense. The women and children were placed in the rear. Long lines of footmen stood before them, on either wing a band of horsemen. A broad morass covered the front of the Covenanters; their unpracticed soldiers had been arranged with military skill; and when Claverhouse sent a flag, commanding them to surrender, a shout of defiance rang along the ranks. After a few moments of silence, the whole army broke into a trumpet-like psalm, and, ruled by intense devotion, sang,

"In Judah's land God is well known,  
His name in Israel's great;"

and as all deep passion seems to express itself in music, poetry, and song, so the wild landscape of Drumclog echoed to the pealing chant of a thousand voices, resolved to perish that Scottish intellect might be free.

With a fierce shout of malignant hatred, Claverhouse and his famous dragoons plunged into the morass to reach their unoffending foes, nor did they probably suppose that the Scottish peasants and their untried leaders would sustain for a moment their impetuous charge. But a rain of bullets met them as they came on. The veteran soldiers wavered and fled before the impenetrable line of inspired peasants. Claverhouse, whose courage equaled his severity, was borne back by the fugitives. "Charge!" cried a bold Covenanter, in the eventful moment. Burley, Hackstoun, or Hamilton led on their horse and foot across a morass, a ditch, and pursued the retreating soldiers, and Claverhouse, struggling with fierce obstinacy to repel the attack, was driven at last to fly up Calder Hill, and through the village of Strathaven. He cut his way through the country people who rose to capture him, and fled from Glasgow to Edinburgh. The victorious peasants treated their prisoners with signal mildness; but a wild thrill of hope ran through the cottages and the castles of the Lowlands, and thousands flocked to join the standard of the Covenant, trusting that the arm of the Lord was at length outstretched to shield his people. We have scarcely space to notice the brief period of hope between the victory of Drumclog and the utter discomfiture at Bothwell Bridge. But the ministers now came forth from their caves to greet their rejoicing people. For a few weeks the Presbyterian services were celebrated in the west, with no terrors of the wild dragoons. The army of the Covenant was swelled by steady accessions, and had some practiced leader arisen to rule and guide them, they might have driven the prelates from the borders of Scotland. Courage, intellect, vigor, enthusiasm, were never wanting, but the disorderly throng of fiery patriots never found a commander. All was tumult and dissension in the camp of the

Covenanters; the ministers, the generals, and the people aided the strange confusion, and even when at Bothwell Bridge the powerful English army, under Monmouth, approached the unhappy Scots, the clergy and the commanders still contended with each other upon trivial points of doctrine and of discipline. Five thousand brave but disorderly Scotsmen stood behind the rippling Clyde, guarding Bothwell Bridge; had they been united under a Cromwell or a Leslie, they had beaten back the invaders and driven the Stuarts over the Tweed.

On another Sabbath morning, three weeks after the battle of Drumclog, the English forces, led by the Duke of Monmouth, appeared before the Scottish camp. They were ten thousand strong. Among their ranks were Claverhouse and his dragoons, Livingstone and the cruel Dalziel, the "Highland host," fierce and savage, fresh from their merciless outrages in the west, and several English regiments, the flower of the invading troops. Struck with alarm, the Covenanters had sent deputies to Monmouth offering terms of submission, but they were refused; they were ordered to lay down their arms and submit themselves to the mercy of the king. Half an hour was allowed them for reflection. When it expired the enemy moved swiftly on to seize Bothwell Bridge or ford the narrow stream. Burley, Hackstoun, and Nisbet led on a portion of the Covenanters, and with fierce and desperate energy defended the river and the bridge. For an hour the English were held at bay by the furious fire; column after column pressed forward and were driven back decimated and broken by the unyielding Scots; Clyde ran red with the blood of its children and its foes; and only when their ammunition failed were the brave Presbyterians forced from the shelter of their native stream. At length the dragoons, the Highlanders, and the Life Guards poured over the bridge, swept through the flying host of Covenanters, now no longer offering any resistance, and, led by Claverhouse, burning with revenge, inflicted horrible atrocities among the helpless throng. Hundreds fell in the merciless massacre. Burley strove to rally his men for a last struggle; a random shot broke his sword-arm; he uttered a curse upon the hand that fired it, and sought safety in flight. He escaped to Holland, and there closed in peace his life of stern and terrible labors. Claverhouse was now the conqueror of the Covenant, and, although the gentler Monmouth strove to soften the horrors of the victory, could not be restrained from gratifying his rage against the vanquished. Sweeping at the head of his wild horsemen over the parishes of Galloway, he covered the land with massacres, or filled the prisons with men, women, and children. The cruelty of the victors,

indeed, can scarcely be equaled in history. Five Presbyterian clergymen, who had no share in the battle, were taken to Magus Muir, executed, and hung in chains on the spot where Sharp had perished. Twelve hundred prisoners were collected in Greyfriars' church-yard at Edinburgh, where the Covenant had first been signed, with no shelter from the bleak sky, no bed but the damp, chill earth. Many died; some escaped or were set free; the rest were sent as slaves to Barbadoes; but two hundred, happily for themselves, perhaps, were lost in a furious storm. All Scotland was now held in a terrible subjection, and its people submitted in rage and gloom to the general prevalence of the episcopal ritual.

Yet still, in the deepest and wildest recesses of their native land, the more resolute and enthusiastic of the Covenanters kept untarnished the purity of the Scottish faith. On dank morasses, where the peat water was their only drink; in dark and misty glens, forests surrounded by lofty mountains, and rifts of the earth hidden deep amidst the bogs; in caves covered up by brush-wood, and wet with unwholesome distillations from the rock, might be seen groups of wild and stalwart men, with grizzly beards, eyes gleaming with a strange light, and countenances often glowing amidst their sufferings with a holy joy. They were the persecuted remnant of the Covenanters. Each carried a sword and a little clasped Bible. They still held their forbidden services in the loneliest retreats, but they were no longer those vast and joyous throngs that in the less dangerous period had gathered on the banks of the Clyde or in the broad shelter of Loudon Hill. A few famished and weary men, driven from the haunts of cultivated life, met to worship in some yawning chasm or beneath a towering rock, and to gather those sweet visions of perpetual bliss for which they had exchanged all that the world held valuable. The cave of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, was a jutting rock, hidden far down in a ravine amidst the moors; yet here he heard the glad voices of pious exiles, and joined in the most joyous services he had ever known. The young, fair, consumptive Renwick slept on the wet moors; and John Welch eluded the keen pursuit of Claverhouse by ceaseless wanderings over hill and dale. But the most secluded cavern often proved no safe retreat from the merciless dragoons. With blood-hounds and baying dogs they traversed the glens in search of their prey, and when they had found a cave tenanted by Covenanters, fired their carbines into its mouth, and massacred all its inmates.<sup>1</sup> Nor is it wonderful that these stern and unyielding victims of an intolerable tyranny, shut out from the society

of their race, should have seen amidst their solitudes strange glimpses of the spiritual world, should have encountered Satan bodily in the wilderness, and have beheld terrible visions of the final doom of their persecutors. To his devoted followers the hunted and weary pastor was often invested with magic and supernatural powers.<sup>1</sup> He who refused him a shelter was crushed beneath his falling house. His reproof was often an omen of death; he foretold the fate of his friends or his enemies. In all their miseries the Scottish eremites were raised to a high pitch of spiritual gifts; and Alexander Peden, in his cave covered by a willow bush, was believed to possess the power to strike men dead by a word, and a clear insight into the future that opened to his followers the destiny of nations.

One of the most successful of the wandering preachers in eluding the chase of the dragoons was John Welch, a descendant of John Knox.<sup>2</sup> A high price was set on his head; avarice and hate stimulated his pursuers. Claverhouse, on one occasion, rode forty miles to seize the valuable prize, yet the gifted preacher disappeared at his approach, and was enabled to escape to London, where he died (1681), and was afterward buried in his native land. For twenty years John Welch wandered amidst the mountains of Scotland, hunted with blood-hounds, chased by dragoons; and the spirit of John Knox seemed renewed in this wonderful man, who gave up all the advantages of ease and station to preserve the vigor of the national faith. He was highly educated, one of the most successful preachers of his time, when, in 1661, he resolved to abandon his flourishing parish church, where his ancestors had preached, and go forth, a homeless wanderer, rather than obey the intrusive bishops. On the last Sabbath of his service all the parish crowded to hear his parting words. They followed him with tears when he left the pulpit; many crossed with him through Cluden Water,<sup>3</sup> and pursued him along the road with bitter lamentation as he passed from their sight. When a curate, some months afterward, attempted to take possession of his church, the people drove him out, and several of them were arrested and fined for the offense. But from that moment, for nearly twenty years, the voice of the mild, meek, yet eloquent and daring rebel never ceased to echo amidst his native hills, nor could all the vigilance of the bishops and the dragoons silence the perpetual protest of the descendant of Knox. He disclaimed against perjury to immense throngs, that sprang up as if by magic in the lonely fields of Fife and the shadow of Falkland

<sup>1</sup> Burton, *Hist. Scot.*, ii. 296, thinks these preachers "a formidable body."

<sup>2</sup> Howie, *Worthies*, John Welch.

<sup>3</sup> Howie, *Worthies*, 394.

<sup>1</sup> Wodrow, iv. 183.

Wood. The parish churches were deserted whenever it was known that John Welch was lurking among the hills, and would meet his faithful people. He was no advocate of submission. He was active at Pentland Hills, and for four years after that fatal defeat was hidden from sight, hunted upon his native mountains like a stag. In 1674 he appears again, preaching to great throngs in the county of Fife. Converts were made in great numbers; the Countess of Crawford cried out that she yielded to his eloquence, and the Chancellor Rothes, the bitterest of the persecutors, found in his own church at Leslie no one but his own family—all the people had stolen away to an armed conventicle. Once more John Welch disappeared among the hills. Five hundred pounds were offered for his capture. He always traveled armed, and attended usually by several friends. In 1678 were celebrated communion seasons of rare enjoyment, and the long tables, spread on lovely meadows beneath the open sky, were thronged with 3000 members. Yet sometimes John Welch preached on the frozen surface of the Tweed, and had no better pulpit than a field of ice. At Bothwell Bridge Welch was one of the pastors who strove to unite the disordered Covenanters. From its bloody scenes he escaped by wonderful endurance. He was sometimes three days on horseback without sleep. He crossed the border, and fled forever from his native land.

Donald Cargill and Richard Cameron were types of the sternest and fiercest of the Scottish thinkers. Welch might have yielded some points of doctrine, some traits of discipline, could he have hoped to win peace for his suffering people.<sup>1</sup> He could forgive the timid Presbyterian who consented to accept the indulgence offered by the bishops, or who was not willing to resist till death, in want, exile, or painful seclusion, the tyranny of a hostile government. But to Cameron or Cargill the slightest submission was a proof of a fallen nature or a craven heart. Stern and remorseless against the time-serving offender, they held as more guilty even than the persecuting priest the follower of the Covenant who wavered in his faith, who shrank from maintaining its most minute doctrinal distinctions, or who, having once possessed the truth, had lapsed into Erastian negligence and submission. Wild, strange, and terrible were the lives led by these unrivaled heroes as they crept from cover to cover amidst the hills of Scotland, crying out against the backslider and the prelatist, and welcomed by countless throngs of devoted followers. Only a series of the most wonderful escapes from their pursuers, which might well seem the interventions of approving Heaven, saved them

for many years from the hand of the executioner. Cargill, worn by terrible emotion and constant labors, once found that his voice was gone, and it was probably the bitterest of his pains that he could no longer utter to the vast assemblies of his people his well-known and startling exhortations.<sup>1</sup> But in a moment of inspiration his infirmity was healed. His voice returned, clearer and louder than before, and, with unparalleled spirit, he preached again to great multitudes. Often he passed through the midst of his enemies, as if guided by an invisible hand. Once, when the pursuers entered his chamber, he was safely hidden behind a pile of books. The soldiers were about to remove them, when the faithful maid-servant cried out that they were taking her master's books, and their commander ordered them to desist. At Bothwell he was seized, dangerously wounded, by the enemy, but they allowed him to escape. Soon he was preaching again, baptizing and marrying in the wild scenes of Galloway and Nithsdale. A reward of several hundred pounds was set upon his head; for it was known that he had invoked the judgment of Heaven on the king and the bishops, and stern Cameronians were fond of tracing in the sudden or shocking deaths of Charles II. and Monmouth, of Dalziel and Rothes, the fulfillment of Cargill's prophecies and maledictions. At last he was taken. He was hanged, defiant and triumphant, at the Cross of Edinburgh, a man whose life had been passed in ceaseless prayer and works of boundless charity. Richard Cameron, prophet, priest, and revolutionist, was Cargill's companion when, in 1780, at Sanquhar, almost abandoned by the Scottish clergy, they denounced the Duke of York as antichrist or abjured all allegiance to the Stuarts. A fierce and energetic nature, a voice loud and terrible, a will that never bent to the fiercest strokes of fate, made Cameron the founder of a religious sect whose name is still preserved; nor did he ever spare in his maledictions the race of his native kings, or hesitate to foretell that the day was coming when they should be driven forever from the land they had filled with woe. Unhappily the brave preacher did not escape to witness the fulfillment of his prophecy. He whose malediction was a portent of death, whose prophetic glance rivaled the awful penetration of Daniel or Isaiah, was shot down on Air's Moss, and his body thrown into a pit. Here came his friend Alexander Peden soon after, and kneeling down, with upturned eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, to be wi' Richie!" A simple head-stone marks Cameron's grave on Air's Moss; but ever in Scottish history, amidst the tears and the exultation of generations, will rise up the

<sup>1</sup> Howie, Worthies, 396.

<sup>1</sup> Howie, Worthies, 369.

touching spectacle of the bereaved Covenanter lamenting for his friend, and uttering his memorable cry.

From the craggy cliffs of Arthur's Seat may be seen, far out in the Frith of Forth, a huge mountain of stone rising over the restless sea. It is called Bass Rock.<sup>1</sup> Solitary, bare, and treeless, the waves beat uselessly against its firm foundations, and the sea-fowl cluster unharmed around its desolate top. The rock was purchased by the crown from its private owner to be converted into a prison for the Covenanters. The dungeons and the keep of its castle were filled with a sacred company of unbending spirits; from the grated windows looked out a group of stern and earnest faces, gasping for air, or shivering with perpetual cold. Sometimes the wan and haggard captives were permitted to wander along its narrow ledge, gaze on the swelling ocean, catch the fair outline of their persecuted land, and mingle their prayers with the voices of the restless waves. Here the wintry winds, the rage of the arctic storms, famine, confinement, and noisome cells racked the frames and broke the health of many of Scotland's noblest sons, but could never shake their resolution; nor has earth a more memorable prison-house, or Scotland a more sacred scene, than this barren rock, where Peden, Gillespie, and Blackadder found an involuntary Patmos. John Blackadder was one of the most eminent of the rigid Covenanters. He was descended from a race of scholars, and for many happy years had preached the pure faith of the Covenant with singular success in the parish of Troqueer. His church stood on a gentle eminence upon the banks of the Nith; a fair landscape opened around it; his garden and his manse, his wife, his young family, his faithful parishioners, employed his active hours; but when the moment came for deciding between the claims of conscience and the demands of kings and bishops, the mild and gentle pastor, transformed into a hero, defied the overwhelming power of his foes. He was among the first to preach against prelacy.<sup>2</sup> He was arrested, released, and at length driven from Troqueer. On a misty Sabbath, the last in October, when the parish bells were sounding cheerfully from village to village, his people gathered at an early hour to bid him farewell: his last sermon was broken by the sudden inroad of the soldiery, and he removed to a lonely parish in Glencairn. Here he was never allowed to rest. His son, then ten years old, relates one of the common incidents in the life of a Presbyterian clergyman of the time. A party of soldiers at

night broke into the minister's poor cottage, but, happily, he had gone to Edinburgh; they ordered the boy, with oaths and threats, to light a candle and lead them through the house in search of his father; they ran their swords through the beds where his sisters slept, threw the books from the shelves of the library, and devoured the contents of the scanty larder. Cold and shivering, for he had only his night dress, the poor child resolved to make his escape. He pretended to be playing in the yard, passed the sentries who stood at the door with drawn swords, and ran through the dark night to a neighboring village. He was half naked and frozen; but all the town was asleep, and no door was open to receive him. He crept to the town cross, climbed to the upper step, and slept there till morning. Between five and six o'clock a door opened, and an old woman came out. She saw a white object on the cross, and coming near, discovered that it was a little boy. "Jesus save us!" she cried; "what art thou?" The child awoke from his frozen sleep, and told her that he was Mr. Blackadder's son, and that a band of fearful men, in red coats, had burned his father's house and all the family. "Oh, puir thing!" she exclaimed; "come in and lie down in my warm bed." "Which I did," adds the narrator, "and it was the sweetest bed I ever met with."

Many weary years of persecution and of ceaseless toils passed over the wandering pastor, during which he held armed conventicles amidst the moors, preached to joyous throngs in distant solitudes, or hid in secret places, while his pursuers sought him with untiring malice. His health, always feeble, often forced him to seek rest in Holland, or to hide in close rooms at Edinburgh. In his last public service he stood on a hill in East Lothian, looking out on Bass Rock, and there prayed fervently for its unhappy prisoners. Soon after he was apprehended, and sentenced to join the company of martyrs for whom he prayed. He was carried to Bass Rock, and for four years endured the pains and horrors of its inclement dungeons; was chilled by its fierce winds, or half stifled in its noisome gloom. Yet never would his lofty spirit descend to purchase release by consenting to the tyranny of the bishops, and with his dying breath he proclaimed that religious and civil liberty was a birthright of which no persecutor could rob him. He died in his seventieth year, the victim of priests and kings. Nor of all the famous scenes of Scotland—and it has many—of all its sacred spots, hallowed by deeds of enthusiasm, self-devotion, or romance, is there one to which the freemen of every land will turn with more deep and reverent interest than the huge rock that breaks the waves of the

<sup>1</sup> Scott, *Prov. Ant.*, ii. 296, has a good view of Bass Rock. See Bass Rock, by Hugh Miller and others.

<sup>2</sup> Howie, *Worthies*, 499.

<sup>1</sup> Howie, *Worthies*, 502.

Frith of Forth, surrounded by the shrieking sea-fowl and the fickle mist, yet ever radiant with the memories of its countless martyrs, and speaking to all ages its heroic lesson of endurance till death in the cause of human progress.

Not less renowned among the heroes of the Covenant are John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, and his wife, Isabel Weir. He who wandered among the rocky districts of Ayrshire two hundred years ago would have seen seated amidst its highest fells, looking from the brow of a hill upon a wide tract of moss and moor, a cottage renowned as the home of one of the purest and mildest of the victims of Claverhouse.<sup>1</sup> The rude farm was known as Priesthill. Its house was of stone, covered with heather; yet from its modest hospitality no stranger was repelled, and the honest virtue of John Brown had made Priesthill famous as the home of piety and boundless good-will. He had been designed for a clergyman, but was prevented from preaching by a defect in his voice. Grave, calm, moderate, forbearing, the father ruled over his rising family; bright, cheerful, hopeful, humorous, his wife, Isabel, softened the austerity of the Covenantant's home. She was his second wife. He had met her in his wanderings over his native hills, when they had conversed together over the sorrows of the church, and at length their wedding was celebrated in a solitary glen, amidst an unexpected throng of Covenanters. Alexander Peden, prophet and priest, heard their vows beneath the open sky, and uttered to Isabel, when he had joined them forever, one of his singular forebodings of coming woe. "When you least expect it," he said, "your husband will be taken from you;" and Isabel heard him without alarm. Several years passed on; peace and perpetual joy rested upon their modest home. When persecution raged over the lonely district, John Brown was often obliged to hide in the cold uplands or fly to a friendly cave.<sup>2</sup> One day, driven from his home, he wandered to one of those singular spots, so often the only refuge of the hapless Covenanters, to pass the hours in prayer. A torrent or a water-spout had formed a deep ravine, a frightful chasm, in the moor, down whose steep and rocky sides, hidden in bracken, only the most experienced climber could make his way. At its base, on each side of the immense rift, were a number of caves and dens, capable of holding a large congregation. John Brown had made his way into one of them, thinking himself alone, when a low, sweet sound struck his ear. It was a voice chanting a psalm in a subdued tone, as if the singer was afraid to attract attention even in that awful solitude. But gradually it rose louder and more joyful, the

chasm echoed with the song of praise, and John Brown discovered that three of his friends had fled, like himself, to the wilderness to commune with God. They were living in a cave beneath a jutting rock; yet the peace of Heaven descended upon them. They were drinking from the river of life. They passed the night together in inexpressible bliss, until the lark rose above their heads in the morning, when they parted, thinking never to meet again. Climbing up the sides of the rocky chasm, they gazed around to see if an enemy were near. They sang again, when, to their surprise, a voice sweeter than any thing they had ever heard before seemed to resound through the bracken-covered cleft, cheering them with golden pictures of celestial bliss.<sup>1</sup> They never discovered whence it came; but when his companions looked upon John Brown's grave face, they saw that it was lighted with the sweet expression of an angel.

Soon after, Claverhouse, who had heard the fame of John Brown's piety, came to Priesthill resolved to kill him.<sup>2</sup> Isabel saw the company of horsemen riding over the hill, and knew that the hour had come which Alexander Peden had foretold at their wedding in the glen. Her husband was seized on the moor, where he was cutting peat, and was brought back to the house. Three companies of dragoons stood around John and Isabel and their trembling children. "Will you pray for King James?" exclaimed Claverhouse to the Covenantant. "Not until he turns from his wicked ways," said the victim. "Then go to your prayers, for you must die!" cried Claverhouse; and kneeling before his peaceful home, John Brown prayed for his wife, his children, and the church of God. Claverhouse interrupted him with imprecations. "Isabel," said John, "the hour is come I told you of at our wedding. Are you willing to part from me?" "Heartily willing," she answered, "if it must be." "Then," said he, "this is all I wait for." He kissed his wife and children tenderly. "Fire!" cried Claverhouse to his dragoons. They stood motionless, appalled. He drew a pistol from his own belt and shot his captive through the head. While the fierce soldiers turned away in horror, Claverhouse, in an excess of wickedness, taunted with bitter words the weeping Isabel, who had gathered John Brown's shattered head in her arms. "What thinkest thou of thy husband now, woman?" he exclaimed. "I ever thought mickle of him," she said, "and now more than ever." "It were justice to lay thee at his side," replied he. "Thou art cruel enough to do it," she said; "but how wilt thou answer for this morning's work?" With fierce words but a pallid countenance, he put spurs to his horse

<sup>1</sup> Howie, Worthies, John Brown.

<sup>2</sup> Howie.

<sup>1</sup> Howie, i. 451.

<sup>2</sup> Wodrow, iv. 244.

and galloped away;<sup>1</sup> and Isabel, with her children, drew a plaid reverently over her husband's body, and wept kneeling at his side. Yet the peace of God came to the stricken family; tender friends gathered around them; and from the solemn moor and the poor Covenanter's home is uttered a perpetual cry against priestly tyranny and spiritual pride.

The last, perhaps the most interesting, of the victims of the prelacy was James Renwick, a young and gifted preacher.<sup>2</sup> Sickly, frail, a scholar, almost a poet, he had given himself to the labors and dangers of a wandering life, preaching the Covenant among his native hills; nor could cold, want, fatigue, or failing health disturb the bright visions of a heavenly world that seemed to float around him like a shield against every sensual pain. It was the second year after John Brown's marriage to Isabel. The gude-man was away. Isabel was carding and spinning wool with her shepherds. The quiet house was suddenly aroused at night by the entrance of a stranger. He was young, small, his countenance fair, but pale with hunger and sickness. His shoes were worn out, but though he wore a shepherd's plaid, he was evidently of some higher profession. A little girl, John Brown's daughter Janet, took off his wet plaid and placed him in the warmest corner. The stranger burst into tears, and invoked for her the blessing of Heaven. John Brown now came in and approached the poor wanderer with reverence, for he was James Renwick. All the family strove to soothe his suffering frame; the lassies left their wheels to wash his feet; the gude-wife prepared him a warm supper; and little Janet, who had been the first to welcome him, fell fast asleep at his side. Yet James Renwick had no words of regret for the dark past or the sterner future. "Our enemies are glad," he said, "that we are driven to wander in mosses or on mountains; but even amidst the storms of the last two nights, I can not express what sweet times I have had when I had no covering but the dark curtains of the night. Yes, in the silent watch my mind was led out to admire the deep and inexpressible ocean of joy wherein the whole family of heaven swim.<sup>3</sup> Each star led me to wonder what he must be who is the Star of Jacob, of whom all stars borrow their shining."

In the calm hospitality of Priesthill the young enthusiast passed a few happy days, and then went forth, amidst toil and pain, to keep alive the vital spark of a true faith among his countrymen. It was in the last

years of the great persecution. A majority of the Scottish clergy had yielded to the professions of England's papist king, and had accepted the indulgence he offered; but to James Renwick no compliance was possible, and he inveighed sternly and boldly against all who consented to touch the fatal gift of toleration.<sup>1</sup> His health was failing, his life ebbing away. He could scarcely sit upon his horse as he rode from glen to glen, from shire to shire, preaching to the faithful people the joys of a sublime truthfulness. His enemies pursued the young, frail preacher with unexampled malice. Fifteen times within five months diligent efforts were made for his arrest. A heavy reward was offered for his head. He escaped by a series of wonderful accidents that may well deserve a more pious name; and was now among the wildest hills of Fife, or now at Edinburgh thrust a last protest against toleration into the unwilling hands of the "moderate" clergy. A few months more and he might have seen the Church of Scotland set free from its persecutors, and heard the shouts of joy that welcomed the yellow flag of Orange and the triumph of the tolerant Presbyterian William. But in February, 1688, he was seized at Edinburgh, was stricken down by a brutal blow as he tried to escape, and was laid in irons in the jail. "What!" said the captain of the guard, when he saw his feeble captive, "is this the boy Renwick that the nation has been so troubled with?" He was condemned to death, but the glory of the ineffable bliss above hung around him, and when he was offered his life if he would sign a petition, he declared that no earthly gains could win him from the truth. From his mother and his sisters, who were allowed to see him, he parted with words of triumph. Even on the scaffold he declined the offer of pardon. An immense throng of spectators gathered around, and amidst the clash of drums and the clamor of his enemies he was heard exclaiming, "Dear friends, I die a Presbyterian Protestant." So fair and pure a victim has seldom fallen before the malice of spiritual tyranny. He was just twenty-six years old. His complexion was ruddy and fair, his countenance of angelic sweetness. All the virtues that dignify human nature—generosity, purity, meekness, courtesy—adorned this remarkable young man. His eloquence was long celebrated among his countrymen. Immense throngs gathered at his field-preaching to catch the fervor of his zeal. No one could paint so clearly the splendors of immortal bliss, or lift his trembling audiences to such perfect communion with the family of heaven. James Renwick

<sup>1</sup> Wodrow, ii. 245. Claverhouse is said never to have forgotten the prayers of John Brown.

<sup>2</sup> Howie, James Renwick. Wodrow, iv. 445.

<sup>3</sup> Howie, Worthies, 448. Howie's Testimonies may be consulted by those who would see how cheerfully the heroes of the Covenant died.

<sup>1</sup> Dean Stanley thinks the Church of Scotland was marked by its "negations," p. 66, 67; but all its protests were aimed against what was unscriptural. It affirmed only the Bible.

was the last of the Covenanters who died upon the scaffold, and the tears and trials of Scotland ended with the sacrifice of one of her purest sons.

More potent than the fabled spells of enchantment or the boldest visions of a poetic fancy, more wonderful than the achievements of epic heroes, of Tancred, Æneas, or Achilles, are often the vigorous operations of common-sense.<sup>1</sup> And no sooner had the calm and resolute William of Orange left his native fens, to carry reason and moderation to the counsels of the English court, than a sudden calm descended upon the blood-stained hills and glens of Scotland. The sorrows of the Scottish Church were over; the Cameronian might come boldly from his cave; the prisoners poured out of Bass Rock; toleration reigned where once had been heard only the fierce cry of the persecutor and his victim; and beneath the yellow flag of Orange and Nassau, Europe and America began a new career of swift advance. The enchanter, William, had tamed by a sudden spell the rage of persecution, and never again in any Protestant land were the cruelties of Dominic and Loyola to be emulated or revived. In France the ceaseless malice of the Romish Church still pursued the pious Huguenots to their deserts; in Italy the Vaudois were still tormented amidst their beautiful valleys; Spain and Portugal still celebrated, though at rarer intervals, the fearful sacrifices of the Inquisition; but the humane principles of William and of his native Holland ruled over Germany and the British Isles, were enlarged and expanded in America, and laid the firm foundations of modern freedom. No nation profited more largely from the revolution of 1688 than the land which had suffered most deeply from the Romish instincts of the Stuart kings. A pure and rational faith spread over Scotland. Its brown moors and bracken-covered glens, its lowlands bright with broom and fragrant with the milk-white thorn, resounded with the cheerful voices of prosperity and peace. Its intellect, which had been tested amidst the bitterest pains of persecution, grew suddenly into unlooked-for vigor; the same profound enthusiasm which had marked its wandering preachers in their caves and their conventicles was exhibited by its men of letters; its schools of metaphysics, history, poetry, and fiction have led the advance of modern thought, and the splendors of its literary career have covered its narrow realm with an immortal renown. But the most direct, the most important, result of the sorrows and the heroism of the martyrs of the Covenant is the almost unexampled growth of an evangelical church, which in

its native land has preserved the pure faith of Hamilton, Knox, and Renwick, and which in our own has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, always the friend of freedom, of education, and of mental and moral progress. And as the various religious sects in the New World, forgetting their ancient rivalry in the Old, blend day by day in one common bond of sympathy and spiritual union, it will be seen that the martyrs and saints of Scotland and its church suffered not for any one Christian body, but for the liberties and the welfare of all; that they perished nobly in the cause of ever-living truth.

Nor will the historian of the future, who, writing from some central home of freedom in the valleys of the Nevada or on the banks of the Columbia, reviews and corrects the errors of the medieval story, forget, like Hume or Robertson or Scott, to celebrate the true historical characters of Scotland. He may pass with contempt the false men and shameless women who, robed in the trappings of kings, queens, and nobles, have formed the chief personages of the common narrative; he will scarcely linger over the fate of the unhappy Mary, or lament her necessary woes; he will neglect the long line of barbarous kings and cruel priests to dwell upon the rigid virtue and the generous sacrifices of the martyrs of the Covenant. Priesthill, seated on its lonely fells, with its ever-open Bible and its gentle inmates, will have for him a higher charm than Holyrood or Melrose Abbey; the caves and glens where honesty and virtue flourished in the days of persecution will seem the true sources of Scottish progress; and the stern and haggard Cameronian, giving forth his testimony in death against the faintest deviation from the path of strict integrity—a Cargill, a Peden, or a Renwick—will be found to have exercised no unimportant influence upon the free institutions of Oregon or of Montana.

### HOPE.

IN the quiet garden of my life  
There groweth a red-rose tree;  
A little bird sits on the topmost bough,  
And merrily singeth he.

The sun may shine in the happy sky  
Through the long and golden days,  
And the sweet spring blossoms veil the trees  
In a fragrant pearly haze;

Or the pelting rains of autumn come,  
And the weary wintry weather,  
And we've naught to watch but the leaden clouds—  
My rose and I together.

Come rain, come shine, so that bonny bird  
But warble his cheery tune;  
For while he sings to my rose and me,  
To us it is always June.

And Death and Sorrow shall vainly sit  
The portals of life beside,  
For we float upborne on that soaring song  
Through the gates of heaven flung wide!

<sup>1</sup> Wodrow, iv. 463, celebrates William Prince of Orange as the deliverer of his country, "that glorious deliverer of those lands from popery and slavery." The Covenanters were not ungrateful.