

given to one of his favorites, Hamilton's estate of Bothwellhaugh, who took possession of it with such brutality, that he turned Hamilton's wife, scantily clothed, on a cold night, out into the open fields, where, before morning, she became furiously insane. Hamilton, inflamed with the spirit of vengeance, followed the Regent about from place to place, endeavoring to find an opportunity to kill him. Having, at length, to pass through Linlithgon, on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, the opportunity was afforded Hamilton, who placed himself in a house of his uncle, the archbishop of St. Andrews, and shot the regent dead from a window, as he rode slowly along, owing to the pressure of the crowd. The author of *Waverley*, who adds the bright color of romance to the historic realities of the time and place, alludes to this event in his ballad of "Cadyow Castle," of which I quote a few lines:

When princely Hamilton's abode
Ennobled Cadyow's gothic tow'rs,
The song went round, the goblet flow'd,
And revel sped the laughing hours.

Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
Still wont our weal and woe to share?
Why comes he not our sport to grace?
Why shares he not our hunter's fare?

What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
Where mountain Esk thro' woodland
Her arms enfold a shadowy child— (flows,
Oh, is it she, the pallid rose?

The wilder'd trav'ler sees her glide,
And hears her feeble voice with awe—
"Revenge!" she cries, "on Murray's pride,
And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!"

In the same vicinity lies Bothwell manse, the home of Joanna Baillie in her childhood—she who afterward became the intimate friend, guest and correspondent of Walter Scott, who also delighted to make himself her guest. She died and was buried at Hampstead heath at the age of eighty-nine, in 1851, though there was no spot in Scotland

she loved like the home of her childhood. I regret that I did not know this when I was in London, as I could so easily have visited her home and tomb, only an hour's walk from where we were, at the same time I found out Coleridge's and George Eliot's graves. This interest in sacred localities, where the honored dead repose, is looked upon, by the average Englishman, as an American weakness and misplaced enthusiasm, which calls forth a condescending smile and readily expressed ignorance as to such spots, when questioned.

The minister of Bothwell was Joanna Baillie's father, and Bothwell manse looks down from its elevation upon the scene of the battle at Bothwell brig, upon the park of Hamilton, where the covenanters were encamped, and upon Bothwellhaugh. We passed through the churchyard to the manse, with its "countless multitudes o' grass graves a' touchin' ane anither—a' roun the kirk-yard wa's marble and freestone monuments without end, o' a' shapes and sizes and ages—some quaint, some queer, some simple, some ornate; for genius likes to work upon grief—and these tombs partakin not o' the noise o' a city, but stannin aloof from the stir o' life aneath the sombre shadow o' the hill."

The following is one among the curious inscriptions on tombs and headstones:

Erected by Margaret Scott, in memory of her husband, Robert Stobo, late Smith and Farrier o' Gowkthrapple, who died 7th May, 1834, in the 70th year of his age.

My sledge's hammer lies declined,
My bellows' pipes have lost its wind;
My forge's extinct, my fires decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid—
My coal is spent, my iron is gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

It is customary to put the occupation in the inscription on a grave stone, throughout Scotland, whether it be tink-er, tailor or cobbler. We saw more of the