

Cavers given to the Earl of Mar. His son, Thomas de Baliol, still styled in the English records Lord of Cavers, married the sister of the Earl of Mar, from whom, as his superior, he held his ancestral estates of Cavers in fee. Sir William Douglas, created first Earl at the battle of Durham in 1346, had married another sister, and on Thomas de Baliol and the Earl of Mar both dying childless, he inherited their possessions, and the barony of Cavers passed into the line of Douglas. By another account given in the "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," which, however, in the history of Cavers, is very faulty, Cavers was part of the possessions on the Border granted by the grateful Bruce to his compatriot and faithful friend Sir James the Good, in the "Emerald Charter" of 1325. Be that as it may, Cavers was part of the possessions of Sir William, first Earl of Douglas, brother's son of the Good Sir James, who, in his turn, left it to his son James, second Earl, and hero of the battle of Otterburn, as well as of that poetic, mythic version of it over which youth and age have alike rung with wrapt delight—the ballad of Chevy Chase. The battle of Otterburn is so entwined with the early history of the Douglases, especially of that branch of the great family who became barons of Cavers, as to call for a short notice in this paper. Those who would know all the events of that well fought field may consult the work on the subject by Robert White of Newcastle. In the autumn of 1388, when King Richard III. of England was occupied by those dissensions with his own relatives which resulted in the wars of the Roses, and old Robert II. was almost beyond taking part in council, a number of the Scottish barons resolved upon an invasion of England, to avenge insults from that power which still rankled in their breasts. The main body entered England by the west, while a smaller detachment under the leadership of the Earl of Douglas took the way of Northumberland, alike to divide the attention of the enemy and secure the rich booty that could be gathered from the ecclesiastical regions of Durham and York. Sweeping southwards, they ravaged the country, it is said, as far as the gates of York, and then returned homewards with an immense booty, the fruit of their pillaging, while the smoke of burning villages everywhere marked their track. Arrived on the 14th of August at Newcastle, they took up their position in front of that town, apparently resolved to add its capture to their other achievements. The city was, however, garrisoned by a considerable force under Sir Henry Percy, Warden of the Marches, his brother Sir Ralph, and other English leaders, and a series of skirmishes took place without much effect on either side. These often began or ended with single combats between leaders on the two sides, and in one of these with Sir Henry Percy, Earl Douglas had the fortune to drive him from his saddle, and to snatch from him, it is said, his spear with a silken pennon attached, crying at the same time that he would carry it to Scotland, and plant it in his castle at Dalkeith. "That," cried Percy, "shall no

Douglas ever do!" "Well then," replied Earl Douglas, "to-night I plant it on my tent, come and win it if you can!" Next morning the Scottish army commenced a leisurely march homeward, and in the evening arrived at Otterburn, where Douglas determined to delay for some time to give Percy a chance to redeem his trophy if he would. Percy having gained intelligence of the locality of the Scottish army, hastily collected a much superior force, and on the second day after came up with the foe after dusk, where they were strongly encamped at Otterburn. The Scots had not calculated upon an attack at so late an hour, and were taken somewhat by surprise, and a furious battle ensued, during which the tide of war was turned and turned again as each side successively rallied with desperate energy. In one of the rallies Douglas, having with a few attendants, and preceded by his standard borne by his son Archibald, advanced far into the ranks of the enemy, fell pierced with many wounds; his friends followed and drove back the English, and on coming up to the fallen chief he charged his officers to conceal his death from his army until they were sure of the victory, to bear on his standard, and cry the old war-cry of "Douglas! Douglas!" reminding them, at the same time, of an old prophecy in the family that "a dead man should gain a field." His commands were obeyed, the English were routed, the two Percies and almost every Englishman of note were taken prisoners, and the Scottish army returned home victorious with their leader slain. The Earl was buried with pomp at Melrose Abbey. He left no legitimate children, and the earldom of Douglas passed into the hands of an illegitimate elder branch, while his two natural sons, William and Archibald, became the founders, the former of the line of Drumlanrig, the latter of that of Cavers. The latter also retained the the relics of Otterburn—the banner he had so bravely borne before his father, and the trophy gained from Percy under the walls of Newcastle. What the latter really was seems to have puzzled historians, ancient and modern alike. Most of the old chroniclers and modern historians unite in calling it Percy's pennon—a silken ensign attached to the handle of his spear, and refer to the so-called pennon or banner, preserved at Cavers, as the identical trophy. Of course, such a mistake could never have been made by any one who had enjoyed, as we do this evening, the privilege of beholding this standard—a banner 13 feet in length not being likely to be attached to the shaft of a spear. The fact is, that this banner is the standard of Douglas at the battle, while the Percy trophies consist of a pair of (lady's?) gauntlets, bearing the white lion of the Percys embroidered in pearls, and fringed with filagree work of silver. Sir Walter Scott, who had the relics for some time under examination, had done something to keep up the confusion; for while he, in the Border Antiquities, accurately figures one of the gauntlets, he adheres to the old mistake of calling it a pennon. Succeeding antiquaries have been misled by this authority, and some of them have gone so far as to conjecture that the banner was originally Percy's, and that