

NE.25.a.20.

National Library of Scotland




B000031767



LIVES
OF
THE LINDSAYS.

VOL II.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
National Library of Scotland

Charles Lindsay

Lives of the Lindsays;

OR

A MEMOIR OF THE HOUSES

OF

CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES,

BY

LORD LINDSAY.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

EXTRACTS FROM THE OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF
ALEX. SIXTH EARL OF BALCARRES,
DURING THE MAROON WAR;

TOGETHER WITH

PERSONAL NARRATIVES BY HIS BROTHERS,
THE HON. ROBERT, COLIN, JAMES, JOHN,
AND HUGH LINDSAY.

VOL. II.

WIGAN:
PRINTED BY C. S. SIMMS.
1840.

LIBRARY OF SCIENCE
AND NATURAL HISTORY
23 SEP 1986

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XII. SECT. I. Colin, earl of Balcarres, goes to court at the age of sixteen—marries Mauritia de Nassau—her sad fate; attachment to, and eventual marriage with, Lady Jean Carnegie—is forbid the court in consequence—and resides at Balcarres till the death of his wife six years afterwards. SECT. II. Sufferings of the presbyterians:—John, earl of Crawford-Lindsay's retirement and death—attachment of his family to the Scottish Kirk—Anne, duchess of Rothes, his daughter, &c.—Lady Sophia and Lady Henrietta Lindsay, sisters of Earl Colin, their character.—The Test — condemnation of Argyle, who escapes out of Edinburgh castle, disguised as Lady Sophia's page—his invasion in concert with the Duke of Monmouth—his capture—and execution. Subsequent fortunes of his widow and her daughters. SECT. III. National discontents—arrival of William, prince of Orange—mission of Earl Colin from the secret council—his interviews with James and William—returns to Scotland with his friend Dundee—their project of calling a parliament at Stirling defeated—Dundee escapes to the Highlands; Colin arrested and imprisoned—defeat at Killcrankie—suppression of the Jacobites—release of Lord Balcarres. SECT. IV. Engages in Skelmorly's plot—quits the kingdom on its discovery—his reception at St. Germain's—presents his me-

- moirs to King James—letters of John, earl of Perth, during his exile—is permitted to return to Scotland in 1700—death of William III. SECT. V. Attends court on the accession of Queen Anne—supports the union. His younger son, James (afterwards earl of Balcarres), goes to sea—returning to Scotland, finds his father on the eve of joining the Chevalier—opposes his wishes, but, finding him inflexible, will not desert him—father and son both pardoned, Earl Colin by the interest of the duke of Marlborough, and James by that of his aunt, Lady Stair.—Last seven years of Earl Colin's life—dies at Balcarres, 1722 . . page 1
- CHAP. XIII. SECT. I. Alexander, fourth earl of Balcarres—his character—his services—dying letter to his friend, Lord President Forbes, 1736. James, fifth earl of Balcarres—correspondence with his sister during the war in Germany—death of the latter immediately after his return to Scotland—quits the army after the battle of Fontenoy—his character by his daughter, Lady Anne Barnard—his marriage. SECT. II. John, eighteenth earl of Crawford—his brief but brilliant career—serves against the Turks—is wounded at the battle of Krotzka—voyage up the Danube—his presence of mind on the morning before the battle of Roucoux—death, 1748—and character.—SECT. III. Retirement of James, earl of Balcarres—his agricultural pursuits—letter to his daughters—writes his memoirs—his death, 1768. 98
- CHAP. XIV. SECT. I. The family circle, seventy years ago—Lady Dalrymple, Sir Adolphus Oughton, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. A. Murray Keith, Sophy Johnstone, &c.—Lady Anne Lindsay, by marriage Barnard—origin of “Auld Robin Gray”—Lady Margaret Fordyce—her beauty and talents—Alexander, sixth earl of Balcarres—his military services in America—Colin Lindsay—John, Hyder Ali's prisoner in Seringapatam—James, killed at Cuddalore. Lord Balcarres's speech in favour of the restoration of the forfeited estates—his appointment as governor of Jamaica, and suppression of the Maroon rebellion—returns to England, and settles at Haigh in Lancashire, having

sold his Scottish property to his brother Robert—generous conduct of the latter. SECT. II. Latter days of the Countess Dowager of Balcarres — her happiness—her death, æt. 93—her character. SECT. III. Lady Anne Barnard—her writings — her correspondence with Sir Walter Scott on the subject of “Auld Robin Gray”—her death. Conclusion 181

APPENDIX.

- VII. Extracts from the Diary of Lady Henrietta Lindsay, wife of Sir Duncan Campbell, Bart., of Auchinbreckpage 271
 VIII. Mrs. Murray Keith. Extract from “Probation,” by the “Authoress of Selwyn” 284
 IX. “Auld Robin Gray,” and Continuation, by Lady Anne Barnard 287
 X. Versions from the German, by Lady Margaret Fordyce . . 297

LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS,

&c.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Balcarres, who his king as life held dear.”

TENNANT.

SECT. I.

WHEN Earl Colin had attained the age of sixteen, he went to court, and was presented to King Charles by his cousin the duke of Lauderdale. Colin was extremely handsome; the king was pleased with his countenance, said he had loved his father, and would be a father to him himself; and, as an earnest of his favour, gave him the command of a select troop of horse, composed of one hundred loyal gentlemen who had been reduced to poverty during the recent troubles.*

A few days after he had been with the king, Colin

* They had half a crown a day.—*Earl James's Memoirs.*

fell dangerously ill at his uncle and guardian Sir Robert Moray's house, when there came hourly a messenger from Mademoiselle Mauritia de Nassau, (then residing with her sister Lady Arlington, wife of the prime minister,) to enquire after his health. These ladies, with their sister Isabella, wife of the gallant earl of Ossory, were daughters of Louis de Nassau, count of Beverwaert and Auverquerque in Holland,* by Elizabeth countess of Horn. The young Mauritia had fallen in love with Colin at his first presentation at court; on his recovery, Sir Robert sent him to pay his acknowledgments to her, and ere long the day was fixed for their marriage. The prince of Orange, afterwards William the Third, presented his fair kinswoman on this joyful occasion with a pair of magnificent emerald ear-rings, as his wedding-gift. The day arrived, the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared! The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was discovered in his night-gown and slippers, quietly eating his breakfast!—Thus far the tale is told with a smile on the lip, but many a tear was shed at the conclusion. Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing-case;—a friend in the company gave him one,—the ceremony went on, and, without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride:—it was a mourning ring, with the mort-

* Natural son of Maurice prince of Orange.

head and crossed bones ;—on perceiving it at the close of the ceremony, she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind that, on recovering, she declared she should die within the year, and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled.

In a packet of old papers, crumbling to decay, I found the following billet, addressed by Lady Balcarres to her husband's mother soon after her nuptials :—

“ Madame :—

Je ne sais en quels termes vous rendre très humbles graces de la bonté que vous avez eu de m' écrire une lettre si obligeante ; je vous assure, Madame, que j' en ai la reconnaissance que je dois, et que Milord Balcarres n'aurait pu épouser une personne qui tachera plus que je ferai, à chercher les occasions de mériter votre amitié, et à vous témoigner en toute sorte de rencontre avec combien de respect et de soumission je suis,

Madame,

Votre tres humble et obéissante fille et servante,
Maurisce de Balcarres.”

It is a mere letter of compliment—for the correspondents had never, I believe, seen each other ; but, finding it, as I did, buried among marriage-settlements and wills, in whose voluminous pages I found no other trace of *her* having lived, loved, and died,—it was with feelings of no common interest that I perused the only relic that time

has spared of one who might have been our ancestress—the young and ill-fated Mauritia.

It was in the joy of seeing Colin established, to all appearance, so happily for life, that his mother addressed him an admirable letter of advice, moral, religious, political, and domestic, a few extracts from which will not, I trust, prove unacceptable to her young descendants.

No subject is left untouched, of which a mother would be anxious to impress right ideas on a son. As we love our homes the more because they were those of our ancestors, “So,” she says, “I expect that what I say to you will the more affect you, because ’tis from your mother that loves you, wishes you well, and desires rather to see you a truly honest and virtuous man, fearing God, than possessor of all the riches the world can give.—There are some that have power and riches: much to be pitied are such lovers of pleasures—they come to that, at last, they are troubled to hear any thing that is serious, and which does not flatter them, though their actions merit reproof. But I am resolved neither to praise you, though I wish you may deserve it from others, nor reprove what I think amiss in you; only will give you a motherly and hearty advice.

“Because the interest of the soul is preferable to that of the body, I shall, first, desire you be serious in your religion, worshipping your God, and let your dependance be constantly upon Him for all things: the first step in it is, to believe in God, that He made and upholds the universe in wisdom, in goodness, and in justice,—that

we must adore, obey Him, and approve of all He does. The fear of God, says Solomon, is the beginning of knowledge; He is a buckler to all that walk uprightly. Dedicate some certain time every day for the service of your glorious Maker and Redeemer; in that, take a survey of your life, shorter or longer, as the time will permit: thank Him for making you what you are, for redeeming you, giving you His word and spirit, and that you live under the Gospel,—for all the faculties of your soul and body,—that you were descended of Christian parents,—for your provisions,—for all you have in possession. Read—pray:—consider the life and death of your blessed Saviour and Lord, and your heart will be warmed with that love that is beyond expression, that meekness and humility that endured the contradiction of sinners against Himself;—strive to be conform to Him; no fraud, no guile, nor evil-speaking was found with Him, for all the injustice and wicked backbiting He met with; He was kind, doing always good, He forgave, was patient in enduring injuries, was charitable. My dear son, the great work to which we are called, is to be partakers of His holy harmless nature; true religion stands in imitating of Him and converse with Him. ‘Truly,’ says the apostle John, ‘our fellowship is with the Father and the Son.’—David says, ‘Evening and morning and mid-day will I pray to Thee.’ We have directions and examples in the holy word for what we should do; we are told to watch and pray that we be not led into temptation, (they are oft most afraid of them that are most

resolved and best acquainted to resist them,)—to implore His help for supply of grace or strength or of what we need; and to encourage us to it, He says none shall seek His face in vain.—He gives us His holy word, that we may daily read out of it divine lessons; it is a lanthorn to our feet to walk cleanly, and sure it is for instruction and direction in righteousness.* read often of the life and death of your Saviour,—read the books of Psalms, Proverbs, and Ecclesiastes,—often the Epistles, not neglecting the other Scriptures; for other books I would have you read those most that will make you know the Scriptures and your duty; and yourself must make conscience of your duty to your particular relations.”

To his prince she inculcates loyalty and reverence, to his country love and protection, reminding him, however, that public characters are unhappy except in such times when virtue is loved for its own sake. “Strive”, says she, “to enrich your mind with virtue, and let it be attended with the golden chain of knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity;—though you were bereft of all the

* “My Lord’s word,” as her daughter Henrietta calls it—“that has been often as life from the dead, my food that the world knows not of, my treasure hid in the field, my light in darkness, my strength in weakness, my support in the weary and thorny wilderness of fears and discouragement, my health in sickness, my song in the house of my pilgrimage, my hope in the day of my distress, even the joy and rejoicing of my heart; my best fence against Satan’s accusations, and the best weapon to fight with in this evil day.”—*Diary*, 1686.

world can give you or take from you, you are justly to be accounted happy."

Friendship she holds up as the choicest earthly blessing, but entreats her son to be wary whom he admits to intimacy. "Nothing," says she, "delights the heart of any man more than faithful and trusty friendship,—to have one to whom we may safely impart our mind, whose counsels may advise us, whose cheerfulness may qualify our cares, who is free of covetousness and known vice; for where the fear of God is not, and the practice of christian virtues, that friendship cannot stand long: there is certainly a secret curse on that friendship whereof God is not the foundation and the end. Let not the least jealousy of your faithful friend enter into your mind, but, whatever he do, think it was well intended; in some cases, it's better be deceived than distrust."*

Yet, "though friendship be the greatest solace of life, it proves not always firm enough to repose the soul absolutely upon. The fixedness of all things here below depends on God, who would have us to fix all our peace and contentment, even this we enjoy in the creatures, on Himself. There is great reason for it. It's much if

* "Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy.
— First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death."

Young.

our friend's judgment, affection, and interest long agree ; if there be but a difference in any of these, it doth much to mar all, the one being constrained to love that the other loves not : one of you may have a friend, whose favour may make great breaches, an Achitophel or a Ziba : our Saviour had those who followed him for interest, that did soon forsake him, and turned his betrayers and enemies. If one of you be calmer nor the other, and allows not all the other does out of humour, this causes mistakes ;—as a man is, so is his strength.—A virtuous faithful friend, whose ways are ordered by God, who is of a sweet, equal, cheerful humour, not jealous, nor easily made to break the friendship he hath made on good grounds, which is understood to be kindled from heaven, is certainly the greatest jewel on earth. But if God so dispose of it that your friends, though the nearest relations on earth, change to you, strive to be constant to them, and to overcome all with patience. Let meekness smooth over all their passions, espouse their interest, pursue them with kindness and serviceableness of all kinds, seek reconciliation on any terms, amend what they think amiss. Let ingenuity be in all your words and actions ; put on charity, which is the bond of perfection, which suffereth long, is kind, envieth not ;—forbear upbraiding or repeating what you have done to oblige them, but look on what you do for your friends, and their accepting of it, as that, wherefore you are most indebted to them ; from those you are engaged to in friendship, strive to be content with frowns as well

as smiles; bear all their infirmities, considering they must bear yours."

To regard his wife as the dearest friend of his bosom,—to protect his sisters with the love their father had shewn them,—to preserve family unity,—to educate his children in the fear and love of God, in truth and knowledge, telling them "of the virtues of those who have been before them, that they may do nothing base or unworthy that looks like degenerating from them,"—to maintain an orderly and religious household, shunning whisperers and flatterers, "that sail with all winds,"—to be kind to his servants in their vigour, and careful of them in age and sickness,—to love, rather than hate, his enemies,—("Memory," says one of his descendants,* "cannot too soon lose its sense of injuries,")—and to extend his charity beyond the external duties of a Christian towards the poor and afflicted, to the regulation of his opinions with regard to others, questioning his own rather than their judgment, learning of his Saviour to be meek, and remembering that "God was not in the thunder, or the fire, but in the calm still voice,"—to be modest in society abroad,—and to look on the careful management of his affairs at home as a duty—these and many other incidental duties are enforced with affection as earnest, and in language as energetic, as the passages I have already quoted. "You will thus," she adds, "by carrying yourself aright towards God and man and your relations,

* Lady Anne Barnard.

make all that are related to you, or that wish you and your family well, and those that are about you, rejoice, and their satisfaction, I am sure, will be a great addition to your own. The great pleasure of making others happy, and seeing them live comfortably by your means, will give you a peace and joy beyond any you can have from others, were it either to make you more honourable or rich. This will make you both, leading to the land of uprightness, where there are durable riches."

After the loss of his wife, Earl Colin "made a campaign at sea with the duke of York, was with him in the well-fought battle of Solebay, 28 May, 1672, and enjoyed a great share of his highness's confidence."* "It was then," says Colin's grand-daughter, "that the friendship was probably cemented with which at a later period he had it in his power to soothe his royal master."

On his return home, Colin appears to have become attached to Lady Jean Carnegie, eldest daughter of David earl of Northesk, and one of the beauties of the day. The king took an active interest in promoting his suit, and wrote in his favour expressly, and with his own hand, to Lord Northesk.—"I am so much concerned," says he, "in my Lord Balcarres, that, hearing he is in suite of one of your daughters, I must lett you know you cannot bestow her upon a person of whose worth and fidelity I have a better esteeme, which moves me hastily

* Earl James's Memoirs.

to recommend to you and your lady your franck compliance with his designe, and as I do really intend to be very kinde to him, and so to do him good, as occasion offers, as well for his father's sake as his owne,—so, if you and your lady condescends to his pretention, and use him kindly in it, I shall take it very kindly at your hands, and reckon it to be done upon the accounte of

Your affectionate frinde,

CHARLES REX.”

Lady Jean, it would appear, refused to accept of a husband at the royal recommendation: she declined the proposal, and Lauderdale, by the king's command, signified to her father that, as his majesty “did recommend that marriage, supposing that it was acceptable to both parties, so he did not intend to lay any constraint upon him, and therefore left him to dispose of his daughter as he pleased.”*

The match being thus, to all appearance, at an end, his majesty, “wishing,” says Earl James, “to do some good to a family that had deserved so highly of him, spoke to a Mr. De Foy, one of the grooms of his bed-chamber, and guardian to a niece who had £100,000 left her by her father; he said he would oblige him if he could make Colin, as he always called him, acceptable to his niece.” The king having taken such a personal interest

* The letters are printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, for January, 1794.

in this affair, Colin could not but be passive; the lady found it no hardship to become the wife of one of the handsomest, gayest, and most agreeable men of his time, and their union was considered as a settled thing. The lady, however, being a ward in chancery, some months of delay were necessary to make her of age. In the interim Colin was sent on an extraordinary mission into Scotland, where he discovered that, the royal influence being withdrawn, Lady Jean was willing to receive him as her husband on the ground of his own merits. The impetuous youth instantly married her, was, in consequence, forbid the court, “and lived for some years with his wife in the country, where he employed his time in acquiring languages and knowledge; and to repair what was wanting in his education. These years,” says his son, “he often said were the happiest part of his life, as he loved his wife, and lived cheerfully and in plenty with his friends.” “And with youth and love,” adds his grand-daughter, “can a crust be brown? Not even an oaten cake!”

After six years passed in retirement, his wife died, leaving an only surviving child, Lady Anne Lindsay, successively the widow of Alexander earl of Kellie and James Viscount Kingston, attainted after the rebellion of 1715.—Colin had now leave to return to court. “He was received with great kindness by the king, who could not help asking him how he could commit such a folly as to act both in opposition to his faith and his fortune? All he could say for himself was, that, if his majesty had

seen the woman he married, he would have forgiven him sooner. ‘Odsfish!’ said the king, ‘that is true, they make us all play the fool.’ ”*

SECT. II.

Long before this period the cup of presbyterian suffering had run over.—I must now sketch in few words the policy of the English court towards Scotland since the restoration.

When General Monk marched for London, the presbyterians appointed the well known James Sharpe to attend his army, and protect the interests of the kirk “in any revolution which should take place in consequence of the general’s expedition.” The restoration was evidently what they anticipated, and, in that case, Crawford-Lindsay and Lauderdale, who had suffered so much in their sovereign’s cause, and were now released from prison through the new influence exerted by Monk on the parliament, were the men they looked to for support. Douglas, one of their leading ministers, wrote on the 20th March, 1660, to the former of these noblemen, congratulating him on his liberation, complimenting him on his firm adherence, through tribulation and suffering, to his principles, (for, as Bishop Burnet tells us, “he continued still a zealous presbyterian,”) and exhorting him to unite with Lauderdale in supporting

* Earl James’s Memoirs.

the kirk and country, and in influencing their friends to forsake the cabals of private faction for unanimous efforts in the common cause.*

Crawford was true to their cause; Lauderdale and Sharpe were not.—“Sincere but weak, passionate and indiscreet,” is the character Burnet has drawn of Crawford-Lindsay; with what justice weakness is imputed to him you will judge for yourselves on the review of his public life, which appears to me, on the contrary, to have proceeded on steady consistent principle from first to last.

* Wodrow's Hist. of the sufferings of the church of Scotland, i. 12, Svo. ed.

The state of parties in Scotland is vividly displayed in a letter from the same clergyman to Sharpe in London, bearing date March, 1660. “A party,” says he, “have sprung up, who have never known the work of reformation, and hate the covenant. 'Tis matter of admiration that they are unwilling that Crawford and Lauderdale, (being upon the place, and having given such proof of their honest and loyal affections,) should be employed in matters of that concernment; but those worthy noblemen may be assured that the affections of all honest men are upon them. There are three parties here, who have all of them their own fears in this great crisis; the protesters” (or strict anti-Engagement covenanters) “fear that the king come in,—those above-mentioned, that, if he come in upon the covenant terms, they be disappointed,—and those who love religion and the liberty of the nation, that if he come not in upon the terms of the league and covenant, his coming in will be disadvantageous to religion—and the liberty of the three nations; therefore I exhort Crawford, Lauderdale, and yourself to deal with all earnestness that the league and covenant be settled as the only basis of the security and happiness of these nations.”

It was to still the public mind, troubled at this moment like a settling ocean—to confirm the nation in the belief of the king's attachment to the protestant faith—and thus prepare the way for his reception, that the French letters to which Baxter alludes in his character of Lady Balcarres, were procured through her and Sir Robert Moray's instrumentality, and circulated through the country.*

Monk's open declaration in his favour was soon followed by his landing in England on the 29th of May, 1660.

The first rejoicings at the restoration were scarcely over, when it was discovered that presbyterianism had few friends at court. The king disliked it, and his councillors attributed the whole train of evils that had befallen the royal family and the country to its original influence. Lauderdale, caring little about the question, and considering it in a political, rather than a religious light, wisely advised the king to leave his countrymen unmolested in their faith. His opponents, on the contrary, maintained that, while nothing could contribute more to the king's security than the restoration of episcopacy, it might be easily substituted for presbyterianism amidst the universal satisfaction of the nation at the late revolution. The arguments of the latter party prevailed, and Middleton, the Scottish High Commissioner, received full power from Charles to adopt whatever means he might deem necessary to this end.

* They are printed in the *Phœnix*, vol. i. p. 554, sqq.

Presbyterianism was accordingly annulled and episcopacy re-established by act of parliament; and Sharpe, the very man to whom the Scottish church had entrusted the protection of its rights and liberties, returned to Scotland, archbishop of St. Andrews.

Matters were now carried on with the most reckless haste by Middleton and his friends.* An order of council was issued, commanding "that all ministers who had not received presentation from lay-patrons, and spiritual induction into their livings from the prelates, should be removed from them by force, if necessary. All their parishioners were discharged from attending upon the ministry of such non-conformists or acknowledging them as clergymen. This" (observes Sir Walter Scott) "was at one stroke displacing all presbyterian ministers who might scruple at once to turn episcopalians." Near four hundred ministers at once resigned their charges.

A similar test of conscience was brought into parliament, and appointed to be taken by all in public trust. Middleton, who had been unsuccessful in his previous attacks on Crawford, (made with the double object of

* Fines were imposed on many who had supported the covenant. The laird of Edzell was amerced in £3000, and Lindsay of Fairgirth^a in £600.—*Wodrow*.

^a The Lindsays of Fairgirth had been settled in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright since the reign of James III. A cluster of small families, bearing the designations of Carsleuch, Sergerth, Auchinskeoch, Rascarrol, and the Mains, grew up under their shadow, but are now, I believe, all extinct.

getting the treasurership for himself, and of weakening the presbyterian interest,)* gained by it one of his ends, (and that, probably, which he was least anxious about,) in Crawford's refusal of the test, and resignation of the white staff, which was put into the hands of his son-in-law, Rothes.†—The following year, Crawford gave up his place of Extraordinary Lord of Session, and retired from public affairs, living the rest of his life at his country-seat, where he was "held in great esteem by all parties, as he well deserved, for he was a man of great virtue and very good parts, and of an exemplary life in all respects."‡ He died in 1678, in his eighty-first year, leaving a large family by Lady Margaret, daughter of James marquis of Hamilton by Anne, daughter of James earl of Glencairn.||

* For Lord Crawford's steady and wise conduct during these three years, see *Burnet*, i. 214, 231—4, 264, 270. Clar. ed.

† Wodrow, i. 378. *Burnet*.

‡ Crawford's *Officers of State*, p. 419.

|| His younger son, Patrick, "a gentleman of great parts, but of far greater virtues, as I have been informed," says Crawford, "from some who knew him very particularly," married Margaret Crawford, the second daughter and coheirress of Sir John of Kilbirnie, in Ayrshire. They both died in the course of the same week—Margaret on the 12th and Patrick on the 15th of October, 1680. "The Sabbath before," says Law, "they were at the celebration of the Lord's Supper at the kirk of Beath. The death of thir spouses was much lamented by all sorts of people. They left seven children behind them;—within a few days after, the Lady Blackhall, her sister, being infected with the same disease, (for it was a pestilential fever,) and coming to Kilbirnie to wait

Little did the promoters of these impolitic measures know of human nature; little had they profited by experience. The compulsory resignation of the ministers added enthusiasm to the fervour of the presbyterians in the cause of their religion. Conventicles were henceforward held in secluded places among the hills and in the wild glens with which Scotland abounds; sentries were posted to give notice in case the military bands, whose duty it was to disperse such assemblages, should appear. The mere sense of insecurity heightened their ardour. Ladies attended these meetings and drank in the impassioned exhortations of their persecuted ministers, while beside them were piled the weapons which their stronger companions were ready, should need be, to wield against the oppressors.

Their sufferings have been delineated with a master's pencil in one of the most beautiful chapters of the *Tales of a Grandfather*; it is needless, therefore, to dilate upon them here. Many ladies of the highest rank, even

on the funerals, she also dies there.—Also it is remarkable," continues the superstitious annalist, "that in the day of the sickening of the Laird and Lady Kilbirnie, whereof they shortly died, his dogs went into the close, and an unco (strange) dog coming in amongst them, they all set up a barking, with their faces up to heaven, howling, yelling, and youphing (barking), and when the laird called upon them, they would not come to him as in former times when he called on them,—the same day they sickened."—*Law's Memorials*, p. 224.

Their son Patrick was created Viscount Garnock, in 1703, and was grandfather of George Viscount Garnock, who, in 1749, succeeded John the eighteenth earl of Crawford.

among the court families, took an anxious interest in their favour, and their influence, says Wodrow, “was, under Providence, one of the great means of softening the rigour of the persecution.” Lady Anne Lindsay, duchess of Rothes, and daughter of the late treasurer—“a discreet, wise, virtuous, and good lady”*—was a distinguished instance of this; and a presbyterian minister† has recorded the “conversion” of Lady Mary Johnstone, wife of William Lord Parbroath, afterwards “the great and good earl of Crawford” (as Veitch calls him), her brother. She had attended a meeting held at Duraquhair, near Cupar in Fife, close to her house, where Mr. Welsh, a minister of great reputation and talent, preached to a congregation of eight thousand men. His eloquence made an impression upon her that was never forgotten, “and evinced itself,” says Blackader, “by much fruit of piety, which shone forth in all her walk as a christian and dutiful yokefellow to her lord, whom she benefitted by her conversation and a report she made of that day. This she told me,” says Mr. Blackader, “with great majesty and seriousness in presence of her lord, who since has carried more stedfastly in the path of righteousness and cause of reformation, keeping at distance from all the steps of defection. After the day of this lady’s conversion,” (he continues) “she could never be induced by all the insinuations and threats of her noble relations to go back to the prelates’

* Law.

† Memoirs of the Rev. John Blackader, p. 183.

preachings, or countenance any of their assemblies ; but frequented all the persecuted meetings she could win at. She lived and died endeavouring to adorn her station and profession by a conversation becoming the Gospel.”*

* My “most dutiful, most affectionate, and singularly good wife,” as Lord Crawford calls her in a curious letter printed in the Appendix to Dr. Burns’ edition of Wodrow. A pleasing tribute to her memory, and to that of Crawford’s mother and grandmother, occurs in the dedication to his lordship prefixed, in 1682, by an anonymous editor, to the Reverend James Durham’s sermons on the 53d chapter of Isaiah.

“I am,” says the writer, “the more easily encouraged to address the dedication of these sermons to your lordship, when I remember the unfeigned faith that first dwelt in your grandmother, as another Lois, and in your mother as another Eunice, and more lately in your own choice lady, who, as another beloved Persis, laboured much in the Lord : and though she had but a very short christian race, (in which she was much encouraged by coming into your noble father’s family, and her beholding how hard your blessed mother did run and press toward the mark, even when in the last stage, and turning in a manner the last stoop of her christian course), yet it was a very swift one, wherein she did quite outrun many that were in Christ long before her ;—all three ladies of honour, almost (if I need to say almost) without parallels in their times,” &c.

Earl William’s mother, here spoken of, was Lady Margaret Hamilton, daughter of the second marquis, and sister of the first duke of Hamilton—King Charles the First’s friend.—I know not whether, by his grandmother, he meant his mother’s mother, Lady Anne Cunningham, marchioness of Hamilton, or his father’s mother, Lady Christian Hamilton, daughter of the celebrated Thomas earl of Haddington. The marchioness evinced her zeal (at least) in the presbyterian cause, by riding down to Leith, on the arrival of her son’s fleet, 1639, in the

Nor were Earl Colin's sisters, Lady Sophia and Lady Henrietta Lindsay, less disposed to sympathise with the unfortunate presbyterians. Widely different in character, the one being as gentle and retiring as the other was energetic and enterprising, they were united in one faith—one love, to their Saviour, their widowed parent, and each other. In her diary, still preserved, Henrietta, the younger, ascribes to the cheerful piety of her mother's servants, as well as to that mother's early instruction, the love of religion which sprang up in her childish heart, and, at sixteen years of age, induced her solemnly to dedicate herself, after her best endeavour, to the service of her Redeemer. For many weeks afterwards, she says, it was one of her chief enjoyments to sing the forty-fifth psalm, while walking in the retired plantations at Balcarres.—Solitude and

firth of Forth—with pistols in her girdle, vowing that she would shoot him with her own hand if he dared to set a traitor's foot on Scottish earth.—Of Lady Lindsay a more pleasing memorial survives in a letter addressed, on her decease, to her daughter, Helen Lindsay, (wife of Sir William Scott of Ardross,) by the celebrated minister, Samuel Rutherford, and printed among his correspondence.^a

^a Some of the expressions in this letter are striking.—“ It hath seemed good, as I hear, to Him who hath appointed the bounds for the number of our months, to gather a sheaf of ripe corn (in the death of your Christian mother) into his garner. It is the more evident that winter is near, when apples, without evidence of wind, do of their own accord fall off the tree. She is now above the winter, with a little change of place, not of a Saviour. I grant death is to her a new thing, and heaven is a new thing . . . but so as the first summer rose, or as a new paradise to the traveller broken down and out of breath with the sad occurrences of a long and dreary way.” &c.

retirement—in which she could commune with her own heart and be still—had ever a peculiar charm for her.— Her sister, on the contrary, was a woman of the brightest faculties, cheerful and witty, and endowed with that presence of mind in the hour of need, which is justly denominated heroism. An instance of her playful vivacity is recorded by a son of Mr. Blackader, who had been shut up in Stirling Castle, for refusing to sign the Black Bond, one of the numerous tests by which the consciences of the presbyterians were probed about 1674. “While I was in prison,” says he, “the earl of Argyle’s daughters-in-law, Lady Sophia and Lady Henrietta, and Lady Jean, his own daughter, did me the honour and came to see me, where I remember Lady Sophia stood up on a bench and arraigned before her the provost of Stirling,—then sentenced and condemned him to be hanged for keeping me in prison; which highly enraged the poor fool provost, though it was but a harmless frolic. It seems he complained to the council of it, for which the good earl was like to have been brought to much trouble about it.”*—Lady Sophia married the honourable Charles Campbell, a younger son of MacCallum-more, and her sister, Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, chieftain of an ancient branch of the “children of Diarmid.”†

* Blackader’s Memoirs, p. 330.

† In 1678? About a year afterwards, with her husband and their new-born child, she paid a visit to Inverary, where their “little Jamie” was nursed by “his grandmother with the greatest affection and tender-

Meanwhile, the presbyterians had split into two sects, nearly as inimical to each other as to their common enemies, the episcopalians. The moderate yet firm party, to whom the earl of Crawford belonged, were branded as

ness,"—a visit which Lady Henrietta ever looked back to with tender reminiscence. "Oh how may this be an instance of the instability and uncertainty of created comforts and the imperfection of them, when it's remembered the satisfaction that was then in the mutual affection, sympathy, and concord that was among us at this time, as is affecting still to call to mind! But as the pleasantest flowers after their blooming-time do fade, so is the instability of our comforts to be seen after the prime season of them, witnessing abundantly the vanity of placing our affections inordinately on what is but mortal; from which oh to be loosed,—from the dead as well as the living!"

Such a *réunion* was only once afterwards enjoyed by them in this life,—when, shortly before Argyle's unjust condemnation and escape to Holland, "most of the late earl's family and my mother's, being a numerous company, had a cheerful meeting at Cantyre, the sacrament being administered there two days following together. . . . And indeed as this meal was doubled to many, so there wanted not a long journey to many to go in the strength of it,"—it being the last they enjoyed for many weary days,—"the growing desolation and trouble daily encreasing, to the putting a further restraint on ministers and people, many of whom were imprisoned, harassed, chased to the hazard of their lives, violating the consciences of others, and to the fearful bloodshed of many; retrenching our liberties, so that it was made a crime to meet or convene to the worship of the living God except in such a manner as our nation was solemnly sworn against,—laying bonds on ministers not to preach or people to hear, under such and such penalties, fines, hazards, as were endless to rehearse; things running to such a height to the introducing of popery itself, if the Lord had not prevented, that no thinking persons but mostly were under the dread and fear of this approaching judgment."

Erastians and deserters of the pure faith of their fathers, by the Cameronians or rigid fanatics, who declared they would own no king save one who acknowledged and governed by the covenant of 1640. The harsh measures adopted for the coercion of these malcontents, and the severity of the agents, the principal of whom was Graham of Claverhouse, the hero of Killiecrankie, inspired the whole West of Scotland, where the presbyterian interest chiefly lay, with more and more hatred to the existing government. In Fife, Archbishop Sharpe was murdered by a band of these enthusiasts,* a few of

* A singular string of dreams which this remarkable person is said to have had when a youth at college in St. Andrews, was supposed by the presbyterians of that day to have foreshadowed his life, death, and everlasting doom. They are strikingly described by Kirkton.—“ There goes a story of him which I have many time heard before his miserable death, that while he was a scholar in the college, lying in one bed with his comrade, one night in his sleep and dream he fell into a loud laughter, and therein continued a pretty time, till his hedfellow thought fit to awake him, and ask him what the matter was, and why he was so merry. He answered, he had been dreaming the earl of Crawford had made him parson of Crail, which was a great matter in his eyes at that time. Another night, in hed with the same bedfellow, he fell asleep, and in his sleep a laughing, which made his comrade wonder what the matter was, for he laughed a great deal louder than at the first; so his comrade thought fit to wake him again, with which he was very much offended, for (said he to his hedfellow) I thought I was in a paradise, because the king had made me archbishop of St. Andrews. Then said his comrade, I hope ye will remember old friends. Afterward he fell a dreaming once more, and in his dream a weeping, and wept most lamentably for a long time. His comrade thought he should not be

whom escaping to the west country, excited an insurrection which was speedily put down by the duke of Monmouth. A new oath, called (emphatically) the Test, was then proffered to the acceptance of the Scottish nobility; an oath, by which, while the juror professed the confession of faith agreed to at the commencement of the reign of King James VI., he also acknowledged the king as supreme head of the church, an admission incompatible with the former. When this oath was tendered to Argyle, as a member of the privy council, he declared that he took it "so far as it was consistent with itself and with the protestant religion,"—a qualification for which he was cast into prison, tried, found guilty of treason and lese-majesty, and sentenced to death and forfeiture.

This was that amiable and unfortunate earl of Argyle, who some years before had married the dowager Lady Balcarres, and whose disposition bore in some respects a strong resemblance to that of the husband of her youth, Earl Alexander. A royalist on the Highland

blamed any more for interruptions, and so suffered him to continue a long time; at length he awoke, and when his comrade told him he had changed his tune, and asked what the matter was, he answered he had been dreaming a very sad dream, and that was, that he was driving in a coach to hell, and that very fast. What way he drove," (adds Kirkton) "I shall not say, but all the country knew he drove most fiercely to his death that day he was killed, though he choosed by-paths, because of some warnings he had that morning at Kennaway, where he had lodged."—*Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, &c.*, p. 82.

hills in 1653, Argyle had disengaged himself, after the restoration, "as much as possible from all public affairs, except those which related to his religious profession. To that," says Mr. Lodge,* "through the whole of his life, he devoted himself with a consistency and earnestness so pure, as almost totally to reject the usual alloy of political party-spirit, and thus his affection to monarchy, and the regularity of his allegiance, remained undisturbed;"—and even his present treatment did not shake it, so long as a protestant prince sat on the British throne.

But I must not anticipate: . . . He was lying a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle in daily expectation of the order arriving for his execution, when woman's wit intervened to save him, and he owed his life to the affection of his favourite step-daughter, the sprightly Lady Sophia, who, about eight o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the 20th of December, 1681, effected his escape in the following manner, as related to Lady Anne Lindsay, by her father, Earl James, Lady Sophia's nephew.

—"Having obtained permission to pay him a visit of one half-hour, she contrived to bring as her page a tall, awkward, country clown, with a fair wig procured for the occasion, who had apparently been engaged in a fray, having his head tied up. On entering, she made them immediately change clothes; they did so, and on the expiration of the half-hour, she, in a flood of tears,

* "Portraits and Memoirs of illustrious personages of Great Britain."

bade farewell to her supposed father, and walked out of the prison with the most perfect dignity, and with a slow pace. The sentinel at the draw-bridge, a sly Highlander, eyed her father hard, but her presence of mind did not desert her; she twitched her train of embroidery, carried in those days by the page, out of his hand, and dropping it in the mud, 'Varlet,' cried she, in a fury, dashing it across his face, 'take that—and that too,' adding a box on the ear, 'for knowing no better how to carry your lady's garment.' Her ill-treatment of him, and the dirt with which she had besmeared his face, so confounded the sentinel, that he let them pass the draw-bridge unquestioned."* Having passed through all the guards, attended by a gentleman from the castle, Lady Sophia entered her carriage, which was in waiting for her; "the earl," says a cotemporary annalist, "steps up on the hinder part of the coach as her lackey, and, coming foregainst the weighhouse, slips off and shifts for himself."†

He was conducted by a clergyman of the name of Veitch, through unfrequented roads, to London, where

* "In his agitation, Argyle dropped the lady's gown when about to pass the sentinel at the Castle-gate; but she, with admirable presence of mind, snatched up her train from the mud, and, in a pretended rage, threw it in Argyle's face, with many reproaches of 'careless loon,' &c., which so besmeared him that his features were not recognised."—*Notes to Law's Memorials*.—"One of the guard suspected him, and took him by the arm rudely enough."—*Wodrow*, iii. 337.

† *Law's Memorials*.

he lay concealed,* till he found means of escape to Holland, where he resided the rest of King Charles's reign. He beguiled some of the leisure hours of his concealment by writing a poetical epistle to Lady Sophia, which has been preserved by Wodrow, but is only remarkable for the affection and gratitude it breathes towards his fair preserver.†—She, it appears, narrowly escaped a public whipping through the streets of Edinburgh, which some of the council were inclined to give her, till the duke of York interposed to protect her, “saying they were not used to deal so cruelly with ladies in his country.”‡

On the accession of James the second, the general discontent of those who distrusted the king's views with regard to religion, and the enmity to the government which the sufferings of the Scottish presbyterians were supposed to have engendered, encouraged Argyle and Monmouth to invade Britain, in hopes of shaking off the

* “ King Charles, it is said, had the generosity not to enquire after the place of his retreat; and Dr. Campbell relates, from private information of undoubted credit, that when a note was put into his hand signifying where Argyle was to be found, he tore it in pieces, saying, ‘ Pooh, pooh, hunt a hunted partridge? Fye for shame!’ ”

† “ Daughter as dear as dearest child can be,
Lady Sophia, ever dear to me!” &c.

It is printed by Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe in his edition of Law's Memorials, from a MS. volume in the hand-writing of Wodrow, preserved in the Advocates' Library.

‡ *King James's Memoirs*, ii. 710. He was then High Commissioner in Scotland.

yoke of a Roman Catholic sovereign. The enterprise, both in Scotland and England, turned out an utter failure. Monmouth was taken prisoner and executed; Argyle was equally unfortunate in Scotland,—his forces dispersed, and he was left alone and unattended save by one follower. He was attacked by two troopers, who were ignorant of his quality, till the exclamation, “Unfortunate Argyle!” uttered as he fell, betrayed him.* He was conveyed to Edinburgh and condemned to death on the old score of having qualified the Test-oath. His recent invasion had rendered him amenable to the pains of treason, but this his enemies would not bring forward, lest they should acknowledge the former sentence illegal.

He prepared for death with christian resignation.—His wife, meanwhile, who, with her daughters, was residing at Stirling when the rumour of the invasion reached Scotland, had been immediately taken prisoner

* “The clan of the Riddells,” says Dr. Burns, the recent editor of Wodrow, “have taken the honour or the disgrace of having furnished one of these two militiamen. A person of this name from Lochwinnoch, within forty years ago, had gone to the Balloch fair, near Dumbarton, in the capacity of a horse-dealer. The Campbells from Argyleshire heard his hated name, which called up to their imaginations one of the principal murderers of their chief, and raised the latent ire which had been smothered for a hundred years, and they were preparing themselves for a feudal clan battle; when the companions of the Lowlander interposed and prevented bloodshed by a cunning device or *ruse de guerre*, transforming his name from *Riddell* to *Ridet*.”—“The spot where Argyle was taken is marked out by a stone, which passes among the country-people by the name of ‘Argyle’s Stone.’”

by order of the council, and committed to Edinburgh Castle,* and Lady Sophia, (whose husband was in his father's company,) to the Tolbooth.† Lady Henrietta had a few days afterwards the pain of parting with her husband, Sir Duncan, whose love for his chief and attachment to the protestant cause equally urged his joining him. In a few days, the news arriving that all was lost, she started forthwith for Edinburgh in the greatest anxiety about him—at Falkirk she came up with Argyle, who was thus far on his road to Edinburgh as a prisoner, (“a mournful sight,” she says, “for one who bore him so great affection,”) but being in deep disguise, she dared not approach him. She kept up with him however in the rear, till her horse failed. The following morning she reached Edinburgh, and in the course of that day was relieved by hearing of her husband's safety. “I was then,” she says, “more enabled to make enquiry after my dear afflicted mother, who was harshly treated; and seeing her under so great affliction by the approaching suffering of such an endeared husband, (and had no access to him till eight days after this fatal stroke,) this did again renew a very mournful prospect of matters, which at this time had a very strange aspect, so that if the Lord of life had not supported, we had sunk under the trouble.”

“The day,” she proceeds, and I shall transcribe the

* 17 May, 1685. Fountainhall's Diary, i. 167. Bann. ed.

† Fountainhall, i. 189.

whole passage verbatim—"the day being appointed for his suffering, she had access to him, and, though under deep distress, was encouraged by seeing the bounty and graciousness of the Lord to him, in enabling him, with great courage and patience, to undergo what he was to meet with; the Lord helping him to much fervency in supplication, and nearness in pouring out his heart with enlargedness of affection, contrition and resignation, which did strangely fortify and embolden him to maintain his integrity before his merciless enemies; and by this he was helped at times to great cheerfulness, and fortified under his trial and the testimony he was to give of his zeal and fervour to that righteous cause he was honoured to suffer for.

"In that morning that his dear life was to be surrendered to the God that gave it, he uttered great evidences of joy that the Lord had blessed him with the time he had in Holland as the sweetest time of his life, and the mercifulness of his escape to that end.* But rejoiced more in that complete escape he was to have that day from sin and sorrow. Yet in a little fell into some damp,

* "From several persons who were witnesses to the earl of Argyle's conversation in Holland, I am assured that his walk was singularly pious and religious. . . He spent much time in private religious exercises and preparation for death, which he reckoned not to be far off. He was a close searcher of the Scriptures, pleasant and prudent in his conversation, and frequently checked looseness in principles and jesting with sacred things, which were but too common at this time."—*Woodrow*, iv. 283.

and in parting with my mother was observed to have more concern than in any other circumstance formerly, —which to her was a bitter parting, to be taken from him whom she loved so dearly; but in a little time after he recovered a little, and as the time of his death drew near, which was some hours after, the Lord was pleased wonderfully to shine on him to the dispelling of clouds and fears, and to the admitting him to a more clear and evident persuasion of His blessed favour, and the certainty of his being so soon happy, of which he expressed his sense in his last letter to my dear mother, which could not but sweeten her lot in her greatest sorrow, and was ground of greatest thankfulness that the Lord helped him to the last to carry with such magnanimity, resolution, contentment of mind, and true valour, under this darklike providence, to endless blessedness. And though the loss of so great a protestant was grief of mind to any that had any tender heart, and which to friends was an universal, inexpressible, breaking-like dispensation, yet in so far as he was enabled under cruel suffering to such tranquillity, peace and comfort, this was to them ground of praises and an answer to their request; but to others, that were enemies, was shame and confusion, as appeared after to many that had the least hand in his first sentence.—He laid down his dear life, June 30, 1685. This morning, liberty at length was obtained for my seeing him, but not till he was brought to the Council-house, where I was enabled to go to him, where

he had a composed, edifying carriage, and after endearing expressions, said 'we must not part like those not to meet again;' and he went from thence with the greatest assurance."*

To complete this sad story, I must have recourse to the historian Wodrow,—you will easily combine the two narratives, neither of which I am willing to alter.

“The time came when the earl must for ever leave the Castle, and go out to his execution, and he was accompanied with several of his friends down the street to the Laigh Council-house, where he was ordered to be carried before his execution. Here I find the earl writing his last letter to his dear and excellent lady, which is so valuable a remain of this dying saint that I should wrong the reader not to insert it:—

‘Edinburgh, Laigh Council-house.

‘Dear heart!

As God is himself unchangeable, so He hath been always good and gracious to me, and no place alters it; only I acknowledge I am sometimes less capable of a due sense of it; but now, above all my life, I thank God, I am sensible of His presence with me, with great assurance of His favour through Jesus Christ, and I doubt not it will continue till I be in glory.

Forgive me all my faults, and now comfort thyself in

* Some further extracts from Lady Henrietta's diary will be found in the Appendix, No. VII.

Him, in whom only true comfort is to be found. The Lord be with thee, bless thee, and comfort thee, my dearest!

Adieu, my dear!

Thy faithful and loving husband,

ARGYLE.'

“Whether it was at that time, or some former part of this day, that he wrote the following letter to his daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia, I cannot be positive. The earl had an extraordinary value and affection for her, and the two letters generally go together in the copies I have seen, so I am apt to think they are written at the same time. Sure it deserves a room here.

‘My dear Lady Sophia,—

What shall I say in this great day of the Lord, wherein, in the midst of a cloud, I find a fair sunshine? I can wish no more for you, but that the Lord may comfort you and shine upon you as He doth upon me, and give you the same sense of His love in staying in the world, as I have in going out of it.

Adieu!

ARGYLE.

P. S. My blessing to dear earl of Balcarres: the Lord touch his heart, and incline him to His fear!’

“This day, and probably at this very time, the earl wrote a letter to another of his dear relations, Lady

Henrietta Campbell, sister to the former, and lady to Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck. This excellent and singularly religious person being yet alive, should I say but a little of what I might and could say of her, it would offend, and her excessive modesty forbids me;—and therefore, without saying more, I shall add it here:—

“ June 30, 1685.

‘ Dear Lady Henrietta:—

I pray God to sanctify and bless this lot to you. Our concerns are strangely mixed,—the Lord look on them! I know all shall turn to good to them that fear God and hope in His mercy. So I know you do, and that you may still do it more and more is my wish for you. The Lord comfort you! I am

Your loving father and servant,

ARGYLE.’”

After writing these letters,* he proceeded to the place

* Another, written before leaving the castle, to his second son, (father of John, fourth duke of Argyle,) has lately been discovered; it runs as follows:—

“ Edinburgh Castle, June 30, 1685.

“ Dear John,

We parted suddenly, but I hope shall meet happily in heaven. I pray God bless you, and if you seek Him, He will be found of you. My wife will say all to you; pray love and respect her. I am

Your loving father,

ARGYLE.”

of execution. On reaching "the midst of the scaffold," he "took leave of his friends, heartily embracing some of them in his arms, and taking others by the hand. He delivered some tokens to the Lord Maitland, to be given to his lady and children; then he stripped himself of his clothes and delivered them to his friends, and being ready to go to the block, he desired the executioner might not be permitted to do his office till he gave the sign by his hand; and, falling down on his knees upon the stool, embraced the maiden, (as the instrument of beheading is called,) very pleasantly, and with great composure he said, 'It was the sweetest maiden ever he kissed, it being a mean to finish his sin and misery, and his inlet to glory, for which he longed.' And in that posture, having prayed a little space within himself, he uttered these words three times, 'Lord Jesus! receive me into thy glory!' and then gave the sign by lifting up his hand, and the executioner did his work, and his head was separated from his body.

"Thus died this excellent and truly great and good man."—"When this nobleman's death," observes Sir Walter Scott, "is considered as the consequence of a sentence passed against him for presuming to comment upon and explain an oath which was self-contradictory, it can only be termed a judicial murder."

I add his epitaph, written by himself in prison, the night before his execution.

"Thou passenger, that shalt have so much time
To view my grave, and ask—what was my crime?"

No stain of error, no black vice's brand
 Was that which chased me from my native land :
 Love to my country (sentenced twice to die)
 Constrained my hands forgotten arms to try.
 More by friends' frauds my fall proceeded hath
 Than foes, though now they thrice decreed my death.
 On my attempt though Providence did frown,
 His oppressed people God at length shall own.
 Another hand, by more successful speed,
 Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head.
 Though my head fall, that is no tragic story,
 Since, going hence, I enter endless glory."*

A few words more ere I quit the subject of presbyterian suffering. Lady Argyle, on being released from prison, immediately started for England with her daugh-

* "Thus fell that tall and mighty cedar in our Lebanon, the last of an ancient and honourable family, who rose to their greatness in King Robert the Bruce's time, by their constant adherence to the king, being then knights of Lochow, with his other three companions, the Seyton, Lyle, and the Lauder; and continued doing good services to their king and country till this man's father proved disloyal; and, ever since, state policy required the humbling of it, being turned too formidable in the Highlands, with their vast jurisdictions and regalities."—*Fountainhall*, p. 194. Bann. ed.

"About the time of Argyle's execution," says the same writer, "one of his grandchildren, a son of Lorn's, threw himself, being six or seven years old, over a window in Lethington, three stories high, and was not the worse; from which miracle this inference was made, that the said family and estate would yet again recover and overcome this sour blast."—p. 196.

The gossips were right. This child lived to be the illustrious John duke of Argyle and Greenwich.

ter Henrietta, whose husband, Sir Duncan, had escaped to Dantzic; they spent nine months at Windsor and London, in attendance on the court, "endeavouring," says Henrietta, "any favour that could be obtained for him, both as to liberty and maintenance, when sequestrate as to our fortune." Finding it in vain, Lady Henrietta, (bidding farewell to her mother, who returned to Scotland,) crossed to Holland, where she met her husband. A few months afterwards she returned to Scotland to fetch over her only child, "and to look after our little concerns, that had then a very ruined-like aspect. The times being troublesome, this obliged me," says she, "to come in disguise to a dear friend, Mr. Alexander Moncrief, his house, where I had much kind welcome and sympathy from some who are now in glory, and others of them yet alive, whose sympathy and undeserved concern is desired to be born in mind with much gratitude. But any uncertain abode I had was with my dear mother at Stirling, whose tender care and affection has been greatly evidenced to all hers, and particularly to such as desire to have more of the sense thereof than can be expressed as the bound duty of such; and I cannot but reckon it among my greatest earthly blessings to have been so trusted, having early lost my dear father, eminent in his day, when insensible of this stroke; and when so young, not two years old, and deprived of his fatherly instruction, it may justly be ground of aeknowledgment that the blessed Father of the fatherless, in whose care I was left, did preserve

so tender-hearted a mother, whose worth and exemplariness in many respects may be witness against us, if undutiful or unthankful to the great Giver of our mercies."

After her return to Holland, Sir Duncan and Lady Henrietta resided at Rotterdam till the revolution—in difficulties certainly, but cheered in their distresses by the substantial kindness of Mary princess of Orange and her husband.

Lady Argyle survived these events for many years—years, however, still of sorrow and anxiety, the revolution that restored her daughter to her arms having deprived her of her son, Earl Colin. In 1700, on his being permitted to return from exile, she was still living at Stirling, in extreme old age—of the precise period of her death I am ignorant. Few lots in life have been so chequered as hers, and few doubtless ever laid down their head on the pillow of death with more heart-felt satisfaction.

Lady Sophia, meanwhile, had had her own afflictions to bear up under, her husband having been taken prisoner, while ill of a fever, by the marquis of Athol, who, in virtue of his justiciary power, resolved to hang him in that condition at his father's gate at Inverary. The privy council, however, at the intercession of several ladies, stopped the execution, and ordered him to be carried prisoner to Edinburgh. He was brought before the justiciary court, 21 August, 1685, forfeited on his own confession, and sentenced to banishment, never to

return on pain of death. His forfeiture, like that of Sir Duncan, and the rest of Argyle's adherents, was of course rescinded at the revolution.

SECT. III.

On the accession of King James, Earl Colin—whom I must now introduce to you as an episcopalian, and a firm adherent to his unfortunate friend and master—continued in high favour; he had, for some time past, been a privy-councillor,* and was then appointed one of the Council of Six, or Commissioners of the Treasury, in whom the Scottish administration was lodged.†

It is at this period that the historical memoir, which Earl Colin presented to King James at St. Germain, after the revolution, commences. “I do not pretend this,” says he, “to be an exact relation of all that passed in these few unhappy years, my design being only to let you know the reasons were made use of by your enemies for appearing so violently against you, shaking off the allegiance they owed you, and overturning the government, so well established both in church and state; and, likewise, to give you an account, true and impartial, of the actions both of your friends and enemies, that, being all laid before your majesty, you may the better judge,

* Admitted a councillor, 3 June, 1680.—*Wodrow*.

† Appointed a commissioner of the treasury, 3 Aug., 1686.—*Fountainhall*.

when it pleases God to put you in a way and capacity to assert your just right, how to shun those rocks your government has split upon.—Neither attachment to one party, nor hard usage from the other, shall make me say any thing to your majesty but what is consistent with my own knowledge, and verified by the most concerned in these transactions. I know there are many of your subjects capable to have given you an account of your affairs in a better dress than I can pretend to, but, having had the honour to be trusted so much by your majesty before these unhappy revolutions, and having been since so deeply concerned in all the unsuccessful attempts for your service, I have the vanity to think there is none of my nation you will trust to more, or that can give you a view of your affairs more justly, or with more zeal for your royal person, than myself.”

I need not dwell upon the progressive steps that led to James's ruin. The rescission of the penal laws, the repeal of the oaths of supremacy and the test, the establishment of the court of high commission, the imprisonment of the bishops—these inroads on liberty and religion, and, still more, the birth of James prince of Wales, in June, 1688, caused the discontented party to look oftener and more impatiently to William prince of Orange, who, during these commotions, had neither sided with nor against his father-in-law, but lay passively waiting till the crown should devolve on his wife at her father's death. The unexpected birth of the prince dispelled his apathy. The young stranger stood between

him and the succession, but the English, presuming that the child would be educated in the principles of the parent, were well disposed at once to acknowledge William as their sovereign. The latter finding it necessary to take his party, declared openly against his father-in-law. James, sensible of his danger, attempted to retract his measures, but it was too late.

“When the prince of Orange’s invasion became certain,” says Earl James of Balcarres, “Colin and his friend the earl of Cromarty consulted upon what could be done in Scotland to defend the king; the chancellor, Lord Perth, having been ordered to do nothing without their advice. They were of opinion that much was in their power. There was, from unusual economy, above ninety thousand pounds in the exchequer; with this they proposed to levy ten battalions of foot, to form a body of four or five thousand men from the Highlands, to raise the *Arrière Van*, and to select about twelve hundred horse out of them, and with these and between three or four thousand regular troops commanded by General Douglas and Lord Dundee,” (forming an army of about fifteen thousand men,) “to march to York, and keep all the northern counties in order. This plan was sent by an express to Lord Melfort, sole secretary of state, and ever at variance with Colin, who always said the king intended him to succeed Melfort, being even then convinced that men of that religion were incapable to serve him. This scheme would have been too honourable for Colin, therefore Melfort, (found afterwards to

have been advised by Sir James Stewart, his under-secretary, who valued himself for having done so after the revolution,) writ to the privy council, disapproving of the scheme as expensive and unnecessary, and sent order for the small army on foot instantly to begin their march into England, to reinforce the English army.”—“The order,” says Earl Colin, “was positive, and short; advised by Mr. James Stewart at a supper, and writ upon the back of a plate, and an express immediately despatched therewith:—with a sorrowful heart to all your servants, your orders were obeyed, and, about the beginning of October, they began their march—three thousand effective vigorous young men, well disciplined and clothed, and, to a man, hearty in your cause, and willing, out of principle as well as duty, to hazard their lives for the support of the government as then established both in church and state.”

When the news of William's arrival in London reached Edinburgh, Lord Balcarres was sent express by his colleagues of the Secret Council to receive his majesty's instructions.* James had, at first, behaved with con-

* “The council,” proceeds Earl Colin, “after their departure, ordered the modelled militia to be brought together about Edinburgh, and some of them to be quartered in the Canongate, but these new-raised men, that would soon have been disciplined and brought into order if mixed with the regular troops, signified little to keep up the face of authority, nor was their commander, Sir George Munro, (named by the council until your orders were known,) much better of the trade than these new-raised men, having lost, by age and being long out of service, any thing he had learned in Charles Gustavus' days except

siderable spirit; he joined his army at Salisbury, and resolved on a vigorous resistance. He could gaze with

the rudeness and austerity of that service. The presbyterian and discontented party seeing themselves now at liberty and the government abandoned, took their opportunity, and Edinburgh was filled with them from all quarters of the nation; they then took off their mask, and formed several clubs, where they deliberated upon what was to be done as freely as if allowed by authority. The council and Secret Committee knew from spies amongst them all that passed, yet were obliged to shut their eyes at what they had not power to suppress.

“The chiefs of these meetings were the earls of Glencairn, Crawford, and Tarras, Lord Ross and Mersington (a few months before put into the session to oblige the presbyterians,) Sir James Montgomery,” &c. “The presbyterian ministers did not attend their public meetings, but, according to their ancient custom, nothing was determined without their consulting them, and that they approved. One of the first things taken into consideration was how to hinder all correspondence between your majesty and council, which Sir James Montgomery undertook and performed so effectually that few packets, coming or going, escaped him; and the rising of the northern counties of England under the earl of Derby and Lord Lumley, who had the same design, put a stop to correspondence, and prevented all knowledge of what was doing in England. Some few flying packets got through from the earl of Melfort to his brother, but in them the truth disguised and the facts quite different from what the viscount of Dundee wrote to me. At last one got through with the news of the prince of Orange his landing. To know the truth of what was doing, and receive your commands, Lord Chancellor and the Secret Committee thought fit to send a merchant, one Mr. Brand, being most likely, upon the pretext of his trade, to pass through; but he went straight to the prince of Orange, was introduced to him by Dr. Burnet, and pretended he was sent by his highness’ friends to his service. When it was known at Edinburgh that Mr. Brand had acted so contrary to his commission, the viscount of Tarbat

a Stuart's eye on the ranks of his enemies, but he had not, alas! calculated on the ingratitude of friends; he had not looked for the desertion of those who owed him fortune, rank, power—nay, even life itself. At the news of every fresh defection, his son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, exclaimed, “Est-il possible?”—and when the unfortunate monarch was one morning awaked with the tidings that he too had followed the general example, he merely observed, “What! is ‘Est-il possible’ gone too?”

—But when his *daughters* deserted him, the agony of the father put to flight the resolution of the monarch; with keener pangs than Cæsar's, he muffled up his face in despair, and muttering “God help me! my own children abandon me!” sank powerless at the feet of an enemy whom he had never injured.

“The bursting of a blood-vessel in the head,” says Lady Anne Lindsay, on her father's authority, “was the consequence of these agitations and sorrows, and Earl Colin never from that period thought him pos-

was most unjustly suspected, for at that time none was more apprehensive of the prince of Orange's coming over, considering his declaration for Scotland, by which it was evident he intended to sacrifice all to satisfy the presbyterians and those who came over with him,—who were for the most part his personal enemies. This way failing of having your commands, the council ordered three of their number to attend your majesty, the viscount of Tarbat, Sir George Lockhart, lord president, and myself; these two excused themselves, not being able to ride post, so I was sent alone.”

sessed of firmness of mind or nerve to carry through any purpose, or even to feel with much sensibility."

In the meanwhile, the Scottish army, under Dundee and General Douglas, had advanced into England. The king appointed Dundee, and those officers on whom he knew he could depend, to meet him at Uxbridge, to concert measures for encountering the prince of Orange. They arrived there, but learnt that the king had fled, and received orders to disband their forces. Dundee, Linlithgow, and Dunmore, wept with disappointment.

Whatever were James's faults—(and they were crimes in the king of Britain),—few, it is to be hoped, will now refuse pity to his misfortunes. Deserted, like the Persian,

"in his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,"

without a friend to counsel him, virtually childless, and alone among his enemies, he gave himself up to despair. "In every person he met," says Sir John Dalrymple, "he suspected an enemy or a betrayer, and from every look he gathered reasons for confirming the suspicions he had formed. Distance or approach were equally uneasy to him, for he imputed the one to a consciousness of guilt, and the other to a desire of concealing it." He fled to the sea-coast, intending to embark for France, but was arrested at Feversham, and brutally treated by the mob. The council, informed of his danger, sent a body of the life-guards to attend him, offering him his choice

“either to retire abroad or to return.” He preferred the latter alternative, and, on the 16th December, re-entered London.

“As it is natural,” observes Sir John, “for the human mind to forget past injuries upon the sight of present misfortunes, and in violent passions to run from one extreme to another, the populace attended his entry into London with universal expressions of joy for his return. The women, standing still, prayed for him and wept as he passed; the men followed his coach with shouts till it stopped at Whitehall.”—If such a welcome revived the king’s hopes for the moment, they were soon depressed again.

A day or two after his return, Earl Colin and his friend Dundee waited on his majesty. Colin had been in town but three or four days, which he had employed in endeavours to unite his majesty’s friends in his interest. “He was received affectionately,” says his son, “but observed that there were none with the king but some of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber. L——* came in, one of the generals of his army disbanded about a fortnight before. He informed the king, that most of his generals and colonels of his guards had assembled that morning upon observing the universal joy of the city upon his return; that the result of their meeting was to appoint him to tell his majesty that still much was in their power to serve and defend

* Probably Linlithgow.

him ; that most part of the army disbanded was either in London or near it ; and that, if he would order them to beat their drums, they were confident twenty thousand men could be got together before the end of next day.—‘ My lord,’ says the king, ‘ I know you to be my friend, sincere and honourable ; the men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them.’—He then said it was a fine day—he would take a walk. None attended him but Colin and Lord Dundee. When he was in the Mall, he stopped and looked at them, and asked how they came to be with him, when all the world had forsaken him and gone to the prince of Orange?—Colin said their fidelity to so good a master would ever be the same ; they had nothing to do with the prince of Orange,—Lord Dundee made the strongest professions of duty ;—‘ Will you two, as gentlemen, say you have still attachment to me?’—‘ Sir, we do.’—‘ Will you give me your hands upon it, as men of honour?’ they did so,—‘ Well, I see you are the men I always took you to be ; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here but as a cypher, or be a prisoner to the prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings ; therefore I go for France immediately ; when there, you shall have my instructions,—you, Lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs, and you, Lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland.’

“ After the king was gone, Colin waited upon the prince of Orange, to whom he was well known, having

been married to Mademoiselle Beverwaert, his cousin, whom he valued, and he had been often at their house, when in suit of the Princess Mary. He declared his favour to Colin, and that he doubted not of his attachment to him at the convention. Colin owned that, though he had the utmost respect to his highness, yet that he could have no hand in turning out his king, who had been a kind master to him, although imprudent in many things. The prince, perhaps, valued him the more for this, and twice thereafter spoke to him upon the same subject; [but] at last told him to beware how he behaved himself, for if he transgressed the law, he should be left to it."

This was a plain hint to be gone; the prince had been equally unsuccessful with Dundee, and it tells highly for him that he took no measures to prevent their departure. Having concerted their plans, and despatched their confidential agent, Mr. David Lindsay,* with notice of their intentions and letters to his majesty, the two friends

* The subsequent fate of this unfortunate gentleman was very sad. After several years of exile, he returned to Scotland, where he had a small estate, to take the benefit of Queen Anne's pardon, and was there declared by the privy council to be comprehended within the terms of the act of indemnity. The English government were at this moment occupied with an alleged conspiracy of the Jacobites, trumped up by the notorious Simon Fraser, afterwards Lord Lovat. Lindsay, having every reason to believe himself secure under the queen's protection, came to England to see his wife and children; he was taken up by the government, who, finding he had been in France, condemned him to death, notwithstanding his being a Scotsman, and pardoned by her majesty as sovereign of that kingdom.—“ He protested he knew of

set off for Scotland with a guard of about twenty-four troopers, and arrived safely in Edinburgh towards the end of February, 1689. "They employed their endeavours," says Smollett, "to preserve union among the individuals of their party, to confirm the duke of Gordon, who began to waver in his attachment to their sovereign, and to manage their intrigues in such a manner as to derive some advantage to their cause from the transactions of the ensuing session."

no designs against the queen or her government, and that he did not believe she would ever receive the least injury or molestation from the court of St. Germain's. He was sentenced to die for having corresponded with France, and was given to understand he had nothing to expect unless he would discover the conspiracy. He persisted" (continues Smollett) "in denying all knowledge of any such conspiracy, and scorned to save his life by giving false information."—He was carried to Tyburn, the rope about his neck, the sheriff telling him he could expect no mercy unless he would acknowledge his crime and discover (which was the one thing needful) who were concerned in the Scots conspiracy; thus "tempting him," says Lockhart, "to save himself by charging others with what he knew they were innocent of; but he (to his immortal honour be it said) answered he was willing to die rather than save his life on such terms; whereupon the sheriff ordered the cart to drive on, but finding he was resolved to stand it out as became a good christian and worthy gentleman, produced Queen Anne's reprieve, suspending the execution. And Lindsay having thus, by his heroic behaviour, disappointed the designs of those who hoped by this severe method to force a confession (true or false all was one) out of him to justify their proceedings, was remitted close prisoner to Newgate, where he remained in a miserable starving condition for three or four years, and was then banished out of Britain, and died in Holland for want of necessary food and raiment."

For the proceedings of the adverse parties till the determination of the Jacobites to quit Edinburgh and call a new convention at Stirling, (for which Colin, Dundee, and the archbishop of St. Andrews had received a commission from King James,) I refer you to the memoir already quoted.—All being prepared for starting, proceeds Lord Balcarres, “the marquis of Athol sent to your friends to entreat one day’s further delay, which, to satisfy him, they consented to, considering how necessary he was to them upon that occasion. To be the less remarkable, they resolved once more to go to the house. After a general meeting of your friends was over, the viscount of Dundee came there, expecting immediately to be gone, and not informed of the marquis’s delay and your friends going again to the house. He was much surprised at this new resolution, and told me that, notwithstanding, he would go before, and that if any got out of the town, he would wait for them. It was so evident his departure would give the alarm, and break all the measures taken, that I used all the power I had with him to stay another day, and go with the rest of your friends; but he, having appointed many to meet him at a house near the town, thought himself obliged not to disappoint them, so went off with about fifty horse. His road to Stirling was by the bottom of the castle of Edinburgh, where the duke of Gordon was, in a manner, blocked up by the western rabble. The duke made signs he desired to speak with him, which he got done with great difficulty, the rock there being extremely

steep.* The viscount told the duke the resolution of your friends to quit Edinburgh and set up the king's standard at Stirling, and that their first work should be to relieve him. While they conferred, some of those employed to blockade the castle perceived them, and ran

* This was the famous interview, so stirringly described by Sir Walter Scott, in his glorious ballad of "Bonnie Dundee."

—"The Gordon has asked of him whither he goes?
 'Wherever shall guide me the spirit of Montrose!
 Your grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!"

'There's lands beyond Pentland, and hills beyond Forth,
 If there's lords in the South-land, there's chiefs in the North,
 And wild dunnie-wassels three thousand times three,
 Will cry hoigh! for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee!"

'Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks—
 Ere I own an usurper I'll couch with the fox;
 So, tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
 For ye've not seen the last of my bonnet or me!"

He waved his proud arm and the trumpets were blown,
 The kettle-drums clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
 Till by Ravelston craigs and on Clermiston-lea
 Died away the wild war note of Bonnie Dundee.

—'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
 Come saddle my horses and call up my men,
 Fling all your gates open and let me go free,
 For it's up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

I cannot refrain from the hint how admirably this ballad might be sung to the beautiful air known by the words adapted to it by Bishop Heber, beginning, "I see them on their winding way,"—but originally, I believe, simply imitative of the march of an army through a town, as heard in advance, passage, and departure, by a lady at her lattice.

to the convention and told there was a great body of horse assembled, and the viscount of Dundee talking with the duke of Gordon, which was thought a crime of the highest nature after they had outlawed him. Their fears increased the belief that some general design was formed against them. The duke of Hamilton had hitherto behaved himself with temper and equality, but, like smothered fire, his natural temper, upon this occasion, appeared in all its violence. He told the convention that now it was high time to look to themselves, since papists and enemies to the settling of the government were so bold as to assemble in a hostile manner; and since he doubted not there was several sitting amongst them were in the same design, therefore it was his opinion the doors should be locked, and the keys laid upon the table, and some of their number sent out to beat drums and assemble all the well affected to religion and liberty;—that, apprehending such designs of their enemies, he had brought some foot from the western shires, which he offered to employ in the public cause. What he said was approved by all parties,—several others likewise bragged of men they had brought to town, and magnified their numbers; the earl of Leven was appointed to assemble them, which when done, never was seen so contemptible a rabble, nor was it to be doubted if your friends had known their own strength, or had not judged their enemies far more considerable than they were, but they might easily have accomplished their designs in declaring for your

majesty, and put themselves out of hazard from their enemies.

“Such of your friends as were locked up in the house, and guarded by the most violent of the party, looked upon themselves as undone, nor did anything save them but the irresolution and disagreement of your enemies, as I was informed. The duke of Hamilton and his party—(for now I call it so, having never declared himself before that day), having the most considerable part of your friends in their power, and finding the viscount of Dundee became no stronger, and that he was marched off, ordered one Major Buntin to follow him with such horse as he could bring together, and, thinking themselves out of all hazard, the duke dismissed the convention, to the great satisfaction of your friends, little expecting to come off so well. Thus all the noise and apprehensions of both sides ended, and likewise ended all the hopes of setting up another convention at Stirling.”—Athol, Mar, and Annandale now went over to the whigs, who became all-powerful in the convention.

“Being now,” continues Colin, “freed of most of those who obstructed their designs of settling the government as the duke and his party had undertaken, they fell heartily to work with the affair for which they were called by the prince of Orange, but fearing he might think them proceeding too slowly, they sent up the Lord Ross with the reasons of their delay and assurances of speedily settling all things to his satisfaction,

as they were now rid of those who had opposed it. They appointed a committee for settling the government, and another for considering the present state of affairs;— what was done or said in these committees I pass over, being one of the first who left the house, and observing both parties too much incensed to have an impartial account from either of them.”

Great disputes ensued “as to the manner of declaring the crown vacant. Some were for abdication, as had been done in England; but that could not pass, as the most violent could not pretend you had abdicated Scotland; others were for making use of an old obsolete word, ‘for-letting,’ used for a bird’s forsaking her nest, —but Sir John Dalrymple ended the controversy by giving such reasons against both, that they went into his proposition, which was, to have it declared that, by doing acts contrary to law, you had forfeited your right to the crown; not that they intended to forfeit your majesty as a criminal, but that you, of yourself, had forfeited, which would render the whole clear, and likewise remove any right the prince of Wales might afterwards pretend to.”

The vote was carried the next day, and William and Mary were proclaimed king and queen of Scotland.

This having been done, and three commissioners despatched to offer the crown to the prince, they adjourned the parliament for a few days, after passing an act to enable their president, the duke of Hamilton, to imprison any one whom he might suspect of disaffection, during

the recess.—“ This power was given to him,” says Colin, “ fearing, if lodged in many hands, some might be partial to their friends and relations ;—he had given such proofs of his zeal and inclination, that all the different factions arisen amongst themselves agreed to put this power into his hands.”

The first that felt the effect of it were Dundee and Colin. Some letters to them from the king' having been intercepted, two detachments of infantry were despatched to apprehend them. Dundee, living farther north, escaped, but Colin was taken prisoner and thrown into the common gaol. “ For some days,” says he, “ I had the liberty to see my friends, until the first meeting of the convention ; then, letters, directed to me by the earl of Melfort, were read, wherein, after full assurance of speedy and considerable relief, he was pleased to express himself in these terms,—that he wished some had been cut off that he and I had often spoke of, and then these things had never come to the pass they were now at, ‘ but, when we get the power, we will make these men hewers of wood and drawers of water.’ The duke of Hamilton conceived these words as meant to himself.—What the earl of Melfort's design was in using these expressions to one he then knew was in the hands of your enemies, I will not determine, but, for his lordship's justification and my own, although I be now out of the reach of all my enemies, I DECLARE BEFORE GOD and your majesty, I never heard him use any such expressions, nor ever heard of any such propositions.

“ But, whatever he intended by these expressions, nothing at that time could be more to the prejudice of your affairs and to my particular hurt ; it was proclaiming fairly—nothing was to be expected upon your return but cruelty and barbarity. These letters were printed both in Scotland and England, and had near their designed effect upon me.”

On the reading of them, the duke of Queensberry defended Lord Balcarres, “ which,” says Colin, “ was the more generous that, before the invasion, and till I saw his firmness in your service, being of different parties, we were in very ill terms.”—The duke expressed his conviction that Melfort had written the letters on purpose to injure Lord Balcarres, arguing that, “ if letters coming to one without direction should be made criminal, it was in the power of every man’s enemies to undo him.”—“ Although,” says Colin, “ what the duke of Queensberry said shewed his good will, yet it did not allay their heat. Duke Hamilton told him he had as little reason as any to defend me, for he doubted not but he was likewise comprehended, as did almost the whole house think themselves meant by the ‘ hewers of wood and drawers of water.’ So I was voted close prisoner, and kept four months until the surrender of Edinburgh Castle.” He was then removed to that fortress.

Dundee, in the mean while, had raised the standard of the Stuarts in the Highlands. With the enthusiasm of the cavaliers grafted on the proverbial gallantry of

the Grahams,* he left nothing untried that might advance the interests of his sovereign, and his victory at Killiecrankie might even then have changed the fortunes of Britain, had Providence permitted the master-spirit of the day to survive his success.†

* —“The gallant Grahames
That aye were true to royalty!”

The simple enumeration of Sir John Graham, the “fidus Achates” of Wallace—of the heroic Montrose—of Dundee—of the veteran lord Lynedoch, will vindicate the propriety of this popular epithet. The very spirit of the Grahams, I may add, breathes through the beautiful song of Graham of Gartmore, printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, “If doughty deeds my lady please,” &c.

† Earl Colin’s account of the battle of Killiecrankie is clear and interesting.

“The viscount of Dundee encamped upon a heath the night before the battle, and was desirous before so bold an undertaking to have symptoms that his Highlanders (after so long peace) still retained the courage of their ancestors, so manifest upon former occasions. For this end, while his men slept in their plaids, near the break of day, he caused a loud alarm be made the enemy was at hand. The Highlanders instantly were roused, threw away their plaids, scized their arms, and ran to the front of their camp, drew up in order—then calmly stood expecting the enemy. When the viscount perceived this, and that not a man of them had retired, with full assurance he instantly began his march to meet the enemy. When he came to a height that overlooked the place where MacKay was, he was much pleased to observe them drawn up but in one line, and without any reserve,—he assured his men they should beat them if they observed his orders. The posture of the enemy made him change the order of his battle; he formed his small

“The victory,” says Earl Colin, “was complete, but

army, of near two thousand, into three divisions, deep in file, with large intervals between them, that he might not be outflanked by MacKay, who was more than double his number, and of veteran troops.—Having completed his disposition, which took up time, in the afternoon he marched down to the attack. The Highlanders suffered their fire with courage,—then, when nearer them, delivered their own, and with sword and targe rapidly broke through their line and fell upon their flanks and rear; so that, in a moment, the whole intervals of this extended front gave way and fled. The viscount put himself at the head of his small body of horse—Sir William Wallace had produced a commission from your majesty that morning, to command them, to the great mortification of the earl of Dunfermeline, and even of others who thought themselves injured, yet had that respect for your service that no dispute was made at so critical a time. The viscount advanced to attack their cannon, but thought Sir William advanced too slowly; he called to them to march, but Sir William not being so forward, the earl of Dunfermeline and some others left their ranks and followed the viscount; with these he took their cannon before the rest came up. When he observed the foot beaten and horse fled, he rode towards a body of the MacDonalds in the rear, intending to make use of them to attack the regiments of Hastings and Leven, who were retiring unbroken from not being fronted, but unhappily, while doing this, he was, by a distant shot, mortally wounded,—he attempted to return, but fell from his horse.—Although the Highlanders had acted with order and intrepidity, yet unluckily, when they came to the enemies' baggage, it stopped their pursuit, and lost them part of the fruits of their victory, for MacKay and those regiments got off,—yet many of them were killed next day by the Athol men, as they were repassing at Killicrankie. General MacKay fled to Stirling, and arrived next day with not above two hundred of his army; he had two thousand men killed upon the field, and near five hundred made prisoners.

“The victory was complete,” &c.

I must own your majesty's affairs were undone by the irreparable loss of the viscount of Dundee. Your friends who knew him best were in doubt if his civil or military capacities were most eminent. None of this nation so well knew the different interests, tempers, and inclinations of the men most capable to serve you; none had more the ability to insinuate and persuade: he was extremely affable, and, although a good manager of his private fortune, yet had no reserve when your service and his own reputation required him to be liberal, which gained him the hearts of all who followed him, and brought him into such reputation that, had he survived that day, in all probability he had given such a turn to your affairs that the prince of Orange could neither have gone nor sent into Ireland, so your majesty had been entirely master of that kingdom, and in a condition to have landed, with what forces you pleased, in Scotland, which of all things your friends most desired."

"After the battle of Killierankie," says the accomplished editor of Law's Memorials, "where fell the last hope of James in the viscount of Dundee, the ghost of that hero is said to have appeared about day-break to his confidential friend Lord Balcarres, then confined to Edinburgh Castle. The spectre, drawing aside the curtain of the bed, looked very stedfastly upon the earl, after which it moved towards the mantle-piece, remained there for some time in a leaning posture, and then walked out of the chamber without uttering one word. Lord Balcarres, in great surprise, though not suspecting

that which he saw to be an apparition, called out repeatedly to his friend to stop, but received no answer, and subsequently learnt that at the very moment this shadow stood before him, Dundee had breathed his last near the field of Killicrankie.”*

“Never,” says Earl Colin, “were men in such a consternation as Duke Hamilton and the rest of the parliament at Edinburgh, when they knew from those that fled of the defeat of MacKay. Some were for retiring to England, others to the western shires of Scotland; this they only delayed till the viscount of Dundee approached them, for they knew not he was slain. Then they considered whether to set at liberty all the prisoners, or make them more close; the last was resolved, and we were all locked up and debarred from seeing our friends, but never had so many visits from our enemies, all making apologies for what had past, protesting they always wished us well, as we should see whenever they had opportunity.” The death of Dundee was however conjectured by those who knew him, and were certain that had he survived, his arrival would have given the first intimation of his victory.

The general’s baton was wielded for awhile, though with a timid and inexperienced hand, by Colonel Cannon, who succeeded to the command of Dundee’s army; he was unequal to the task, and was baffled in his first enterprise; his successor, Buchan, was equally

* Law’s Memorials, Note.

unfortunate; the war soon died out, the hopes of the Jacobites seemed crushed, and Lord Balcarres was released from prison.*

* Alas! the while, for the lawn and the liturgy! The episcopalians, almost to a man, adhering to King James, the presbyterians were the only party William had to depend on in Scotland. They, with Lord Crawford as their leader, (now president of the council and one of the commissioners of the treasury,) zealously urged the purification of the church; and, though anxious to procure toleration for episcopacy, William was obliged to comply with their demands and sanction a test by which the clergy were forced explicitly to abjure prelacy or vacate their charges.

Presbyterianism, however, has never been so popular in the Highlands as in the low country, and in the district of Glenorchy and Inishail, the parish of the Reverend Dougal Lindsay, it seems to have been regarded with peculiar distaste. This good man's memory was long cherished in the glens, and his history is a pleasing exception to the general severities exercised on his order. "Mr. Lindsay," says the author of the Statistical Account of Scotland, "would not conform. Pressed by the synod of Argyle, the noble proprietor of the country" (Lord Breadalbane) "reluctantly wrote a letter of invitation to a presbyterian probationer in the shire of Perth, to be minister of Glenorchy. He accepted, came on the close of a week to the parish, but could find no house to receive him or person to make him welcome. In his distress he was driven to the house of the man whom he came to supplant, and was welcomed with a cordiality and kindness becoming a minister of the Gospel. Over the whole parish there was a strong ferment. People of all ages and conditions assembled from all quarters in the churchyard on the Sabbath, long before the usual hour of worship. At the appearance of the stranger, accompanied by their own pastor, there was a general murmur of indignation. Twelve armed men, with drawn swords, surrounded the astonished intruder. Two bagpipes sounded the 'march of death.' Unmoved by the tears and remonstrances of Mr. Lindsay, in this hostile and awful form they proceeded with their pri-

SECT. IV.

No sooner had Colin regained his liberty, than he engaged deeply in a plot for the king's restoration, set on

soner to the boundary of the parish and of the country. There, on his bended knees, he solemnly engaged never more to enter the parish, or trouble any person for the occurrences of that day. He was allowed to depart in peace, and he kept his promise. The synod of Argyle were much incensed—time cooled their anger. The proprietor was indulgent, Mr. Lindsay deserving, the people loved him. He continued in the undisturbed possession of his charge till his death, more than thirty years after the aforesaid event."

Dougal Lindsay was the last episcopal minister of Glenorchy.—His name is associated also with one of those beautiful legends that attach themselves to every bush and bower, craig or cave, in the Highland glens,—streaming, like gossamer threads, on the breeze of tradition. "It is yet remembered," says the author of the "Stuart Tales," that he was one evening "leaning on the dyke of his churchyard in the twilight, and suddenly saw two little red lights rise from the ground, cross the girth, and glide along the lane towards the river. He followed, and saw them pass the ferry where the bridge of Urcha now stands, and, ascending the hill, vanish among the cottars' houses on Aidendonich. In a few moments they reappeared, but seemed larger than at first, and, as they approached, the clergyman discovered that the two small lights were accompanied by a larger. They returned by the same way to the churchyard, and disappeared where they had risen. In the morning, Mr. Lindsay went to the place and discovered that it was the burying-place of the MacNichols in Aidendonich, of whom the last interred were two infant children of a man who, with all his family, was in good health. Not long after, however, the minister was called to attend his sick-bed, and he died, and was buried beside his children on the spot where the lights had risen and disappeared."

He had seen the corpse-candles.

foot by Sir James Montgomery of Skelmorly,* on the discovery of which, in 1690, he thought it advisable to

* “ This plot,” says Earl James, “ where[in] the duke of Argyle, marquis of Annandale, Lord Ross, Sir James Montgomery, and many other whigs who made the revolution, were concerned, in order to restore King James, was in consequence of the same measure taken by the heads of the whole whig party in England;—the very men who formed the plan of the revolution agreed to bring back the king they had turned out, and this from their being disappointed in all the interested schemes they had formed. After the prince of Orange became their king, he was under a necessity of employing only the Tories in the administration, being much the majority in parliament and the whole actors in the change. The whigs having at last got a majority in parliament, were resolved to satisfy their ambition and revenge, which they might have accomplished if contrary winds had not prevented the French fleet, then master of the sea, from landing thirty thousand men, embarked at La Hogue. The Dutch fleet, having joined the English, became superior, and beat the French fleet, which put an end to the plot in Britain.—When King William came to be informed of the measures of the whigs, by the advice of Lord Sunderland, he not only forgave, but put them in possession of all the great offices, as believing they had acted from ambition rather than from disaffection to him,—which fully thereafter appeared to be so. This account by Colin, which is not mentioned in history, was thereafter fully confirmed to me by Lord Stair and Lord Bolingbroke, with the further circumstance that Sunderland was sent by the king with the seals of secretary of state to the duke of Shrewsbury, head of the party, who told him the king was fully informed of all he had been doing, yet not only forgave him, but had sent him the seals as secretary of state. He declined accepting them till he had consulted his friends; he was told there was no time for hesitation; he was either to accept of them instantly, or a colonel of the guards attended to carry him to the Tower—the last he did not choose.”

leave the country, expecting no favour from William. He landed at Hamburgh, and from thence, on his road to France, “went,” says his grand-daughter, “by Holland, that he might take the opportunity of paying a visit to the relations of the first Lady Balcarres. He appeared before them with that mitigated mildness of well-bred sorrow, which, after a lapse of fifteen or twenty years, and two or three wives in the interim, was not supposed to be very lively. They were all grown old, but the circumstances attending the whole remaining fresh in their minds from having less to think of than he had had, they presumed that he would have a melancholy pleasure in looking at the picture of his wife. He replied, ‘that her picture was unnecessary to recal features he never could forget—there she was!’—(looking at a painting well appointed as to frame, and honourably stationed over the chimney-piece)—‘her manner—her air!’—The honest *vrouw* smiled; it was one of the four seasons!”

From Holland he proceeded through Flanders in a coach with some friends. “As he ever found health and pleasure by walking,” says his son, “he chose to go on foot with a guide through a wood to the next stage; he met with a party of banditti, who seized and robbed him, and were going to kill him, but he had presence of mind enough to tell them they had better let him live, and he would pay them a good ransom,—but how could he pay them? He remembered the Jesuits had a college

at Douay;—they, he said, would pay it. They agreed for one hundred pistoles, but were thirty miles from Douay: they gave him his choice, either to walk with boots, or with his hands tied behind his back; he chose the latter, but found the first best; he walked aforesight with them; they took his oath never to discover them; the money was paid, and he got his liberty, and went to the college. The famous Father Petre was then there: they received and treated him in the best manner, got him clothes, and lent him money upon his bills, but the father could not help making great complaints against the king, that, if he would have taken his advice, all his misfortunes might have been prevented. This Colin repeated to some of his friends, when he came to St. Germain; it was carried to the king, and the consequences became hurtful to Colin. The king received him with the utmost affection; the queen no less so, having ever been favourable to him; and both acknowledged his zeal and activity in their service.”

It was then and there that Earl Colin presented to his majesty the curious memoir from which I have made so many extracts, and which, says Sir Walter Scott, “as he was chiefly trusted by King James in his civil affairs, has always been accounted a valuable historical document, containing many particulars of the causes and effects of the revolution in Scotland, not to be elsewhere found.”*

* Somers' Tracts, xi. p. 487.

It has twice been published, though from miserably corrupted and interpolated manuscripts.*

“Colin,” says Earl James, “was still of opinion that much might be done for the king’s restoration, and twice offered him schemes for that end; when he presented a third to him, he owned that what he had formerly writ was specious, but that there was an error in all his views; that his foundation of them was wrong, as he relied upon the assistance of France for his restoration, which neither he nor his family would ever obtain;—that France would ever find their advantage in the confusions of Britain, and its being ruled over by kings who had not its true interests at heart, and that he hoped nothing from them.—Colin often said that this unhappy king (except in affairs where religion was concerned) was a wise and good man. Bishop Burnet, in his memoirs, says no less, although one of his most zealous enemies.”

After passing “six months at St. Germain, in great familiarity with the king, Colin came to be thought too much in favour by Melfort and the priests; they artfully forged a calumny against him, and he was forbid the court. He retired to the South of France, and writ an expostulatory letter to the king, of which he kept a copy;

* In general, I may say, whenever an illiberal reflection, (such as that on Lord Mersington, protested against by Sir Walter Scott in the “Provincial Antiquities,”—that on Sir George Munro,—on the conduct of the MacDonalds at Killicrankie, &c.) is met with in the printed book, one may be pretty sure of finding a different or at least a gentlemanly statement in the original work.

when he came home, he found a letter from his father writ to King Charles the Second upon a like occasion, and almost every word the same as his, and the sentiments likewise. He had, by means of Lord Clarendon, been forbid the court, but soon was invited back again. So likewise was Colin, by a letter from the king, writ with great goodness, owning that he had been imposed upon. He was made sensible of this by James Malcolm, who had been commissary-general of the army, and brother of Lord Lochor of the session; both had owed their fortunes to Colin.* James would not leave the court to go with Colin till justice was done him, yet Colin would never return, as his enemies governed all. He passed a year in France, returned to Brussels, then to Utrecht, and sent for his wife and family from Scotland. He passed there some years with tranquillity, in society with Bayle, Leclerc, and other learned and agreeable men."

I insert here a few interesting letters that have escaped the general wreck of Earl Colin's correspondence—from his near relation and hereditary friend, John Drummond earl of Perth, chancellor of Scotland during King James's prosperity, and his faithful adherent in adversity. Besides some curious "notes of the time," they give a more pleasing and, probably, a juster impression of the writer's character, than that which he is remembered by in history. The two last, it will be

* Conf. Fountainhall's Diary, passim.

observed, are addressed to Earl Colin at St. Germain, which seems to imply that he did pay a second visit—probably a very short one—to the court of the banished Stuarts.

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

“ My dearest lord :

I forgot to tell you in my last that the fathers Jesuits of Liege had sent your money to Dinant, but the messenger was stopped within the lines at Liege, so they writ to me that they feared you might be in distress for want of money, but that they could not hit upon any way to help you ; and now, by yours of the third, I find it is but too true. Woe’s me for your severe sufferings ; I’ll swear I could have far more easily borne a share with you in them than reflected on them so much as I have done since I got your letter :—but I hope your welcome has made up all again, and that now you are brisk and hearty. If you be as well as I wish, I am sure you shall have little to wish for yourself.

For God’s sake, write often, for I entirely depend upon your friendship and tenderest affection ; and you know you have a faithful return. Hold to [God] ; all your unlucky accidents may move you to how to love and serve that benign Being, [whose] protection extricates you out of all your troubles. My dearest friend, adieu ! ”

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

“ My dearest lord :—

Before this comes to your hands, you will have had mine of the 26 July, and that makes that I shall say the less now. It was most friendly and obligingly done to see my lads at Douay. I'm glad they have so much of your good opinion ; if they were not glad to see you, they have not much of their father's inclinations. You may write as freely hither as you do to Paris, for all comes safe. My letters from Venice did not so, for I lost two pacquets. I had the honour to receive Earl Middleton's most obliging answer to a letter I writ to him, and he may be sure of my service upon all occasions ; I told I would write often to him, but I wait for your advice.—Mr. Sec. Caryll* does me justice when he has some kindness for me, for I have a great deal for him, and, if any body be my enemy upon my brother's† account, I hope never to augment their ill will by any thing done willingly by myself, and if they continue to be unjust, let them see to that, for I am not to blame.

As for your news of Scotland, Father Lesly, of the Scottish college here, is better informed than any body ; he tells me that the parliament there have given 120,000 pounds sterling, what by cess, what by poll-money ; that old Stairs is pursued for bribery, and Sir John, his son,

* John Caryll, Esq., secretary to the queen.

† Melfort.

for accession to the order for the massacre of Glencoan ; that earl Wigtoun, my son, and Meldrum, are cited over to Edinburgh, to depose who is at St. Germain, in order to forfault them,—but I hope they will have such regard to their honour and to justice, as to preserve themselves from being evidences, and none, save such people as we have to deal with, would put men of quality upon such hard locks.

Your Aix-la-Chapelle friend gives you her faithful service. . . . You know that you are to dispose of me, so I add no more. Adieu.”

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

“I have been very glad to receive your letters, but never any of them gave me the joy this I have just now got brings me. I hope in God your health shall be good after this severe bout. Take care of it, if you have any love for me ; but you have many better motives ; however, let this come in for one.—You tell me you were not too satisfied with your old friend in that short interview. I’m sure, of all men, I have least ground to be pleased with him, but I forgive him ; I’m sure I shall not be too frank to trust him a second time, for he has dealt barbarously with me, while I trusted him most entirely. Give my duty to your best friends ; and remember all you have to say there, when you have health and leisure. I shall add no more now ; you shall hear more afterwards ; this night I am in haste. Continue to love me ; I hope

I shall convince you that Italy does not corrupt all your friends, for I have my head very much that way,—for now I have no home; I have no leave to go where I would,—that’s too great a happiness for me to hope for; and I know my friend has made all his relations odious, so at Rome I may lurk, and end my days quietly.

Your friend here receives your remembrance with all affection and respect, and was more sorry than you will believe for your illness. Let me know if you got all my letters. Adieu.”

“For E. Coll.”

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

“Antwerp: 15 July, 1694.

“My dearest lord,

You must find out some way how we may write by other names, and then we shall correspond more freely. I have yours of the 9th, (as I guess, for it has no date,) and I’m heartily glad of your safe arrival. If the young man love you as well as his father does, he’ll deserve your favour. You may entirely confide in Mr. Innes,* and Jo: Wall, and, for Jo: Menzies, he’s your own: as I’m sure he’s kind to me, which is as much as he’s capable of, and that says much, for he’s as capable as any I ever knew.

* Father Innes, president of the Scots college at Paris, and secretary of state for Scotland in the exiled king’s cabinet.

The treatment you have met with from your old friend and his lady is very odd. God forgive him, for he does hurt to what I'm persuaded he wishes well to; but when people are entirely devoted to themselves, (as it is said his lady makes him,) it blinds exceedingly. You do most generously in taking no notice of it.

My heart has not been capable of any joy like what yours must feel, now when you are to see our K : and Q : —I'm sure it must be such a one as to me is unconceivable at present. I'm told from home, that there's no defence against the forfeiture of my family. I thank God, I have never been tempted to wish it might subsist upon any other terms than to be serviceable to my dearest master; if things go well with him, I need not fear; and if not, should I beg a morsel of bread, I hope I shall never complain. Give him and his lady my duty, and kiss our young master his hand for me; I have no longing but to see them all together, and I must confess I languish for that happiness. I'm sure if some-body have any thing, you will not want, so you may call for it until your own money arrives. I'm going to Bruxelles for eight days; there I hope to hear from you. Your friend you were so well with at Aix salutes you cordially, and speaks often most kindly of you with great esteem. Continue to love, my dearest lord, yours entirely, &c."

"A Mr.

M. Du Gat; chez Mons. Lucas,
Marchand Libraire a la
Bible d'or,
Rue de la Harpe,
Paris."

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

“ Rotterdam, 23 Aug., 1694.

“ My dearest lord :—

Since my leaving of Ghent, I had not the good luck to meet with a post-day until now that I'm here, where I found yours of the date of August, but without any day ; however, I guess by it, it is about the 9th. I heartily thank God for your recovery, and, to tell you my very sincerest thoughts, few things in this world could have moved me so very much as your sickness has done ; I was afraid while it lasted to such a degree that I trembled to open any letter from your quarters ; and your recovery gives me a joy suitable to the fright I was in ; and, both proceeding from my love to you, it is no wonder they are excessive. Dear earl, for God's sake, mind your health, and remember you owe some regard to your friends in the matter ; do not believe your health such as cannot be ruined, but manage it so as to be useful to your master, to your family, and to your friends.

In the next place, let me beg you to find some way, how we may correspond under other names ; this shall be my last with either name or title, so, using the address you gave me, conclude all you get written in my hand is for you. Do not you say any thing to me that looks like title either, but let us tell our tale, and there's an end.

I hear that the affairs of your family, where you are,

are in a very bad state, God help them ! I hope your endeavours will help to bring them to such a strain of reason and moderation as may give reputation to your proceedings ; for the most part, trade is carried on by credit, and a good reputation goes a great way. Rational sober methods, such as may be feasible, is what I ever liked in my own affairs, and I like well to hear that your friends are inclining that way. I could say a great deal, but must delay it for a reason you shall know.

As to your stay where you are, I doubt not but you will soon be at a point, and, I hope, to all our satisfactions. Meanwhile mind your health, for there, at present, lies my chief care,—and poor Florio too has been very ill, and another dear friend likeways, whose love to me is most tender, has been ill ; it is almost fatal to have any kindness for me. Sir Ad. B. said true of D. Q.—he was very ill, and much dejected, as you know sickness is apt to make him, but he's better, and may come through ; but I hardly think he'll live long. Your friend says she'll never fail you ; a thousand times she says she admires how she did not know you much sooner, but she promises to redeem the time.

I have now gone through all your most welcome letter ; I need add no more this bout. God knows how faithfully I love you, and what joy it is to me that Mr. Innes and you are so good friends. I wish the continuance of it, and of all other felicities, (for certainly it is no small one to have such a friend,) to my dearest lord !

Adieu !”

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

“ 27 Sept. 1694.

“ Dearest sir ;

The letter you sent me in your last was a cordial that had its full effect in giving me a joy that cannot be expressed. And I must tell you for your comfort, that none alive could have a more just esteem of your carriage than I find marked in that letter, so you have but to go on, and you will procure honour to your friend by answering his character of you, and favour to yourself for your capacity, and the well employing of it. The young man is very proud of your kind remembrance; there's nothing yet done as to his security, nor can there, until it come from home :—he is your faithful servant. Pray write fully, but not too plain ; for, although nothing of consequence can be betwixt us, yet here they make mountains of mole-hills.

I do not much covet Sir K^{nt's} conversion. If it be, God grant it be sincere, and then he'll cheat nobody ; for to be catholic indeed, is not to change an opinion only, but to become conform to what God requires of such to whom He has revealed what they are to believe of Him, and what they must do to please Him. If he be thus converted, there will be joy in heaven for it, and all true catholics will not need to blush at their receiving him into their society : but now you will begin to think I'm going to preach ;—there's only you and Jo : Florio

(where you are) that I would fain preach to ; and I have hitherto had so small success, that it is a wonder I'm not rebutted ; but I shall never give over.

The enclosed is for the person who writ under your cover last ; I hope you will be as good as my promise for you ; I were unworthy of your friendship, if I had any doubt upon that head. Let me know all your news, and believe I'm as much yours as I can be. Adieu !

My friend and yours salutes you with the wonted affection and familiarity ; when we know where we are to winter, we will write about the lady upon the Elbe. Adieu !”

“ A. M.
M. Fontenay le Jeune,
Banquier
à Paris.”

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

“ Rome ; 10 May, 1695.

“ My dearest lord :—

Many a time I have been vexed at the heart for what related to you, but never for what came from you before ; can my own dearest lord fancy me capable of the villainy of failing to him without any apparent ground ? Since I saw you, I have passed through Germany, but am not yet so tainted with that air as to lose my senses by the fumes of old hock to the degree of making a querelle d'Almagne with one of the persons breathing I love and honour the most. Since I left Holland, I have two of yours, but both were here before me,

so that, until yesterday, I saw neither ; and, on the road, (except I had had a style florid enough to have outdone Scuderi, Balzac, Voiture, &c., in giving you a description of the odd romantic situations on the banks of the Rhine, and the other knight-errant adventures of a distressed lady and a banished cavalier,) I had nothing worthy your trouble to send towards you. Indeed from Venice I ventured two letters—(although that state be now very indifferently affectionate towards our interest, and consequently letters going towards France with difficulty enough,) to Mr. Innes, to tell him I was got that length, but I reserved to write to your lordship from hence, where I hope I may adventure to write more freely ;—and from you (notwithstanding you say you write often) I have not one syllable but the two I have got within these twenty-four hours. Mr. Innes tells me he has writ severals too, but all have miscarried save two I got at Venice, one at Modena, and those I found here.

I confess both yours and mine, and the concerns of all such as have no resource save what you call their own little baggage, are to be pitied, but what shall we do ? Duty calls upon us to suffer ; want is a grievous burden ; and to be unjust loses all ! For me, I see no remedy save patience ; and even this virtue must be supported by a great deal of faith, God help us !—My son applied to P. O. without my concurrence (for I had rather have lost my life than done what he has done), but he had reason to believe he had ground for it, although indeed he had none. This may seem a mystery, but many things

must be such until we meet, and then, if I be put in mind by you, I will clear all.

I believe no people are more jealous, envious, and peevish, than such as have not the possibility of making any fortune by those they serve; for, where the interest cannot carry men on in their duty, mere virtue will scarce do the feat without a great deal of the grace of God. But to be so well with those you serve is a support that is a counterpoise to very many other inconveniencies. I believe both my companion and you are weary of travelling; I'm sure she is to a very strange degree; but we must follow our destiny. This is to let your lordship know my thoughts upon reading your first letter, which is of the 20 of March:—now to the next. I find you are half jealous that some influence from where you now are may have made me less yours than formerly; but God knows how ill grounded any such suspicion is, far less from the hand you imagine than from any other,—for my brother has so far taken pet at me, (although I be not in the wrong to him,) that, since I left Rotterdam, I have not one word from him. So, my dearest lord, conclude that I'm more proof now against all the world in your concerns than ever I was. Although I do not profess to be indifferent for my wife, yet we have never pretended to be led by one another,—however, an adroit turn or discourse may hurt or help one in any person's opinion,—this temptation makes me always most upon my guard with those I love best,—and, some time ago, I had this to fear in your lordship's case; you were not very inti-

mately known to my wife, and many of her friends, as I told you, had wrestled much to have her no friend of yours ; but, since our being at Aix, I dare say that you have not a friend loves you better, or has a more just esteem of your merit than she has. This being, what's next to be doubted? and even this is nothing, were it as at the worst ; for I know you, others do not. This is the first post-day after my arrival ; my next letter shall be fuller ; meanwhile believe that I'm fully and entirely your own, and nothing shall ever alter me. My wife is your servant. Adieu !

Give my faithful service to dear Earl Middleton. I'll write to him by next post. You have reason to believe Mr. Innes your friend ; believe me, he'll never make a profession of friendship that is not sincere, and I know he loves you."

" For the E. of Balcarres,
at St. Germain's."

John earl of Perth to Colin earl of Balcarres.

" Rome, 26 July, 1695.

" My dearest lord :—

Yours of the 15 June has been with me more than a fortnight, but I have been indisposed ten days of it. I make no doubt but that St. Germain's is, as all courts are, full of jealousy and envy, and the more that there's little to give, and many that want ; and even those that do not ask are hated because they may come to ask ; and, if every one had what he imagines he de-

serves, the three kingdoms would not suffice ; and much of all that's the ground of jars with you is chimeras and goukrie : but, amidst all this, I rejoice that you keep yourself free of siding, and that nobody has your clatter to pursue. For my part, I would be as soon angry at Cromwell's porter in bedlam, as with the poor diseased folks who rave against one another upon none or very small grounds ; but you do well, and I am satisfied ; and, seeing you are good friends with one of my best friends, good worthy Mr. Innes, I have enough. They are happy who serve so just and so discerning a master and mistress as we do. They will not receive a tale, without it can be made out, nor discredit any body until it be more than deserved ; for my own part, I have troubles and difficulties more than you can imagine, but to serve such masters sweetens all.

My brother does ill to push to return ; for my part, had I twice his parts, and were I vain to a degree to believe myself useful to the king's service, I could never be brought to fancy that I could be worth maintaining against many, or to be put in the balance against those who must do the great work, or it must be undone.

Now I'm glad you are satisfied that you were in the wrong in believing me unkind,—I'm sure you shall never have reason ; and you do my wife justice when you believe her your servant. She dates your friendship with her from Aix-la-Chapelle, and defies all the world to find a flaw in it since that time ;—and, except three letters, I

had none from my brother since I saw you, two of which I got since I came to Italy, but he never names any body in particular, although in general he is not pleased with those who he thinks occasion his absence from the court, but I never enter into that subject, for, in my judgment, I am not for his desiring to return, and every truth is not acceptable, so I say nothing.

I am glad my lady is returned, for I was not for her stay in Holland or Flanders; the expense was great and very useless; if she had been with you, well; but to be keeping two distinct equipages, little as they are, takes money. Except the P. of O. be very successful this campaign, I do not believe the Scottish pretended parliament will dare to forfault any body, for here (where people see far enough, and are fond enough of him too,) his affairs are not looked upon as very fixed; and although in Scotland they are fool enough and wood-headed to boot, and ruled by Johnston, who has nothing to lose, yet, I fancy, they will have some reserve in forfaulting, lest a sauce for a goose come to serve a gander.

As to your hopes of somewhat now, I should be glad to know the grounds; for really, (to write as to my friend,) I do not see the least probability. The passage stopped,—no forces to spare,—no solid correspondence at home,—many engaged on the other side by what's owing to them, by new honours, by present gain, by hatred to us, by fear of punishment, or, at least, reproach, and a multitude of other reasons; and for the mob, good God! who would have to do with them that were

not absolutely able to keep them in awe? Our Spaniards here will have France swallowed this year up like a poached egg. Casall does not please them as to the treaty, for France offered more than this to the Pope, Venetians, and Great Duke, three full years since: however, Flanders is the hopes; they make no doubt but that P. O. will quarter in the Fr. country this winter, and then, they say, England will give more than ever: but, as you would advise our folks very justly not to divide the bear's skin before he's caught, so they must defeat the French before they share his country. Our good old man here loves the K. and will do him what kindness he can, if it come once to a treaty, and most people here look on this as the last campaign of this war.

I have not heard from Jo: Menzies since I left Antwerp. I writ to Earl Middleton, and had the honour of a letter from him; if it were not to trouble him, I would write often, no man having more esteem of him or sincere inclination to serve him than I have, so let me know if I shall write frequently, and I'll do it; for nothing but respect restrains me. Be pleased to give his lordship my service. My wife gives you hers. She bears the heat better than I do.

Dearest earl, for this bout, adieu!"

"For the earl of Balcarres,
St. Germain's."

Some years previous to this period, Earl Colin had married a third wife, Lady Jean Ker, paternally Drummond, only daughter of William earl of Roxburgh,

youngest son of John earl of Perth, and cousin of the friend whose letters you have just perused. By this lady, he was father of Colin master of Balcarres, who died unmarried in 1708, while aid-de-camp to his father's old friend, the duke of Marlborough,—and Lady Margaret Lindsay, who married John earl of Wigton, and had one daughter married to Sir Archibald Primrose. Of Jean Lady Balcarres there are no descendants, but those of Lady Margaret Campbell, Colin's fourth and last wife, are very numerous. This worthy lady, who survived her husband many years, was daughter of James second earl of Loudoun, by Lady Margaret Montgomery, paternally Seyton, daughter of Hugh seventh earl of Eglintoun. She bore him several children, of whom four survived him; Alexander and James, successively earls of Balcarres,—Lady Eleanor, wife of James Fraser of Lonmay, third son of William eleventh Lord Saltoun,—and Lady Elizabeth, or, as she was commonly called in the familiar style of that day, Lady Betty Lindsay.

As Colin had ever been careless of his fortune, his long exile brought his affairs in Scotland into great disorder. His pension had been stopped at the revolution, and the difficulties incident to the homeless life of a proscribed Jacobite, had burdened him with five thousand pounds of debt. Many applications were made to King William to permit him to come home. The duke of Queensberry says, in a letter to Carstairs, (secretary of state for Scotland,) “I have now fully discoursed the

king's servants about Lord Balcarres ; they express all of them a compassion towards him, and a trouble for the sufferings of his family, but are of opinion that the favour which his majesty intends him should be delayed till after the parliament. For my own part, I see no danger or inconvenience in letting him come over immediately. He is an instance of the folly of Jacobitism, and, when he comes, the party may see in him the fate of their extravagances ; wherefore, I am so far from opposing the king's intended goodness to that lord, that I wish his majesty would allow it in such a frank way as that he should be obliged by it."

Carstairs had already influenced his master in Colin's favour. "This man," says Earl James, "had merit, and the direction of all Scots affairs. Colin had walked on foot, as usual, to the Hague, to solicit his favour ; Carstairs told the king, a man he had once favoured was in so low a condition that he had footed it from Utrecht that morning to desire him to speak for him. 'If that be the case,' says he, 'let him go home ; he has suffered enough.'" Lord Balcarres accordingly returned to Scotland towards the end of 1700, after ten years' exile,—and his mother, as I have already intimated, had thus the happiness of once more embracing him before her death.

Colin had scarcely reached home before the news arrived of King James's decease at St. Germain's. "Happy," says Lady Anne Lindsay, "is the man who, on closing a life of error and misfortune, can lay down his head on the pillow of death, conscious that pure mean-

ings at least have guided him in all his acts.—Short-lived are the triumphs of greatness in this world. William survived his father-in-law but a few months. As he was his opposite in every thing, one might have expected a better character of him from our historian than that he gives him,—it only proves that the reverse of a fault is not always stamped as a virtue :—‘ a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.’ ”

SECT. V.

On Queen Anne's accession Lord Balcarres went to court to wait on her majesty. Macky describes him at this period of his life as “ a gentleman of very good natural parts, hath abundance of application, handsome in his person, very fair, and towards sixty years old.”* The duke of Marlborough, “ with whom,” says Earl James, “ he had an early friendship, and who often said he was the pleasantest companion he ever knew, got him a rent-charge of £500 a year, for ten years, upon the crown-lands of Orkney, as he had lost his pension of £1000 a year at the revolution. This gift enabled him to live cheerfully with his friends and neighbours, his vivacity,

* In appearance,—for he was not in reality more than fifty.

knowledge, and experience, rendering him agreeable to all men.”

Ere the ten years, however, had elapsed, his necessities compelled him to sell, for a mess of pottage, even this small compensation for his birthright; and, at the close of those ten years, I find him addressing the following affecting memorial to the last of the royal Stuarts that filled the throne of her ancestors, the good Queen Anne:—Belisarius never begged his obol with more dignity.

“May it please your majesty:—

Since the beginning of our little family, my forefathers and I have constantly been in the interest of the royal family, have served our kings in prosperity, and followed their fortunes in adversity, nor have we ever thought of making any other estate but their favour. On the other side, they were ever so kind, gracious, and bountiful to us, that, either with royal donatives or good employments, they kept us in condition, though with a small estate, to live up with any of our rank they had been pleased to advance us to. My father waited on your royal uncle in all his misfortunes, and died the year of his happy restoration, just when in view of reaping the fruits of all his labours; but his majesty was so gracious as to provide for his widow and children, and settled one thousand pounds a-year on her and the longest liver of her two sons, which I enjoyed until the revolution. I do not complain at its being stopped all

the reign of King William, since, by following an interest which in gratitude I thought I was obliged to do, I put myself out of capacity of having any favour from him : but, since your majesty's happy accession to the crown, all your servants will do me the justice to let you know I never failed in going along with them in every thing was judged for your interest. I have likewise tasted of your royal bounty, but now, my two sons being men, and their employment bearing no proportion to their expense, and having two daughters unprovided for, makes my circumstances very hard ; which obliges me to beg of your majesty that you will be pleased to continue this pension I have for life, or any part of it your goodness will be pleased to bestow ; that I may pay my debts, provide for my children, and taste in my old age a little ease and quiet ; which will oblige me more, if possible, so long as I live, to pray for your long life and prosperity."

Scotland, at the commencement of the eighteenth century, was politically divided between the whigs, Jacobites, and country party, which professed indifference as to the succession to the crown after Queen Anne's decease, provided the independence and interests of their country were secured. The next heirs were the prince of Wales and the elector of Hanover, the nearest protestant relation of Queen Anne. The Jacobites, believing that her majesty was favourable to her brother's

claims, were willing to submit to her for the present and “bide their time.”

The union of the sister kingdoms took place in 1707, a measure of which the experience of a century has proved the wisdom, though nothing could be bitterer than the opposition offered against it at the time from every quarter of the country. It was long indeed before the advantages that accrued from this treaty to both kingdoms were felt and acknowledged. Earl James, though his father—like his kinsmen Crawford and Garnock—had approved of and supported the measure, could never, to his death, think or speak of it without indignation.*

* In a poetical epistle to his wife, written forty-four years after the union, and in which he represents himself sitting

“As whilom miserable Jews
Upon Euphrates’ banks,”

vainly lamenting Zion lost, this feeling bursts out in a few rough and nervous lines of indignation at the Squadrone—

“Surely condemned in everlasting flames
To howl their penitence and country’s praise!”—

and lamentation over his country,

“Bound and delivered to her worst of foes
By traitor sons,
And ravished under wedlock’s sacred name!”

“The song,” he proceeds, (alluding to the well-known scoff of Findlater,)

—“The song
Shall never die while men and letters live!
Still shall be sung how the great Fergus conquered,
And how his valourous progeny maintained

Colin master of Balcarres died, as I have already mentioned, in 1708. Of Alexander, the second son, afterwards earl of Balcarres, I shall speak more hereafter. James, his only surviving brother, preferring the naval to the military service, went to sea at the age of thirteen. "He got the queen's letter," says he of himself, "on board the Ipswich, commanded by Captain Robert Kirkcoun, who owed his preferment to Sir George Rook, the ablest marine admiral of his time; and he appeared to have deserved his power by many brave and successful actions, which acquired him a great fortune, which he generously and genteelly used. He had been riotous in his youth, but was become sober, studious, and regular; although without education, his excellent judgment and memory acquired him an universal knowledge in what was most valuable among men; his zeal for liberty, his virtue and

This hardy soil, by social arts and well
 Conducted armies; Rome's rapid eagles here,
 Repelled, could soar no more—
 The intrepid Normans, Saxons, Danes,
 Invincible in every other clime,
 Here nothing gained but graves, ennobling
 Our chiefs of families and clans
 For ages past resplendent! Alas! how now
 Obscured, degenerate!

. . . When liberty departs
 Fair virtue is no longer heard nor seen!

* * * * *

When young, I boldly drew my sword
 In our sold country's cause, and now in age,
 Unable to relieve, lament, deplore!"

capacity, and the beauty of his manners, made him loved and esteemed by all who had merit. James was so happy as to get into favour with this excellent man, who treated him as a kind father during the five years he passed with him ; the last three, he lived with him inseparably, at sea and on shore, as a friend. If there was any merit in his future life, it was owing to the precepts and example of this accomplished friend, who died, to his great misfortune, at the time he was involved in the disorders of our country in the year 1715. It was by his means James was made lieutenant of the *Portland* : in this ship he underwent all manner of hardships for near three years, went late in the year to Archangel, and was twice in Sweden, where the plague had raged : this obliged him to two quarantines in winter. He lost his health in the last voyage, which he did not for many years fully recover ; this obliged him to uncommon temperance, which he came to love, and persevered in it to the end of his days.”

The following anecdote of Earl James's early career was related to me by one of his sons, and shews the folly of puppyism, and the contempt in which it is held by the wise and experienced in the naval, as well as every other profession. Like most other gay and handsome young men, he was fond of shewing off his natural graces to the best advantage, and on the day appointed for his examination as lieutenant, waited upon his judges in a rich suit of clothes, with red silk stockings, and pink heels to his shoes ; his examiners were a set of rough seamen in

sailors' jackets, who abhorred dandyism; they determined not to let him pass, and sent him back to sea for six months. At the expiration of that time, he reappeared before the nautical tribunal, a wiser man—in a sailor's dress, with a quid of tobacco in his cheek,—passed a most rigid examination with great credit, and was dismissed with the assurance that he had acquitted himself equally to their satisfaction six months before,—“but we were determined,” said they, “not to pass you till you were cured of your puppyism, which will not do for a sailor.”

James's ship being paid off at the peace, want of health and the desire of seeing his friends brought him, then a youth of twenty-five, to Scotland. He found his father engaged with Lord Mar in measures for the insurrection of 1715. Earl Colin's affection for the Stuarts had not chilled beneath the snows of more than sixty winters; he thought his example might induce others to join the prince's standard, and the venerable enthusiast was prepared to hazard once more, and on this last cast, the life he had so long devoted to the Stuarts' cause; and “those,” to use the words of his grand-daughter, “those who know the manner in which a Scotsman's heart leaps at the sound of the trumpet, when it calls him into the field to assert his monarch's hereditary right, will know how impossible it was for Colin to resist its impulse.”

“It was with grief,” proceeds our well remembered relative, “that James saw his father plunging himself

deeply in a cause, which his own heart would have rushed forward to join, had he conceived there was any hope of success. Every habit of his infancy, every prejudice of his nature, attached him to a family, under which his own had been so much advanced, but he saw in the Chevalier St. George (as he wished himself to be called), a prince so unsupported by friends, allies, resources, or experience, either in politics or war, that he augured ill of the attempt, and, like Cassandra, he spoke his prophecies in vain.”—“As, however”, to use his own words, “he found his father inflexible, he would not desert him, especially as our poor country was recently betrayed and sold,—its liberty and independency, so nobly defended for ten ages, given up to a nation who were never our friends, and this done by a parliament, in opposition to the general voice and petitions of every town and county in the whole nation; this rebellion, then, seemed to him as the only means left to recover our lost liberty.” “In good men,” continues Lady Anne, “a love of their country is a principle congenial with their nature, but with my father it was a passion which took the lead of all others:—applying himself to this chance with every exertion of his powers, nothing was left untried.” “He and his friend the master of Sinclair, with the help of others, levied three troops of gentlemen, who acted as common soldiers; he was one of the three captains of this body; they acted as soldiers at the battle of Sheriffmuir,—five squadrons of dragoons ran away before three squadrons of them; they kept

together and in order, acting with the greatest gallantry, and, when the Highlanders returned from the pursuit, upon the left wing being beat, they had these squadrons to rally to ; this saved the army, and Lord Marischal, by order of the earl of Mar, came to their front, and thanked the whole body for their behaviour."

All was at last undone ; the prince fled the country, and almost every family which had joined in the insurrection was ruined. "Here," says Lady Anne, after mentioning the prince's flight, "before we laud him safely in France, let me say one word in favour of the Scots nation, of poverty, and of human nature. Though £100,000 had been offered for the head of this young prince, taken dead or alive, no Highlander or Lowlander could be found so greedy, poor as they were, as to betray the unfortunate chevalier, who passed on to the sea-side through bands of people, all of whom *knew him*, and had but to lay hold of him to be protected and enriched.—Of his companions in arms, some were pardoned, though of these the numbers were very few, some banished, and their estates forfeited ; others were executed, in spite of the tears and entreaties of their wives and families ; and some, the objects of particular resentment, had their heads posted up with ferocious policy at Temple-bar, to mark to the citizens of London, as they passed under them, the fate of REBELS,—for they had not then Adam Smith, that enlightened philosopher, to define the word 'rebel' to be one of those poor devils who happen to have taken the losing side."

All hope being over, and Colin's head being in danger through his share in the insurrection, the duke of Marlborough, without any solicitation, wrote to General Cadogan to do whatever was in his power to save his old friend. The duke of Argyle, to whose father Colin had been of service in the low estate into which he had fallen in King James the Second's time, was also favourably disposed. After Argyle's execution in 1685, and the ruin of his family, his son, the duke's father, was in London, and in extreme want, when Colin, interceding with King James, had procured him a pension of £800 a-year. "A good turn," says the proverb, "is never lost." The duke, by whose exertions the late rebellion had in great measure been suppressed, and who was eager to do what he could for his father's friend, agreed with Marlborough, that on Lord Balcarres's surrendering himself, they should send him to his own house, with a single dragoon to attend him, on which understanding he gave himself up, and remained at Balcarres till the indemnity.

"My father,* on the other hand," says Lady Anne, "felt no anxiety respecting results, but left his interest in the hands of his partial aunt, Lady Stair, who was at

* "When all was undone, James was concealed till he could find means to go abroad. His aunt, the countess of Stair, who loved him, represented him to General Cadogan as one who was in arms only upon account of his father. Cadogan sent her a remission to James, got by his and Lord Stanhope's request to the king."—*Earl James's Memoirs*.

court, and solicited a remission for him, under the plea of his having been in some degree constrained to follow his father in the rebellion ; which remission being granted," (accompanied with a lieutenant's commission in the Royal North British Dragoons, or Scots Greys, commanded by his uncle, Sir James Campbell,) "all was supposed to be forgiven and forgotten."

Earl Colin spent the rest of his days at Balcarres. "The night-gown and slippers," says his grand-daughter, "which formed the first jest of his married life, formed the solace of his old age ; he never wore any other dress, but gave himself up to the love of letters, and added to his library." Sibbald, in 1710, describes Balcarres as "a large and fine house, with gardens, great enclosures, and much planting. He" (Earl Colin) "has a great bibliothek here ; he has caused build a handsome village below his house, which is named after himself, Colinsburgh."—Sixty years had elapsed between his residence as a boy at Balcarres in Cromwell's time, and his return thither in that of George the First : he had survived the oppressor of his childhood, the benefactor of his youth ; the memory of Charles and his gay court, to which the "light Lindsay" had once been such a distinguished ornament, seemed as a dream to the aged and "decourted" statesman ; Lauderdale, Sir Robert Moray, James and his queen, Argyle, Dundee—all were gone ; William of Orange, his private friend and political enemy, was gone too ; Mary and Anne were dead and forgotten,—he had flourished and fallen with the house of

Stuart, and withered under that of Hanover; after seven years of tranquillity, and preparation, I trust, for eternity, he died in 1722, "much lamented by his children and friends, who passionately loved him,"*—and was buried with his fathers in the chapel of Balcarres.

"One of the handsomest and most accomplished men of his time, a man of letters, but fond of pleasure, and pleasure's favourite,"† such was Colin Lindsay, "the elegant and learned Balcarres."‡

* Earl James's Memoirs.

† Lady Anne Barnard.

‡ Chambers.

CHAPTER XIII.

“When young, I boldly drew my sword
In my sold country’s cause, and now in age,
Unable to relieve, lament—deplore.”

JAMES EARL OF BALCARRES.

“A memorable age,
Which did to him assign a pensive lot,
To linger ‘mid the last of those bright clouds
That on the steady breeze of honour sailed
In long procession, calm and beautiful.”

WORDSWORTH.

SECT. I.

EARL Colin was succeeded by his eldest surviving son, Alexander master of Balcarres, described in his brother’s memoirs as “tall and strong, beautiful and indefatigable, of a cheerful and benevolent spirit,—he seemed to love, and was justly beloved by all men for his integrity, vivacity, and goodness. He had entered the army at an early age, and served in Lord Orkney’s regiment in

Flanders from 1707 to the end of the war, was in all the battles and most of the sieges during that time, was wounded at the siege of St. Venant, and was looked upon by all as an active, intrepid, and skilful officer.* He was in Ireland with his regiment," continues Earl James, "at the time his father and brother were in the rebellion, which made him lose all hope of favour or preferment in the army; he came home, and married Miss Elizabeth Scott, daughter of Scottstarvet,—a woman of uncommon merit and virtue, who loved him and his family, and was beneficent to it even after he was dead."

The only one of his letters (with the exception of the last he ever penned) that I have been fortunate enough to discover, affords an instance of the affection with which she concurred with her husband in comforting his aged parent on some occasion when his mind had been painfully agitated by the difficulties that loyalty had entailed on his family. "It was heavy to me," he writes, "to see my dear father so uneasy when I parted with you; let me beg of you that you'll be a little easier, and be persuaded that there is nothing in my power shall be wanting to contribute to your ease and quiet, and that it will be the greatest pleasure of my life to make yours as

* A spirited reply of his is still remembered and cited in illustration of his character. A portion of the British army, in which he had a command, besieging a town in Flanders, was in its turn threatened by a superior force. Voting under these circumstances for perseverance in the siege, he was asked, "What, then, have we to retreat upon?"—"Upon heaven!"—was his reply—and they ultimately took the town.

agreeable as I can, which both nature and gratitude oblige me to.”—He proceeds to entreat him, when in want of money during his absence, to apply to his wife for it as readily as he would to himself, and to spare his shyness by communicating his wishes (which she was prepared to comply with) through “the bishop,”—a reverend friend, then domiciled at Balcarres, whose sacred character would, alone, have ensured him a welcome in those days of persecution.—“For God’s sake, my dear father,” he concludes, “take care of yourself, as you regard the satisfaction of your children—and I may with safety say never son had more kindness for a father, or [with] more reason, than I have:—all the blessings of heaven and earth be with my dear father!”

Earl Alexander needed the philosophy of a christian to lighten the difficulties into which the reverses of former years had plunged his family. His estate yielded little, and, preferment in the army being closed against the son and brother of a rebel, it was not till the year 1732 that he attained the highest military rank he ever enjoyed, a company in the foot-guards. Two years afterwards he was chosen one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish peerage, an honour he did not long live to enjoy, being called from this world to a better in 1736.

He too had a friend—one whom his father’s mother would have deemed worthy of that sacred title—one whose name is associated with all that is excellent and amiable—Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the well-known

lord president of the Court of Session,* by whom the following letters were received shortly after his friend's

* "Duncan Forbes," says Lord Woodhouselee, "was in all respects one of the most eminent men of his time. His learning was extensive and profound, reaching even to the oriental languages;" and he had that acuteness and subtilty of parts which is peculiarly fitted to the nice discriminations of the law, but which was always regulated in him by the prevailing principles of his nature, probity, candour, and a strong sense of the beauty of virtue and moral excellence. . . In the eloquence of the bar, Forbes outshone all his cotemporaries; for he united to great knowledge of jurisprudence, a quickness of comprehension that discovered to him at once the strong ground of argument which he was to press, or the weakness of the doctrine which he wished to assail. When raised to the presidency of the court, the vigour of his intellect, his patience in the hearing of causes, his promptitude in the dispatch of business, the dignity of his deportment, and, above all, the known probity and integrity of his mind, gave the highest weight to the decisions of that tribunal over which he presided. When to these qualifications we add an extensive acquaintance with human nature, acquired and improved in a most active public life, and uniformly directed to the great ends of promoting the welfare and prosperity of his fellow-citizens, and discharging his duty to God and to his country, we shall have some faint idea of the character of Duncan Forbes."

"In his person," says the editor of the Culloden Papers, "Mr. Forbes was elegant and well formed. . . As a husband, father, and brother, he was exemplary; and as a master, affable and indulgent. . . No man was in society more divested of care, or merrier, 'within the limits of becoming mirth.' . . In his friendships he was sincere and very steady; and those of any merit, with whom he had in the early part of his life been intimate, never found that his elevation to fortune or office occasioned the smallest coolness or distance in him. . . To his

* He is said to have read the Bible in Hebrew eight times over.



decease; the former written by Lord Balcarres on his death-bed, the latter from the house of mourning by his successor.

“ My dear lord,—

I know upon these occasions it's imagined by some people something should be said, but, as I know

friendship the first families were often indebted for advice and assistance; and not a few confided to his integrity the care of their children. . . His knowledge of mankind was deep and extensive; and no man had studied with more success the peculiar character, and motives for action, of the Highlanders; which gave him great weight among them. This was increased by his boundless generosity. . . He was a sincere believer in, and defender of, the Scriptures, and the doctrines of christianity; from which he derived a steady incentive to that virtue which he loved and practised throughout life, and rays of comfort in the hour of death.”

Such was Duncan Forbes, “ one of the greatest men,” says Bishop Warburton, “ which Scotland ever bred; both as a judge, a patriot, and a christian.”

“ The last words which the lord president delivered to his son, who had been sent for from England on his father's illness, were written down in a book at the time. The memorandum is still preserved and is as follows :—

“ Edin. 10 Dec. 1747.

“ My father entered into the everlasting life of God, trusting, hoping, and believing, through the blood of Christ, eternal life and happiness. When I first saw my father upon the bed of death, his blessing and prayer to me was, ‘ My dear John, you have just come in time to see your poor father die. . . May the great God of heaven and earth bless and preserve you! I trust in the blood of Christ. Be always religious; fear and love God. You may go; you can be of no use to me here.’ ”
—*Culloden Papers*, Introd. xxxviii. sqq.

both our sentiments upon this subject, I let it alone. With my latest prayers I pray to God preserve you and yours, and that every thing that is happy may attend you. I return you my sincerest acknowledgments for all your favours and goodness to me since the first day of our acquaintance.

I go out of the world quite undisturbed ; that's a satisfaction they cannot deprive me of. Only one thing disturbs me, the situation of my family in so straightened a way.—Let me, my dear lord, recommend to your protection my wife and my brother ; I know I need say no more to you upon this subject. May the blessings of heaven and earth ever attend you, my dear lord !

Adieu !”

“ My lord,—

I have lost my loved and worthy brother, and you, my lord, have lost a sincere and faithful friend. He preserved his understanding to the last, and left the world with a mind clear, easy, and undisturbed, the effects of a life honestly and honourably spent.

Four days before he left us, he took his farewell of all his friends, then caused raise him up in his bed, and with his feeble hands, writ a letter to you, full of love, gratitude and esteem, recommending his family to your protection,—then called for me, and spoke of you with the utmost tenderness, and desired me to seek your friendship as the most valuable thing he could leave me.

This, my lord, is a legacy can give you nothing but

trouble, and yet I am persuaded you have generosity enough to accept of it.

I have not a heart to offer you of near his value, but, such as I am, allow me to be

Your devoted," &c.

The legacy, I need scarce say, was acknowledged, as it deserved to be, in a kind letter from the good president:—"No man," says he, "feels more sensibly than I do the loss which you, his friends, his family, and indeed the whole country, have made by the death of your poor brother; the value he put on my friendship in thinking it worth bequeathing to you, is honourable to me, though the request, with respect to you, was unnecessary, because you had possession of it long ago, by an undoubted title, your confessed worth."

Lord Balcarres having left no children, his brother succeeded to the family inheritance, still embarrassed by Jacobite debt. Blessed, however, with resources in himself, that rendered him independent of the world, and with a guardian angel in his beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth, he was fairly to be accounted happy. A man of deep and ardent feeling, the love that he had shared between his brother and his sister, became concentrated on her after that brother's death; both indeed being invalids, they loved each other with a degree of tenderness more resembling that which we may suppose the spirits of "the just made perfect" feel for each other in heaven, than the commonplace affection of busy mortals

on earth : they lived each in the other's heart, and were all the world to each other. The following letters, (which no one, I believe, but myself, has perused since the death of the correspondents,) will, I think, be interesting to the descendants of the one and the collateral relatives of the other, who traditionally reverence the brother as the last of the old knights of chivalry, the sister as the model of all that is amiable and excellent in woman.

The remembrance of the year "fifteen," I must premise, was a constant bar to Earl James's promotion ; and when he quitted the army after thirty years of hard service and hope deferred, neither the good-will of Sir Robert Walpole, nor the interest of his two uncles, Lord Stair* and Sir James Campbell,† then at the head of the army, had availed to advance him beyond the rank of a subordinate officer.

* John, the second and celebrated earl of Stair. He married Lady Eleanor Campbell, youngest daughter of James second earl of Loudoun, and sister of Earl Colin's last wife. She was the widow of James first Viscount Primrose, and died at Edinburgh, 21 November, 1759.

† The gallant Sir James Campbell, third son of James second earl of Loudoun,—Lady Balcarres's brother,—and grandfather of the present dowager marchioness of Hastings, in her own right countess of Loudoun.

LETTERS, 1738—39.

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edin. Jan. 14, [1738.]

“My dear brother :—

I had yours from Stilton, but how sadly was I disappointed to find you have disagreed so much with the coach in which I had so much comfort with the thoughts of its easiness and the brigadier’s* care of you ; I heard, after you was gone, that he carried up his coach for no other end but your conveniency. I shall be very unhappy till I hear you are at London, and well. As for your affairs, they give me no disturbance ; I make no doubt but you will be provided for ; your life and health are all my cares ; and indeed I have no hopes nor fears in this world but about you, nor is there any other idol in my heart now but yourself, so that you can do me no other good but by taking care of yourself. There is no occasion for my advice as to sobriety and regularity,—I wish you did not find those virtues so necessary ; but I must entreat you not to be uneasy about your circumstances and affairs ; the bad consequences anxiety had with our dear friend that is gone† makes me mention this to you, who may think you have the same reason

* Sir James Campbell.

† Earl Alexander.

for it; but a serene mind being the chief cordial of life, it's best to make sure first of that, however other things may go.

My mother has been ill with the cold, but is now better. I wish you may remember to write to Lady Stair; you know she was always very fond of you. . . Sister Kingston‡ is still very bad, loaded in body and spirit. . . May all blessings be ever with my dear! Adieu!"

*To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, at the countess of Balcarres'
—Canongate, Edinburgh.*

“ Feb. 22, [1738.]

“ I should write oftener to you, if I had more spirits, but they are often oppressed, and thinking becomes troublesome to me. I can't say I am any worse than I was, but am loath to write to any of you without being able to tell you I am better, or that there is any alteration in affairs. Till two or three battles more are fought in the House of Commons, nothing will be minded. I was at one of them last night, till eight o'clock; the patriots had a mind to reduce part of the army, which the other side did not think convenient. All the first speakers opened, and with full animosity on both sides; I suppose they hated one another at least as much as

‡ Lady Anne Lindsay, Colin's only surviving child by his second wife, Lady Jean Carnegie,—widow of Alexander fourth earl of Kellie, and James Seyton, third Viscount Kingston, attainted in 1715.

they loved the public. There will be yet a warmer contest on Monday; they have a mind to have the same settlements made on the prince that the king possessed while he was so; this is a subject that may give many uneasiness.

I shall be glad to get away from this busy scene as soon as possible, for none can have less pleasure in it. I have no reason yet but to expect things will be tolerably well; if not, it will give me no great pain. I observe no study forms a philosopher so well as infirmities,—they cure us of all the passions that disturb the world; they put us in mind daily that we are men, and make us think of futurity; they fill the mind with humanity, and make us sensible of the ills of others as well as our own,—could men think when they are in health as they do when they want it, they would be the best folks to make bishops of. I don't know why I write this to you, who have ever been the same, and who seem to have no imperfection but too eager a desire to be better than, I believe, is expected from human nature,—but I write to you whatever comes uppermost.—Adieu.”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“ London, June 28, [1738.]

“ I had my dear sister's; you will be longing to hear from me, and as yet I have nothing to tell you can satisfy your curiosity, but that I think I am rather something better in point of health, and I believe the world

will make no great alteration upon me, go how it will; the men who are most intimate with L. I.* tell me there is nobody more in his favour, and that he has a sincere intention to do me good, and it's all my hopes.—My brother's friends have barely shewn me common civility since I came here, nor did I expect more from them than he met with. The court is now gone to Richmond, and will be in ten or twelve days at Hampton Court; when they are there, I intend to pass a while with our agent, who has a little house and family hard by it, and will now see what I have to expect from them.

You wonder how I get sillar to live here,—your wonder will cease if you consider me as a well-drest hermit; I have past more of my time alone this winter than ever I did in my life, and, far from feeling any uneasiness by it, I think I have seldom been in more tranquillity, when not disturbed by indisposition. I have a single friend here, who lives with the same abstinence as I have done of late; we eat milk, and laugh at the follies of the world, without ill-nature.

I am going to the country with L. I. in a day or two, but shall not stay. Make my compliments to sister Kingston; I am glad she is recovered: and say to our other friends whatever is fit for me to say.—Adieu!”

* Lord Ilay, brother and successor of John Duke of Argyle.

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

[1738.]

“ My dear Betty :—

I had yours last post,—it would have given me great pleasure, if you could have told me you were well. It's long since we had any correspondence together ; I believe it has not proceeded from any great diversions we have met with ; I fancy neither of us have met with any body since we parted we like more than each other. It's as troublesome to me as it can be to you that we have not met ; it was thought necessary I should attend here, and yet it's very possible I had as good have been absent, for there is no more appearance of any thing's being done than there was, and it may possibly continue so till the next session of parliament.

This place is now quite without company ; one may be as much a hermit in it as in a desert, yet I never find myself at a loss in the disposal of my time. I commonly ride in the forenoon, dine alone upon milk and vegetables, free from the noise and tumult of taverns, and find the sentiments of the dead much more instructive and entertaining than the fellowship of most of the living ; yet, when I have a little spirit, I do not decline that neither ; I have many coffee-house friends, and several families where I am always welcome.

I am glad to hear Willie* does well, but hope my

* His nephew, William Fraser.

mother will not keep him longer in Edinburgh than is fit. I am afraid the ladies, as well as the earl* are not so wise as they ought to be; it's inconceivable how any one who has common sense can make themselves feel poverty in the country; it's vanity that seems to make most men unhappy,—almost every one wants to make a figure that neither fortune or nature intended them.

I am thinking to leave London some time next month . . .” [Rest torn off.]

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“London, April 6, 1739.

“I have long suspected my dear sister was worse than they told me; your last lets me see my fears were too well grounded, and nothing could touch my heart nearer, for I have but few attachments to the world left, and you are one of the strongest. Our distempers are so much alike, and I have so often thought I was at the brink of the last stage, and yet have mended, that I would fain hope a better air and warmer weather may yet relieve you.

I am uncertain yet of the time I shall get away from this place. It will be as soon as I can; if I cannot get them to do something that's honourable for me, it will be my choice to quit all expectations from them; as there is nothing vacant at present, I do not think fit to hurry them in what they propose for me.

* Of Kellie.

It surprises me to see you write with so much spirit, and yet in so low a condition; when I go out of tune, my spirits are always much oppressed. I would imitate you at present in your style, and yet I shall have no real cheerfulness till I hear you are mended, which God grant, though I believe it's a prayer more for the benefit of your friends than your own.—My dear Betty, adieu! My duty to my mother, and services to friends.”

LETTERS, 1742—44.

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, April 27, [1742.]

“My dear brother,—

I see you have got none of our letters but that my mother wrote last; it is no matter,—you can hear nothing from me but discontent, trouble, and dread of your going abroad. I thought it a good providence Lord Stair was gone before you got to London. I hope God will disappoint every project you can have of leaving your own country. I have lived upon the hopes of General Campbell's not suffering you to do it; all the world will condemn him if he do, but I'm afraid some folks think only for themselves—I wish you would do so too. I always thought, till now, you had believed the character of being a wise man preferable to any other;

can any be thought wise enough that does not consider what they are able for? You write to my mother to make herself easy with the thoughts of your being in the last war without being hurt,—had you the youth, health, and strength of those days, the argument would be good, but now it is none, for it is your want of those things that makes me miserable.—My earnest desire of keeping you may appear selfish, because, without you, I'm destitute of any comfort or support from this world; but though I was sure of dying to-morrow, I would have the same sentiments. All your friends at Newliston* are of my mind, as every body must be that knows how you live. You never tell us how you are in your health just now,—I know it too well, for I have observed you, for some time past, always worst in summer. May God overrule you in all things, and take care of you, for it does not appear you have many friends—if you had any, they would shew themselves at this time,—but I hope God will do all, and bless and preserve you.

My mother is in the same way you left her,—there is nothing else to be expected now. Do not neglect to write, though I'm afraid of every letter; nothing can make me easy except I hear you are not to go abroad. I'm pretty sure none of your generals would stir a step, were they in no better health than you are. I can never be reconciled with your doing a thing that no other mortal would do were they in your case. I could write

* Lord Stair's.

by hours upon this subject, and you know too well all I say is true. May God direct you—Adieu!”

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, May 4, [1742.]

“My dear brother,—

I had yours last post; this is the third time I have wrote,—I would do it every day, could my letters be of any use. You judge rightly in thinking I have been ill, nor can I ever be better till I hear you are not going abroad, for that torments me night and day. Every body here thinks it impossible a man of your sense can be capable of such a thought, except you had better health than you have known these many years. You tell me you must try if you be able,—do you not find every day that you are scarce able to live at home, with all the care and abstinence that’s possible? Can you endure the fatigue that other men do, without being able to eat and drink as they do? Had you health, and was in a station any way suitable to your age and rank in the world, I would not be so unhappy. For God’s sake, think on these things, and take care of a life so dear to your friends and so necessary to your family. You desire me to submit to the will of heaven,—that’s what we all ought and must do when once we know it, but none could persuade me I was obliged to go a journey when I found myself not able to walk, nor can I believe it’s the will of God you should do a thing you find yourself so unfit for. Had

your great folks some of the infirmities that others feel, they would be more humane. I see a high station makes great alterations in some people's way of thinking—this war, that was thought so bad a thing last year, is now approved of; I'm indifferent what they think or do,—if they would order you home, I should forgive them for all other things. I hope God will send you back in peace, disappoint my fears, and give us a soon and happy meeting.

Adieu, my dear !”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“ Gravesend, July 21, 1742.

“ I writ to my mother before I left London. We came here yesterday, and immediately got our whole regiment aboard, without any accident. The general embarks in one of the king's yachts,—I shall go in my transport, with my troop, thinking, as Cæsar, that it's better to be first in a village than the second in Rome. I have better health than for the most part of the time I was at London, and find no pain in this work but the trouble it will give you, and that will soon have an end, for it's doubtful that we take the field this year,—if we do, I am hopeful I shall get about Lord Stair. Lord Loudoun* goes to him from this, and offers to propose it

* John fourth earl of Loudoun, son of the third earl by Lady Margaret Dalrymple, Lord Stair's sister.—He died, unmarried, in April, 1770.

to him. I seem to be well enough again with our friends, though I thought I had reason not to be well pleased. The wind is fair, and, if it continues, we shall not be above a day in going to Ostend. Be easy, and I hope all will be well.—We are in continual hurry here, so, my dear, adieu !”

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, 24 July, [1742.]

“I wrote to my dear brother, Tuesday last, but, after having got yours, I did not send it, because I see you are fully determined to go,—all that you can say to make me easy has no effect ; nothing less than a miracle that would give you the health you have so long wanted, can make me content with your absence. I should be sorry you knew how heavy my heart is, a weight too much for so weak a body. You say you will endeavour to get out of the army when you are abroad, but I’m afraid you will do as little that way when there as you have done at London. I see little good the grandeur of our relations has done you, except the trusting to them may have made you neglect to make friends that might have been of use to you. I have given over writing to your general ; he gives me no occasion for gratitude or thankfulness, but puts me upon the more difficult virtues of suffering and forgiveness, the last of which, I’m afraid, I shall not attain to till I see you.—You do not tell us what day you are to go, so I thought you might get this

ere you leave London. My end in giving you this is, to beg and entreat you, by all the love and affection you have for us, and for God's sake, give over thoughts of staying in the army; you say it's so right and honourable to go—I must say no more, but I am sure it will be more wise and just to yourself and family to come back:—as for the opinion of the world in general, I think no more of it than of the wind that changes every hour. Mr. Scott told me you were still troubled with that deafness which you had when you left us; had you no other infirmity, that alone would make you unfit for the hurry and noise of the world. Your uncle has given his word that, if you are not well when abroad, he will send you immediately back; I do not expect that fatigue and all the inconveniencies that people in your way must meet with, will do you good, so, for God's sake, come back before winter. I earnestly entreat you, write often, since it will be all the comfort I have in this world to live upon. May the blessing of almighty God be ever with you, as my heart and prayers is for your preservation. Adieu!

You needed not have given yourself any trouble about the watch; I neither care for it nor any thing else, except you had brought it with you."

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“Audenarde, Aug. 30, O. S. [1742.]

“I have not neglected to write to my mother, nor

my dear sister, since I was here,—this is the fourth, but, except one I had from you, which you expected would reach me before I left London, I have had no letters from Scotland, and it makes me uneasy, considering your poor state of health and the uneasiness of your mind,—which indeed was unreasonable upon my account, since I have held out very well, and been as active in the care of the regiment as any one; but, in spite of all we can do, we have many of our men sick of fever and agues, and, I think, entirely owing to the love of brandy and drinking, which has so miserably taken possession of the whole commons of Britain. We have, by severe and repeated punishments, got it stopt, and our men begin to recover; of the officers of the two regiments none have been ill. We are still as uncertain as ever of the time of taking the field, and of the views when there; they are reasonable and wise men who govern, so we have nothing to do but be easy and obey.

Our town is as poor and as quiet as Cupar, and [with] as little to divert a stranger. We saw two poor nuns yesterday take the vows, with all the ceremony, music, and dress, of a marriage; you will not pity them, who have felt so much of the ills of life, and so little of its pleasures; it seems to me a heinous crime to persuade any one to quit the world who is capable of sincerely renouncing it.

I shall not be easy till I hear from you. . . Make my compliments to our friends, and hope we shall meet again ere it be long. Adieu!”

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, Sept. 2, [1742.]

“My dear brother,—

I got yours last week, of the sixth,—long, long was I thinking for it! . . . I thank God you have held out so well, and I thank you for telling me so. Was your body equal to your spirit, I should not have so many fears, for though you have had strength to do all this in the good weather, it would not do in bad. . . . I think myself obliged to your princes for diverting you, and to the nuns for singing to you, and to every creature that does you any good. I believe the princes with you are as poor as the nobles with us, but the nuns, I fancy, live better, and are merrier than I have been for most part of my life. . . . Sister Kingston is ill again, and sees nobody. My mother had yours, last post, of the 20th,—she gives her blessing to you; may God bless you, and bring you home in health and in peace! Adieu!—

O write often!” . . .

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, 5 Oct. [1742.]

“My dear brother,—

I am always very unhappy when we are long without hearing from you,—we have had no letter since one dated the 30th of August, and, though you said then

you was well, yet, I'm still afraid you say more of that than is true, in compassion to the weakness of my mind and body. I wonder you had got none of our letters; my mother has wrote often, and I have done it thrice, for I know you are always pleased to see that I am not dead; it will contribute much to my living, if you will now be thinking of coming home again,—it is very strange to hear of your taking the field at this time of the year, when every body is taking their beasts from it, that they have any care about.

You say you have wise governors: I pray God their wisdom may appear,—as yet it is a mystery, and, though we must believe mysteries and receive them from heaven as good, because we have no capacity to understand them in this life, [still,] as to the affairs of this world, we think it a bad sign of any thing when it must be a secret. I should have little concern in all their projects if you was from amongst them. Your great ones have great hopes, good health, and good pay, and are in no danger but the fate of war, but you have many hazards from your bad constitution, fatigue, and bad weather; for God's sake, be thinking of these things before the winter come on. Lord Stair is now so great a man, it will be easy for him to do a small favour for a friend, and get you off handsomely. . . Sister Kingston is bad of her old illness. The girls have been all summer in the South with their uncle Harden,*—he is very kind

* Mary and Anne Scott, the children of John Scott, Esq., of Harden,

to them. . . My mother continues pretty well ; she gives her blessing to you. May all blessings be ever with my dear brother !

Adieu !”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“ Ghent, Nov. 9, 1742.

“ My dear sister,—

I have just now got my mother’s, of the 23d last, and have no pleasure equal to hearing that you live, and the hopes of meeting again. I observe your letters come more regularly here than mine to you, for I think I have not been a week without writing to you or my mother. I writ to my sister ere I left Audenarde, for I have been here near a fortnight. I came to see Lord Stair, and to know what I could expect from him ; he has a multitude of affairs upon his hands, and never without a crowd about him. I was with him some days ago, before he was out of bed, and complained to him of the

by Lady Jean Erskine, Lady Betty’s niece. Their father died in 1734, and was succeeded by his uncle Walter, whose kindness is alluded to in the text—the grandfather of the present venerable Lord Polwarth.

Mary Scott was popularly called “ the Flower of Yarrow,” a title originally bestowed on her beautiful ancestress, the wife of the renowned “ Wat of Harden,” in the sixteenth century. See the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto 4, Note 11, and Marmion, Canto 2, Note 3. —A full-length portrait of the second Flower of Yarrow is said to be preserved at Hamilton Palace.

treatment I had met with from the ministers his friends; I told him I believed he had some good-will to me, that I was tired with acting in a low station, and unable to bear the drudgeries of it, and, if he could not get me into a better, begged him to help me out of the army; he said, he thought it would be the best thing for me.— We were interrupted by some of the generals, and I have not yet spoke to him of the manner of getting it done.

It would have saved me a great deal of trouble and expense, if this had been done before I left Scotland, but a little pride is the last thing we get rid of, and I thought something was to be done for the honour of our family and myself before I had done with the world, and could not but hope the power of our relations would be of some use to us. You will be better pleased as it is than otherwise, and it gives me no pain. Some time in winter I hope to be in London with General Campbell, and to get home in the spring.

My dear Betty, adieu!”

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, March 10, 1743.

“My dear brother,—

I had both yours, one dated the 2d of February, from Ghent, and one of the 13th from Tongres; it is good in you to write often, since it is all the comfort I have in this life in your absence to hear that you are to-

lerably well,—that you are perfectly so is, I am afraid, more than you can say. You know every foot you have gone from this has been against my will, and still, the farther you go, I am the more dissatisfied and discontent.

I am afraid all our letters, giving you the accounts of poor sister Kingston's death, have miscarried; she died the fourth of February, in a manner most comfortable to herself and all about her; it might have convinced an infidel to have seen her, for you know she was all her life terrified for death in every shape, but, when it came, she was perfectly satisfied and easy; all her lowness of spirits and former complaints left her, for which she was very thankful, and left this world full of faith and hope.

My mother gives her blessing to you—may all the blessings of heaven and earth be with you! I no sooner get one letter from you than I long for another. . . Mrs. Sharpe gives her blessing and her service to you. . . Mr. Hunter blesses you—may almighty God do it! Adieu.”

The countess dowager of Balcarres to her son, Earl James.

“Edinburgh, April 18, 1743.

“My dearest son,—

I got yours of the 6th of April, two days ago, which I was longing prodigiously for, not having heard from you since that you writ to my daughter Bal-

carres;* and what doubles my anxiety is, I find you have not been well, which makes me beg you, for God's sake, that you would think of coming home, for you have not a body fit for the army.

As for poor Betty, her health has been but very indifferent; I believe her anxiety about you adds to her illness, and I find myself weaker than I use to be, which is no wonder at my time of life, but I pray almighty God preserve you, who is the support of us all,—whom I may justly say my life is bound up in. So, praying God that we may have a soon and happy meeting, and that all blessings may ever attend you, I shall now say no more,—so, adieu, my dearest son!”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“Hock's Camp, near Frankfort,
May 20, O. S., 1743.

“I writ to my dear sister the day before we left Aix, and likewise to my Lady Balcarres. I was not then well,—the hurry of the march (which was sooner than I expected) had disordered me; I mended on the road. General Campbell led us, and offered me his coach, but I had no occasion to use her. From very bad weather we stepped in at once to summer, and marched most of the way through a very fine country, and are now encamped on one of the most delightful spots of ground I

* Widow of Earl Alexander.

ever saw, the sides of the river Maine being all covered with vineyards and fruit-trees. I have lain in my tent near a week, and find yet no harm in it. Lord Stair and General Campbell are in good houses four miles distant upon our right ; I seldom see either of them, and find no great want in it, as with some of the other generals and my companions I find myself as well as I can wish, and possibly may be again so with them too.

I could not write to you sooner, having been upon duty these five days past. Yesterday I crossed the river with the command of a hundred horse, and had Lord Stair and all the generals under my potent protection ; they went to mark out the ground for laying bridges and forming a camp on the other side of the river, and we cross it in two days, and the whole army will be assembled in ten or twelve. We expect the king is to come to us from Hanover, and then we shall begin to see what is our aim ; at present we know as little as you do. The Austrians have had some considerable advantages lately in Bavaria, and the French army near us have detached a large party of their army to stop their progress ; this may induce us to move nearer them, as soon as our army is joined. Our greatest difficulty is our subsistence, as the French have magazines and we none ; but the goodness of our troops and the skill of our generals will, I hope, remedy all things.

You have been much against all my military steps I have yet made, but I hope the conclusion will be better than you expect, and though otherwise, no conclusion

can be bad to one who does his duty and endeavours to be well with his Maker,—it's my only wish, and, while I do live, to live with some honour.

I got yours some days ago here, and kissed it with that kind of spirit folks have here when they meet with some famed relic,—only with more reason, as being sure it contained but good sense and affection to me. You think this twelvemonth past I have been deceiving you,—I did not. When I came to London, I thought, and reasonably, as my two uncles were at the head of the army, they would either get me preferred to a station where the duty was easier, in the army, or, from my ill health, have helped me out of it; at the end of the campaign, I hope I shall be able to make out the one or the other, even though I have no aid from my relations, and I hope I shall be able to go through with it.

Give my affectionate duty to my mother; I am afraid she is not well,—not from the words of her letters, but her hand is changed.

I am in plenty here, though I have five servants, ten horses, a cart, and variety of fine clothes; a sutler feeds the whole officers, and there is a cheerfulness and vivacity in camps that supplies the want of politer conversation. I have scribbled out all my paper—my dear, adieu!”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“ Camp at Hanau, July 4, N. S.

“ My dear sister,—

I hope my letter to Lady Balcarres, the day after our scuffle,* will come to hand. . . I have stood out all this hard work with the sturdiest; no one yet has done an hour's duty for me, and I have often for others; it will, I think, be of no other use to me but to be pleased with myself, which I never could be but when in comparison with others.

I enquired after Sir J. Sharp,† (the regiment had marched,)—he was rid over by a musquetaire, but not hurt. Charles Colvin, your friend,‡ is well too. Frank Stuart is shot through the body, but out of danger. Captain Campbell of Monzie died yesterday. Peter Lindsay's son is well. The president's son, a cornet, when the regiment was running away, would not move, and called them villains for leaving the king's standard.||

* The battle of Dettingen, 16 June, 1743.

† Sir James Sharpe, of Stonyhill, Bart.?

‡ Charles Colville, second son of Alexander (by right) sixth Lord Colville of Culross, by Mary daughter of Sir Charles Erskine, of Cambo, Bart., sister of the second and third earls of Kellie. He died at Edinburgh in 1775, in his 86th year.

|| John Forbes, afterwards laird of Culloden, “ a sensible and honourable man, and a very brave officer of cavalry.”—*Culloden Papers*, Introd.

Lord Crawford* behaved nobly and wisely; he had a ball pierced within an inch of the sound leg. All lament Clayton; the success of the day was much owing to him. Young Jamie Ross† escaped narrowly; he was mistaken and shot through the crown of the head by the Austrians,—he is quite well again.

My services to all friends, and my kind duty to my mother. I shall not neglect writing as often as I can, which is seldom, as our regiment is always on the right of the line. Doubt not but we shall meet again. Adieu!"

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, July 17.

“My dear brother,—

The anguish of soul I suffered can only be known by those who have felt the like, from Monday the 27th last, the day on which we heard of your battle; I sat like one dreading a sentence of death, (though I always had hope, on which I lived,) till Saturday, that I saw, by yours to Lady Balcarres, that you was safe, and had made a narrow escape,—for which I will ever thank God, and trust in Him that He will preserve you, as in time past. The only thing in which I desire to have the preference to you is, that

* The gallant John eighteenth earl of Crawford.

† Grandson, probably, of George Ross of Galston and Lady Christian Campbell, sister of the aged countess of Balcarres.

I may get out of the world before you, which would be a desert to me, without a friend and without comfort ; may I never be in such a state !

We have it in this town to-day that the French have left you,—I heartily wish you would leave them too, and let those have the glory of these achievements, who think a great name will make them happy. I'm sure you think they have a better [chance] for being so, who seek it in peace and a quiet mind, which a wise man may attain without hardship and the hazard of your lives. Much are you wanted to your own poor family,—as for me, I can have nothing without you, so that it takes a great deal of my christianity to pray God to forgive them that suffered you to go. You will think I am full of discontent,—it is my profession to be so, while you are in a low station, fatigues, and dangers.

Mr. Hunter alway blesses you and prays for your return,—oh that it may be soon ! Lady Balcarres shewed much concern about you after we heard of your battle till we knew you was well, which endeared her much to me. My mother gives her blessing to you,—may all the blessings of heaven and earth be with you !”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“ Hanau Camp, July 19, O. S.

“ I had my dear sister's, of the 19th last, with the same pleasure they always give me. I writ since to my mother. We have continued here since the French left

us in great tranquillity, and are in no danger but from luxury and intemperance, which are enemies that will not hurt me. We have had a great deal of rainy and bad weather,—now it's better; a canvas house, at such times, is but a bad habitation, yet I have not lain out of one since we crossed the Rhine. I but rarely leave the camp except to go to Crawford, who quarters in a village near me, and is much my friend; but his wound has again broke open, and makes his reputation and fortune of little value to him. . . I was at court two days ago to see Prince Charles of Lorraine, Kevenhuler, and some of the Austrian generals who have got so great a reputation by their indefatigable industry and wise conduct; I believe they came here to persuade us into an invasion of France in conjunction with their army they left about forty miles from us; it is generally thought they have not succeeded, and, in that case, it's probable our troops will, ere long, repass the Rhine, with the few laurels our country has paid so dear for. I am almost of opinion a well-drest field of wheat is preferable to a wood of them, even after all our labours.

I have but just time to tell you I am well, and to bid you, if you can to be well,—and farewell!”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“Camp near Mentz, 7 Aug., O. S., 1743.

“I was longing much to hear from my dear sister, and got yours yesterday, of the 17th last.—How can you

throw away so many soft words upon me? I wish you had full health, and that so much tenderness were more naturally employed, if one could be found to deserve it,—till then we must e'en continue to love one another.

If battles cost us no more than the last, we need not care how many of them we are in. I am mistaken if, in all my letters, I did not tell you our regiment was not engaged; we had two lieutenant-generals at our head, who did not think fit to stir from the ground where we were posted, with two other regiments of dragoons; all the other British horse and dragoons were unskilfully led up and repulsed, yet soon were in order again, and it is certain, after the enemy gave way, their whole army must have been lost, if they had been well followed. There is a great deal of chance in all military affairs, and a weakness often attending the wisest heads to bring about the ends of Providence.

I had my mother's, and a very kind letter from my sister Bal. You will tell her how much I was pleased with her concern for me. Be now easy about me; I doubt not but ere long you will hear of our moving again towards Flanders. Take care of yourself, and I doubt not ere long we shall have the pleasure to meet again. My compliments to our friends and, my dear, adieu!"

[*James earl of Balcarres to John earl of Crawford.*

From Mayence, Sept. 13, 1743.

—“ I am undetermined what to do—probably to embark from Rotterdam for Scotland, and afterwards to try to get leave to sell my commission, though it will be a hard choice,—but as our family has hitherto produced none but men of worth and honour, I can no longer bear being treated as if I were without either, and drudge on a captain, after having been thirty-seven years an officer, and lived in peace and war without reproach.

I do not know whether General Campbell will think it fit to ask the king leave for my going to Aix ; if he has, when you casually speak to the king, as I see you do it with freedom, may you not mention me to him as having been once your lieutenant, and the length of my services, and, as I believe you can answer for me, my fidelity and zeal for his service ? I shall not resolve to quit the army till I consult you, who I look upon as my most real friend.

I suppose you will take the air where you now are till your retreat to Flanders ; if you had any thing to do, I should die with sorrow from being unable at present to have a share in it. I have tired you with the length of my letter, but you would forgive a greater trouble from one who is from the heart your affectionate and devoted servant,

BALCARRES.”]

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

(From Aix-la-Chapelle, after a severe illness,—
25th October.)

. . . . “I live here with no company but books ; my philosopher, I told you I was so fond of, is gone for Italy ; he has a good estate, goes there every winter, and keeps, he says, as near the sun and the best company as he can, and as far from care. I have still in the house an old general, worn out but still sensible and wise ; his wife the remains of a beauty, and seems to have been always a good friend to his aid-de-camps ; she will have me to be in love from walking so much, being so lean, and talking so much upon the subject ; if I was younger, I believe she would undertake to be my physician.

My duty to my mother, and, my dear, adieu !”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“ Aix, 2 November, 1743.

“I have been here now more than two months ; the first letter I wrote was to desire you to write to me here ; I have writ either to you or my mother four times, and I have had no return, and begin to doubt if my dear sister still lives,—I am sure I could not well live without you. I had one from my mother some days ago, of the 29th September, and was glad of it, for it’s the

only one I have had these three months; the different movements of the army, I suppose, has made you uncertain how to direct letters.

Our army has now all passed by here in their way to their winter-quarters; these long marches and late campaigns are yet more ruinous to armies than battles. I intended, when I first came here, to have gone soon directly for Scotland, but could not go to Britain without leave, and I got it not till General Honeywood past here; it's now too much winter for so long a voyage, and seems likewise more reasonable, since I intend to leave the army, to be in London to make the most of my commission. We shall have enough to do our business, if we can get folly out of our heads, but alas! how difficult to part with folly, the amusement, the darling, the joy of our little lives! How heavily do the wheels of time move without her! a mistress once fond of we can never entirely forsake, but we may change her dress and her manners for one more suitable to a country life, and try to reconcile the lady to peace and innocence.* You will not wonder I write to you in this strain when

* The praise of folly was a favourite theme with Earl James.—“ I forget,” says he, in the conclusion of a letter to his wife many years afterwards—“ I forget what author makes it a question whether mankind are more miserable or ridiculous; he determines upon the last, and justly. Old age needs little more than innocence and peace, yet passion or folly attends us to our last moments. I shall never part with the charming folly, if I can help it; she makes us love ourselves,—it is the reverse of her, dear Annie, that makes me love you.”

I tell you I have read over a collection of ten volumes of French novels since here ; these good people seem to make the best of the 'foresaid lady, and, of all nations, to dress up their amours and other pleasures with the most delicacy, and yet we were all almost enraged we did not near exterminate them this campaign, when so much was in our power.

I think I shall not be much longer here ; I should have marched with General Campbell, but the place, the waters, and Lord Crawford made me stay. The general has behaved in a very kind manner to me ever since our battle,—had he not sent me into Maynce, I think I should have ended ; he loves and esteems you—write to him a few words to Ghent where he commands ; he is in better esteem with the army than any of our other generals,—it is not saying a great deal.—My kind duty to my mother, &c.”

To James earl of Balcarres.

“ Edinburgh, Nov. 25.

“ My dear brother :—

Well might you think I was dead since you say you have been three months without hearing from me ; nothing but a total incapacity could have made that my fault : many a long scrawl have I wrote to you ;—base must they be that have kept my letters to you, since the hearing from you has been the only solace of my comfortless life since we parted. The first I had

from you from Aix I answered next day ; I was too full of passions to be silent at that time,—of sorrow to see how ill you had been, of fears you might grow worse, and joy to find you alive and so much better. You gave me hopes then, that you would have been with us ere now, but, by your letters after, I saw you would go to London ; I believe you are in the right,—I shall not grudge that, nor any thing else that can facilitate your getting quit of the army. I thought never to have troubled General Campbell any more with my letters, but, since you desire me, I shall write to him when I hear you are come to Britain ; till then, I will not be in good enough humour to do it. You say nothing to me in your last about your health ; I hope you are tolerably well, because you write of folly with some taste. I believe she does little harm to those that are wise enough to see her ; her votaries still believe her wisdom, when with them.

I shall long much till I hear you are come to London ; wherever you are, may God be always with you, to direct and preserve you ! Adieu, my dear brother ; my mother gives her blessing to you—may all blessings be with you !”

To James earl of Balcarres.

“ Edinburgh, 10 Jan., 1744.

—“ I take it very kindly that you thought I was dead rather than believe me capable of being for months

without writing to you after the many kind and merciful letters you have wrote,—for we have had seven from you since you have been at Aix.”

To Lady Elizabeth Lindsay.

“ Aix-la-Chapelle, Jan. 7, N. S., 1744.

“ My dear sister,—

The weather has been so extremely bad this fortnight past, that I have not yet been able to begin my journey, and deferred writing to you from day to day, till I could tell you I was set out. I have got a chaise to carry me to-morrow to Maestricht; three days more will bring me to Rotterdam, and I hope the packet-boat to London, where, I believe, my only aim will be to have a little tranquillity at home, and free of the many different cares we have had since parting.

I cannot express how painful it is to me to have heard nothing of you nor my mother since I was here; though my motions were uncertain, I remember I desired twice to you and my mother to write to me here, and, considering your low condition, I have many fears I shall hear from you no more. Were it not for this uneasiness, I believe I should have staid some weeks longer here, being well lodged, and with my friend Crawford, and averse to be in London without any other view but the poor one of selling a little commission after the many campaigns I have made. I find myself the better of having used the waters here, and hope still to have some

spirit left, in whatever situation it pleases Heaven to place me.

You will not neglect to write to me to London, as soon as you get this, and to give my duty to my mother, and my services to our friends.

My dear, adieu !”

To James earl of Balcarres.

“Edinburgh, Jan. 26.

“My dear brother,—

I got yours two days ago ; my mother would write then, but I must do it now, for I'm sure it would give you some pleasure, if you knew the satisfying quiet your return to Britain gives to my anxious mind, a satisfaction I have never known since we parted. It is wonderful how almighty God has brought you through so much hardship, sickness, and difficulties, and convinced you how unfit you are for that way of life ; while I live, I shall be thankful for your preservation ! . . . When you write to Mr. Hunter, I beg you may return him thanks for his friendship to me, and for the great concern he has always had for yourself in your absence,—so much it was, that, when I made him read your letter giving me account of your progress from the time of your leaving the army to your coming to Aix-la-Chapelle, he wept like a child for you ; his wife says she shall pray always for you till your return. . . . I never have nor will yet tell my dear brother how I ha[ve] since you

left me; I will give y[ou no] such welcome in my first letter.

Farewell! May all happiness ever attend you! My mother gives her blessing to you."

They met again, I believe, but it was to part for ever; within two months after he received her last letter, his beloved sister was no more. Yet her token surely was, like Christiana's, "an arrow sharpened with love,"—the God she trusted in spared her till her brother's return to close her eyes in peace and thankfulness. "She died," says Earl James, "unmarried, although extremely handsome, with the completest merit. She had a long tract of ill health, yet ever serene and cheerful, always entertaining from wisdom and the brightest imagination, yet never known in word or deed offensive to any one, as piety and goodness regulated her whole life. She appeared to the author as the most perfect pattern of agreeable virtue he ever knew among mankind."

And now he stood alone on his hearth—by the death of the last Lindsay of Edzell, the chief of his clan, but the last of his race. He, probably, found little difficulty in reconciling himself to the necessity of making another campaign, before he could get quit of the army. He succeeded at last in effecting his escape from this thankless servitude, but not till after the battle of Fontenoy, in which his gallant uncle, Sir James Campbell, received

a mortal wound. After the field of Dettingen, he had been represented to the king as a man deserving a higher rank, but “the meanness of the man on this occasion got the better of the dignity of the monarch: he fell into a passion, and told the minister that he had occasion to know before that no person, who had ever drawn his sword in the Stuart cause, should ever rise to command, and that it was best to tell Lord Balcarres so at once.* There,” observes his daughter, “he was right, but he ought in justice to have told him many years sooner. This, and other mortifications, the suite of early transactions, disgusted his mind with kings and courts, without diminishing its sweetness towards mankind in a body.

“The price of his commission,” continues Lady Anne, “and some thousand pounds bequeathed him by the son of his aunt Lady Henrietta, enabled him to pay off a debt of £5000, left by Colin on his family estate, the unavoidable consequence of the multiplied reverses which his fortunes had sustained. This act of love and duty performed,—tired out with fruitless service, with thwarted ambition, with vague hopes, he retired to the solitude of Balcarres;—there, with a few trusty domestics who had accompanied his fortunes, the old library of books, which had made chymists and philosophers of all the

* His own account of this application and its result is very simple:—
“He was represented to the king, by some of the generals, as deserving a better rank, but it was then remembered he had carried arms against him in the rebellion. Finding this irremissible to him, as it had been to all others, he resolved to quit the army as soon as possible.”

moths in the castle, and a mind so replete with ideas as to fear nothing from vacancy, he quietly reposed himself.

“Had the honest people, who composed his society, possessed discernment to know the treasure they acquired, they would have blessed the illiberality of George, who had refused him that rank, which many years of faithful service then entitled him to.

“The accomplished gentleman, the reasoning philosopher, the ardent soldier, the judicious farmer, and the warm partizan, my father argued on every thing, discussed every thing, with fire and ability; but concluded every subject with the beauty and wrongs of the fair Mary queen of Scots, and with the base union of the two crowns, which had left the peers of Scotland without parliament and without consequence.

“These were topics of inexhaustible disapprobation. No guest escaped from his table without his sentiments being sounded, and, whether opposed or not, Lord Balcarres always ended in a passion, and was sorry for it till he sinned again. That which made his greatest difficulty was the old attachment of a Jacobite amidst the habits of a whig; his blue and white as a seaman, his scarlet and yellow as a soldier, shut up his lips from abusing the reigning government, though the old Jacobite adage, ‘when war is at hand, though it were a shame to be on any side save one, it were more shame to be idle than to be on the worst side, though blacker than rebellion could make it,’ had justified his conduct

in all its line. Certain it is, that, while he fought over again the battles of George the First, his eye kindled when the year fifteen was mentioned, with an expression that shewed his heart to be a faithful subject yet to the old tory cause.

“ He had not long remained in this retirement before he found that there was something wanting which he could not define. ‘ It is not good for man to be alone,’ says the great Judge of all things. His neighbours, though well educated for country gentlemen, as most of the Scotch are, had no ammunition to bring into the field against such a man as my father. Past occurrences had left his fancy full of animated recollections, but they were the same day after day; some new source of satisfaction was wanting, and, willing to discover what it could be, he left Balcarres to drink the waters of Moffat at about fifty miles distant.

“ It was there that he met with Miss Dalrymple, and her charms made him soon forget every pursuit but that of love.

“ She was fair, blooming, and lively; her beauty and enbonpoint charmed my dear, tall, lean, majestic father. At sixty he began to love with the enthusiasm of twenty-five, but he loved in Miss Dalrymple not the woman she really was, but the woman he thought every female ought to be; and with this pattern of ideal excellence he invariably associated the remembrance of his favourite sister Lady Elizabeth, who had died ages* before that

* Five years only.

period, but, though dead, she still continued his model of perfection ; her picture was looked up to as the relic of a saint, and her gentleness, mildness, and indulgence so lived in his heart and fancy as indispensable to what was charming, that he never supposed it possible that Miss Dalrymple should not be equally tender, accomplished, and complying. His extreme deafness, perhaps, might have aided his mistake ; he saw with the eyes of his heart, and listened with the ears of his imagination ; but, though the excellent Miss Dalrymple had no resemblance in mind or manners to Lady Elizabeth, she had a set of sterling qualities more fitted to the situation into which my father wished to draw her.

“ She had worth, honour, activity, good sense, good spirits, economy, justice, friendship, generosity—every thing but softness. Fortunate it was for him that this was wanting, for, had she possessed as much of feminine gentleness as she did of vivacity, she would not have been found by him at the waters of Moffat, with her heart free, and her hand unsolicited.

“ Lord Balcarres had now discovered what it was that he stood in need of ; that it was the society of a charming princess to add to that of his books,—a princess less unfortunate and more alive than our old friend Queen Mary.

“ But though Miss Dalrymple respected and looked up to him, she was not disposed to pass the bounds of gratitude for his marked admiration of her. Lord Balcarres was almost sixty, and what was worse, the world

reckoned him eighty! Though his aspect was noble, and his air and deportment shewed him at once a man of rank, yet there was no denying that a degree of singularity attended his appearance. To his large brigadier wig, which hung down with three tails, he generally added a few curls of his own application, which, I suspect, would not have been reckoned quite orthodox by the trade. His shoe, which resembled nothing so much as a little boat with a cabin at the end of it, was slashed with his penknife for the benefit of giving ease to his honest toes;—here—there—he slashed it where he chose to slash, without an idea that the world or its fashions had the smallest right to smile at his shoe; had they smiled, he would have smiled too, and probably said, ‘Odsfish! I believe it is not like other people’s, but as to that, look, d’ye see? what matters it whether so old a fellow as myself wears a shoe or a slipper?’

“The charms of his company and conversation carried with them a powerful attraction to the fair princesses whom he delighted to draw round him,—for I ought to have mentioned that my father’s passion for Queen Mary gave royalty to the sex, in order to account for a phrase I have often repeated, while his total want of knowledge of the world, in which he had never lived, might have laid him too open to the arts of those princesses, had not Providence directed his choice.

“This, however, was a character which could only be taken in the aggregate. Lord Balcarres had proposed, —Miss Dalrymple had not courage to accept; she re-

fused him,—fully, frankly, finally, refused him. It hurt him deeply,—he fell sick,—his life was despaired of. Every man of sense may know that a fever is the best oratory a lover can use; a man of address would have fevered upon plan, but the fever of my simple-hearted father was as real as his disappointment. Though grieved, he had no resentment; he settled upon her the half of his estate—she learnt this from his man of business,—he recovered, though slowly,—and in one of those emotions of gratitude, so virtuous at the moment, but which sometimes hurry the heart beyond its calmer impulse—she married him.”

“She brought him,” says he—and this testimony it would be unjust to both to give in other than his own words—“an approved merit, with all the ornaments of beauty. She gave him a numerous offspring and all other blessings. Possessed of the rational and natural felicities so overlooked in this vain world, he became thankful to his Maker for his disappointments in the visionary aims that so disturb the minds of men.”

SECT. II.

Two months after this happy marriage, Lord Balcarres had the misfortune to lose the friend and fellow-soldier, so kindly mentioned in the preceding correspondence, John, sir-named the Gallant Earl of Crawford—in his day one of the most distinguished soldiers in Europe, and whose brief but brilliant career marks by the strongest

contrast the political difference established between whig and tory, Hanoverian and Jacobite, during the earlier half of the eighteenth century.

While Earl James is settling into a domestic character at Balcarres, you will not, I think, be uninterested by a slight sketch of the fortunes of his celebrated kinsman and cotemporary.

John, earl of Crawford and Lindsay, was grandson of Earl William, who flourished at the revolution, and great-grandson of John Lord Lindsay of the Byres, who succeeded to the earldom on the forfeiture of Montrose's friend, Earl Ludovic.

Losing his mother in infancy, and his father* in childhood, the charge of his youth devolved on his grand-aunt, the duchess dowager of Argyle, at whose house in the Highlands he resided, under the superintendence of a private tutor, till of age for the university of Glasgow. His military predisposition soon evinced itself; Quintus Curtius and Cæsar were his favourite authors; "nor could any one," says Earl James, "have more the spirit or application fit for a soldier,—and this with a most amiable and beautiful person, that was beloved by all who knew him."

After two years' study at the military academy of Vaudeuil, in Paris, he returned to England, and, in 1726, was appointed to a company in one of the ad-

* John, seventeenth earl of Crawford, died a lieutenant-general in the army, in December, 1713.

ditional troops of the Scots Greys, commanded by Lord Balcarres's uncle, Sir James Campbell, who bore him an almost paternal affection ever afterwards till his death at Fontenoy. From this epoch, too, his friendship with Lord Balcarres probably dated.

He was now looked upon as one of the most accomplished gentlemen of the age. "He was not tall," says his biographer, "but graceful, strong, and active; a fine shooter, a masterly fencer,* an expert rider, and an elegant dancer,"—in which last character he was noted for his noble way of performing the "Makinorsair," or ancient Highland war-dance, "habited in that dress, and flourishing a naked broad-sword to the evolutions of the body," a dance which has now completely disappeared. "So celebrated was he for his performance, that he was requested to dance it before his Britannic majesty, which

* "As to fencing, it was his delight, because it continually furnished him with military ideas; but he never exercised his sword in a real private engagement, for he thought duelling the most execrable custom that ever was introduced among society. He had as much personal bravery as any man, and he was fond of shewing it in a glorious manner,—that is, in the plain open shock of battle, where he sought for honour and where he declined no manner of danger; but he found there was something so rash and barbarous, so impious and inhuman, in the fashionable and pernicious practice of determining trivial points of honour by duelling, that he held it incompatible with true bravery, and inconsistent with the character of a soldier, whose sword should be devoted to the honour of his king, and whose blood should stream only for the service of his country."—*Rolt's Life of John Earl of Crawford*, p. 90, 4to., 1753.—Repd. 8vo., 1769.

he did at a numerous court, to the great satisfaction of the king and company. He afterwards performed it,"—(and for the last time, being a little before the battle of Krotzka,)—"at the request of General Linden, before a grand assembly of illustrious persons at Comorra, in Hungary, habited in the dress of that country, which became the dance exceedingly well."

After a campaign, as volunteer, with the imperial army under Prince Eugene,* succeeded, as it had been preceded, by two years of hard study, he sailed for Petersburg in April, 1738, with the intention of serving as a volunteer against the Turks,—a warfare in which he seems to have sincerely considered himself a crusader in the cause of Christianity. His name and character were already well known in Russia; the Czarina Anne Iwanowna, niece of the great Peter, received him with much kindness, and offered him a regiment of horse and the rank of lieutenant-general in her service, which he declined.†

* On the morning of the battle of Claussen, (17 October, 1735,) his young and dear friend, Count Nassau, bearing he had gone on a reconnoitring party, galloped after him, and, just as he was coming up, was mortally wounded by a musket-ball in the forehead, within a few yards of him. During the action that ensued, he lay in great agony in a cottage to which he had been removed, on an eminence overlooking the field of battle; at his desire, his servant watched the battle from the window, and described its vicissitudes;—the young warrior, less fortunate than Ivanhoe, died the next day.

† He there bought his favourite Spanish barb, killed under him at Krotzka.

He started for the army about the middle of May, and after a fatiguing and dangerous ride of nearly a thousand miles, across a country almost impassable,* reached, though with much difficulty, General Munich's quarters. Three actions rewarded his enterprise, in the last of which, (fought on the 28th July, on the Dniester,) he accompanied the Calmucks, with whose khan, Donduc Ombo, and his son, Goldonarmi, he had struck up an intimate friendship, his skill in horsemanship at once proving a passport to their esteem. "In this last engagement," says Mr. Rolt, "he shewed as much agility in charging and retreating as if he had been educated among the Tartar nation; he sabred one of the enemy, whom he stripped of his arms, and brought his bow, together with his quiver full of arrows, with him to England. He acquired great reputation among the Calmucks, and became thoroughly acquainted with their singular manner of fighting."

All this was not mere adventure; he sought for military wisdom and found it every where; nothing in the field escaped his eye, and every interval of rest was spent in study and in writing his observations on the campaigns he served. Had Providence spared or given him an opportunity of bringing his theories into practice in the service of his country, he would have introduced the

* The diary of this journey, dictated by Lord Crawford and corrected by his own hand, a large folio, is now in my possession, with various other journals and military MSS.—the bequest of my kind relative Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, sister of the last earl of Crawford.

same system of rapid marches and sudden attacks by surprise, to which Bonaparte, in after years, principally owed his success. He was constantly projecting and contriving methods for facilitating such marches and simplifying the incumbrances of the soldiers, it being his firm opinion that a change in the system, as then established, would, at least for a time, give a decided advantage to the army which adopted it.

To his Calmuck experience is perhaps to be referred a desire equally decided for the partial reintroduction of archery, which, he thought, would go far to restore the ancient superiority of the English arms.

The season being now far spent, and the Turks too strongly entrenched on the opposite bank of the Dniester to admit of the Russians' passage, Marshal Munich retreated to Kiow, and Crawford, after accompanying him for three weeks, finding that nothing more was to be undertaken, parted with him and rejoined his old friends, the imperialists, riding post through Moldavia and Hungary to Belgrade. On the army going into winter quarters, he attended Prince Eugene to Comorra, where, and at Vienna, he passed the winter very agreeably between the society of his friends and his private military studies.*

But the day was at hand when this gallant eagle was to be brought down from his pride of place. He rose often on the wing afterwards—his eye was bright to the

* Life, pp. 429—32.

last, looking to the sun, but the arrow was in his side, drinking his life-blood.—I allude to the wound at the battle of Krotska, which, after many years of excessive, though intermittent suffering, at last carried him off in the prime of life.

He had rejoined the army, under Marshal Wallis, at Peterwaradin, in the spring, particularly attaching himself to his old acquaintance, Prince Waldeck, lieutenant-general of the infantry. They marched in the highest spirits towards Krotska,* and were approaching the enemy's outposts about three o'clock in the morning, when Lord Crawford, who had reconnoitered the ground the night before, rode up to the commander of the vanguard, (composed of Rascians and hussars,) and, warning him of their near neighbourhood to the enemy, advised the maintenance of strict silence during the rest of the march. They had scarce advanced fifty yards, before a body of Turks attacked them with musketry from a wood that overhung both sides of the defile they were entering into. The whole body of Rascians, except ten or twelve men, instantly fled. Crawford, shouting their war-cry, "Heide, heide!" put himself at the head of the handful that remained firm; they stood but a moment,

*Lord Crawford's account of the battle of Krotska, with the sequel of the campaign, &c., is printed in Mr. Rolt's work, p. 179—230.

"He was so beloved and esteemed by our soldiers," says another account of this campaign, "that they thought no danger could happen where he led; for they had as high an opinion of his prudence as of his valour, which was almost too much."

and looking back and seeing their companions in flight, followed their example, throwing Lord Crawford's groom into a dry ditch, as they rushed past him. The last of them having retreated, Crawford, believing his servant was killed, returned through the defile and joined Palfi's cuirassiers, who were at that moment advancing to the attack.

The defile being carried and the armies meeting beyond it, he was charging the Turks like an old paladin of romance, when, in the thickest of the fray, his gallant and beautiful Spanish charger (a loss he never forgot) was killed under him;* an officer supplied him with another, but he was immediately afterwards desperately wounded by a musket-ball, which, entering on the outside of the left thigh, about three inches below the hip-joint, entirely broke the thigh-bone, the strong resistance of which flattened and cut off a part of the bullet.

Falling to the ground, his friend Count Lucchesi had him carried off by some grenadiers, who set him on a horse, and led him out of the immediate scene of the

* "As he was a most excellent horseman, so his love for horses was exceeding great; he always lamented the death of his beautiful and generous Spaniard."

"It was a beautiful black horse, whose noble behaviour in the field was afterwards frequently commended by his lordship, who used to say, that he was of opinion, if his Spaniard had not been killed, he might have escaped the wound he received; and when any of his acquaintance mentioned the Spaniard to his lordship, he generously regretted him by saying, 'Oh my beautiful Spaniard! he was a fine soldier's horse indeed!'"—*Life, &c.*

battle,—in which condition his servant found him about eight o'clock, holding the mane of his horse with both his hands, without his hat, and deadly pale. “The groom,” says Mr. Rolt, “instantly leapt from his horse and ran to his lordship, who seemed agreeably surprised to see him again,—though he appeared to be in great agony as they conducted him towards the defile, where he had been deserted by the Rascians early in the morning, and where some of the imperial army were yet marching up to the engagement.”

Prince Hilberghausen's body-surgeon passing by, and knowing Lord Crawford, examined his wound as he sat on horseback; he hastily bound it up, put a bandage on it, and hurried off in search of the prince who had sent for him. The servant followed to ask his opinion concerning his master's wound; “He will not live three hours,” was the answer.

Lord Crawford was then conducted a little farther up the defile, till the plaister was washed off by the great effusion of blood; they met another surgeon, who again bound up the wound, and seeing his lordship very weak through loss of blood, gave him a little brandy to strengthen him.

“His lordship,” continues Mr. Rolt, “endured inexpressible torment by the whole weight of the leg hanging only by the muscles, which was aggravated by the motion of the horse, whereby the shattered bones, lodged up and down in the fleshy part of the thigh, grew so very painful as to make him entreat his servant

to lay him down any where on the ground, and let him die in peace; but, as they had not all this time made above four or five hundred paces from the seat of action, and being in a narrow defile where it was impossible to get out on either side, besides the imperial troops coming constantly along—the servant persuaded his lordship, if possible, to have patience till they came to the least opening where they might quit the road and sit down; which his lordship endeavoured to do,—but, as he repeated his former desire, his servant obeyed and laid him down on the bank of the defile; when Count Lucchesi's servant wanted to return to his master, but, through persuasion, stayed a little longer, and permitted a man to ride the horse his lordship had been on, to the camp, with an order for his sleeping-waggon to come up immediately.

“ In the meantime Dr. Pratti, an Irish gentleman, and proto-medicus of the army, came past; who knew his lordship, pitied his misfortune, cut open his boots and breeches to examine the wound, and put fresh plaisters on it, giving him good hopes of recovery, which proceeded more from friendship than from his real sentiments. As a great many of the wounded came by his lordship, and gave information that the imperialists were giving way, the doctor persuaded him to get out of this hollow road, for fear of being trampled to death, if the forces were obliged to retreat; at which time the prince of Waldeck's black running footman, with one of his hussars, who was riding a Turkish horse he had made booty of, and leading his own, very fortunately came by,

who readily offered their assistance to their master's favourite friend; upon which the officer's servant was dismissed, and his lordship was remounted on horseback, his own servant and the running footman walking on each side of him, and the hussar rode before leading the horse, while Dr. Pratti went on to the field of battle.

“They had scarcely advanced two hundred paces with his lordship, when some cavalry came up. His lordship's servant kept on the side of the horse next to them, and earnestly entreated they would not ride too near; but having fresh orders to march up as fast as possible, they came rushing so violently by, as to push away the servant; and thrusting back his lordship's sound leg, they tumbled him off his horse, when he fell upon his belly to the ground; but as the troops had then the humanity to stop till he was remounted again, he discovered a painful smiling countenance, as if it was at their barbarity in occasioning this fall, and also at the heap of misfortunes which surrounded him in one day,—though he gave no utterance to the least angry word; but as the principal officers of both the infantry and cavalry passed by, with most of whom his lordship was acquainted, they would cry out, ‘My dear lord! I am heartily sorry for your misfortune!’ to which he replied, with a brisk voice, ‘I thank you, and wish you better success!’

“To prevent the like misfortune again, the footman mounted behind his lordship, and held him in his arms about one hundred paces further, when they came to a

rising ground, where they found a little opening to the right, and conducted his lordship out of the defile about twenty paces from the road, where they took him off his horse, and seated him in the lap of his own servant, who waited for the sleeping-waggon, which the prince of Waldeck's servant was to order to that place.

“ In this situation his lordship continued only with his servant about an hour, when Prince Waldeck's French cook rode by, who was desired by the servant to look out for his lordship's sleeping-waggon, and order it immediately there. During this time, the wounded were carried off this way in great numbers, some of whom the servant asked how the day went, who gave him but a melancholy account of it, saying that their people were retiring; but in this terrible condition, his lordship still expressed the native bravery of his heart; for, observing one of the wounded soldiers smoking his pipe, as he was carried along, his lordship shewed a smile, and said, ‘ I warrant him a brave fellow.’

“ It was now about ten o'clock, when they heard some scattered shot on their side, and the defile about the valley became filled up with imperialists, from which his lordship could judge no otherwise than that they were so far repulsed by the enemy; whereupon, seeing another scene of danger likely to open, and no appearance of the sleeping-waggon, his lordship gave his gold repeating watch, and his purse full of gold, to his servant, saying, ‘ Dear Kopp, take these; go, save your life, and let me die here in peace.’ ‘ No, my dear lord,’ replied

the servant, ' I am resolved to share the hard fate of this day along with you !' His lordship several times repeated his desire, which his faithful servant as nobly refused.*

"About eleven o'clock, the defile cleared up again, except that the train of wounded frequently passed, and scattered troops returned to the field of battle ; but the firing had been so near his lordship, that a Franciscan friar belonging to one of the regiments, who stood nearer the road to officiate to such of the wounded as desired a priest, received a musket-shot through his body ; his lordship observing this, again desired his servant to fly and save his life, but he still persisted in his resolution of continuing with his lordship, who, with a smiling countenance, turned his head about to look at him, and pressed his hand without saying any thing, for his gratitude was too strong for words ; while the poor Franciscan expired with terrible groans about noon, when the sleeping-waggon came up, together with his lordship's valet-de-chambre, a groom on horseback with a led horse, besides the coachman and postillion, who informed

* This gallant fellow, a German, I believe, by birth, had been recommended to Lord Crawford by the duke of Hamilton, "on account of his fidelity and his knowledge of the German countries."—"The following sheets," says Mr. Rolt, in the dedication of his work to the duke, "are compiled through the encouragement of many illustrious personages of several nations, as a small tribute to the memory of an illustrious soldier, and also intended as a benefit to a faithful domestic, well known to your grace, who attended him in all his military expeditions, and who participated of all his dangers."

his lordship that Prince Waldeck's French cook had given them the first intelligence of his disaster. They immediately endeavoured to get his lordship into the sleeping-waggon, which, notwithstanding all the gentle means they used, gave him excessive pains, as his blood, by this time, was growing a little cool; however, they got him in, and his two principal servants seated themselves on each side of him, in which manner they proceeded directly to Belgrade, and when they arrived within a league of the city, the groom of the horse went on before to acquaint the commandant, General Suckoff, of his lordship's misfortune, and to desire him to recommend the best surgeon and doctor that could be got; who readily promised all the assistance in his power."

Lord Crawford entered Belgrade about four o'clock in the afternoon,—three days afterwards, the fortress was invested by the Turks. For some weeks he lay in agony and danger, bombs, shells, and cannon-shot constantly falling around him, splinters continually coming away from his wound, and fresh incisions being repeatedly inflicted by the lancet, all of which he bore with unvarying patience and good humour. After his friend Prince Waldeck's departure, his only amusement was hearing a soldier play a few marches on a violin, and his servant read aloud Quintus Curtius.*

* The groom "accidentally began to read that part of the ninth book, where Alexander answers Craterus, Ptolemy, and the other generals, who solicited his return from India to Greece, by saying, 'the most

The fever at length left him, though in a very reduced state, and on the 27th of October he was carried on board a small transport vessel, in which he ascended the Danube to Vienna. The boat, says the journal of the voyage, kept under his direction, was "about sixty feet long and about twenty broad, with a flat bottom, pointed fore and aft; but as these vessels are scarcely ever brought up the Danube, on account of its rapidity, they are very slightly built, and the wood is sold for firing or building. The outside of this vessel was only some planks nailed on small cross trees, and the little openings were stopped up with moss. The inside, on account of its having brought grain, was all lined with rough boards, covered with the same, and pointed like the roof of a house. It was separated into four divisions; the soldiers and boatmen were in the steerage; next to this was his lordship's room, double-lined with boards, which were covered with blue cloth, having a stove in it, and two little windows; the third part contained all his family, and the fourth was made use of for a kitchen."

In this primitive conveyance, on the 27th of December, exactly two months after his embarkation at Belgrade, Lord Crawford arrived at Comorra, where the principal part of the bullet was extracted. He re-

cowardly souls and the greatest lovers of ease, that place their only happiness in a long life, are frequently disappointed and cut off, as well as others, by untimely and painful deaths;' at which his lordship seemed highly delighted, saying 'It was very true.'"—The surgeon, however, forbade the repetition of this entertainment, as too exciting.

embarked on the 28th of April, 1739, and arrived on the 7th of May, at Vienna, lying all the while in a recumbent posture, splinters constantly coming away from his wound, as they did for many years afterwards. From Vienna he proceeded to the baths of Baden, where he resided nearly a year, and where he recovered so far as to attend the meeting of the burgher marksmen, win the two best prizes, and entertain the whole company a few days afterwards with a grand shooting-match and collation. From Baden he proceeded through Presburg, Vienna, and Leipsic, to Hanover, and, after waiting on George II. at Hamelin, returned to England.

He had not been neglected at home during these busy years. In 1739, he obtained the rank of adjutant-general, and, the same year, was appointed to the command of the Black-Watch, famous in modern history as the "Gallant Forty-second"—then first united into a regiment, and called "Lord Crawford-Lindsay's Highlanders." Speaking the language, fond of the dress, and attached to the manners and character of the Gael, he "was dearly loved by them," says General Stewart, "for his chivalric and heroic spirit."* He was made colonel of the second troop of grenadier-guards, in 1740, and, three years afterwards, colonel of the Scottish horse-guards, disbanded in 1746. In May, 1745, he was gazetted major-general. In September, 1747, he was appointed to the command of the Scots Greys, and died a lieutenant-general.

* Sketches of the Highlanders.

After a year's residence at Baréges and in Italy, he joined the British army under Marshal Stair, in May, 1743, where he again met his old friend Lord Balcarres, whose commendation of his "noble and wise" conduct at the battle of Dettingen you have already read—conduct which was acknowledged by the king the following day in the emphatic words of welcome, "Here comes my champion!"

At Fontenoy, two years afterwards, he behaved with his usual gallantry, covering the retreat in excellent order, while his brave Highlanders, as he says in his account of the battle, "fought like heroes, and acted, each man, with the skill and conduct of a general."*

* For his spirited account of the battle of Fontenoy, ("essential," says Andreossi, "in the history of the war,") see his Life.—"All," says he, that "we were permitted to do, we did, and that was to retire in tolerable order, after MERITING SUCCESS."

"The earl of Crawford," says his biographer, "behaved with the greatest intrepidity and composure of mind, during the whole action; and when his lordship saw the troops retiring in broken parties, he faced about and said, 'Gentlemen, mind the word of command, and you shall gain immortal honour;' upon which he ordered his brigade to rein back their horses, and keep a front to the enemy, who, by this prudent disposition of his lordship, were intimidated from approaching within a quarter of a mile. In this retreat, his lordship observed a broken party of infantry retiring on his right-hand, when he spoke to them, saying, 'Gentlemen, if there are any brave volunteers, who will face about, and give the enemy a fire, I will give them twenty ducats.' Whereupon a part of them faced about, and gave one volley, for which his lordship gave them the money. After this, his lordship conducted the retreat in excellent order, till his troops came to the pass where he

On the breaking out of the rebellion that year, he was summoned to Scotland to command six thousand Hessians, who secured the passes into the Lowlands, while the duke of Cumberland went north after the insurgents.—In June, 1746, he rejoined the army in the Netherlands, and on the morning that preceded the battle of Roucoux, (October 1,) exhibited a singular instance of presence of mind. He had ridden out before day—with his aid-de-camp, some volunteers, and two orderly dragoons—to reconnoitre the enemy, and fell in with one of their advanced guards. “The sergeant who commanded it, immediately turned out his men, and their pieces were presented when the earl first perceived them. Without betraying the least mark of disorder, he rode up to the sergeant, and assuming the character of a French general, told him in that language that there was no occasion for such ceremony. Then he asked if they had perceived any of the enemy’s party, and being answered in the negative, ‘very well,’ said he, ‘be upon your guard, and if you should be

ordered them to file off from the right; when he pulled off his hat, and returned them thanks, saying ‘they had acquired as much honour in covering so great a retreat, as if they had gained the battle.’ Indeed, his lordship’s quickness in contriving, and skill and address in executing this retreat, was highly commended by the whole army, and when several officers complimented General Ligonier the next day upon this fine retreat, he answered, with great generosity and candour, ‘that if it was praise-worthy, no part of it belonged to him, for it was contrived, as well as executed, by Lord Crawford.’”—*Life, &c.* p. 411.

attacked, I will take care that you shall be supported.' So saying, he and his company retired before the sergent could recollect himself from the surprise occasioned by this unexpected address. In all probability he was soon sensible of the mistake, for the incident was that very day publicly mentioned in the French army. The prince de Tingray, an officer in the Austrian service, having been taken prisoner in the battle that ensued, dined with Marshal Saxe, who discharged him on his parole, and desired he would charge himself with a facetious compliment to his old friend, the earl of Crawford:—'He wished his lordship joy of being a French general, and said he could not help being displeased with the sergent, as he had not procured him the honour of his lordship's company at dinner.' '*

The following winter he returned to Scotland to marry Lady Jean Murray, with whom he had fallen in love, and she with him, during his hurried visit in the "Forty-five." They returned to Flanders, and at the conclusion of the campaign, settled at Aix-la-Chapelle, for the benefit of the baths, Lord Crawford's wound, always troublesome, having broken open again in consequence of his rapid journey to Scotland. He was confined to his bed, when a fever attacking his beloved and amiable wife, carried her off in four days, before she had completed her twentieth year!—The next campaign, however, again found him in the field, and he continued with

* Smollett's Hist. of England.

the duke of Cumberland till the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.—Receiving letters from the duchess of Athol, his mother-in-law, who was then very ill, and expressed her anxiety to see him once more, he hurried to London, but was too late—she had expired two days before his arrival. His wound broke open again through the fatigue of the journey, but as soon as he could move, he rejoined the army, “and finished his last campaign as he had begun the first, with the greatest reputation among all the officers and with the greatest affection of the soldiers.” He commanded the last embarkation of the British troops at Williamstadt, February 1749, and then returned to London, where his wound breaking out once more, for the twenty-ninth and last time,* after sufferings of exquisite torture, the sword having at length completely worn through the scabbard, he expired on Christmas-day, 1749, aged only forty-seven. His body was conveyed to Scotland, and laid, at his own request, by the side of his late wife, in the family vault at Ceres.

“John earl of Crawford,” says his biographer, “had a truly martial soul; he was born a soldier, and it was his ambition to die as such in the field of battle. His person was middle-sized, well shaped, finely proportioned, and very strong; his personal courage was never exceeded; his generosity was equal to his bravery; his charity infinitely greater than his fortune, which many distressed widows of officers frequently experienced.

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1749.

His temper was serene and dispassionate, his judgment strong, his discernment penetrating, and his diligence in the application of things extraordinary."—Splendid in his retinue, he was temperate at his table, and his elegant manners were long remembered by his countrymen, who fondly believed him, in the words of a modern writer, "the most generous, the most gallant, the bravest, and the finest nobleman of his time."*

A fine full-length portrait of Lord Crawford is in the possession of the Miss Campbells of Newfield, the descendants of his sister, Lady Mary.—He left no children, and the earldom devolved on his cousin, George fourth Viscount Garnock, on the death of whose son, George twentieth earl of Crawford, in 1808, the male line of John Lord Lindsay of the Byres, Earl Ludovic's successor, became extinct.†

* Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh.

† George Lord Garnock, like his gallant predecessor, had served as a volunteer abroad, and was one of the reconnoitring party who owed their lives to Lord Crawford's presence of mind on the morning before the battle of Roucoux. He was afterwards an officer in Lord Drumlanrig's regiment in the service of Holland, and marrying Jean, daughter and heiress of Rob. Hamilton, Esq., of Bourtreehill, settled at Kilbirnie, in Ayrshire, his family inheritance as representative, in the female line, of the Crawfords of that designation. He repaired and ornamented the old castle, and was residing there, with his family, in April, 1757, when, one fine Sunday evening, a servant, going to the stables, saw smoke issuing from the roof, and gave the alarm of fire; in a few minutes the castle was in flames. Lord Crawford ran to his wife's room, and catching up his infant daughter, Lady Jean Lindsay, afterwards

SECT. III.

I return to Earl James and the fire-side of Balcarres, —which perhaps he might not have been then enjoying, had he joined the rebellion in the ‘Forty-five,’ a step

countess of Eglintoun, hurried with her into the open air. They took refuge in the manse, and afterwards removed to Bourtreehill. The cause of the fire was long involved in mystery, and legends are still floating in the neighbourhood which throw an air of romance over the destruction of this ancient residence. It was never rebuilt, and the ruins present a melancholy contrast to its former splendour.

On the death of George, twentieth earl of Crawford, (a major-general in the army, and lord-lieutenant of Fifeshire,) in 1808, his sister, Lady Mary Lindsay Crawford, succeeded to the property, as the only surviving child of her father. To omit mention of this remarkable lady were ungrateful in one who has experienced so much kindness at her hand as the author of these “Lives.” In youth she was extremely handsome, and retained her good looks to an advanced period of life. Her mind was of a masculine order, her spirit high and independent, her temper haughty to those who did not understand, or presumed to contradict her prejudices—yet kind and considerate to her dependants, who were devotedly attached to her, and whom she had had around her for years. Living (at least while in Britain) in almost entire seclusion, her affections found vent on a curious assemblage of dumb favourites; dogs of every description, birds—and even a tame fox, formed part of her establishment. Her brother’s charger, long the object of her care, survived her, and in her will were found minute directions how and when it should be put to death, so that the cessation of its existence might be attended with the least possible pain,—it was to be shot sleeping. A tame deer, of great age, was a peculiar favourite; she compounded its mess of bread and milk daily with her own hands.—

which his sense of honour and military allegiance would, I am satisfied, have restrained him from, even though his known affection for the Stuarts had not occasioned a guard to be set over him to prevent his joining the prince's army.

The events of that memorable year are indeed written in blood. I will not dilate upon them. The savage pasha of Acre had no juster claim to the title of Djezzar

The predominant feature in her character was a religious reverence for feudal times and the memory of her ancestors—a reverence which she indulged in the erection of Crawford Priory, near Struthers, the ruined castle of the Lindsays of the Byres, in Fifeshire.—It was in the gothic hall of this edifice that the funeral service of the church of England was read over her remains, in December, 1833. It was a day of alternate cloud and sunshine, but mild and still. About the middle of the service, the sun-rays suddenly streamed through the painted glass, on the groined roof, on the trophies of ancient armour disposed round the walls—and lighted up the very pall of death with the gules and azure of the Lindsay arms emblazoned on the window—and then died away again.—The service over, the procession moved slowly from the priory door, ascending, by a winding road cut for the occasion, through a wood of firs, to the mausoleum on the summit of a lofty eminence, where the late Lord Crawford was buried. Numbers of the tenantry attended, and the hills were covered with groups of spectators. A more impressive scene I never witnessed. And thus, amid a general subdued silence, we committed to the dust the last of the Lindsays of the Byres, the last of a line of five hundred years.

I possess various valued remembrances of Lady Mary, especially her own portrait by Watson, and that of her lovely but short-lived sister, Lady Eglintoun, by Sir J. Reynolds—specially bequeathed to me, “in consideration of the friendship and affection which has subsisted between the families of Crawford and Balcarres.”

than William duke of Cumberland might have asserted to the corresponding epithet in English. At a county meeting held in Colinsburgh shortly afterwards, a whig gentleman proposed his health; Bethune of Kilconquhar (great-grandfather, I believe, of the present Sir Henry) drank it, and then rose and gave as *his* toast, the health of one Sibbald, the butcher of Colinsburgh; the whig demurred—"Sir!" cried Kilconquhar, "I've drunk *your* butcher, and, by heaven, sir! you drink mine, or out you go by the window!"

—Nor will I dwell upon the causes which tended to prolong for so many years the reign of Jacobitism in Scotland. . . George the Third adopted a milder, juster, wiser policy than his predecessors. Times were changed, and though many looked with an eye of lingering affection to Prince Charles's little court in Italy, the virtues of their actual and truly British monarch gradually reconciled them to his occupancy of the "Stuarts' chair." The oppressive enactments of timid policy were abolished. The Highlanders, marshalled under the banners of George the Third and their native chieftains, won for themselves the highest reputation for honour, worth, and bravery. "I sought for merit," said Lord Chatham, "and I found it in the mountains of the North. I there found a hardy race of men, able to do their country service, but labouring under a proscription. I called them forth to her aid, and sent them to fight her battles. They did not disappoint my expectations, for their fidelity could be equalled only by their valour,

which signalised their own and their country's renown all over the world."—The jacobite estates, Highland and Lowland, were restored, as we shall find hereafter, to the descendants of those by whom they had been forfeited. Whig and tory, protestant and Roman catholic, every sect and every party, blessed, or ought to have blessed, the generous, the christian monarch, whose bounty supported the last claimant of his throne in age and poverty ; and in our own times the spirit of party-hatred has at least so far subsided, that the descendants of the bitterest enemies of the old tory cause would scarce refuse a tear to the memory of "Auld lang syne," when gazing on the tomb where slumber in a foreign land the last relics of the royal race of Stuart.

After Earl James's marriage, the old family château again became the cheerful residence of a domestic circle, and was re peopled with a youthful tribe who have since become the venerable patriarchs of numerous families. Happy in his home, in the love of his family, and in the friendship of the learned and the good, living in the past rather than present times, and in his retirement meeting with little of worldly selfishness to shock the chivalry that moulded his every thought and deed, the evening of our great-grand sire's days glided on in tranquillity, like a mountain-stream, emerging from the rocks and the ravine, and peacefully stealing through green meadows to the ocean. Happiness smiled around him ; converting his sword into a sickle, the retired soldier forsook the worship of Mars for that of Ceres, and introduced

those agricultural improvements into the north, which he had long studied and admired while quartered in the richest districts of the south. He is described by one who knew him well, as a nobleman distinguished by the benevolence of his heart, the liberality of his sentiments, the uncommon extent of his knowledge, particularly in history and agriculture, and as the first who brought farming to any degree of perfection in his native county.

“If our letters on this subject,”—says he, in one to his friend Lady Loudoun,* accompanying his System

* Lady Margaret Dalrymple, only daughter of John first earl of Stair, married Hugh second earl of Loudoun, in 1700. “Besides her personal charms, which were very considerable, she had acquired a large portion of those mental and liberal accomplishments which so much adorned the brilliant court of Queen Anne: and possessed, moreover, in a high degree, that dignity of character and deportment, and that vigorous and active spirit, by which her gallant brother was so eminently distinguished. In 1727, her ladyship fixed her residence at Sorn Castle, in Ayrshire, the vicinity of which was in a very uncultivated state, and the whole aspect of the country dreary and comfortless. In a soil and climate where roads and shelter were peculiarly necessary, not a single road or hedge, and very few trees were to be seen. Not discouraged by these unfavourable circumstances, she determined to create a scene more congenial to her own taste, and more like those to which she had been accustomed in a better country. Accordingly her skill and activity gradually produced an agreeable change. Besides enlarging the garden and orchard, she subdivided an extensive farm which she occupied herself, inclosed it with hedges and hedge-rows, interspersed with belts and clumps of planting. Through the whole extent of her farm, she likewise adorned the banks of the river and of the rivulets, with walks and plantations. These operations she herself carefully super-

of Agriculture, which, at her request, he had committed to writing, and sent her in the beginning of 1761,—“are intercepted and fall into the hands of a virtuoso, will he not think that, at our time of life, to be aiming at improvements in agriculture, we must needs be a couple of Chinese philosophers? You know the foundation of their religion is, that a veneration for the Deity, and a benevolence to mankind, expressed by having children, improving fields, and planting trees, are surely rewarded by paradise. The reward, I am certain, is even to be found here, as the rational and natural pleasures will ever excel the artificial ones, which neither give felicity here nor hereafter.”*

intended, and many, both of the fruit and forest trees, were actually planted and pruned with her own hands, and still remain pleasing monuments of her laudable industry. These her useful labours did not pass unrewarded. When she first settled in that country, her constitution and health appeared to be entirely broken; but, in the course of her rural occupations, they were gradually re-established, insomuch that, during the last thirty years of her life, she enjoyed an uncommon degree of health and cheerfulness. After an illness of a few days, she died on the 3d of April, 1777, in the hundredth year of her age, regretted by her friends and the industrious poor, to whom she had so long been a benefactress.”—*Stat. Acc. of Scotland*.

* The following anecdote is still told in Fife. Walking one day in a field of turnips, on which he particularly prided himself, he surprised an old woman, a pensioner of the family, busily employed in filling a sack with his favourites. After heartily scolding her—to which she only replied by the silent eloquence of repeated curtseys, he was walking away, when the poor woman called after him, “Eh, my lord, it’s unco heavy! wad ye no be sae kind as help me on wi’t?”—which he immediately did, and, with many thanks, she decamped.

It has been said truly, “ Il ne plait pas long temps qui n’a qu’un genre d’esprit.” That variety of pursuits is essential to the happiness of the individual, however enthusiastically devoted to the master-passion that “ like Aaron’s serpent, swallows up the rest ” within him, might be affirmed with equal truth. Happy is the man who can, like Earl James, enjoy existence and redeem his time, equally without and within doors,—though to him, unfortunately, wisdom at one entrance was almost shut out. The death of his brother, to whom, as I have already intimated, he was devotedly attached, had so nervously affected him, “ that it suddenly took from him the use of his hearing, which was never tolerably restored. Books, therefore,” says his daughter, “ were his constant resources ; his taste was just, but unfettered, nor could any one form any idea of what Lord Balcarres’s opinion was to be on any subject he was considering. Criticisms on the authors, however, that fell in his way, came with so much justice and imagination from his tongue, abridged and amended, that no one could enjoy my father’s conversation, and be ignorant.”*

* “ To my mother Lord Balcarres gave up the entire management of the family and of the children ; he knew her prudence, and rarely interfered in her jurisdiction, except when he found little misdemeanors punished as crimes, and then I have heard him say, ‘ Odsfish, madam ! you will break the spirits of my young troops,—I will not have it so ! ’ —But while the tearing of clothes or fracturing of teacups might be too rigorously chastised, or while needless privations might be imposed on us to fit us ‘ for the hardships of life,’ let us not forget that

—“When we are unwell,” he writes to his daughters, Anne and Margaret, “and our spirits oppressed, thinking and writing becomes troublesome, otherwise you should sooner have had an answer to both your letters which are now before me.

“I did not think my dear Annie had been so good a flatterer; you make me a desirable, useful, and agreeable companion to men of the best taste, but indeed, my Annie, your father is now no more than the ruin of an old building that never had much beauty in it, but still most affectionate to my children and friends; and you seem to think so when you say you would willingly part with your ears to cure my deafness,—but how unnatural would it not be in me to accept them? Many years have passed since I heard soft sounds from a pair of fine lips, the sweetest of all music; it is only bestowed upon youth,—you may likely hear a good deal of it, and even from the wise and agreeable, if you can confirm their inclinations by being good and mild, cheerful and complacent. Men love such companions as can help to make them gay and easy; for this end fair nymphs should provide chains as well as nets, to secure as well as acquire captives; you must have the Muses as well as the Graces to aid and assist Nature—which has been very good both to you and my dear Peg!

from Lady Balcarres's conversation and practice we learnt those general rules of equity and honour, of independence of mind and truth, which have through life, I am convinced, governed the mind of many a brother.”—*Lady Anne Barnard.*

“ I doubt not but you have already had applause from Strange and Doria, but you should hear Madame, and have lessons from her, if she performs well ; it is the manner and expression of the passions that makes the beauty of music,—to excel, you should understand the Italian. So much for the Graces,—the love of the Muses is not so easily gained, but there is a long and lasting pleasure to be found in the pursuit of their favour ; they will acquire you friends that will soften all the ills of life, and the helps of knowledge and virtue will make even distress and disappointment easy to you. For these ends you must have books, both to instruct and entertain you ; they are said to be the best of friends, as they advise without flattery, and reprove without anger ;* it would make my letter too long to recommend authors, —Doctor Anne Keith will advise you. Real religion is taught in few words, and is, as you well know, the foundation that makes us live and die in peace and hope. History will shew both the good and the ill of the best and worst of men, and is the best help to think justly of all things. Poetry will cheer you, and as much of philosophy as concerns the moral virtues will help to make you happy, even if condemned to be old maids ; if you become wives, be amiable,—’tis the best instrument to have power, as your husband will have more pleasure in

* “ Hi sunt magistri qui nos instruunt sine vergis et ferulâ, sine verbis et colerâ, sine pane et pecuniâ.”—*De Bury, quoted by Clarke, Bibliographical Dictionary.*

pleasing you than himself. We have had two ladies in our house with all the virtues I recommend to you, my aunt, Lady Sophia, and my sister, Lady Betty, whom I wish to embrace you kindly in another world when you have had enough of this."

It was at this period that, surrounded by his library and his friends, Lord Balcarres commenced those memoirs of his family, which I have so repeatedly quoted in the preceding pages.

"Men," says he, "leave the pictures of their frail and transitory persons to their families,—some lineaments of their minds were a better legacy, and would make them more known to posterity." On this principle, he had, a few years before, transcribed, as a bequest to his children, the agricultural treatise I have already mentioned as addressed to Lady Loudoun, and a poetical epistle—"my first," he says, "and probably last essay in poetry"—addressed, on the sudden inspiration of Thomson's Seasons, to his wife,

"The harmoniser of my latter days,
Who brings forth faculties before unknown."*

"There is little of value in them," he says, "but by

* I have quoted a few lines from it in a preceding page. . . "My best entertainment at present," he writes, "is Thomson's Seasons; you left them in your room when you went to Edinburgh. I lived a winter with the man at Bath; he had nothing amiable in his conversation, and I expected little from his writings, and never had before read them; yet his Seasons are truly poetic,—his descriptions beautiful, reflections wise."

the first, you will see I was a good farmer, ever esteemed by the polite nations as among the best of all occupations; by the second, you will see I loved your mother, and much desire you will do so too. I lament in it our nation's becoming a province, and its liberty and independency, so nobly defended for ten ages, lost in my days. You, my children, are born after the union, when Scotland is no more, and likely never to revive. Nations have their beginning, progress, and decay, as men and all other earthly things,—such is the will of heaven. It is now your business and duty to comply with the situation you are placed in, and to be honest and grateful to those who employ you, and to the friends who do you good.”

It happily occurred to him that many circumstances in the history of his family, not unworthy of remembrance, would be forgotten after his death, unless recorded by himself. His plan embraced not only the recent but the ancient history of the leading branches of his race; that part of it, however, devoted to his more immediate family is, as might be expected, the most interesting.

“Almost the first recollection,” says Lady Anne, “which gleams on my memory, is seeing my father occupied with dusty papers sent him in a tartan plaid by the old laird of MacFarlane, the ugliest chieftain, with the reddest nose, I had ever, at that time, beheld. I afterwards learnt that, being a famous genealogist and antiquarian, my father had applied to him for some in-

formation to complete the pedigree of his family. The laird, delighted to be employed on a subject he was so perfectly master of, sent him much useful information, and procured him many important vouchers. . . . Meantime, my father, possessed of the necessary papers, pursued his work with delight, while I, a little girl, watched his pen, and rejoiced in seeing him appear so well amused. I was rewarded from time to time with a few sugar plums, from the children's drawer of sweetmeats, for the attention I showed, which flowed from my heart, independent of all views on the crusted almonds.

“This account of our family, drawn up by my father's own pen, and necessarily connected with many other families of distinction, has since been resorted to as a record to be depended upon. It is written in the old spelling of his day, and has, I believe, many grammatical errors in it, as the education of men in his youth was not so much attended to as it has been since, and my father's early entrance into the navy precluded a classical education. He afterwards stocked his ardent mind and lively fancy with all that books could teach, but having had no Doctor Johnson in his infancy to drill his orthography, his manuscript speaks the age in which he lived as clearly as its discoloured paper tells the ill usage it has met with in its warfare through life. That life was nearly brought to a close by the want of good faith in our governess, whose brother, being a herald in the office of the Lord Lion of Scotland, found my father's

book so useful to him, that he got his sister to lend it him, probably unknown to the family, as it was never reclaimed. She was married, her brother died, and his books were sold when our family were dispersed over the world; and my father's honoured work, the amusement of his old age, being extremely ill-bound, was sold with old lumber, lions, unicorns, &c., and was discovered many years afterwards (as I was informed) on a stall by a person who purchased it for a shilling, and sent it to one of the family as a gem that could never have been there unless by some unaccountable accident.

“I have arranged all,” says Lady Anne, in her preface to her father's work, “as well as its state permitted, but altered nothing. Every thing marks the fire of our dear father's animated mind, even at the age of seventy-seven, when he closed his innocent life, surrounded by his children, and attended by his still beautiful wife, our mother, then scarcely forty years of age. To promote the cultivation of talents in the minds of his young descendants, to have them applied to worthy purposes, and their ambition directed to right objects, seemed to be the first wish of his heart.”

May the words with which our revered patriarch closed his memoirs sink deep into our hearts!

“The above short abstract is only intended for your use, my dear children, and to help and advise you, that, without pride, you may endeavour to be like your ancestors, who were many of them wise and good, learned and humane, affable and obliging to their friends, brave and

resolute in maintaining the honour and welfare of their country. By these qualities they became rich and allied to almost all the great families of Scotland; by these, they became the favourites of many of our best kings, who gave them great estates, and, twice, their daughters in marriage. Make yourselves worthy of your name and family, my dear children! Labour to get knowledge,—it will teach you to love and adore your Maker. Pray to Him, and He will help you to be honest and honourable, kind and affable to your friends, charitable and just to all men: Be so—and you will be esteemed and loved by all, and live and die far more happily than even the most successful of men who are not good.”

He died, “old and satisfied with days,” on the 20th February, 1768, and was buried in the chapel of Balcarres.

Earl James's was an eventful lifetime. Born during the struggles of Earl Colin and Dundee the year after the abdication of King James, he survived for above twenty years the last effort of the Stuarts to regain their hereditary kingdom. Chivalrous in thought, word, and deed, of the most distinguished personal address and finished manners, he was one of the last representatives of the ancient nobility of Scotland, as they existed before the union. Branch after branch had been shorn away from his family, till, at the time when the marriage was contracted to which we owe our existence, he was the last of his race. With him, therefore, closes what we may consider as the ancient history of our family.

For its more recent fortunes, and for a far more interesting description than I can give my young readers of the family circle of dear relatives and friends, whose headquarters, till near the close of the last century, were at Balcarres, I must refer you to those who then formed its junior members, and who will introduce you familiarly to those beloved friends of "auld lang syne," whose memory is still fondly and faithfully cherished among us.—With a brief sketch, therefore, of the fortunes of that generation, whose mother, after surviving her husband above half a century, died but a few short years since under the patriarchal roof of Balcarres, the present memoir will close.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Her children arise up and call her blessed.”—Prov. xxxi. 28.

SECT. I.

LADY Anne Barnard has sketched in her lively manner the principal members of the family circle, as it existed three score and ten years ago in Fife and Edinburgh. One of the most loved and honoured of these was her grandmother, Lady Dalrymple, daughter of Sir William Cuninghame of Caprington,—who had lived almost constantly at Balcarres during Earl James’s lifetime, and settled after his death in Edinburgh, where her house was always a home to her young descendants. Lady Anne recollected her as “a placid, quiet, pleasing old woman, whose indolence had benevolence in it, and whose sense was replete with indolence, as she was at all times of the party for letting things alone.” “I now remember with a smile the different evolutions that grandmama’s daily fidgets had to perform, though, at

the time, they plagued me a little. Good woman! she had a right to exercise her own troops as she pleased, but no major of cavalry had a greater variety of manœuvres to go through than she had every day,—and why? if she chanced to do any thing on Monday that was new to her, she thought it right to do it on Tuesday, and all the future days of her life.

“At ten, she came down stairs, always a little out of humour till she had had her breakfast. In her left hand were her mitts and her snuff-box, which contained a certain number of pinches; she stopped on the seventeenth spot of the carpet, and coughed three times; she then looked at the weather-glass, approached the tea-table, put her right hand in her pocket for the key of the tea-chest, and, not finding it there, sent me up stairs to look for it in her own room, charging me not to fall on the stairs.

“‘Look,’ said she, ‘Annie! upon my little table,—there you will find a pair of gloves, but the key is not there; after you have taken up the gloves, you will see yesterday’s newspaper, but you will not find it below that, so you need not touch it; pass on from the newspaper to my black fan, beside it there lie three apples—(don’t eat my apples, Annie! mark that!)—take up the letter that is beyond the apples, and there you will find’—‘But is not that the key in your left hand over your little finger?’—‘No, Annie, it cannot be so, for I always carry it on my right,’—That is, you intend to do so, my dear grandmama, but you know you always carry it in

your left.'—'Well, well, child! I believe I do, but what then? is the tea made? put in one spoonful for every person, and one over—Annie, do you mark me?'

"Thus, every morning, grandmama smelt three times at her apple, came down stairs testy, coughed on the seventeenth spot, lost her key, had it detected in her left hand, and, the morning's parade being over, till the evening's nap arrived, (when she had a new set of manœuvres,) she was a pleasing, entertaining, talkative, mild old woman. I should love her, for she loved me; I was her god-daughter, and her sworn friend."—"She was the mildest," adds Lady Anne, many years afterwards, "and most innocent of beings, and would have been possessed of considerable powers of mind and conversation, had she not been so afraid of being made to feel, that, from system, she took pains, as poor Sheriff Cross said, 'to accomplish herself up to the height of inutility.' In one moment she was released from every worldly infirmity and sent into the presence of her Maker, not unprepared, and therefore not to be deeply regretted."*

* The following anecdote of David Hume, the historian, whom Lady Dalrymple had known from a child, occurs in a letter of Lady Anne to her sister Margaret, from her grandmother's house in Edinburgh.

"Dinners," she says, "go on as usual, which, being monopolised by the divines, wits, and writers of the present day, are not unjustly called the Dinners of the Eaterati by Lord Kellie,^a who laughs at his own pun till his face is purple.

^a Thomas Alexander Erskine, the sixth and musical earl of Kellie.

In the neighbourhood of Edinburgh was the country-house of Sir Adolphus Oughton, Lady Balcarres's con-

“ Our friend David Hume, along with his friend, Principal Robertson, continue to maintain their ground at these convivial meetings. To see the lion and the lamb lying down together, the deist and the doctor, is extraordinary; it makes one hope that some day Hume will say to him, ‘ thou almost persuadest me to be a christian.’ He is a constant morning visitor of ours. My mother jested him lately on a circumstance which had a good deal of character in it.

“ When we were very young girls, too young to remember the scene, there happened to be a good many clever people at Balcarres at Christmas, and as a gambol of the season they agreed to write each his own character, to give them to Hume, and make him shew them to my father, as extracts he had taken from the pope's library at Rome.

“ He did :—my father said, ‘ I don't know who the rest of your fine fellows and charming princesses are, Hume; but if you had not told me where you got this character, I should have said it was that of my wife.’

“ ‘ I was pleased,’ said my mother, ‘ with my lord's answer; it shewed that at least I had been an honest woman.’

“ ‘ Hume's character of himself,’ said she, ‘ was well drawn and full of candour; he spoke of himself as he ought, but added what surprised us all, that, plain as his manners were, and apparently careless of attention, vanity was his predominant weakness. That vanity led him to publish his essays, which he grieved over, not that he had changed his opinions, but that he thought he had injured society by disseminating them.—‘ Do you remember the sequel of that affair?’ said Hume; ‘ Yes, I do,’ replied my mother, laughing, ‘ you told me that, although I thought your character a sincere one, it was not so,—there was a particular feature omitted, that we were still ignorant of, and that you would add it; like a fool, I gave you the MS., and you thrust it into the fire, adding, ‘ Oh! what an idiot I had nearly proved myself to be, to leave such a document in the hands of a parcel of women!’

nection by marriage, and at that time commander-in-chief in Scotland—"where some of the happiest days,"

"'Villain!' said my mother, laughing and shaking her head at him.

"'Do you remember, all this, my little woman?' said Hume to me. 'I was too young,' said I, 'to think of it at the time.'—'How's this? have not you and I grown up together?'—I looked surprised,—'Yes,' added he, 'you have grown tall, and I have grown broad.'"

The visit to Balcarres was probably subsequent to the date of the two following letters—from the historian and from Patrick Lord Elibank,^a to whom Lord Balcarres owed his acquaintance.

"Edinburgh, 17 Decemher, 1754.

"My lord,

I did really intend to have paid my respects to your lordship this harvest; but I have got into such a recluse, studious habit, that I believe myself only fit to converse with books, and, however I may pretend to be acquainted with dead kings, shall become quite unsuitable for my friends and cotemporaries. Besides, the great gulph that is fixed between us terrifies me. I am not only very sick at sea, but often can scarce get over the sickness for some days.

I am very proud that my history, even upon second thoughts, appears to have something tolerable in your lordship's eyes. It has been very much canvassed and read here in town, as I am told; and it has full as many inveterate enemies as partial defenders. The misfortune of a book, says Boileau, is not the being ill spoke of, but the not being spoken of at all. The sale has been very considerable here, about 450 in five weeks. How it has succeeded in London, I cannot precisely tell. Only, I observe that some of the weekly papers have been busy with me. I am as great an atheist as Bolingbroke; as great a Jacobite as

^a The "clever Lord Elibank," as he was usually called in the Scottish society of last century—one in whose company Dr. Johnson confessed he had never been without learning something.

says Lady Anne, "have been spent by us, which fate ever portioned out in her distribution of pleasures."—

Carte; I cannot write English, &c. I do indeed observe that the hook is in general rather more agreeable to those they call tories; and, I believe, chiefly for this reason, that, having no places to bestow, they are naturally more moderate in their expectations from a writer. A whig, who can give hundreds a year, will not be contented with small sacrifices of truth; and most authors are willing to purchase favour at so reasonable a price.

I wish it were in my power to pass this Christmas at Balcarres. I should be glad to accompany your lordship in your rural improvements, and return thence to relish with pleasure the comforts of your fireside. You enjoy peace and contentment, my lord, which all the power and wealth of the nation cannot give to our rulers. The whole ministry, they say, is by the ears. This quarrel, I hope, they will fight out among themselves, and not expect to draw us in, as formerly, by pretending it is for our good. We will not be the dupes twice in our life.

I have the honour to he, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME."

"My dear lord,

My name is Murray, and your lordship knows I must be vain. Your kind letter has gratified my weakness most thoroughly. Do not think I flatter when I assure your lordship I am prouder of your approbation and friendship than of any other man's on earth, and, if it was not for the mortifying reflection that I sincerely think myself unworthy of it, yours would make me completely happy.

As it was reasonable in me to have an eye to your entertainment as well as my own, I proposed to bring my friend, David Hume, along with me; a former engagement, which he tried to get free of, but could not, disappointed him of an honour he was most ambitious of. Sir Alexander Dick intends to wait upon your lordship with

“Sir Adolphus was the mildest, the best of human beings; his benevolence, information, simplicity of heart, and variety of talents and accomplishments, rendered him the honoured delight of society, while his *agrémens* and social mirth were all so chastened and harmonised by a degree of unaffected artless piety, as to shed rays almost of glory round the man, whose worthy heart was at the same time crossed with a star and red ribband, and who was loaded with the scarlet and gold of his triple embroidered uniform as commander-in-chief.”—An eulogy corroborated as to his “sweetness of temper,” “suavity of manners,” “extensive information,” “boundless curiosity and unwearied diligence,” by the united testimony of Johnson, Boswell, and the venerable Lord Stowell.

Lady Oughton “was what may be called in one word, an excellent woman; her stories were long, but she was affectionate and kind to us.” Her sister, Miss Ross, is well remembered as one of the dear friends of our grand-sires’ youth.

Another family friend of that day, was Mrs. Cockburn, whose song of the “Flowers of the Forest” will never wither. Lady Balcarres looked upon her “as a second mother; she was ten years her senior, but her

me, but cannot till the week after next. Lady Elibank joins in our sincerest compliments to my lady and family, and I am with zeal, my dear lord, your really affectionate, humble servant,

ELIBANK.

Balincrief, July 5, 1755.”

mind was so gay," "enthusiastic and ardent," "her visions were for ever decked with such powers of fancy, and such infinite goodness of heart," "her manners to young people were so conciliatory, and her tenets so mild, though plentifully Utopian, that she was an invaluable friend between the mother and the daughters." :

But, of all her society, Mrs. Anne Murray Keith, Lady Balcarres's first cousin, was her dearest friend through life; a constant and ever welcome visitor at Balcarres during her husband's lifetime,— her constant companion during the many years she resided in Edinburgh after her children had all embarked on their several professions,—and, latterly, the cherished guest of your grandfather, after her aged friend and herself had become too dependent on the attentions due from youth to age to be allowed to reside any longer under their own roof. Many an ancient Scottish legend did Sir Walter Scott glean from "Annie Keith :"—"D'ye think I dinna ken my ain groats amang ither folks' kail?" was a phrase she often playfully used in vindication of the certainty she always expressed of his identity with the unknown author of *Waverley*.*

Sir Robert, or "Ambassador Keith," as he was commonly called, and Sir Basil, the brothers of this accom-

* "You will be sorry to hear," writes Sir Walter Scott, (April 30, 1818,) "that we have lost our excellent old friend, Mrs. Murray Keith. She enjoyed all her spirits and excellent faculties till within two days of her death, when she was seized with a feverish complaint, which eighty-two years were not calculated to resist. Much tradition, and of the very best kind, has died with this excellent old lady; one of the

plished lady ; Sir Alexander Dick of Prestonfield, great-uncle of the young tribe of Balcarres, and still remembered as one of the worthiest, kindest, and most intellectual men of his day ;* Sir Robert and the Anstruthers of Balcaskie, our neighbours and near and valued relations ; the Dalrymples of all denominations ; the family of Dr. John Rutherford, grandfather of Sir Walter Scott—whom even then his aunt, “ Jeanie Rutherford,” remarked to Lady Anne, “ had more mind and more genius than any crea-

few persons whose spirits and cleanliness, and freshness of mind and body, made old age lovely and desirable.”—*Life*, iv., p. 139.

For a description of her person and residence, extracted from “ Probation,” by her niece, “ the authoress of *Selwyn*,” see the Appendix, No. VIII.

* By birth a Cuninghame, of the Caprington family, and then president of the Scottish College of Physicians. Alexander Chalmers draws his character in the following high but just terms :—“ While steady in the pursuit of every object which engaged his attention, his conduct in every transaction throughout life was marked with the strictest honour and integrity. This disposition and this conduct not only led him to be constant and warm in his friendship to those with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, but also procured him the love and esteem of all who really knew him. Notwithstanding the keenness and activity of his temper, yet its striking features were mildness and sweetness. He was naturally disposed to put the most favourable construction on the conduct and actions of others, which was both productive of much happiness to himself and of general benevolence to mankind. And that serenity and cheerfulness which accompanied his conduct through life were the attendants even of his last moments, for on November 10, 1785, he died with a smile upon his countenance, lamented as a great loss to society.”—*Biogr. Dict.*

ture of his age she had ever seen,"—these, and other families less intimate, formed part of Lady Balcarres's society, either in Fife or Edinburgh; I have not space to enter into particulars respecting them, but should be sorry indeed were the remembrance of these old friendships to be lost.

—"You cannot be more pleased than I am," writes Sir Walter Scott to Lady Anne Barnard, on their renewing their early acquaintance more than half a century after the period I am now dwelling upon—"to have so many recollections of former life recalled as your ladyship's letter forced at once on my memory, and of which the sweeping course of time has now left so few living witnesses. I remember all the *locale* of Hyndford's Close perfectly, even to the Indian screen with Harlequin and Columbine, and the harpsichord, though I never had the pleasure to hear Lady Anne play on it. I suppose the Close, once too clean to soil the hem of your ladyship's garment, is now a resort for the lowest mechanics—and so wears the world away. The authoress of 'Robin Gray' cannot but remember the last verse of an old song, lamenting the changes 'which fleeting time procureth;'

' For many a place stands in hard case
Where blythe folks kened na sorrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader Haughs,
And Scotts wha lived on Yarrow.'

—"It is, to be sure, more picturesque to lament the deso-

lation of towers on hills and haughs, than the degradation of an Edinburgh close, but I cannot help thinking on the simple and cosie retreats where worth and talent, and elegance to boot, were often nestled, and which now are the resort of misery, filth, poverty, and vice.

“I believe I must set as much modesty as near thirty years of the law have left me entirely aside, and plead guilty to being the little boy whom my aunt Jeanie’s partiality may have mentioned to your ladyship, though I owed my studious disposition in no small degree to early lameness, which prevented my romping much with other boys, though, thank God! it has left me activity enough to take a great deal of exercise in the course of my life. Your ladyship’s recollections, awakening my own, lead me naturally to reverse the telescope on my past life, and to see myself sitting at the further end of a long perspective of years gone by—a little spoiled chattering boy, whom every body was kind to, perhaps because they sympathised with his infirmities.”*

* “You will imagine, then, my dear Lady Anne,” continues Sir Walter, “how much I value the great kindness which has awakened so many melancholy and yet pleasing reflections. The generations of Rutherfords, in whom your ladyship was interested, are all past away. My mother, my uncle, Miss Christy, the youngest daughter of Mrs. Russell, died by a strange fatality within a week of each other, though of such different ages. Mrs. Russell’s eldest son and two daughters alone survive out of a family so numerous. The former is in India, a most distinguished officer. The two daughters are abroad, trying what climate and foreign baths will do to restore the [mother], whose grief at the successive calamities amongst our friends had a paralytic effect

I close this gallery of portraits with that of Sophy Johnstone, for many years a constant intimate of Bal-

on her constitution. Of twelve or thirteen children of my father, I only survive; and, when I look at two sons and two daughters, fine young fellows, and pretty women, though I say it that should not, I have only to hope that their flourish may come to maturer fruit than was the lot of their predecessors."

The train of feeling with which this letter closes, is resumed in a subsequent one, of December 3, 1823.

"Sir Coutts Trotter has always been my good and kind friend; and with his lady I am, as Sir Toby says in *Twelfth Night*, consanguineous, besides that the late Lady Dumfries and my mother were always dear friends, which is rather better than seventh cousins. The swelling of the waters of Tweed and Ettrick prevented our getting through to pay our respects to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay when at Yair this summer, which I regretted much. The distance is not above three miles, when the river-gods will permit, but I never saw them so long in real bad humour as this last season, and I have given over the task of swimming drumly fords, at which I was once dexterous enough, to my young hussar, whom your ladyship kindly enquires after.—I am much obliged to my constant friend, Sir Coutts Trotter, for speaking so kindly of my young folks. I was at some pains to train them for their several professions, to which they early shewed a distinct predilection. I think I may almost say with an old ballad, which I dare say your ladyship remembers,

'I have learned my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to back a steed;
And sae hae I my turtle-doo
As weel to write and read.

'And I hae learnt my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith gun and sword;
And sae hae I my turtle-doo
To read the Latin word.'

"Please God to spare them to me, I have every reason to think that

carres, and one of the most extraordinary originals of a day when character seems to have been stamped with a

they will be comforts to me. My eldest daughter, who is generally thought one of our best ballad-singers, is married to a young man of very uncommon talent and amiable disposition, named Lockhart, who adds a most agreeable addition to our patriarchal fire-side, together with a babbling brat of a grand-child, which I like rather better than I should do. I expect them all, except Charles, to assemble about a Christmas log at Abhotsford, where we go to spend the recess of the Court of Session; for I have the honour to be a slave, neither of the lamp nor of the ring, but of their lordships' clerks' table—a good comfortable situation, which unites a handsome income with moderate labour and little responsibility.”

Of a different character, but equally interesting, are the following remarks on Lord Byron's character, which few understood so well. (14 Sept., 1824.)

“Fletcher's account of poor Byron is extremely interesting. I had always a strong attachment to that unfortunate, though most richly gifted man, because I thought I saw that his virtues (and he had many) were his own, and his eccentricities the result of an irritable temperament, which sometimes approached nearly to mental disease. Those who are gifted with strong nerves, a regular temper, and habitual self-command, are not perhaps aware how much of what they may think virtue they owe to constitution; and such are but too severe judges of men like Byron, whose mind, like a day of alternate storm and sunshine, is all dark shades and stray gleams of light, instead of the twilight gray which illuminates happier though less distinguished mortals. I always thought that when a moral proposition was placed plainly before Lord Byron, his mind yielded a pleased and willing assent to it; but, if there was any side-view given in the way of raillery or otherwise, he was willing enough to evade conviction. . . It augurs ill for the cause of Greece that this master spirit should have been withdrawn from their assistance just as he was obtaining a complete ascen-

bolder die, or at least to have opposed more resistance to attrition than it now does. "Her father," says Lady Anne, "was what is commonly called an odd dog; her mother that unencroaching sort of existence, so universally termed 'a good sort of woman.' One day after dinner, the squire, having a mind to reason over his bottle, turned the conversation on the 'folly of education.' The wife said, she had always understood it was a good thing for young people to know a little, to keep them out of harm's way. The husband said, education was all nonsense, for that a child who was left to nature had ten times more sense, and all that sort of thing, when it grew up, than those whose heads were filled full of gimcracks and learning out of books.

"Like Mrs. Shandy, she gave up the point, and, as he stoutly maintained his argument, they both agreed to make the experiment on the child she was ready to produce, and mutually swore an oath that it never should be taught any thing from the hour of its birth, or ever have its spirit broken by contradiction.

"This child proved to be Miss Sophy Johnstone. . . I scarce think that any system of education could have

dancy over their councils. I have seen several letters from the Ionian islands, all of which unite in speaking in the highest praise of the wisdom and temperance of his counsels, and the ascendancy he was obtaining over the turbulent and ferocious chiefs of the insurgents. I have some verses written by him on his last birth-day; they breathe a spirit of affection towards his wife, and a desire of dying in battle, which seems like an anticipation of his approaching fate."

made this woman one of the fair sex. Her taste led her to hunt with her brothers, to wrestle with the stable-boys, and to saw wood with the carpenter. She worked well in iron, could shoe a horse quicker than the smith, made excellent trunks, played well on the fiddle, sung a man's song in a bass voice, and was by many people suspected of being one. She learnt to write of the butler at her own request, and had a taste for reading which she greatly improved. She was a droll ingenious fellow; her talents for mimicry made her enemies, and the violence of her attachments to those she called her favourites secured her a few warm friends. She came to spend a few months with my mother soon after her marriage, and, at the time I am speaking of, had been with her thirteen years, making Balcarres her head-quarters, devoting herself to the youngest child, whichever it was, deserting him when he got into breeches, and regularly constant to no one but me. She had a little forge fitted up in her closet, to which I was very often invited."

It was for a beautiful old Scottish melody, sung by this amazonian dame, that Lady Anne, the eldest of the youthful tribe of Balcarres, wrote the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," in 1771, soon after her sister's marriage and consequent departure for England. "Residing," says she, "in the solitude of the country, without other sources of entertainment than what I could draw from myself, I used to mount up to my little closet in the high winding staircase, which commanded the sea, the lake, the rock, the birds, the beach—and, with my pen in my

hand, and a few envelopes of old letters (which too often vanished afterwards), scribble away poetically and in prose, till I made myself an artificial happiness, which did very well ‘*pour passer le temps,*’ though far better would my attempts have been, had I had Margaret’s judgment to correct them.”

“Never,” she continues, after relating some anecdotes of the ballad, which will be found repeated in a letter to Sir Walter Scott towards the close of these memoirs, “never having shewn it to any one except Lady Balcarres, who was greatly pleased with it, and with the share Elizabeth had in the calamities, (N. B., she was fond of talents of a light sort, and, though without invention, had a good discriminating taste on many occasions,) it would never have been suspected as mine, had it not been that, at Dalkeith, Lady Jane Scott, a sensible pleasant sister of the duke’s, said, ‘You sing that song in a way that makes me sure it is your own writing.’ I blushed scarlet and denied it. ‘Dont do so,’ said she,—‘I will betray you unless you give me a copy of it.’ To convince her I was not the author, I gave it, entreating her not to let any one have it, which she promised,—but somehow it got into the world; old ladies remembered it in their nurseries, with inventive rather than retentive memories, and old-song books, all of a later date than 1771, stocked with ancient ditties, were brought forward to prove that if I ventured to call the song mine, (which no one had ever heard me do,) I told a story.”

And thus for many a long year, while all agreed in admiring "Auld Robin," few or none were agreed on the subject of its antiquity. Perhaps the simplest evidence of its popularity, and of the interest taken in the question of its date, may be found in the words with which the authoress closed an impertinent cross-examination, to which the secretary of some Antiquarian Society, deputed to enquire into the matter, had subjected her. "The ballad in question," said she, "has in my opinion met with attentions beyond its deserts. It set off with having a very fine tune put to it by a doctor of music, was sung by youth and beauty for five years and more, had a romance composed from it by a man of eminence, was the subject of a play, of an opera, and of a pantomime, was sung by the united armies in America, acted by Punch, and afterwards danced by dogs in the street—but never more honoured than by the present investigation."*

Lady Margaret and Lady Anne Lindsay were attached to each other through life by unusually warm feelings of sisterly affection. Of Lady Margaret's personal charms and mental accomplishments, the recorded admiration of her cotemporaries, and many beautiful poems, original or translated from the German,† are surviving proofs. "Beauty and grace," says Lady

* The genuine text of "Auld Robin Gray," with the Continuation, will be found in the Appendix, No. IX.

† A few specimens of these, including her translation of Burger's Lenora, will be found (printed for the first time) in the Appendix, No. X.

Anne, “formed her figure; feminine mildness and dignity her manners. Her conversation was as gay as it was enlightened, and had often so much of the brilliancy of harmless wit in it, that nothing could have saved her from the envy which pursues it, but the softness of her manner, which so blunted, or rather veiled its point, that the listener went away, charmed with her as a beautiful woman, without having found out that her capacity was even superior to her beauty. Her eyes were dark blue, and, though small, were full of animation when she smiled, though softness was their character; but it was the eye-lids which gave to them that singular expression of beatitude which involuntarily suggested the word ‘angel’ to the gazer on whom those mild rays fell. Her hair was auburn inclining to red, her nose Greek approaching to aquiline; her mouth might be supposed a little too wide, but it was surrounded with smiles which shewed a set of teeth so pure and fine, that it was impossible to have wished the house smaller that lodged such tenants. Her general form and stature had the fulness in it of youth’s first bloom, while her skin and complexion had all its lustre and delicacy,—but the turn of her face and throat—it was Grecian beauty’s own self! Never have I heard any voice in singing so melodious; it had that perfect affinity with her appearance which lent and borrowed from it additional charms; it possessed that natural *affettuoso* which often surprised tears from the listener he knew not why. Affectionate, pious, and benevolent was her mind; her abilities were

admirable, although disregarded, and almost unknown to herself.”—“With such a figure for a partner, with such a friend to my heart, I entered life, nor is that tie dissolved, nor is that form escaped to its sky,—all, all remains unimpaired, except by the ravages of the cruel scythe, which mows down every flower and every charm, to make us think of that spot where they will fade no more!”

Such was Lady Margaret Fordyce, whose youthful beauty inspired Richard Brinsley Sheridan with those well-known lines, which alone have survived the poem they appeared in:—

“ Marked you her eye of heavenly blue,
 Marked you her cheek of rosy hue,
 That eye in liquid circles roving,
 That cheek abashed at man’s approving,
 The one Love’s arrows darting round,
 The other blushing at the wound!”

She is more truly described—her character, at least, which bore much resemblance to that of her aunt, Lady Elizabeth,* in the words of Haller’s monody on his wife, translated by herself:—

“ One who ne’er felt the pride of human will,
 But meekly bent beneath the will of God ;
 Cheerful, sedate, zealous, yet calm and still,
 The patient victim of misfortune’s rod.”

* “Always sweet, always entertaining, always instructive, she reminded me of the character drawn by my father, in his memoirs, of his sister, Lady Elizabeth.”—*Lady A. Barnard.*

—“ But she was happy at last, though short was its period, two years only! Let me add this, in justice to Sir James’s kind attentions,”—Sir James Burgess, well known in literature, her second, deserving, and kind husband.

In the meanwhile, the domestic circle was rapidly diminished by the successive embarkation of its junior members on the stream of active life. Well might Lady Anne speak of her family having been dispersed over the world,—each followed his own course, and, in a few years, there was scarce a quarter of the world of which a Lindsay was not a denizen. Those who hovered nearest home, were Lady Margaret; Lady Elizabeth, countess of Hardwicke,* and mother of your fair cousins of Mexborough, Caledon, Stuart de Rothesay, and Eastnor;† and Charles Dalrymple Lindsay, bishop of Kildare, the re-

* Lady Hardwicke’s beautiful translation of Tasso will be printed, by her special permission, in a volume uniform with these memorials of her Scottish kindred.

† The melancholy fate of the gifted Lord Viscount Royston, whose “ Remains ” have recently been given to the public, throws a deep interest over the following lines addressed to him by his mother on his birth-day, and sent to him at Harrow, in May, 1796—lines which I acknowledge with gratitude the permission of inserting here.

Again the jocund month of May,
With all its blossoms fresh and gay,
Returning, brings the happy morn
On which my child, my son was born.
With what delight thy mother smiled,
Thy father wept and kissed his child;

vered and beloved sire of a numerous tribe of Lindsays in

And first, he thanked indulgent heaven
 For all the blessings it had given,
 And next, his secret prayer began
 To make his son AN HONEST MAN.

“An honest man!” I hear you call,
 “In truth the boon he asked was small!
 Why sure, mama, ’t were strange belief
 To think that I could be a thief;
 To rob another of his gains
 Indeed were little worth my pains,—
 And honesty, besides, I know,
 Consists in paying what I owe.”

Does it, my child?—no more I ask;
 Nor think thy debt an easy task.
 Wilt thou repay thy parents’ care,
 Their earliest thought, their latest prayer?
 Wilt thou repay thy sisters’ love,
 A faithful, fond protector prove?
 Wilt thou repay the talents lent
 By nature, in their full extent?
 Repay thy friends their feelings kind,
 By best affections of the mind?
 And e’en to fortune pay thy part,
 “With open hand and liberal heart?”
 —Nor even here thy task will cease,
 For every hour thy debts increase;
 Think not thy filial duty done,—
 Britannia claims thee as her son,
 And bids thee guard, with pious awe,
 Her king, her altar, and her law.
 Thus pay—if erring mortals can—
 The debt imposed by God on man.

Is then, dear hoy, the boon so small?
 Ah! strive, my child, to pay it all;
 And let it be thy anxious care
 To second well thy father’s prayer—
 Fulfil the wish that he began,
 And he, like him—AN HONEST MAN!

It was reserved for his affectionate aunt, Lady Margaret, to sing his

Ireland. The rest of the family were for many years almost strangers in Europe. Two brothers fought in

dirge—in the following beautiful lines, commencing with a translation of his Greek verses inscribed in the album at the Falls of Trolhätte, in Sweden, and sent to England after his decease :—

“ Nature her wondrous gifts with liberal hand
 Has scattered round to deck the smiling land ;
 Her hidden treasures in earth, sea, or sky,
 Impervious are to the neglectful eye.
 For wisdom's daughter opes not nature's store
 To sloth or ignorance ; but crowns the lore
 Of him, whose ardent gaze and onward course
 Follow untired and seek her at her source.
 On him the goddess smiles with gentlest air,
 And binds the deathless laurel round his hair.
 In ease immersed, these eyes had ne'er surveyed
 These sacred caves where smiling Naiads played.
 “ Waves of Trolhätte, wondrous to behold,
 Rocks, which the dawning sunbeam tips with gold,
 Forests, to brightest beams impervious yet,
 Your varied charms I never can forget !”

Thus sang the youth, almost a parting strain,
 The matchless youth, for whom we mourn in vain.
 No flimsy freight he purposed to import
 Of each vain trifle from the vainer court ;
 Far from his native land, in keen pursuit
 Of science only and of wisdom's fruit,
 Where arts, or laws, or poetry, were found,
 There lay his course, through wild or cultured ground,
 Mine, mountain, city that deserved renown,
 Or classic ground forgot, or horde unknown.
 No danger stopped him—vain primæval snow,
 Vain parching plains, where noxious vapours blow.
 Onward he pressed, and, like the industrious bee,
 Knowledge he drew from weed, or flower, or tree.
 Oh precious honey ! what had been the store
 Of him, whose cruel fate we now deplore,

India, two in America; your grandfather resided at Sylhet, on the borders of the Burmese empire; Captain

Had heaven restored him to our vows alive,
With all his sweets to deck his parent hive!

* * * * *

Thine was the eye that, blessed with ray divine,
Saw at a glance and made all nature thine;
'Gainst thee in vain had language power to bar
Thy steady way with momentary war,—
While yet the unmeaning sounds still mocked thine ear,
That rapid ray had taught thee how to hear:—
Though blessed with youth, health, beauty, rank, and power,
All that could gild or could ensnare the hour,
With even purpose, like the sapient king,
Knowledge thou sought'st, unborne on eagle's wing;
While other youths pursued the chace, the dance,
The flute, the goblet, led by whim or chance,
Thy comprehensive powers and buoyant mind
In tender youth left wondering age behind.
Witness Cassandra, prophetess of ill,
Obscure by fate, yet lucid by thy skill:—
Nor had gay Fancy on thy favoured head
Forgot her motley flowers to twine or shed;
Oft have I seen thee in the social hour
Lead with thy chosen few the mirthful power,—
Thy playful verse sprang instant at thy will,
In brilliant bubbles sparkling as they fell.
Ah! hadst thou reached once more thy native soil,
Fraught with the treasures of thy generous toil,

^a Lord Royston's translation of Lycophron's "Cassandra," which, "independent of its merits as a poem, evinces a knowledge of history and mythology, a profundity of research, and a combination of taste and learning altogether astouishing in so young a writer," was originally privately printed, at Cambridge, in 4to., 1806, and has now been published, for the first time, in the volume of "Remains," &c., edited by the Rev. Henry Pepsys. His letters to his father, (the late accomplished and excellent earl of Hardwicke,) descriptive of the scenes of his last wanderings, precede the "Cassandra," and are as remarkable for the varied information they convey as for their agreeable and lucid style as compositions.

Hugh Lindsay, (lately chairman of the East India Company,) divided his time between London and Canton,* and the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray" accompanied her husband to the Cape of Good Hope, when he went out as colonial secretary under Lord Macartney.

General Stewart, in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," has described Earl James's children as "a family of soldiers." The late Lord Balcarres and his brothers Colin, James, and John Lindsay were all in the army. Lord Balcarres's capacities, says his sister, "were excellent, his heart good, and even tender, his affections sincere and efforts generous; but abilities, affections, and feelings, all were alike so veiled and marred by that self-diffidence, which, to use a vulgar but an apposite term, I

How had the hearts exulted that now sink
 In sorrow's wave immersed! Yet, while they drink
 The bitter cup ordained e'en to the lees,
 They bend to Him who past and future sees,
 Who brings to nought the justest pride of man
 At His blest will—and who that will shall scan?
 Yet is it nought, mother with grief undone!
 That thou hast borne and fostered such a son?
 Father, who bleed'st like her at every vein,
 Who gavest him life, is't nothing that in vain
 Thou didst not toil to form from thine his heart
 For that blest country where we never part,
 Where no dire storms destroy the hope of years,
 And drown the parent's heart in endless tears?
 Pure shall ye meet in spirit, freed from pain,
 And knowledge bloom on life's fair tree again.

* For an interesting Chinese adventure, contributed some years ago by Mr. Hugh Lindsay to the family archives, see Vol. IV. of these "Lives."

must call false shame, that he shrunk behind himself when it was necessary in the great world for him to assert his powers, in order to obtain what he was more than worthy of, with a figure so distinguished, manners so simple, and noble abilities as a soldier and a statesman so considerable.”—A character which, in the one point of self-diffidence, I must explain as applicable only to his reserve in asserting the importance of those services for which the country was primarily indebted to a peremptory decision of character, which few persons have possessed—at least in union with such clear foresight and calm judgment—in a more remarkable degree.

After attaining his captaincy in the Forty-second, he served also in the 53d and 71st, and was, in 1789, appointed to the colonelcy of the 63d, which he held till his death. During the American war, he accompanied General Burgoyne in his unfortunate expedition from Canada, and was severely wounded at the battle of Ticonteraga, where he stormed and carried the lines of Huberton, at the head of his regiment of light infantry. The ball passed through his thigh, and, at the close of the action, it was found that nine others had passed through his clothes, and that the barrel of his fuzil had been shot through, and the lock of his piece shot off in his hand. “After the severe contest at Freeman’s Farm, Lord Balcarres, apprehensive of the issue of the campaign, erected a strong redoubt, on the plea of accustoming the light infantry to that kind of work. General Arnold, after carrying every other point, was brought

up by this redoubt on the 7th October. He was obliged to attack it, but was repulsed by his lordship, and by this success the British army was saved on that day."

The joy of victory was, however, saddened by the death of the gallant General Frazer, the commandant of Lord Balcarres, who succeeded him in the command of the brave Highlanders of the 71st. Lord Balcarres shared the fate of Burgoyne's army in consequence of his convention with Gates at Saratoga, on the 13th of October, 1777. He was sent into New York as an exchanged officer, but, finding it not perfected, would not accept his liberty "at the expence," as he expressed it, "of the pleasure he felt in sharing the unhappy fate of the regiment he had the honour to command."

Colin Lindsay, and his brothers James and John, were officers in the 73d Highlanders. "Colin," says his sister, "was, perhaps, one of the most amiable young men that ever lived; animated in his countenance, elegant in his figure, noble yet modest in his manners; his sense of honour was high, almost to singularity,* his temper sweet in the extreme; he was generous, affectionate, accomplished, and sincere—a word inadequate to express the beauty of a mind which was the very soul of truth in its unvarnished simplicity." After his return from America, he was appointed major to his regiment in 1780, and served in that capacity at Gibraltar during the celebrated siege of that fortress.†

* He was commonly called Don Quixote.

† "Some account of the assault on Gibraltar, in 1782, in a letter to

John Lindsay, "unlike to all the others," says his sister of him as a child, yet the character was true through life, "but pleasant and eccentric, was a being it was not easy to calculate on; his spirit was unfettered and free, fertile in project and daring in execution." He was appointed to a company in the second battalion of the 73d—serving in India—the same year that his brother Colin became major to the first, which ran its cotemporary career of glory in America and Europe. Accompanying Colonel Fletcher and the troops detached to the support of Colonel Baillie, on Hyder Ali's memorable invasion of the Carnatic, he was taken prisoner at the battle of Conjeveram, 10 Sept. 1780, after having been wounded in four places, and was confined for three years and ten months at Seringapatam, suffering the greatest privations, and even debarred the assistance of a surgeon. His journal of this long captivity—one of the most affecting and instructive narratives extant—will be found in the third volume of these memoirs.

During John Lindsay's imprisonment, his brother James fell in storming the redoubts of Cuddalore, on the 13th June, 1783. "He was wounded," says his friend, Captain Menzies, "by a grape-shot, which entered be-

the earl of Balcarres," and an interesting narrative of the occupation and defence of the island of S. Lucia against the French, in 1779,—originally appended to his "Extracts from Colonel Templehoffe's History of the Seven Years' War," &c., translated from the German, and published in two vols. 8vo., 1793, for the benefit of a school for soldiers' children—will be found reprinted in the third volume of these "Lives."

low his left knee, found its way between the two bones of his leg, and broke the large one; he received his wound about three o'clock," but, refusing to permit his men to carry him off the field, lay there till near six, when a French officer got him a surgeon, who laid open the wound, and he was then carried prisoner into the fort. "He was carried," says Lady Anne, "to the French hospital, was there humanely treated, and amputation was not esteemed necessary." "Though in vast agony," continues his friend, "he bore it, as well as the want of many comforts and conveniences, with the greatest philosophy and good humour." "The ninth day," says his sister, "he felt himself so well, that he said he should like to try his old 'savoir faire' on the fiddle, and sent to borrow one from a French officer; but it had hardly reached him when he said, 'I am ill—all is over;' the mortification had taken place, which is rapid in such climates, and in a few hours he was no more."—He was decently buried on the 22d in the evening.

"The brave young man who fell this day," says General Stewart, "gave great promise of talent and eminence in his profession. Being of a generous open character, which captivated the soldiers, he secured their attachment by the gallantry with which he led them on, on every occasion."—"I have a few slight sketches of his," says his sister,—“relics of a genius universal and enlightened.” They are most masterly—and an unfinished

journal of the campaign in the Carnatic, in which he fell, is preserved in our family repositories.*

At the conclusion of the peace, in March, 1784, John Lindsay and his fellow-prisoners were released, and rejoined their regiments. When General Stewart published his "Sketches of the Highlanders," Colonel Lindsay and Sir David Baird were the only survivors of the two hundred men of the flank companies of the 73d, who had fought under Baillie's command at Conjeveram.

At the general election of 1784, Lord Balcarres was chosen one of the sixteen representatives of the Scottish peerage. The bill, introduced into the House of Lords that year, for restoring the forfeited Jacobite estates, experienced his warm support. Forty years, he reminded the house, had elapsed since the unfortunate era, which it was the purpose of this bill to bury in oblivion.—It was no easy matter, he observed,—foreibly as the principles of the revolution might have influenced the more civilized parts of Britain, to carry conviction into a country almost impassable but to the inhabitants themselves, who were equally unacquainted with the customs and language of England. Government had surely felt the force of these considerations, when, after 1746, they made inlets and roads through the Highlands, endeavoured to introduce the English language, and a knowledge of the laws of their country among the inha-

* Part of it will be inserted in Vol. IV.

bitants, and did them the justice to point out to them those lines on which they were expected to form their future conduct. This was the duty of government, and this duty they discharged.—“How,” asked his lordship, “did the Highlanders receive it? In less than a period of twelve years, we see armies rushing from those mountains under the happy auspices of that great statesman, the earl of Chatham, every man of them vieing with his neighbour in showing his attachment to his sovereign, and to mark their respect for those laws, which from their great natural disadvantages, they had been taught to depreciate and to disregard.”

In answer to a query of Lord Chancellor Thurlow, where the proposed grantees had resided, and what services they had been engaged in since the rebellions for which their ancestors had suffered, Lord Balcarres replied, that he felt himself authorised to speak boldly and securely upon those points.—“Banished their country,” said he, “their properties confiscated, and impoverished in every thing but their national spirit, they offered their services to foreign princes, in whose armies they were promoted to important commands and trusts, which they discharged with fidelity; but, the moment they saw a prospect of return to their friends, and restoration to the bosom of their country, there was not a man of them that hesitated; they resigned those high stations, and, from being general officers and colonels, accepted companies, and some even subaltern commissions, in our service. They were indeed returned to their friends,

and received with open arms, nor, in the course of those twelve years, was there a man who had abandoned his chief because he was poor, or had deserted him because the heavy hand of adversity hung over his head.—A few years more promoted them to commands in the British service, and, at the beginning of the late war, we again see armies rushing from the Highlands, but not with the same ideas that formerly animated them; they had already fully established their attachment to their sovereign, and a due regard to the laws of their country; they had repeatedly received the thanks of their king, and of the two houses of parliament; but they now found themselves impelled by a further motive,—they saw themselves commanded by their former chieftains,—they hoped that, by the effusion of their blood, by the extraordinary ardour and zeal they would shew in the service, they should one day see their leaders legally re-established in their paternal estates, and be enabled to receive from them those kindnesses and attentions, which they had so generously bestowed upon them in their adversity. It was this hope, and these ideas only, that put a stop to those emigrations which had almost depopulated the northern parts of the kingdom.

“The noble lord,” proceeded Lord Balcarres, “has accounted for the mode in which General Frazer got back his estate, and has very justly stated his services in raising two thousand men in Scotland. My lords, it is here I take up the first name that presents itself on the face of this bill,—which is that of Lord MacLeod, who

was a major-general in Sweden, and invested with the order of merit by his Swedish majesty. It was no sooner reported that Lord MacLeod was to return to his country, than two thousand five hundred MacKenzies offered their services, provided his majesty would appoint Lord MacLeod to be their colonel. The king was pleased with the generosity of the offer, and granted their request. They were immediately embodied. One battalion of them were sent to the East Indies,—and we had late accounts of the poor shattered remains of that corps, worn down by repeated campaigns in that noxious climate, with the same ardour and unabated zeal, storming the lines of Cuddalore. The other battalion went to Gibraltar, under the command of Colonel MacKenzie, brother to Lord MacLeod. I am not going to make a panegyric on that battalion,—your lordships have made it before me; they received the thanks of every branch of the legislature, and, when they landed at Portsmouth, were received with the acclamations of the people for the distinguished defence they made of Gibraltar, under those brave veterans, Generals Elliot and Boyd.

“ I will not fatigue your lordships with going through the names which are the subjects of our debate. I shall briefly observe, that the clan of MacDonalds performed equal services under Colonel MacDonald.—My lords, before I sit down, I cannot refrain from mentioning an anecdote which now occurs to my memory. The learned lord has observed that the Perth estate is more in value than all the rest put together. This estate was forfeited

by the Drummonds in the year 1745, for opposing the present family on the throne, and supporting the rebellion; the next place we observe them in, is supporting the present family, and opposing the rebellion, in America,—by which they have lost a greater estate there than the estate of Perth here. Thus they have lost one half of their property by opposing the house of Hanover, and the other by supporting it. These, my lords, are lamentable contradictions, that could only arise from the turbulence of the times, and, in my opinion, are an additional motive for the estate being now restored to them.

“ My lords, it is no longer in your power to restore the other estates to their original owners; it appears by the face of this bill, that most of them belonged to the 71st regiment,—they have all fallen in the course of last war, and, as I succeeded General Frazer in the command of this regiment, I am well authorised to assert to your lordships, that they were only part of fifty-two officers who perished in this Highland regiment. The door of mercy is now open to the descendants of those brave and gallant men; let them enter and receive it at your lordships’ hands, and do not let us shut it against them, and tell them, ‘ We have received your services, but they shall go unrewarded; you have fought our battles, you have preserved our fortunes and our dignities, but we will repay those benefits with injuries.’ ”

I feel as much gratification in transcribing the chancellor’s reply, as I have felt in recording the speech which elicited it. He disclaimed any intention of re-

flecting on the characters, or impeaching the merits, of the gallant gentlemen, in whose favour this act of grace was brought forward. “It was fortunate, however, for those brave men, that, from what he said, he had afforded an opportunity for their merits to be brought forward in a manner so truly honourable to them, and the best calculated to do them the justice they deserved. He rejoiced that their merits had now received the highest remuneration, the praise of a soldier who had distinguished himself so eminently in the service of his country, that his competency to distribute either censure or approbation on military merit became unquestionable, and thence his applause was an honour superior to all reward. So well satisfied was he with what had fallen from the noble lord on that part of the subject, that he declared he would desire no better proof of the merits of the persons concerned.”

The bill passed on the 18th August, 1784.

On the breaking out of the war in 1793, Lord Balcarras was appointed to the civil government and command of his majesty's forces in Jersey, in the absence of Marshal Conway, the governor. While in that command, he was entrusted with and carried on the correspondence with the army of La Vendée, and the establishment of the lines of communication with its chiefs and those of the Chouans.* Being named the following year

* On this subject he writes as follows to his sister, Lady Hardwicke :—

to the government of Jamaica, he sailed for the West Indies in the spring of 1795, in company with his brother Colin, who, landing at Barbadoes, was directed to take the command of the troops in Grenada, then in a dangerous state on account of the revolt of the mulattoes and negroes, excited by French emissaries. He completely defeated the insurgents on the 17th March, and had extricated himself out of the disagreeable position he was placed in by the want of discipline in the militia, when he fell a sacrifice to excessive fatigue and a noxious climate, deeply regretted, not only by his brother officers, but the privates under his command, "to whose minutest wants," says General Stewart, "he paid un-

"Plymouth, 2 Feb. 1795. . . . When I received the command in Jersey, I found a multitude of young enterprising Frenchmen, idle and burning with impatience to be employed.^a Upon this ground, I conceived the practicability of forming a line of communication from Jersey direct to the heart of La Vendée, and also across the country from the army of the Chouans to that of Morhihan. The execution of this plan has surpassed my most sanguine expectations. The importance of what I have done stands confessed by every Frenchman in Brittany, and every other person who has information of the state of France in that interesting quarter. It goes to no less than the affording a hope by no means unreasonable, that, through the medium of this channel, Louis XVII. may be seated on the throne of his ancestors. If this is realised, I have been the instrument of effecting a service rarely achieved by any subject. This, like all other speculations, is only to be judged by the event. Let

^a Lord Balcarres employed numbers of these loyalists as spies on the main-land of France, but not one of them, he often afterwards mentioned, could be induced to receive any pecuniary reward for his services.

common attention, and was beloved as well as feared by them.”*

this letter lie *perdu* until yourself shall judge of that event. . . Should the king of France regain his throne by the assistance of England through this channel, it must not be forgot that the idea was mine, and that I have pinned my glory to it,—and I think the young king will owe me the best sword in his arsenal !”

* “Sketches,” &c.—The following reflections are among the last that occur in his MS. journal:—“March 4, 1795. At this house of M. Robert’s I found, last night, a quantity of English newspapers, and after the company retired, I employed some hours in reading them. Little satisfaction was to be derived from the state of public affairs. I there met with the account of the death of my old friend Maxwell, in the East Indies, brother to the Duchess of Gordon. In him his country loses a valuable servant, of great zeal and activity. He had it probably in his power, while there, to repay his pecuniary obligations to his friends, and even to leave some memorials of his gratitude. . . I reflect how unlikely this is to be my case! Though Maxwell’s cotemporary in the army, I have gained no public fame, nor been in a situation to render any eminent service. I am under very considerable pecuniary obligations, and under some of a more binding nature, to many friends—I mean, such as *neverfailing kindness!*—I rejoice to think I have now attained the point when it may be my lot to repay this, should the chance of war permit it. The precise period at which an honourable life shall terminate seems not very material. I have some satisfaction in reflecting that I have not abused the kindness of my friends, and have rarely applied for any assistance from them; they have voluntarily advanced a large sum to promote me in my profession, and, if I have not yet had an opportunity of repaying them, I cannot accuse myself at least of having postponed it in consequence of extravagant or vicious propensities.

“Before I left Port Royal, I left orders that my letters should be kept till my return. I am not without hopes of finding one from my

Lord Balcarres's able conduct and indefatigable exertions in suppressing the Maroon rebellion, which broke out almost immediately after his arrival in Jamaica—(exertions to which the empire owed the lives of every white in the island, and the preservation of seventy millions of British capital,) were acknowledged by a vote of seven hundred guineas for the purchase of a sword, to be presented to him in token of the gratitude of the colony. In acknowledging it, he congratulated the Assembly, that, “during their contest with an enemy the most ferocious that ever disgraced the annals of history—an army of savages, who had indiscriminately massacred every prisoner whom the fate of war had placed in their power—no barbarity, nor a single act of retaliation, had sullied the brightness of their arms.”*

dear sister Margaret, which would be too precious to me to run the chance of losing it; but as I have lately had several from her, I am not sanguine. To be the brother, and to possess the friendship of such a woman, may well be highly estimated; but beauty and accomplishments are not so eminent in her as her excellent understanding, her kind, virtuous, and comprehensive mind. Now, although each of our other two sisters might with great truth and justice sit for the picture, and altogether form a trio such as, I am very solemnly persuaded, never did exist in any other family, yet I feel as if Margaret had a stronger hold of my affections than either of them. An unmarried sister is more a brother's *own*; besides, there were unfortunate situations in her life which called forth the full exertion of her qualities.—This digression seems to have little to do with my journal round the military quarters, to which I must now return, but it has a great deal to do with my journey through life!”

* A selection from Lord Balcarres's public despatches and private

He resigned the government in 1801, after having held it for nearly seven years, during which, waging an incessant warfare against French revolutionary aggression, and with internal difficulties to contend with, enough to have disheartened any one less confident in his own resources, he saved Jamaica a second time, and, on quitting the island, was followed to his home by the blessings of thousands, whose children still reverence his memory.—Shortly after his return, he attained his full rank of general in the army, was re-elected one of the sixteen, and resided till his death at Haigh Hall, in Lancashire, his wife's inheritance by maternal descent from the ancient knightly family of Bradshaigh.

Had he lived to finish the "Anecdotes of a Soldier's Life," which he commenced at his sister, Lady Anne's request, he would have ranked among the most interesting of our family chroniclers.*

correspondence during the Maroon war, forms part of the third volume of this series.

* From among a few anecdotes roughly jotted down by him for this work, I transcribe the following :—

"In 1767, I received my ensigncy in the 53d regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lindsay of that regiment, and, under his tutelage, I embarked, in the *Æolus* frigate, for Gibraltar. We were to take up at Lisbon Major Hawke, a son of the great Lord Hawke, and Ensign Bosville of the Guards, afterwards the famous republican." * * * Arriving at Gibraltar, "Major Hawke and Mr. Bosville crossed the channel to visit Barbary, and pressed me to accompany them; I was but too happy in the idea, and eagerly prayed Colonel Lindsay to procure leave of absence from old General Cornwallis, uncle

John Lindsay, meanwhile, after again serving in India, in the war with Tippoo Saib in 1790, and in that with France in 1793, returned to England, on the regiment's being ordered home, in 1797. After obtaining the

to Earl Cornwallis, but he was inflexible, saying that he lamented my anxiety, but it was proper that young men should first learn their duty.

“ This refusal from a man famous for his courtesy and benevolence surprised the colonel, but in the course of the day he discovered the cause of the old general having got so suddenly disgusted with young officers.

“ Having observed that these youngsters had taken uncommon freedom in wandering far from their guards, he issued an order forbidding this palpable breach of duty. The very next day, the general, riding out, perceived an officer who had, in defiance of the order, wandered from his guard, and stood near a spot where a number of labourers were repairing a difficult road. The general was determined to catch the youth in the act of disobedience, and put spurs to his horse; the young man saw his danger and the impossibility of getting to his guard before the general,—when, with great presence of mind, he advanced to the labourers, and, throwing down his purse, prayed them to throw their wheel-barrow, pickaxes, stones, and every obstruction, so as to stop the road for five minutes. This was done, and when the general rode up after the impediment was removed, he found the stripling hero at the head of his guard, who received him with the compliments and honours due to his rank.

“ After giving him the severest reprimand for his disobedience to public orders, and charging him aloud with being a careless and negligent officer, he lowered his voice, and whispered to his ear,—‘ Never mind it! you’ll make an excellent general!’ ”

“ My very excellent friend, the late General Sir James Craig, had all the points of a great man; it did not, however, fall to his lot to do

lieutenant-coloneley of the MacLeod Highlanders, he quitted the army in 1801, the year of his brother's return from Jamaica, and the year after his own marriage with the youngest daughter of Frederick North earl of Guildford,—a worthy scion of a race “in which brilliant

much, but he was entrusted with the command of the army on the coast when this country was threatened with an invasion.

“Sir James had been a captain of light infantry under my command in America, and often in situations where we were pinched for a dinner. At certain periods immense flocks of pigeons visit that continent; they fly very close and with great rapidity,—so close, indeed, that one may kill dozens of them by one shot. Being well furnished with ammunition, I determined to take a day's shooting, and Sir James said he would accompany me. The first flight of birds passed very near; we both fired at the same moment, and down dropped birds in abundance, all of which were immediately bagged by Sir James. The second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth shots were attended with the same success and the same ceremony of bagging. I thought this bagging principle rather odd, and I could not avoid saying to him, ‘Now, Sir James, do you really think that you killed all those birds, and that I killed none?’—‘All I know,’ says he, ‘is, that I am probably the best shot now living, and that I never heard of your fame in that way.’—We shot away a little longer, the same process of bagging still going on.—‘Well,’ says Sir James, ‘we are now tired, and it is but fair that you should have a couple of dozen.’—‘Very well,’ says I, ‘my good friend—any thing for a quiet life!’—‘But have not I,’ says Sir James, ‘behaved most handsomely on this occasion?’—‘Undeniably,’ says I.—‘Well,’ says he,—‘the truth must out: I have a number of officers to dine in my tent, and I have but little to give them, and I have committed this *ruse de guerre*, for I had plenty of powder—but *no shot*—I never fired except when you fired—the two dozen of birds, which I so generously gave you, I hope you will as generously bestow on me, and if you will come and dine with me, I shall tell the story.’”

wit, mingled with the most genuine good-humour and kindness of disposition, and a rational love of letters, seem to be hereditary possessions.”*—“I should like much to see Lady Charlotte Lindsay again,” says Sir Walter Scott in a letter to Lady Anne Barnard; “I met her often many years ago, about 1806 and 1807, in the society of the late marquis of Abercorn, and at the unhappy queen’s. Her wit flowed as if she was quite unconscious of it, and always reminded me of the gifted princess, who could not comb her locks without producing pearls and rubies.”

The wanderings of Earl James’s children had ceased, for the most part, before this period, and those who had quitted home and country in pursuit of honour and wealth, had returned with—the former at least, and be-

Lord Balcarres used often to tell the following anecdote of one of his brother-officers in the American war, of the name of P——, a man immensely fat, and noted for a peculiarly broad —*terminus*. In one of their light skirmishes, the regiment were retreating, pursued by the enemy, across a country intersected with palings and hurdles, which the active young officers vaulted over with ease, but not so poor P——, who either clambered over, or forced his way between them. At last, however, he stuck fast—head, shoulders, feet, his whole person, in short, safe on the British side of the paling, with the exception of the disk above alluded to—which for several minutes remained the target at which, amid roars of laughter, five hundred bullets were aimed by the Americans, for ten directed at any other mark in the field. He was rescued at last by his friends, and, I am happy to add, unhurt.

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxxiv., p. 214.

come fathers of numerous families, who, in their turn, after following the footsteps of their sires, have become the parents of the generation of which you and myself are members.

Your grandfather's residence and adventures in the East are so graphically related in his "Anecdotes of an Indian Life," that I refer you at once to them for the history of his early career, and of a fortune acquired by honourable enterprise, and dispensed since his return in making all connected with him happy.*—On Lord Balcarres's determining to settle definitively in Lancashire, Mr. Lindsay became the purchaser of Balcarres—"But never," said he to his sister, "shall I permit myself to become attached to it, till I have given my elder brother the power of resuming it, should fortune enable him to do so."

"He kept his word," says Lady Anne, "though it had become the doating-piece of his heart, in spite of his resolution to the contrary, and on the return of Balcarres many years afterwards from Jamaica, Robert offered it to him, almost without a hope of its being refused.

"Judge, then, my dear young reader, of whichever of the families you are, of the transport with which Robert heard Balcarres say that, having already invested his gains by adding to and improving the estate of his wife, and knowing the inconvenience of having property in different kingdoms to attend to, he felt himself obliged

* The "Anecdotes" alluded to form part of Vol. IV.

to return to his brother the power he had so handsomely given him, without availing himself of it."

SECT. II.

The venerable dowager of Balcarres passed the evening as well as the morning of her life in her beloved Scotland. A few extracts from her own letters and those of the relatives who watched with affectionate solicitude over her declining years, blended with occasional notices from the pen of Lady Anne Barnard, will close her history.

She continued to reside at Balcarres for many years after her younger children had quitted it. "Balcarres's behaviour to me," she writes to her daughter, "is perfectly to my mind; this house is, I think, more my own than it ever was; he is perfectly adored in this country, where he is known."—"We found my dear mother," says Lady Anne, after a visit to Fifeshire, in company with her sister, "well—lively—happy, and without any of the essential approaches of old age being evident, a failure in memory excepted, of which she was not ashamed, wisely regarding it as the common lot of humanity, and that the goodness of God was seen even while depriving us, one by one, of those enjoyments which attach us to a life we must quit or sooner or later. It was with delight that Margaret and I perceived that such reflections were becoming more and more interesting to her every day, though seriousness of mind was so

mixed with the play of imagination which was natural to her, that one who knew her little would not have supposed, while she talked over the gaieties and vanities of the day, where it was that she rested her happiness."

About the time of your grandfather's return from India, she took up her residence in Edinburgh with Mrs. Murray Keith, the beloved friend alike of her youth and old age.—“Her mind and manners,” says Lady Anne, “were beginning to acquire that mellowness which renders wines of a strong body more precious and pleasant every day; from age she was becoming more and more interesting, through the confidence with which she relied on the tenderness of her children.

“‘Robert told you truth,’ she writes in 1790, ‘as to my good looks for my time of life, and vivacity equal to that of youth; nevertheless I am much failed, having almost totally lost my memory; but even this does not affect my spirits, as I am thankful for every blessing I have enjoyed, and resigned to what may affect me in future, being well assured that I live among friends, who will always take a perfect charge over me. Do not, from this account, imagine I am either dark or low; it is so far otherwise, that I am really merry, and in excellent health.’

“This account, given of my dear mother by herself, ought to have satisfied my sister and me, but there was a shade of melancholy which pervaded it that, in spite of her assurances to the contrary, prevented us from being easy till we saw her again. Margaret and I, therefore,

went to Scotland in September, 1790, and passed six weeks with her in the house of our sister-in-law, the younger Lady Balcarres, who lived then in Edinburgh for the education of the children, while Balcarres was with his regiment, previous to the appointment afterwards given him of governor of Jamaica.

“We could soon perceive, by my mother’s conversation, that the dejection of phrase, which had inspired us with alarm, originated in a distrust of herself, good woman! and a fear that the powers of her mind would follow the loss of her memory; a fear most natural, but, thank God! in her case unfounded for many long years, as subsequent pages will shew—for the comfort of those who may at times feel similar distrusters.—Meantime, Margaret and I perceived with delight, what I have touched in a former page, that, so far from becoming less happy by the approaches of old age, our mother was a happier woman, even when foreboding the infirmities she mentioned—indeed a much happier—through the influence of piety and peace of mind, than she had been in earlier life, when cares for her children harassed her, plans for their advancement distracted her, defeated projects irritated her, their want of wisdom sometimes provoked her, and a series of little privations, which she had no means of supplying with prudence, made her feel *that*, which she resolutely refused letting us know she felt; for such was, alas! the fashion of the times, that parents who would sacrifice every thing to the interests of their children, thought it a weakness to study the feelings of

their hearts. But all this had passed away as our respective situations improved, and every care of my mother's, every little difficulty of humour, seemed ready to vanish with its cause. Those of her children who were affluent assisted those who were not, nor found out that they had any merit in doing so,—'tis on such points, and such only, that I find a Scotch education is preferable to that of any other country I am acquainted with, as no where else are the ties of blood held equally sacred.

“In Mrs. Anne Keith, my mother's first cousin and the companion of her youth, about ten years younger than herself, and now called by her ‘her husband,’ she found a partner *en ménage*, attached to Scotland with a nationality of preference which particularly satisfied my mother, who liked to talk of England, and to quote from it, but never wished to see it more, having felt with a high-minded disdain the degradation, as she said, of being made nobody, because she was not rich. We endeavoured to persuade her to spend the alternate years with us in England; she liked the invitation, but replied gaily, ‘No, no, ladies—no residences’ but in my *own* country—a visit perhaps you may have from me, if I think myself well enough to go to court in order to see my flirt the king, but even that must be a short one—write often to me, however,’ said she, ‘that will keep you in my society, and present to my fancy, and be sure to tell me every thing you think I should like to know,—it will be a great amusement to me; particularly how

you arrange your house when you get your affairs settled.'

"Her own house was almost completed, and opposite to her daughter-in-law's,—though it was but the *premier étage*, it was a very handsome one; her little income had recovered its good health,—she had, therefore, enough to live on comfortably, and, with the addition Mrs. Keith could bring, great ease of finance appeared. On the other hand, the tastes of Mrs. Keith gave her so much to the world, to company, to cards, (of whist my mother was particularly fond,) to reception, to patronage—with the more intellectual addition of a little belles-lettres, and no small taste for political discussion and argument in general, that she was an inexhaustible fund of resource to my mother, when she found herself in any degree insufficient to carry on the war, which at times was the case when this world was lost in the prophesied happiness of the next—'And then,' as she said to me, 'we shall all be young together again, Annie!'—We left her with emotions of sweetness and sadness."

"1793, —.

"It is a long time, my dear Annie, since I have written to you, but the truth is, I have not put pen to paper these three months. I find my memory so faulty that I rarely put it to the test, as it is mortifying to find we are *passée*. But I, of all the daughters of mortality, have least reason to complain, having enjoyed, during a long life, every blessing and comfort; my health is good,

and, what is rather laughable, I am looking, for a girl of my age, really handsome; it makes me smile, when I am complimented on my charms, to think that I cannot recollect the name of the person who does so, or of the most intimate faces I circulate amongst every day. But in other respects I am in perfect health, and my beloved husband, Anne Keith, thinks and does every thing for me that can be desired,—but, what is odd, I never forget a pip at whist, owing to the cards being so immediately before my eyes, for which reason no one believes that my memory has failed.”

“Your mother,” writes Mrs. Keith to Lady Anne, on her return from Africa nine years afterwards, (1803,) “is in perfect health, and, I aver, is the happiest woman, I should say, human being, of my acquaintance, as she is tranquil as to every thing here, and in transport as to another world. I have explained why your visit was delayed; she said she was sorry, but it made no impression, and she asked me in a few minutes, if you had returned from the Cape. . .

“10 June.— How happy we are to see Barnard’s arrival at Portsmouth announced in the newspapers! When your mother heard it, she asked if he were not your husband, and rejoiced to think he was on British ground, and in a minute she took to her knots and to her rapturous day-dreams, and forgot us all.

“She is the only perfectly happy individual I know; and, if I had the gift of restoring to her all the powers

of mind she had at twenty-five, with good health and no risk of salvation, I yet durst not do it on the score of temporal felicity, which she, and she alone, is in full possession of. Do not let Mr. Barnard write her any attentive letters; my spouse thinks of none of these things now, and often tells me complacently that she neither knows who I am, nor where she is; and I, without any tender sentiment, tell her all the facts, and every thing is right. She is so truly good-natured that she sometimes scolds me for my abhorrence of the French, and then I tell her of their cruelty and impiety,—she holds up her hands and wonders, and then to inward prayers.”

Mrs. Keith and her aged friend were now settled at Balcarres, under the protection of your grandfather and Mrs. Lindsay.

The promised visit was paid shortly afterwards. “The dear old nest,” says Lady Anne, “shall have the precedence from my pen of all other abodes in my list of visits; dear—as being the nest where eleven brother and sister chickens were hatched and fostered,—chickens, who through life have never known once what it was to peck at each other; all flew into the world together, and all return from time to time to the parent hamlet, where sits the valued mother on her bed of straw, meditating her flight to higher regions.

“When Robert married his cousin Elizabeth,* she was

* Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Alexander Dick, Bart., of Prestonfield.

very pretty, and was so still, but that which was most pleasing in her was the innocence of her mind, guileless as one of her own babes, but with all the liberality of the great world. Robert had been lucky; she had no fortune, but she made him happy,—and is not that enough? His own worth, his patriarchal care of every thing belonging to him, the prosperity that attended all his purchases, and the uninterrupted health his children

They were married on the 25 Nov., 1788.—The following anecdote of one of this lady's brothers, (the present Sir Robert Keith Dick, Bart., of Prestonfield,) possesses more than mere family interest:—

“Amidst the many cruel emotions that arose to Dundas, on an occasion when men were proved,” (his trial), “I saw a pleasurable one flow from his eyes in a flood of tears which seemed to do him good. A young man—the younger brother of my sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Lindsay, was sent, when quite a boy, to the East Indies, by Lord Melville, as a writer; his industry and abilities gave him a little early prosperity; he heard of this attack on Dundas; he venerated him; he knew he was not a man of fortune; he had made five thousand pounds or more, and in words the most affectionate and respectful, manly and kind, he remitted to him an order for the money, should he have occasion for it to assist in defraying the heavy expenses he must be put to.

“It was a sweet letter, generous and principled, such as any one of that excellent family would write in similar circumstances. Dundas read it to me with an exultation of satisfaction, together with his reply.

“‘I have never beheld a countenance but one,’ said he, ‘that did not feel this letter as it ought, when I read it, and that one was my daughter-in-law’s, before she knew I had refused it.’ “I hope,” said she, “that, while my purse is full, you never will receive aid from a stranger.” I knew she spoke as she felt;—to find two such people at such a moment, is it not worth a score of desertions?”—*Lady Anne Barnard.*

enjoyed, gave him altogether a happy lot, though it was not unchequered, for if Monday saw him rich, Tuesday perhaps dawned on him full of cares and crosses, which overnight he had forgotten; a legion of blue devils would dance around him (I hope my readers have no acquaintance with such troops), and Robert continued on the brink of ruin for twenty-four hours perhaps, till a good ride set all to rights, and he waked an emperor next morning.—In one respect he never varied, in his attentions to our good old mother, nearly eighty, enjoying every blessing still, but that of memory; she sometimes remarked, with a smile, that she believed she was better without it.”

Lady Anne and Lady Margaret revisited Scotland in 1809, about a year after the death of Mr. Barnard. “We found all at Balcarres as we had left it, but the heart, that would have overflowed on witnessing the pleased contentment enjoyed by my dear mother, was not there to share in the general gaiety. I look back on that time with a mixture of pain, from the comparison I felt it then but too natural to make; yet still, how many causes were there not for gratitude to God!

“My mother, now eighty-two, had not a complaint in the world but the want of memory, which, being known and acknowledged, gave her no concern; her days glided on peacefully to that goal which we must all reach or sooner or later.

“In this respectable succession-house of the ages of human life the scenery was sometimes affecting. My

mother was handed in to dinner every day by little Charles, my brother Robert's youngest boy; aged five years; there was but seventy-seven years of difference between them, and, on such occasions, if my mother had not a few compliments paid her on her dress or good looks, she did not feel quite happy. The great family festival before us was that of her birth-day, on the 25th of December, on which each person was prepared with his or her *cadeau*. I forget what Margaret's was,—mine was a black lace cloak or hood; when I put it over her nice little figure, and wished her many happy returns of the day, she seemed proud and pleased—her eye sparkled with unusual intelligence,—‘is not this too fine for me?’ said she, ‘but I accept of it with pleasure, and in return, Annie, I will make you a present which I hope you will live to enjoy the benefit of; I mean—the knowledge that old age is not the miserable state that people suppose it to be; on the contrary, it is one of calm enjoyment. You can have no idea how much amusement is derived from things that we disregarded in our youth; the attentions of friends, for instance, are more prized, (I meet with a thousand,) and the misfortunes of life are easier borne,—of what consequence are they to a person who is on the brink of quitting this world for a better? The thoughts of that untried country, Annie, to which I am invited by my Saviour, are to me the source of inexhaustible delight: I trust,’ said she, with fervour, ‘that I shall *there* meet with you all again, through His merits, in perpetual youth and endless happiness,—and this

castle of mine, Annie, is not a *Château d'Espagne*, as Madame Anne Keith calls some of my projects, when she does not approve of them.' ”

“ Last night,” writes Lady Hardwicke, in October, 1817, “ I reached this place, and found my mother extremely well in her way ; she now sits always in her chair, but the resemblance to what she was remains in all her ways. . . The little sparkle of repartee still remains, but the memory fluctuates, as you know. . . . She is really adored by every creature round as a superior being ; her sweetness of mind, readiness of wit, and generosity, really give her a station that is wonderful. . . My mother never dines at table now, and Mrs. Keith begins to give it up also ; this is best for all.”

“ This letter of Lady Hardwicke’s was soon followed by one from Mrs. Lindsay, announcing the death of Mrs. Keith ; I will give you her account of my mother after it, in her own sweet words :—

“ ‘ You are anxious about your mother—I am happy to say she is well—really, wonderfully well. Feeble, no doubt, neither is she so gay in her replies as we have known her, but still she is a wonder that we should thank heaven for, ten times a day, enjoying her Bible, her work, and in this charming weather is out in her garden-chair ; this forenoon she even got to the farm to examine the progress of the turnips,—ever pleased and

contented beyond any other person. When she and I are alone, she often talks to me of Mrs. Keith, whose loss I see she has never permitted her memory wholly to lose hold of,—always mentioning her with warm regard, but saying she has only gone on before her a little way. She has great pleasure in making those who attended her at the last, repeat over the circumstances which preceded her last moments, her fortitude and resignation, saying it was “a bonnie story, and very edifying;” but she will not allow that she or Lady Margaret are to be grieved for, or any other true christian, who escapes easily and beautifully from this world.

“The death of the good old king created the same sentiment; she rejoiced in the relief from suffering for so good a man, whom she still remembers when the little anecdotes she used to tell about him are recalled to her. . . . In short, as to your mother, you may be perfectly at ease, for no complaint has she,—there is no strengthening the feeble limbs at ninety-one, but may we all partake of her heavenly temper, and sweet contentment.’”

Lady Anne, feeling anxious, about a year afterwards, to have her mother's portrait taken, consulted her kind sister-in-law on the subject. “She is in excellent health,” was the reply, “but, to say the truth, has now the features of *very old age*. We have all been considering when she appears most animated, and we agree it is when she is repeating your second part of ‘Auld Robin

Gray,' which no one knows but herself,—this she did last night, with a degree of feeling and emphasis singular at ninety-two. We think if the painter can once catch the expression, and then let her take up her knots, he will be able to give you her likeness as she *now* is, which, I believe, is what you wish."

"The painter found his way to Balcarres; my mother was infinitely pleased and gratified at having her resemblance taken."

"Her lamp," writes Lady Anne, about this time, "burns cheerily; her Bible is read with delight, and a remark often made, which proves that a clear flame sparkles in the socket still. So happy is she with the excellent Robert and his wife, that she believes the patriarchal house of Balcarres is her own, and that Robert and his wife are her guests. A portion of every day is spent by them in her bed-room."

She was now, however, ninety-three, and increasing symptoms of decay began to appear. "I have, however," writes Mr. Lindsay, "the same pleasing tale to repeat to you of her contented mind, and body free from every complaint; I do not mean to say that mind and body remain entire, however,—feeble and fine is the thread of life now, and seldom a day passes that we do not think the close approaches, and then a gleam of sunshine appears again to dismiss anxiety by her cheerful answers to our enquiries—'I am well, perfectly well.' Elizabeth and I spend half-an-hour with her every night before she goes to bed, and read a chapter in the Bible or

hymns ; sometimes she enjoys it, sometimes she is far beyond us, probably lost in happier and more heavenly feelings than mortals can impart by any endeavour—to her how unnecessary !”

“ After such preparation, the notification of the awful event from the excellent Mrs. Lindsay came not unexpectedly.

“ ‘ Balcarres, 29 Nov., 1820.

“ ‘ My dear Lady Anne :—

It will not surprise you to hear that our worthy mother is no more ! When I last wrote, she seemed to rally for a few days ; since that time, she has gradually declined, but still, as far as we could judge, sensible to the last, and often visibly her mind engaged in prayer ; for the last three weeks she took little or nothing, her lips merely wet with *your* wine. This morning, about eight, we were called to see her breathe her last. I held her hand, which was still warm ; every breath became fainter and fainter, but so gently did her soul depart, that all of us, who were looking on, could scarcely believe she was gone !—I have closed the eyes of a kind mother who was always partial to me, and whose life and death will ever be remembered with the most pleasing sensations.

Adieu, my dear Lady Anne. My love to James,—I will write to him when the funeral is over.

Ever most affectionately yours,

ELIZABETH LINDSAY.’

“ ‘ Balcarres, Dec. 8, 1820.

“ ‘ My dearest James :—

I have not written to you since the death of worthy granny ; you would hear from Lady Anne that the close of her life was the most enviable, serene scene, that could have accompanied the awful separation of body and soul ! She lingered so slow the last three weeks of her life, and existed on so little nourishment, that I sometimes dreaded there was a singular strength of constitution remaining, that might have occasioned sufferings before all was over ; but, thank God ! she had no apparent uneasiness, and her spirit glided away so gently that we all looked to each other to be confirmed she was gone !

On Tuesday she was laid in our chapel by the side of her husband, and next, as we suppose, to Earl Alexander, as they found, 'on preparing the grave, a large lead coffin, the handles of which were evidently of foreign make,—so we conclude it is by the side of that earl who died at Breda, and was brought home to be interred here, according to the old record. A selfish tear would fall when I saw the venerable remains of my long accustomed charge conveyed from the door to the chapel, and her room looked desolate and cold ! but I return thanks with gratitude to heaven, that her long-told years are closed in peace, without suffering.—A few relations and intimate friends were asked only, as, in a letter written by herself in 1816, she particularly mentions her request, that her funeral may be *without parade*—these are her

words. All the respectable people in Colinsburgh wished to attend, and whoever had a black coat came.

When I saw the sincere and mournful numbers, grateful for her past benevolence, and doubtful of future assistance, I could not help comparing the difference between the gratifying simple scene and the pageantry of a town, with coronetted carriages and equipages with plumes, filled by those who have not a feeling congenial to the occasion.

I am led also to another observation, seeing it so strongly marked; I mean, the advantages the poor have over the rich at the close of life,—they leave no comforts to be regretted. Several of the old people had been asking with anxiety for some days, if all was over, and when the event was announced, there were no unmeaning regrets; some thanked God—others went farther, and said, “I am glad our honest good lady is at rest!” and then followed every one’s little anecdote, “O sic a leddy as she was for charity, and for good advice, and for cheerfu’ piety!”

But I must leave this subject,—tear off the page and give it to Lady Anne; I cannot write to her to-day.

Your affectionate mother,

ELIZABETH LINDSAY.’

“She was certainly a woman of a high mind, without the parade of it, possessed inherent dignity, without

pride, and the reality of that which others try to assume by lofty manners and splendid appointments. Though without the feminine softness in early life, which is so attractive, she had a kind and considerate heart for distress, and would have had a most liberal hand, had not her sense of justice, which was a prominent feature in her character, made her reflect that she was the mother of eleven children, and had but little to bestow. Ostentation and selfishness she most particularly detested. . . . I had occasion to know from an old lady, though never from my mother, that, when a very very young woman, she had received a legacy of fifty pounds; a humble friend, with a large family, was beginning business, and in distress for a little ready money,—the young Miss Dalrymple gave him her fifty pounds, and, being asked why she had not bestowed the half of it only, she replied, ‘The half of it would have done him little good, and to go without the whole does me little harm.’ It was the making of the man, and I believe her own feelings repaid her.

“My mother laid down no precepts, unless the occasion introduced them; she was not naturally fond of children,—they annoyed her; and the act of teaching them was so disagreeable to her, that she consigned her boys entirely to the care of a decent primitive tutor, and her three girls to that of a young woman more accomplished than reasonable, alas! who acted as a governess, without allowing herself to be so called. This person instructed us, though on all points of regulation or cor-

rection our mother was supreme, pronouncing with the wisdom of a Lycurgus, though not always with equal good fortune in having her laws complied with.

“ Had my mother been married to a man of her own time of life, whose love could have softened her heart, and won it out of those entrenchments with which she seemed to have guarded it round, I am convinced she would not only have been a more complying wife, but a tenderer mother; but, married, when only twenty-two, to our excellent father, when on the verge of sixty and very deaf, she spent her virtuous youth in acting up in all points to her sense of duty, and in its measurements the softer affections were forgotten—to bud and bloom in her old age.—I have rarely seen any woman, enjoying, as she did, the admiration that her beauty and animation naturally attracted, who retained the same purity of manners and innocence of heart. She never lost sight for a moment of her being the wife of a most respectable but very old man, and this recollection restrained into caution a vivacity that never exceeded the bounds of the most critical propriety, and taught her daughters, I hope, that cheerfulness might be indulged without levity, and ingenuous openness without imprudence.

“ Honour, magnanimity, and justice, guided the whole of her conduct, and she laid down, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the ‘absolute necessity’ of our being always governed by them.—In short, my dear mother was a woman to make men of men, and wise women of silly ones. Had her fortune been equal to her desire of

doing good, she would have been a first-rate character in society, but her best propensities were curbed by the smallness of her income, her temper was somewhat affected by the bad influence of those around her during the infancy of her children, and, as they advanced in life, this naturally increased with her cares for them, till it was ultimately banished by their prosperity.

“It was then, when the gales of this troublesome world had subsided, and the breakers ceased to rage which hid from the common observer the Rock—on which my dear mother’s stronghold of happiness was built, that we perceived a deep and firm reliance on her God to have been always the basis of that true fortitude and independence of mind, which had sustained her through so many difficulties, without her ever allowing them to be such.

“Sweetness, tenderness, and charity accompanied true religion and piety to the last, and were even united with that sparkle of the imagination which had attended her in youth.

“Oh! may the departure of every child she has left be happy as hers, and may we meet again in that bliss, which we cannot deserve, but must fervently pray to attain!”

SECT. III.

Though I originally intended to close this narrative with the death of Earl James, in 1768, I could not resist

the temptation of introducing you to those relatives whose names you are more immediately familiar with, as nearly as possible in the words of the sister, whose memoirs I have so largely drawn upon in this and the preceding chapter.

This was not, however, her only work. The journals of her voyage to the Cape, and of her residence there, and excursions into the interior country, illustrated with drawings and sketches of the scenes described, are preserved among the family manuscripts in my father's library. Had circumstances permitted of her return by New South Wales, Egypt, and the Greek islands—the tour she had planned with her husband—she would have left us, probably, a series of letters as graphic and amusing as Lady Mary Wortley Montague's. But "Auld Robin Gray" must remain her monument.

After the death of Mr. Barnard, Lady Anne resided constantly in Berkeley Square, enjoying the occasional society of her family, writing the memoirs and collecting the literary relics of her brothers and sisters.

It had been Earl James's wish that one of his children should continue the history of his family from the period when his own pen ceased. "It was a maxim of my father's," says Lady Anne, "that the person who neglects to leave some trace of his mind behind him, according to his capacity, fails not only in his duty to society, but in gratitude to the Author of his being, and may be said to have existed in vain. 'Every man,' said he, 'has felt or thought, invented or observed; a little of that genius

which we receive from Nature, or a little of that experience which we buy in our walk through life, if bequeathed to the community, would ultimately become a collection to do honour to the family where such records were preserved.'—I took up my pen and wrote,—at first with a little pain. To turn back in fancy to the season of rosebuds and myrtles, and to find oneself travelling on in reality to that of snowdrops and cypresses, is a position which may naturally produce some inequality of style,—the more so, as I was often tempted by the gaiety and truthfulness of my old MS. journals, to transcribe from them verbatim, while, on other occasions, I have allowed the prudence and concise pen of the old lady to lop and abridge, in a manner that, I fear, has greatly injured the spirit and originality of the work, though it has brought it into a more reasonable compass. Meanwhile, I trust to memory in giving those anecdotes, not only of events, but of the deeds and virtues of our forefathers, which it were a sin to forget, and which my father related to me with a degree of spirit and vivacity which indelibly impressed them on my heart."*

* "It is a sweet satisfaction to her that, as she advances in years, she not only realises the enjoyment of life in a delightful amusement, but has also the gratifying and conscious pleasure that she is obeying the earnest wish of her honoured father, who, knowing her ability and competence, urged her to continue a family record, to which he had set an example, and to which his descendants have attached a consideration so imperative as almost to ensure its continuance for ages still to come."
—*Alex. earl of Balcarres.*

To the "family taste," as she calls it, "of spinning from the brain in the sanctum of the closet, leaving it to posterity to value the web or not as it pleased," Lady Anne owed the chief amusement of a serene, placid, and contented old age, prolonged, like that of several of her family, beyond the three-score years and ten usually allotted to human life, but enlivened to the close by the proverbial cheerfulness of the "light Lindsays," and unimpaired vigour of mind and imagination. Her stores of anecdote, on all subjects and of all persons, her rich fancy, original thought, and ever-ready wit, rendered her conversation delightful to the last; while the kindness of her heart—a very fountain of tenderness and love—always overflowing, and her sincere but unostentatious piety, divested that wit of the keenness that might have wounded—it flashed, but it was summer lightning.

"And now," she writes towards the close of her memoirs—and your filial feelings and my own will equally be gratified by my quoting the passage—"having for the present closed all that it is necessary to say of 'kings and courts,' I return to the haunts of my heart, like the traveller who has been long away, gleaning from other countries what may amuse the dear circle at home; grieving with tenderness over chasms in that circle never to be supplied, but grateful for what remains of friendship and affection still on earth to cheer the evening of life.

"Of Elizabeth's society I have all that I can in reason expect from the avocations which, as a mother and a grandmother to four families, multiply themselves upon

her every day,—my brothers rally round me with kindness, when business calls them to town, but it is in the affection of my two nephews, (Lord Lindsay and my young guardsman, James,) I find the tenderness so unusual in young men! which is ever ready to fly to be my prop and support, when I feel a want of it.—No ostentation is to be found in their attentions; they do not tease me with solicitude about my health,—with giving me chairs when I do not wish to sit down, or asking me to drink wine, or to be helped to what at home I may venture to ask for. All is liberty and equality here, untaxed by restraint,—it is granted by them to me, and by me to them; even their wives permit me to steal into my own den, (my drawing-room of forty feet long, surrounded with papers and drawings,) and employ myself all the morning, without thinking themselves ill-used by my absence,—but never do I refuse the *tête-à-tête* which has a useful purpose in view to any one; I make no selfish monopoly of my time to Anne Barnard, but lay aside the page, in which perhaps my whole heart is engaged, to listen to the anxiety of some other person, though the idea occupying my pen vanishes with the moment, perhaps never to return; and this, at times, I really feel an act of virtue, anxious as I am to finish the labours of the mind, while it possesses a part of its powers, though the strength of the body does not always prop it up.

“‘ Oh! blest Retirement, friend to life’s decline!’

how little am I disposed to change thee for the bustle of

this busy town! how I should be throwing away the little portion of life that remains, to seek abroad for the contentment, which, at my time of life, is best found at home! My friends press me to go out to amuse myself,—but I should go without any interest beyond the charm of getting home again; by the side of my fire, I have got into the habit of living in other days with those I loved, reflecting on the past, hoping in the future, and sometimes looking back with a sorrowful retrospect, where I fear I may have erred:—together with these mental employments, I have various sources of amusement; I compile and arrange my memorandums of past observations and events; I retouch some sketches and form new ones from souvenirs taken on the spot,—sometimes I employ an artist to finish these, but all is first traced accurately with my own pencil, so impossible do I find it to get any one to enter exactly into the spirit of my subject. With such entertainment for my mornings, and a house full of nephews and nieces, together with the near connections of my dear Barnard, all tenderly attached to me, I have great—great reason to bless God, who, in taking much from me, has left me so much!

“Talking of occupation — amongst my ‘Vagrant Scraps,’ where thoughts are marked down in order to introduce them here, (which I generally forget to do,) I find a page on this subject, which seems addressed to cotemporaries, who will, I think, understand it.

OCCUPATION.

“When living by myself, which I do not a little, I fancy I make discoveries in human nature, which, I dare say, are (to use a vulgar phrase) only mares’ nests, but I make hobby-horses of them, on which I gallop off with much alacrity.

“When people say of others who are advancing in life, (viz. growing old and ugly,) that they are cross, that nothing pleases them, that they are crabbed, and that they have lost their relish for the world, it is all nearly true with a little alteration; they are crossed, nobody is pleased with them, they find things go backwards (viz. crabbed,) and that the world has lost its relish for them; the young and gay find themselves in no affinity with them, and cotemporaries are angry when they look in the face of fifty or sixty,—it is a sort of mirror which reflects their own wrinkled visages. While gay and pretty cotemporaries involuntarily dress themselves in smiles to meet us, conversation is full of openness, good will, and confidence, but draw the veil of thirty years over the same person, and the manners of every creature will be changed:—where lies the blame? nowhere,—the complaint is cutaneous, belonging to the skin only:—but let no one suppose himself in fault for this. I have heard a poor old desponder say, ‘I am grown quite stupid and good for nothing,’ but were it possible to remove the veil I have alluded to, and see the rose-buds and lilies where they were before, the effects they would produce on the beholder would soon reanimate

the manner, and with his new skin Richard would be himself again,—for minds do not grow old or wear out, except by the effects of the body on them.

“But to be serious. When alone, I am not above five and twenty. I can entertain myself with a succession of inventions, which would be more effective if they were fewer,—I forget that I am sixty-eight, and if, by chance, I see myself in the glass, looking very abominable—I do not care.

“What is the moral of this?—That, as far as my poor experience goes, (and 'tis said that we must all be fools or physicians at forty,) OCCUPATION is the best nostrum in the great laboratory of human life, for pains, cares, mortifications, and ennui; it amuses in sickness, it lightens the distress of circumstances, it acts as a gentle opiate to ill-requited love, it is a solace to the heart when a fellow-creature can be benefited by our exertions, and even in sorrow—even when the heart is sinking under the load of grief, if we can feel it a duty to bear up, we find it an Atlas to the human mind, giving it strength to support what might otherwise crush it.

“But to treasure up the power of occupying ourselves in a manner to interest us in old age, we must begin, my dear young friends, by occupying ourselves in youth, by cultivating some talent, some taste to which our mind leads us, which may amuse our solitary hours as we advance in life,—and, if it has an useful tendency, so much the better:—never should the day pass in which a young person ought not to endeavour to make some step for-

ward to improvement; if we do so in youth, the taste will not depart from us in old age, and, instead of giving up the point of happiness, if we make it our aim to keep our minds awake to a sense of our duties, it will serve us in good stead, although Providence may not have gifted us with imagination or ingenuity. The independence of having your amusements within yourselves, my dear friends, will render you beloved and looked up to; the same independence in old age will prevent your ever feeling yourselves a burden on society. Rich in your own resources, you will ask no subscriptions from others, but gladly afford a share of what little it may be in your power to bestow."

Such was Lady Anne's philosophy; may it be yours! "Redeem your time,"—remembering, in the beautiful language of her sister, Lady Margaret, how infallibly

"The culture of the early spring
Secures the summer's joy, the autumn's pride,
And makes the rugged brow of winter smile!"

About a year after the death of the venerable dowager of Balcarres, your grandfather, then nearly blind, dictated to his daughters those "Anecdotes of an Indian Life," which I have already referred you to,—"a narrative," says the affectionate sister, at whose suggestion (seconded by theirs) the notes he had written in early life were thus remodelled—"so honest, simple, curious,

and complete, that I should injure it by adding any thing more than the pleasing fact, that he is well, and likely to remain so for many years,—living peacefully, usefully, thankfully, rationally,—as much respected as he is beloved; his family is patriarchal,—all unite in harmony with each other, and, if any one wish to know where the ‘golden age’ of happiness and contentment is to be found in this ‘valley of tears,’ the finger-board of truth points to Balcarres House—I can give him no better direction.”*

It was not till a year or two before her death, that Lady Anne publicly acknowledged the authorship of “Auld Robin Gray.” In the “Pirate,” which appeared in 1823, the author of Waverley compared the condition of Minna to that of Jeanie Gray, “the village-heroine in Lady Anne Lindsay’s beautiful ballad:”—

“Nae langer she wept, her tears were a’ spent,
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content—but her cheek it grew pale,
And she drooped like a snowdrop broke down by the hail!”

This ascription to the real authoress of the long-contested poem in question, induced Lady Anne to confide its his-

* Since the compilation of this work, Mr. Robert Lindsay has been gathered to his fathers. He died on the 10th of May, 1836, aged eighty-two.

tory to Sir Walter Scott, in the following characteristic letter, to which I subjoin Sir Walter's reply, redolent of "Auld-lang-syne."

" London, Berkeley Square,
July 8, 1823.

" My dear sir :—

I am really ashamed to tell you how long I have remained balancing between the strong desire I had of addressing you, and the timidity I felt on encroaching upon time so valuable to the world at large, but, I am convinced, your good nature will not only pardon me, but will induce you to grant the favour I am about to ask.—It is, that you will convey to the author of *Waverley*, with whom I am informed you are personally acquainted, how gratefully I feel the kindness with which he has (in the second volume of the 'Pirate,' 13th chapter,) so distinguishedly noticed and, by his powerful authority, assigned the long-contested ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray' to its real author.

In truth, the position I was placed in about that song had at last become irksome to me; how can I then so fully mark my thankfulness to him who has relieved me from my dilemma, as by transmitting to him, fairly and frankly, the Origin, Birth, Life, Death, and Confession, Will and Testament of 'Auld Robin Gray,' with the assurance that the author of *Waverley* is the first person out of my own family who has ever had an explanation from me on the subject.

Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herdsman at Balcarres, was *born* soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond,—Sophy Johnstone, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres; I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and to give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me,—‘I have been writing a ballad, my dear,—I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes,—I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! help me to one, I pray.’—‘Steal the cow, sister Anne,’ said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fire-side, amongst our neighbours, ‘Auld Robin Gray’ was always called for; I was pleased with the approbation it met with, but such was my dread of being suspected of writing any thing, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

. . . From one honest man I had an excellent hint;

the laird of Dalzell, after hearing it, broke into the angry exclamation of, 'Oh the villain! oh the auld rascal! I ken wha stealt the poor lassie's *coo*—it was Auld Robin Gray himsel!'—I thought this a bright idea, and treasured it up for a future occasion.—Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became almost a party question between the 16th and 18th centuries; Robin Gray was either a very, very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very, very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to confess whether I had written it, or, if not, where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. J——, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly, but confidentially; the annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the ballet of Auld Robin Gray's courtship, as performed by dancing dogs under my windows:—it proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity.

Such was the history of the *first* part of it. As to the second, it was written many years after in compliment to

my dear old mother, who often said, ‘Annie! I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended;’—to meet her wishes as far as I could, the second part was written: it is not so pleasing as the first; the loves and distresses of youth go more to the heart than the contritions, confessions, and legacies of old age: my dread, however, of being named as an authoress still remaining, though I sung it to my mother, I gave her no copy of it, but her affection for me so impressed it on a memory, which [then] retained scarcely any thing else, and she repeated it so often, with the pride of being the only person that had the power of doing so, that I think it very probable, by means of my mother’s friend and constant companion, Mrs. Keith, some of the verses may have reached the hand of the author of *Waverley*, as it was a subject of delight to her to boast of her intimacy with him.—I have reason to know there exists a version of the second part from Jeanie’s own lips, but that which has been already so highly honoured as to be placed where it is, shall for ever keep its ground with me, and the other shall remain in the corner of my portfolio.

Let me now once more, my dear sir, entreat that you will prevail on the author of *Waverley* to accept, in testimony of my most grateful thanks, of the only copies of this ballad ever given under the hand of the writer, and will *you* call here, I pray, when you come next to London, sending up your name that you may not be denied. You will then find the doors open wide to receive

you, and two people will shake hands who are unacquainted with ennui,—the one being innocently occupied from morning to night, the other with a splendid genius as his companion wherever he goes!

God bless you!

ANNE BARNARD."

P. S. I see that I have not mentioned an advice of the old laird of Dalzell's, who, when we were *tête-à-tête* afterwards, said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, alter the line about the crown and the pound, and when you have said that "saving ae crown piece," Jamie "had naething else beside," be sure you add, "to mak it twenty merks my Jamie gaed to sea,"—for a Scottish pund, my dear, is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na siccan a gowk as to leave Jeanie and gang to sea to lessen his gear:—'twas that sentence,' he whispered, 'telled me the song was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the nature o' the Scotch money, as well as an auld writer in the town of Edinbro' would hae done.'

I was delighted with the criticism of old Dalzell,—if it had occurred to the Antiquarian Society, it might have saved Mr. J—— the trouble of his visit; but, though I admit it would have been wiser to have corrected the error, I have never changed the pound-note, which has always pased current in its original state."

“ 14 July, 1823.

“ My dear Lady Anne :—

I wish I could tell you with how much pleasure I received your letter, and how many remembrances it brought back to me of very early days, some a little sad, to be sure, but perhaps not on that account the less interesting. I cannot pretend to say why, or on what authority, that mysterious personage the author of *Waverley* made the appropriation which induced your ladyship to ascend the confessional so much to my advantage, but I can say for myself, that, forty years and more, I never entertained the least doubt as to the real authoress of ‘*Robin Gray*,’—that real pastoral, which is worth all the dialogues which *Corydon* and *Phyllis* have had together from the days of *Theocritus* downwards.

Now I will tell your ladyship how I came to be so positive respecting a fact known with certainty to so very few persons. Your ladyship may remember, among old Edinburgh acquaintances, the family of *Dr. John Rutherford*, professor of medicine, one of whom, *Mrs. Colonel Russell* of *Ashiestiel* by marriage, was formerly well known to you. The eldest daughter of the doctor, by his first wife, was my worthy mother, who was much connected by friendship, and, I think, by some remote cousinred (through the *Duffs* and *Dalrymples*) with the excellent countess of *Balcarres*, your ladyship’s mother, in virtue of which connection I had, when entering life, the advantage of hearing the good old lady, then our neighbour in *George’s Square*, tell many entertaining

anecdotes of the *Vieille Cour*, and of ancient Scotch manners.

I was also a sort of permitted attendant on the late countess at public places, particularly the theatre, where she retained a box so constantly, that the lady dowager used to call her ‘the good-wife of the playhouse.’

Moreover, your ladyship gives me too much grace in supposing Soph Johnstone was not of my day. Well do I remember her jockey coat, masculine stride, strong voice, and, occasionally, round oath; I remember also many of her songs, for example—

‘Eh! quo’ the tod, it’s a braw light night,
The wind’s i’ the west, and the moon shines bright,’ &c.

Moreover did I not see her kick my poor sister’s shins under the card-table at Mrs. Cockburn’s, for moving her feet in some way inconvenient to the said Soph, who added at the same time to her pedestrian correction this exclamation, (how acceptable to a miss in teens your ladyship may believe)—‘what is the lassie wabster—wabster—wabstering that gate for?’—In short, I saw this extraordinary original both at home and at Mrs. Cockburn’s, and am like to laugh even now whenever I think of her.

It was not from Soph Johnstone, however, that I learned ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ but from my aunt Mrs. Russell, who used to sing very prettily, and had learned it, I think, in your ladyship’s family, if not from yourself.

She only sung the first part, but, many years afterwards, I got from her sister, my much regretted relation, Miss Christian Rutherford, (the great friend of Mrs. Murray Keith,) about seven or eight verses of the continuation, but which only made a fragment. All these persons were perfectly convinced of your ladyship's right to this beautiful ballad, and spoke of it as a matter of which they never had a moment's doubt, and I, knowing their opportunities of information, never considered the matter as being at all questionable; indeed, I supposed that Mrs. Russell had learned the circumstance from your ladyship directly, and though that, from your ladyship's information, must have been a mistake, yet I am satisfied that either from Soph Johnstone's being less absolutely faithful than your ladyship supposes, or very likely from some chain of circumstantial proof, added to her knowledge of Lady Anne's genius for the profitless and profane art of ballad-making, she had arrived at the true conclusion without the assistance of any direct testimony. The Miss Hepburns, too, of Congalton, who belonged to the same society of friends, (and a very pleasant society they formed, till a strange and simultaneous fate swept most of them off within a few days of each other,) used always to speak of 'Auld Robin Gray' as being indubitably the composition of Lady Anne Barnard, — and many a wish have I formed to know Lady Anne in consequence of this conviction.

It is within these few weeks that Lord Montague, with whom I am in the habits of constant correspond-

ence, wrote to me on this very subject, and mentioned that a clergyman arrogated to himself the merit of writing 'Auld Robin Gray.' I wrote in reply, mentioning a part of the facts on which I felt myself from good authority entitled to ascribe the praise to the lady I have now the honour to address,—odd enough, that his excellent aunt should be the first to penetrate your mystery, and that it should be in danger of being mystified at this time of day.

Now, I have a great mind to ask your ladyship's goodness to put a stop to these petty-larceny proceedings in the following manner. I belong to a society of literary folks in Edinburgh, whose principal bond of union is the resolution to preserve as many floating records of Scottish history and antiquities as we can collect; each member prints what he pleases, not exceeding the number of copies necessary for the members, and a few more for particular friends,—for the object is, to preserve from the risk attending manuscripts, without intending any immediate publication. Will you allow me to put a complete copy of 'Auld Robin Gray' in this curious record, either with or without the name of the ingenious authoress, and with as much or as little of its history, as you think better?—I wish to heaven I could obtain an equally authentic copy of 'Hardicanute,' and I think old Fife might cock her crest in honour of her two poetesses.*

* "I have sometimes wondered," says Sir Walter, in a subsequent

I think Dalzell's criticism rather hypercritical, but very characteristic; were I to reply to it in the manner of Shakspeare's commentators, trumping each other's nonsense, I would, in logical phrase, grant his premises and deny his conclusion. A crown, I would say, is no denomination of Scottish money, and therefore the

letter, "how many of our best songs have been written by Scotch-women of rank and condition. The Hon. Mrs. Murray, (Miss Baillie of Jerviswood born,) wrote the very pretty Scots song,

' An 't were not my heart's light I wad die,—

Miss Elliot, of Minto, the verses to the 'Flowers of the Forest,' which begin

' I have heard a liling,' &c.—

Mrs. Cockburn (whom your ladyship must have known well) composed other verses to the same tune,

' I have seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,' &c.

Lady Wardlaw wrote the glorious old ballad of 'Hardyknute;'—place 'Auld Robin' at the head of this list, and I question if we masculine wretches can claim five or six songs equal in elegance and pathos out of the long list of Scottish minstrelsy."

"Auld Robin Gray," says Allan Cunningham, "has been fortunate in the admiration of the world and the abuse of Pinkerton."—It is singular enough that the highest praise ever bestowed on it should be from the pen of Ritson, a critic on many occasions still more severe. "The elegant and accomplished authoress," says he, "has, in this beautiful production, to all that tenderness and simplicity for which the Scottish song has been so much celebrated, united a delicacy of expression which it never before attained. We may therefore conclude that this species of composition, which has been carried to the utmost perfection, must either cease or degenerate."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song:—Scottish Songs*, vol. i. p. lxxv.

pound to which it is to be augmented is not a Scottish pound. If it were objected to my exposition, that it is unnatural that Jamie should speak of any other denomination of coin than the Scotch, I would produce you a dozen of old papers to prove that the coast of Fife in ancient times carried on a great trade with Holland and other countries, and of course French crowns and pounds sterling were current denominations among them.—Moreover, he shews himself so ready to gang to sea, that, for ought I can tell, or Dalzell either, (if he were alive,) Jamie may have gone a trial voyage to Campvere already, and speak rather as a mariner than in the usual style of ‘poor Scotland’s gear.’

Dalzell’s remark can only be matched by one made by Mr. Farquharson, an old Edinburgh accomptant,—one who executes pretty much the duty of a master in chancery, to whom the judges refer such complicated cases connected with figures, as their own skill and Cocker’s assistance do not enable their own wisdom to disentangle. He was with some difficulty prevailed on by his own family to read ‘Cecilia,’ which had just come out. On their asking how he liked it, he expressed himself much amused, but observed there was a gross error and inconsistency in the narrative,—a part of the distress or embarrassment of the heroine being, as your ladyship may remember, on the loss of her fortune.—‘Now,’ said my old friend, ‘although Cecilia was cheated of her money in the funds, and lost her landed property by marrying Delville, who would not change his name, she must still

have been a considerable heiress, for no account is given of the arrears of her rents, which, under Mr. Briggs' careful management, must at the end of nineteen or twenty years,' he said, 'be a very respectable sum. I have made a small schedule of it,' he added, drawing a balance-sheet from his pocket, 'in which it plainly appears that, even at simple interest, she must have been worth so many thousands.'—With such different views do people read works of fancy!

I was in the neighbourhood of Balcarres for the first time in my life about a month ago; I never saw so many good houses of people of family and fortune nestled so close together as in that part of Fife; it is more like England than Scotland. I was only a member of a large party, without any independent means of conveyance, otherwise I should have paid my respects to Mr. Lindsay.

But I begin to think I have rather abused the privilege which your ladyship's goodness has allowed me, and bestowed on you, with all Dogberry's generosity, a full allowance of my tediousness. I will only add, that I am not likely soon to profit by the very flattering invitation with which your ladyship honoured me; perhaps, before I come to town, some happy chance may determine your course to Scotland, and I need scarce say how happy I should be to receive the authoress of 'Robin Gray' and her companion,

'On well-sung Tweed's baronial stream,'

where I am just concluding a hobby-horsical sort of a

mansions, with as little of Solomon's skill in the design, as there is of his silence in the execution, which makes even now a clatter about my ears, enough to stun any one who was bred in a writer's office like myself:—its best recommendation to you will be its near neighbourhood to Yair.*

But you will never get rid of me, if I start anew to old stories:—Believe me, dear Lady Anne,

Most respectfully and sincerely

Your obedient servant,

WALTER SCOTT."

Sir Walter's proposal was gratefully accepted, and the ballad was accordingly printed in a small quarto volume, and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, in 1824. The death of the authoress, in her seventy-fourth year, took place the following spring, shortly after that of her brother, Lord Balcarres.

We have seen great changes, and sustained severe national losses since that period, but none of which the knell rang so mournfully to our ears as that which warned us that Walter Scott, the minstrel of Scotland,—the "Ariosto of the North," slept with his fathers. What a genius was his! how comprehensive, how universal! But it is not for me to attempt his eulogy; let

* Now the seat of Alexander Pringle, Esq., of Whytbank.—His venerable mother and the late Mrs. Robert Lindsay were sisters, and cousins-german to Lady Anne Barnard, the late Lord Balcarres, &c.

me remind you only of *one* feature in his character, which should indeed endear his memory to us,—that, in his proudest day of intellectual triumph, when the world was at his feet, and a word from his lips ensured distinction on whomsoever it was bestowed—(and never fell a sentence from those lips that was not fraught with the kindest feelings of humanity,) Scotland was never absent from his thoughts,—his heart dwelt ever among the craigs, the glens, the streams, of our own romantic land; that the heather, which he had trod while living, should bloom over him when dead, was his wish to the last, while sinking in a foreign clime under the toil to which he had pledged himself from the noblest sense of duty;—he gazed, indeed, on Pompeii and Pausilipo, but his thoughts were wandering far away to Melrose, the Braes of Yarrow, and his own Abbotsford; he returned, but it was only to gaze his last on the Tweed, again to “feel the breeze down Ettrick break,” cheering his heart while it chilled his cheek, and then to lay his bones “’neath Dryburgh’s holy shade,” to be a shrine of pilgrimage for many a future age of admiration.

My task is over; the torch must be extinguished by which you have seen the shadows of your ancestors dimly gliding under the gloomy vault of past ages,—your more immediate forefathers have appeared with a distincter outline in the broader and familiar light of

recent times :—I leave it to those who well remember, and love to descant upon “the days of langsyne,” to describe to you at greater length the fortunes of that venerable generation, of whose members, though some be fallen asleep, others still survive, long, I trust, to gladden our domestic circle with their presence.

I now bid you farewell. Love, I entreat you, the country of your fathers, as they loved her; amidst the haunts of men and the bustle of the world, think often on the heathery hills and the ruined castles of Glenesk,
—on

“Fair Balcarres’ sunward-sloping farms,”—

and on the ivied chapel where rest the ashes of our ancestors. Forget not the venerable usages, the heart-thrilling melodies, the ballads and traditions of your Fatherland: love your clansmen, your kinsmen, your friends, your foes—let your whole lives be love; love to God in keeping His commandments, love to man for Christ’s sake, who loved and gave Himself for us, that through His blood we might have peace.* His eye is

* “ ‘ Faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.’ And who can doubt it? Without any reference to the obvious fact, that while the two former are transitory, the last is perpetual, is it not evident that, after all, faith and hope are but as the scaffolding of the spiritual house, while the house itself, the glorious superstructure, is love? Love to God and love to man; love to every created being throughout all time, love to the blessed inmates of the heavenly mansions throughout eternity. The object then of all religion is to give to fallen man the power and the will, which, as we have seen,

ever upon you ; He watches you when your parents sleep ; He hears you when you pray ; He will give you His holy spirit if you earnestly, perseveringly ask for it ; He will make all things turn to your good, if you love Him, and do His will. Begin then at once—every minute is precious, and Time is ever on the wing. Cultivate the talents God has blessed you with, that you may turn them all to His glory and the good of your fellow-creatures,—there is no talent, no accomplishment, which may not thus be sanctified.—Knowledge wedded to charity is profitable, yet covet wisdom rather than knowledge,—that true wisdom, “the fear of the Lord,” which the Giver of all good things bestows liberally on those who seek after it.

—That, through Adam’s fall, we are born in sin, hereditary bondsmen—under a LAW, the very first transgression of which condemns us to eternal death,—yet, blessed be God, under a GOSPEL—which offers us pardon through the atoning blood of a Redeemer, who has fulfilled the law that we have broken, and endured the curse that we have deserved,—believing THIS—your faith working in you by love, and evidenced by holiness—you will be wise indeed—“wise unto salvation.” Chuse, then, oh ! chuse that better part, which shall not be taken away from you !—Wisdom is a daughter of

he has not by nature, to live this life of love on earth, that he may be fitted and educated for the eternity of love in heaven.”—*Blunt on the Articles*, p. 89.

heaven, pure and holy, but, at the prayer of faith, she glides down the rainbow of Christ's covenant, a willing messenger, lovelier than the fabled Iris, and fading not away, for, once yours, she will abide with you for ever. Love her, then, as your sister—follow her as your guide,—and you will find that “her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.”

One word more, ere I drop the pen—and I would here address all my dear relations, all who may have read these pages; humbly, earnestly, and most affectionately would I entreat them to watch diligently over their hearts and lives in these most awful times. We are fallen on evil days—days which those who look reverently to the revealed signs of the latter times, expect to be days of trial and suffering—days which all, whatever be their opinion as to their prophetic character, must feel to be a season of tumult, trouble, and uncertainty,—the eve, perhaps, of mighty changes and bitter sorrows. “Watch!” is our Saviour's warning; is our armour ready? we know not what a day may bring forth. What is our duty as christians? Openly to avow our faith, and prove it genuine by our lives; openly to rank ourselves under the banner of Christ against the foul spirits of Infidelity, License, and Revolution, that are stalking abroad over the earth,—we may have to resist unto blood—God grant that our faith fail not!

Many of you, I know, are christians indeed,—yet be jealous of your faith, lest it wax lukewarm, and God cross you out of the Book of Life! Let those among

you who have children, devote them to God's service with earnest teaching and many prayers,—that they may grow up patriots and christians, and show their country that God may be revered in the palace no less than in the cottage. The chiefs of the land—the Aristocracy, I say—and who are the aristocracy but the nobles and gentlemen of Britain?—have it as their allotted duty, to guard the People, from foreign foes, from domestic traitors, and, last and hardest task! from themselves; firm, though they rage—wakeful, though they sleep:—They are the hills that gird in a restless ocean, which blasts from above and fires from below are ever troubling; God hath fixed them as the boundary, and saith to the tide beneath, “Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed:”—But the hills must be green and fruitful, and the breeze that visits the waters must gather fragrance as it passes, or God in his anger will uproot the barrier, and let the waters loose.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

VII.

VOL. II., PAGE 33.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY
OF
LADY HENRIETTA LINDSAY,
WIFE OF
SIR DUNCAN CAMPBELL, BART.,
OF AUCHINBRECK.

1685—1689.

D I A R Y, & c.

ARGYLE'S INVASION.

“ AT this time my desirable and dear mother had come to me in my sickness, (at Carnasares,* being the last time we were there,) who at my recovery prevailed in taking us both to reside with her some time that summer at Stirling; in which season the tragical scene of a more universal calamity was acted in the year 1685, which put out of sight lesser troubles which at another time possibly had borne more bulk.

“ Tidings coming there of the late earl of Argyle's being landed, my dear mother was, by order of council, immediately seized prisoner and carried to Stirling Castle, and from thence on a Sabbath morning to the castle of Edinburgh. My dear sister also made prisoner with her, and many of the most substantial of our name, all seized and made close prisoners in the Canongate Tolbooth. Some days after this, when notice was given of the earl's coming from Campbeltown and the need he had of aid, Auchinbreck, being no less forward to give in his mite of assistance and to hazard his all for what appeared to be the design of this undertaking, went, through manifold hazards of his life and difficulties, to get to him with a considerable number of his men,† who continued not long together when the Lord was pleased to overrule, for holy and wise ends, their being scattered, to the unaccountable grief and sadness of many that were breathing for a deliverance.

“ A time not to be forgotten was this, and what this parting was

* Or Carnasory, Sir Duncan's castle.

† “ About eight hundred.”—*Wodrow*.

when he left me at Stirling; and, though it became me not to be so selfish as to stand in the way of a more public concern when so much seemed to be at the stake, yet I was far from encouraging him in it, because I had not that clearness in it that could have been wished. The seen danger he was exposed to at this time was as the bereaving me of my life, so much was it bound up in him, that kythed (appeared) not a little in this depth. . . Yet O! the condescension of God, that strangely sweetened loneliest times; particularly, the day before the fatal account [reached us] of our dear friends being broken and scattered was made a memorable time, wherein that blessed word was greatly shined on, Isai. xlv. 21. 'Thou shalt not be forgotten of me.' 'Thou shalt know that I am the Lord; they shall not be ashamed that wait on me.'

"The following day we had the unaccountable, sad, and dismal notice of the ruin of that undertaking, wherein the expectations of many were sadly defeat, (but the Lord's time was not come for our deliverance;) and that which did greatly aggravate the terribleness of that stroke was the dreadful aspect those circumstances appeared to have,—not possible to relate what sufferings of various kinds was from all airts (quarters) expected, and the increase of our thralldom greatly dreaded. It is not to be expressed what this time was to many, and to some with grief on all hands; and particularly on the following day at St. Ninian's, having gone through several guards in deep disguise to have a more certain knowledge of nearest friends, and when knowing of their hazard, it was deeply distressing; but the Lord was pleased under those perplexing fears strangely to support.

"Having watched mostly that night, [I] did return at four in the morning to Stirling again, where the certain notice of my dearest and nearest friend being on the road did heighten my fears about him; and, when thus tossed in mind and among a barbarous crew, this providence seemed strangely dark and non plussing. But when thus in a depth of distress, that word was borne in with liveliness and power, as spoken Ps. xlii. 11., 'Hope thou in God, for I shall praise him yet,'—which, as a star, did shine all along this whole day through this cloud of overwhelming circumstances, where enemies were raging like destroyers seeking their prey.

“ Taking leave this day of my dear Jamie, (who was left very destitute, but the Lord provided friends to care for him,) and being some miles on foot on this journey to Edinburgh till near Falkirk, it was no small surprise to rencounter the dear earl, being brought that length prisoner in his way to Edinburgh, as was a mournful sight to one who bore him so great affection; but, being in deep disguise, [I] got no nearer him than to hold up in the rear most part of the way till our horse failed. It being also more than probable to expect Auchinbreck’s being taken, (who by severals was told me was known by the way,) this was unaccountably terrible to apprehend, but that this blessed word did feed with recruited strength and expectation of relief, which evidently was graciously made out in his miraculous escape out of the hands of his merciless enemies that in several places were in search of him, but was graciously hidden; which on many accounts is desired to be remembered with great thankfulness and praise.

“ But this night, seeing much consternation in many faces, and others under strange infatuation of delusion, that would not credit this fatal blow that appeared to be given to the public interest, and not without difficulty to get lodging,—being greatly fatigued and under great heaviness and pressure of mind, both with respect to personal concerns and the approaching stroke and present calamities, that seemed to abide many, of various kinds,—and not knowing of Sir Duncan’s preservation, which was inexpressibly racking to a mind greatly in agitation about him, although not without some hid hope of his relief, yet greatly distressed. . . But oh! the condescension of the Lord under the same, who made this among the sweetest nights that ever some had or durst have expected, as sleep was neither missed nor sought after. ‘ In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul!’ . . . What was found this night was greatly supporting in time of need, and even under renewed trouble and fears which the Lord in his holy sovereignty saw meetest to tryst me with,—and blessings to Him that can sweeten any condition or circumstances whatsoever!

“ Next morning coming early to Edinburgh at the opening of the ports, the afflicting notice was had of the barbarous treatment the dear

earl had met with in his being brought to the castle; together with the dismal rumours anent several of my nearest relations, which again did plunge [me] in distress, but so as the Lord did support [me] under it. When thoughtful where to go, the Lord directed to a dear sympathising friend (Mr. Robert Muir) 's lodging, where was found much favour and kind reception, whose company on this afflicting sabbath was no small blessing,—and what was I that the Lord should thus regard, that in most of my greatest troubles he hath been pleased to favour me with his people's society and company? but he is great and his compassions fail not.

“Next day notice was had of Sir Duncan's safety and marvellous preservation, which greatly relieved a burdened mind about him, the circumstances whereof having been so noticeable as cannot be remembered but with praise and thanksgiving, so much being to be seen in it of a sovereign hand as did much encourage and revive under what was after to be sweltered through. Being then more enabled to make enquiry after my dear afflicted mother, who was harshly treated, and seeing her under so great affliction by the approaching suffering of such an endeared husband, (and had no access to him till eight days after this fatal stroke,) this did again renew a very mournful prospect of matters, which at this time had a very strange aspect,—so that, if the Lord of life had not supported, we had sunk under the trouble.

“The day being appointed for his suffering, she had access to him, and though under deep distress, was encouraged by seeing the bounty and graciousness of the Lord to him in enabling him, with great courage and patience, to undergo what he was to meet with, the Lord helping him to much fervency in supplication and nearness in pouring out his heart with enlargedness of affection, contrition, and resignation, which did strangely fortify and embolden him to maintain his integrity before his merciless enemies; and by this he was helped at times to great cheerfulness, and fortified under his trial and the testimony he was to give of his zeal and fervour to that righteous cause he was honoured to suffer for.

“In that morning that his dear life was to be surrendered to the God that gave it, he uttered great evidences of joy that the Lord had blessed him with the time he had in Holland as the sweetest time of his life,

and the mercifulness of his escape to that end. But rejoiced more in that complete escape he was to have that day from sin and sorrow. Yet in a little fell into some damp, and in parting with my mother was observed to have more concern than in any circumstance formerly,—which to her was a bitter parting, to be taken from him whom she loved so dearly; but in a little time after he recovered a little, and as the time of his death drew near, which was some hours after, the Lord was pleased wonderfully to shine on him, to the dispelling of clouds and fears, and to the admitting him to a more clear and evident persuasion of His blessed favour, and the certainty of his being so soon happy,—of which he expressed his sense in his last letter to my dear mother, which could not but sweeten her lot in her greatest sorrow, and was ground of greatest thankfulness that the Lord helped him to the last to carry with such magnanimity, resolution, contentment of mind and true valour, under this dark-like providence, to endless blessedness.—And though the loss of so great a protestant was grief of mind to any that had any tender heart, and which to friends was an universal, inexpressible, breaking-like dispensation, yet in so far as he was enabled under cruel suffering to such tranquillity, peace and comfort, this was to them ground of praises and an answer to their request,—but to others, that were enemies, was shame and confusion, as appeared after to many that had the least hand in his first sentence.—He laid down his dear life, June 30, 1685. This morning liberty at length was obtained for my seeing him, but not till he was brought to the Council-house, where I was enabled to go to him, where he had a composed, edifying carriage, and, after endearing expressions, said ‘we must not part like those not to meet again;’ and he went from thence with the greatest assurance.

“ At this melancholy time, account came of many of our folks that were taken and brought in like slaves, so as many prisons were filled,—other spoiled of all they had, who had been in gaol all this time and noway in arms,—their houses rifled and young ones put to shift; many were harassed, and twenty-three, in one day, of gentlemen and feuars, execute by that bloody person who gave orders for it. My dear sister was close prisoner, so as none of us had access to her; our whole bounds

and interest laid waste, many put to flight, our house burned, and many put to great hardships as were unaccountable to relate. (Sir Duncan's uncle, Strandour, slain at our gate, and Donardrie execute in a bondraught.) Yet O! the graciousness of the Lord, who gave a back for the burden, as is wondered at on looking back on it, as also the bounty and goodness of the Lord in the safety of many in the same circumstances who were designed to be a sacrifice but were miraculously preserved, as many that were left of the sword found grace in the wilderness; for which O! to be helped to shew forth His praise, that to some in a particular manner was a blessed hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, and as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a rock in a weary land!"

MEDITATIONS WHILE AT WINDSOR, &C., AND IN HOLLAND.

"Among some sweet hours then, though in a very troublesome attendance (at Windsor), where great ones of the world were solicited and waited on with no little painfulness and charge, how did it give occasion to commend the preferableness of *His* matchless service, who is King of kings and Lord of lords! who does not scarr at petitioners because of their blemishes and importunity, there being no want of leisure at his blessed throne; no destitute case is slighted by him, no wilderness condition in a solitary way doth make petitions burdensome to him, but he satisfies the longing soul and filleth the hungry with good things; no distress, peril or sword, doth separate from his love, nor doth he break the bruised reed or grind the smoking flax. With him the weary and heavy-laden find acceptance, no difficulty being too great for Him who saveth to the uttermost all that come to God through him."

"When thoughtful and burdened—(Windsor on a Sabbath evening)—with various considerations, very racking, this meditation was made sweet. O! when shall the day come, or shall it ever be, my soul! that thou shalt get leave to love and to servc Him that is the Lord of lords, the desire of nations, the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, the

only wise God? O desirable time and place! where there will be no interruption to intermix and cloud thy comfort, no spiritual pride to darken and blot thy evidences, no misbelief, mistakes or misrepresentations of the object of worship, no grieving or choking the motions of his Spirit, no losing of golden seasons, no misimproving or misguidings of mercies received, no disturbing temptation or staggering insinuations from Satan or his instruments. . . There will be no discouraging fears, no distress of nations, no mourning for the solemn assemblies, no persecution or nakedness, no peril or sword, no feeble-mindedness or fainting, no captivity or exile, no missing of dear friends or separation from them, no sinful tears, no perplexing doubting of God's love and favour there. . . The daughter of Zion will not be left as a cottage in the wilderness, or as a lodge in the garden of cucumbers, or as a besieged city;—no violation of his sacred truths, no misspending of precious time, no difficulty in access to him, no jealousies of his loving-kindness, no marring of his presence, no want of true peace and pardon, no burden or restless care, no short-coming will be uneasy there; no hunger, thirst, sickness or death; no repining or fretting, or taking offence at the cross of Christ; no hiding of his blessed face either in his word or providence; no want of his approbation, no defect in love to him or his praises, no alteration or separation from his love for ever, no encroachment on that Sabbath of rest, but ever to be with the Lord until the day break and the shadows fly away!"

"Soon after this, (London, at King's Court,) having occasion to see the outward splendour of the court, and bravery of such as sit at ease in the world and have all that their heart could wish, and in the height of their enjoyment, all appeared to be according to the Lord's reckoning, and was esteemed to be but as shadows and dreams that do vanish and bear little bulk when put in competition with the least moment or degree of enjoying of God in Jesus Christ.—O! incomparably matchless choice; that can never be suitably esteemed, or enough valued, loved, or delighted in! it being found that there is no true tranquillity nor sure peace or comfort, but in God, once mine and for ever mine, there being no change nor alteration in his love. And at this time, it

was made matter of praise that ever he had discovered the preferable-ness of chusing affliction with the people of God to enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season. The blessing of them that were ready to perish he for ever upon Him that has discovered and taught the meaning of that blessed promise a thousandfold, which is seen not only full of compensation but wonderfully beyond any temporal enjoyment ever was enjoyed elsewhere,—*his* fellowship, *his* sympathy, *his* tender mercy, *his* matchless love, O! incomparable felicity and portion!—O! to give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever!”

“Oct. 31. What had been heard the day before was yet made more comfortable than was in the time of hearing; in which sweet season, (if without presuming it may he said,) His light and truth were sent together, to the raising of admiration and wonder at the houny and condescension of the Lord to dust and ashes, according to what is said, Ps. 8, ‘What is man, that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him’ even with mercy where wrath and indignation is so deserved;—that he visits with discoveries of the vileness and loathsomeness of guiltiness and sin, with the mercy of showing the necessity and momentary need of Christ and his alone righteousness, with the mercy of his unspeakable graciousness that is beyond words to utter, in noticing the particular exigencies and breathings of any one soul. O wonderful sight, marvellous in our eyes; O alluring, attractive, ravishing sight! that the Son of God, this marvellous one, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace, this incomprehensible boundless Being, wonderful in counsel and excellent in working—that He, that knoweth the manifold provocations of sons and daughters, and contradiction of sinners in its various effects—that, instead of contending, He should take knowledge of such, not only to notice their burdens, hut to search after them in order to their relief and comfort! O wonderful ground of adoration and transport, that though in sovereignty he rehuks and sifts the house of Israel among all nations like corn, yet that not the least grain will he let fall on the earth, not one will be forgotten at all by him! . . . Isaiah, xlv. 21,

'Thou shalt not be forgotten of me,' was, in time of great distress, made sweetly satisfying as in hand, and now no less to find the gracious verifying of it; and how would not this allure and satisfy, though in a wilderness and labyrinth of thorny difficulties, since He doth bear the charge, and graciously doth show that there is no lot but what He can sweeten, no burden but what He can ease, and no difficulty but what He can find out the way of escape, or afford strength under, so as the weakest and worthlessest are made able to bear it.—What can he not do? . . . What disease is too hard for him? what affliction does he despise? what smoking flax does he not cherish? what guiltiness does he not blot out? what enlarged desire can he not satisfy? what remote corner can he not countenance and bless, and what heart can he not constrain, captivate, and make willing in the day of his power? What bowed-down soul can he not raise? what weary and sorrowful soul can he not replenish and satiate? what objections can be not answer to the refutation of all manner of disputings about his own work? what tender compassion doth he not exercise, and what beautifulness of creature-comforts does he not blacken!—Oh beautifullest of objects to be so little sought after, so little known, and so unsuitably served, loved, and delighted in! and yet that he should regard and thus mind! —'What shall be rendered to the Lord for all his benefits, who humbly himself to behold the things that are on the earth, who raiseth the poor out of the dust and the needy out of the dunghill?' O! to be helped to praise and bless the name of the Lord, merciful and gracious, from this time forth and for ever!"

"Dec. 24. . . . Which day may be minded (remembered) in this respect, as not daring ever after this, my soul! to pretend to the comfort of pardon or the effects of it, without a full and free forgiving of others, without which there can be no true peace or acceptance; and, as it's one of the great tried truths of God, that 'without him we can do nothing,' so it's in this found, that subduedness of mind as to personal injuries is a piece of victory which could never by our own conquest be attained; and therefore where in any measure helped unto, to him allanerly (solely) be the praise, who is the God of all his people's mercies."

DEPARTURE OF KING WILLIAM FOR ENGLAND.

“ About this time all the fleet were in readiness to sail, and jointly met to attend King William in this great expedition to Britain, multitudes being gathered together on steeples to see this splendid sight,—who, in rank and file, went out this evening, as was esteemed a beautiful sight for grandeur, order and comely fortitude in this so great a design,—that though there were whose hearts were trembling within them, yet mostly many were rejoicing, as if the arm of man could have accomplished this marvellous achievement, which ere the next morning was seen to be ascribed to a higher hand; this night there being raised so formidable a storm as did wholly scatter all this fleet, as generally there was few this night who had any concern but were put to their prompters and sad conclusions, fearing them to be wholly lost, (the dear princess and several besides sitting up the most of this night,) as many were running to the coasts to observe what shipwreck could be discerned. It was a most terrible night, both by sea and land, to conclude so frightful an event. But O! the wonderful condescension of the Lord, who knew better than we did how to deliver and how to forward his own work, that made this the mean of carrying it on; for had they gone forward to their intended landing, they had met with a great army intended to have routed them. But besides several of those vessels being fallen short of provisions by long attendance, and also they not having landing-boats along, all this made it seen after a marvellous providence that they were made by this storm to return without the loss of one man save one, and some horses that were thrown overboard. The ship that King William was in was among the first that in safety returned, to the joy and rejoicing of all Holland, and particularly those of us who had our nearest and dearest relations embarked with him, all returning in safety to Helvoetsluys, where their abode was more than twelve days till nobly recruited again, as was made ground of thanksgiving and praises for this marvellous delivery.—Not to be forgotten time, that, when near overwhelmed with fear about this dark-like providence, my dear was among the first that arrived and gave account of their safety,—the seeing of whom so unexpectedly

made some of us at the fainting with the surprise, which was a pleasant disappointment and ground of thankfulness that the Lord had been so gracious in disappointing the hopes of enemies and fears of friends.

“ This same evening we went together, with some other friends, travelling all night by water to Helvoetsluys, where many of us continued together in the yacht for three or four days, the place being so crowded that we abode in that harbour till we found out a country village near by, in a Dutch minister’s house, where we had accommodation and the liberty of our own entertainment, which we esteemed no small favour and kindness. This village we were in contained many of the Scots and English, as was computed several hundreds, where we had the satisfaction of attending till we should see our friends go to sea again. . .

“ Helvoetsluys, Oct. 27, (Sunday.) . . . After this, when all was ready, we were allowed to attend our friends to their ships, which was a beautiful sight to see, such a number gathered together for the protestant interest in a time when so great an invasion was made upon it and our properties, that the Lord thus appeared to raise up this great instrument of our relief. If He had not done so, what might we not have expected of ruin and destruction from a popish power ?

“ Helvoetsluys, Thursday, Nov. 1, 1688. . . The day following, we who were left behind, journeyed to our respective homes, some of us on foot and some in waggons, with more cheerfulness and hope as to the matters in hand, so as the former pressure of mind and anxiety was strangely removed.”

VIII.

EXTRACT FROM "PROBATION,"

REFERRED TO VOL. II., PAGE 189.

" . . . I was let in by a respectable aged domestic, who, throwing open the door of a snug cheerful parlour, profusely adorned with family pictures, and placing a chair for me with cordial old-fashioned civility, hastened to apprise her mistress of my visit. I had leisure, ere she arrived, to cast a glance around the apartment, unlike, in its mingled comfort and elegance, any with which I was familiar. On the hearth reposed, to my surprise, neither dog nor cat; no parrot or other bird claimed the noisy privilege of a pet to disturb the quiet fire-side. Books, of that unpretending aspect which bespoke them there for use, not show, loaded the tables. The place of honour, though not of ostentation, was assigned to a Bible and Common Prayer of that venerable antiquity which never fails to command involuntary respect. Next to them, the best bound and best thumbed volume was a Shakespeare, the small print of whose close double columns spoke well for the eye-sight of its aged mistress. English divines, substantial and orthodox, reposed in contact with playful French memoir writers and poets read for enjoyment not quotation. A copy of Dryden's Fables, (which opened of itself at 'The Flower and the Leaf,') bore especially this privileged character.

" Politics and History lay side by side, as if accustomed to reflect light on each other. La Fontaine's fables had their *naïveté* and simplicity finely relieved by the gravity and sententiousness of a huge Tellemaque, adorned with sprawling cuts of the true French school; while last, not least, the airy volumes of the delightful Sevigné might

have found a counterpart in the unfinished letters lying on a little writing-table, evidently the prolific parent of a voluminous correspondence, and whose file of papers would have done honour to a secretary of state. It was distinguished, however, from vulgar *escritoires*, by the presence of such a delicately enamelled gold snuff-box as could only administer its enlivening incense to a female brain—while a bag for knitting completed the keeping of this picture, whose Gerard Dow-like minuteness, it is needless to add, was not the fruit of one hasty moment of idle impatience, but of long and familiar subsequent acquaintance. The conclusions I then drew from the survey are only worthy of recall for the purpose of self-abasement. I gathered from a supercilious glance at the *tout ensemble*, that Mrs. Sydney Hume was a bigot and a pedant—wrote long prosy letters—and took snuff!

“The door was at length slowly and deliberately opened, and admitted—instead of the tall, slender, pinched-looking personage, such as Hogarth has pictured going to church in a winter morning, with a starved foot-boy behind her—a lady of a benign and motherly aspect, whom want of height could not rob of dignity, though it was tempered with a benevolence and cordiality quite calculated to put a stranger at once at his ease. But as a stranger she evidently did not intend to regard me—she walked up with an air of the most winning frankness, and with the loveliest smile that ever graced the lip of age, held out her hand to me.

“I was so struck by her serene and benevolent aspect, and the maternal kindness of her reception, that I could almost have revived the fashion of her day, and kissed the hand I held, I believe, a moment longer than courtesy demanded. I looked, I am sure, with more than civil earnestness in her face, and with more than ordinary admiration on the beautiful curls of the finest *ivory* (not silver) white, which were ranged in an order younger locks might have studied with advantage, round her open commanding brow—under a cap, whose mingled taste and simplicity rendered it the meetest covering ever ancient lady’s head was crowned withal.

“The upper part of the face beneath it—the lofty brow, and a nose which must in youth have been somewhat too strong for feminine

beauty—spoke an intellect of no common order— and certainly inspired, when vice or folly came athwart her path, a good deal of uncomfortable awe. But the large mild blue eye—the most intelligent I ever remember seeing of so peculiarly light a shade—and a mouth around which smiles of good-humour and genuine enjoyment usually mantled—softened the manlier conformation of the other features; and joined to the pale, though not sickly hue of the once delicately fair skin, gave altogether an aspect at once feminine and interesting to Mrs. Sydney Hume.”

IX.

VOL. II., PAGE 197.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

BY

LADY ANNE LINDSAY.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come hame,
 And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 Unkent by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
 But saving ae crown-piece he had naething beside ;
 To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,
 And the crown and the pound—they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
 When my father brake his arm and the cow was stown away ;
 My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea,
 And Auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father couldna wark—my mither couldna spin—
 I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win,—
 Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
 Said “ Jeanie, O for their sakes will ye no' marry me ? ”

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back,
 But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack,
 His ship was a wrack—why didna Jamie die,
 Or why am I spared to cry wae is me !

My father urged me sair—my mither didna speak,
 But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break ;
 They gied him my hand—my heart was in the sea—
 And so Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
 When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
 I saw my Jamie's ghaist, for I couldna think it he
 Till he said "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

Oh sair sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
 I gied him ae kiss, and bade him gang awa',—
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to die,
 For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young, wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
 I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
 But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
 For, O! Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

VARIOUS READINGS.

Various copies of "Auld Robin Gray" have been sanctioned by the authoress at different periods of her life, each more or less varying from its predecessor. Believing, myself, that the simpler the expression, the deeper the pathos and the truer to nature—and knowing in the present instance, that most of those expletives which occur in the later versions of the ballad originated in the artless and irregular air to which it was written being abandoned for the more elaborate one which has since obtained by prescription the character of its legitimate spouse—I have taken the liberty of selecting the above text from the different authentic copies now before me—at the same time subjoining here the most important of the "various readings" consequent on so many transcriptions, in order to put it in the power of every one to arrange the text of the ballad to his own liking.

2. When a' . . . quiet rest . . . 4. . . wha soundly . . . 6. . . naething else . . .
 8. Oh! they were baith . . . 9. Before he had been gane . . . 10. My fater brake
 his arm—our cow . . . and our cow . . . 12. And Auld Robin Gray he came . . . Oh! he
 came . . . 14. . . night — their bread . . . 16. . . will ye marry me? . . . 18. But the
 wind it blew hard . . .

19. In the copy sent to Sir W. Scott, this line appeared differently, which occasioned the following remonstrance:—"I observe an alteration in 'Auld Robin,' in an important passage—

'The ship it was a wreck, why did not Jeanie die?'

"I have usually heard or read it,

'Why didna Jamie die?'

Or why do I live,' &c.

“ I am not quite sure whether, in their mutual distress, the wish that Jamie had not survived, beloved as he was, is not more deeply pathetic than that which she utters for her own death. Besides, Jamie's death is immediately connected with the ship-wreck, and her own more remotely so,—‘ It had been better for either of us to have died, than to be as we now are.’ I speak all this under great correction, because when one's mind and ear become accustomed to a reading, as mine to this one, it frequently happens that they are impatient even of the substitution of something decidedly better in its place.”

“ Your query,” replied Lady Anne, “ is a very natural one. When I wrote it first, it was, ‘ Wby didna Jamie die?’—‘ Would he not have been happier dead than seeing my wretchedness and feeling his own?’—But the pens of others have changed this to their own fancy, and I suppose my young transcriber has put the word Jeanie instead of Jamie in the copy you got. I feel the justness of your criticism, and from the first meant it to be as you recommend it.”

21. My father argued sair—my . . . sair, though my . . . 23. They gied him my hand, while . . . hand, but . . . 24. And so Auld Robin Gray . . . 27. . . ghaist—I could not . . . 28. . . my love . . . 29. Oh sair did we greet and mickle did we say . . . 30. Ae kiss we took, nae mair . . . I gied him ae sad kiss . . . 32. For oh! I am but young to cry out wae's me!—The line in the text is the original. 33. I wander like a ghaist . . . 35. . . a good wife aye to be . . . 36. For oh! Auld Robin Gray he's sae kind to me . . . For Auld Robin Gray oh! he is sae kind to me.

CONTINUATION.

The Spring had passed over, 'twas Summer nae mair,
 And trembling were scattered the leaves in the air,
 "O winter," cried Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
 For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent—
 Despair it was come and she thought it content,
 She thought it content, but her cheek was grown pale,
 And she drooped like a snow-drop broke down by the hail.

Her father was sad and her mother was wae,
 But silent and thoughtfu' was Auld Robin Gray;
 He wandered his lane, and his face was as lean
 As the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would take,
 And often he said, "It is best for her sake!"
 While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
 The tears trickled down upon Auld Robin Gray.

"Oh greet nae mair, Jeanie," said he wi' a groan,
 "I'm no worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known!
 Send round for your neighbours—my hour it draws near,
 And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wrong'd her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late,
 I've wrong'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date,
 But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
 A faithfu' young heart that was ill matched wi' me.

“ I lo’ed and I courted her mony a day,
 The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay—
 I kentna o’ Jamie, nor yet of her vow—
 In mercy forgi’e me, ’twas I stole the cow !

“ I cared not for Crummie, I thought but o’ thee !
 I thought it was Crummie stood ’twixt you and me ;
 While she fed your parents, O did you not say,
 You never would marry wi’ Auld Robin Gray ?

“ But sickness at hame and want at the door—
 You gied me your hand, while your heart it was sore ;
 I saw it was sore, why took I her hand ?
 O that was a deed to cry shame o’er the land !

“ How truth soon or late comes to open daylight !
 For Jamie came back, and your cheek it grew white ;
 White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me !
 O Jeanie, I’m thankfu’—I’m thankfu’ to die !

“ Is Jamie come here yet ? ” and Jamie they saw—
 “ I’ve injured you sair, lad, so leave you my a’,
 Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be !
 Waste no time, my dauties, in mourning for me.”

They kissed his cauld hands, and a smile o’er his face
 Seemed hopefu’ of being accepted by grace ;
 “ Oh doubt na,” said Jamie, “ forgi’en he will be,
 Wha wouldna be tempted, my love, to win thee ? ”

* * * * *

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa’,
 But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a’
 Was thinking she couldna be honest and right
 Wi’ tears in her e’e, while her heart was sae light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
 The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay—
 A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire,
 Oh now she has a' that her heart can desire.

VARIOUS READINGS.

8. .. like a lily .. 16. Her tears .. 37. But truth, soon or late, it comes ever
 to light. 51. Was fearing ..

SECOND CONTINUATION.

Sung by Jeanie softly at her wheel.

THE wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent;
 Maybe it was despair I fancied was content.
 They said my cheek was wan—I couldna look to see,
 For, oh! the wee bit glass—'twas Jamie gied it me.

My mother she was sad, my father dull and wae,
 But that which grieved me maist was Auld Robin Gray.
 Though ne'er a word he spake, his cheek said mair than a',
 It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

He gaed into his bed—nae physic wad he take,
 And oft he moaned and said, "It's better for her sake."
 At length he looked upon me, and called me "his ain dear,"
 And beckoned round the neighbours, as if his hour drew near.

“ I’ve wronged her sair, ” he said, “ but kent the truth o’er late ;
 It’s grief for that alone that hastens now my date.
 But a’ is for the best—my death will shortly free
 A young and faithfu’ heart that ill was matchd wi’ me.

“ I lo’ed and sought to win her for mony a lang day,
 I had her parents’ favour, but still she said me nay ;
 I knew not Jamie’s love, and oh ! it’s sair to tell—
 To force her to be mine, I stealed her cow mysel !

“ O what cared I for Crummie ? I thought of nought but thee !
 I thought it was the cow stood ’twixt my love and me ;
 While she maintained ye a’, was you not heard to say
 That you wad never marry wi’ Auld Robin Gray ?

“ But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
 My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore—
 I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand ?
 That was a sinful deed ! to blast a bonnie land.

“ It was na very lang ere a’ did come to light,
 For Jamie he came back, and Jeanie’s cheek grew white,—
 My spouse’s cheek grew white, but true she was to me ;
 Jeanie, I saw it a’—and oh, I’m glad to die !

“ Come forward now, ” he said, and Jamie then I saw,
 “ Ye lo’e each other weel—it’s him must get my a’ ;
 My cattle, kine and pastures are gi’en you here by me—
 They’ll sweeter come unto her, when offered her by thee.”

We kissed his clay-cold hands—a smile came o’er his face,
 “ He’s pardoned, ” Jamie said, “ before the throne of grace ;
 God kens the heart o’ man—forgi’en I’m sure he’ll be,
 Forgi’en for stealing Crummie, since ’twas for love o’ thee ! ”

The days at first were dowie ; but what was sad and sair,
 While tears were in my e'e, I kent mysel nae mair ;
 For, oh ! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
 And wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
 For now I'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more ?
 We hae a wee bit bairnie—the auld folks by the fire—
 And Jamie, oh ! he lo'es me up to my heart's desire !

VARIOUS READINGS.

4. .. 'twas Jamie . . 5. My father he was sad, my mother .. The reading in the text is the original. 6. .. maist, it was .. 7. .. word he said .. 10. And oftentimes he said .. 15. .. since death .. 31. .. white, while true .. 32. I saw, I saw it a' .. 33. The stanza in the text is the original ; the following was afterwards substituted :—

"Is Jamie come?" he said,—and Jamie by us stood—
 "Ye lo'e each other weel—Oh, let me do some good!
 I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,
 And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should have been mine."

39, 40. The later copies read,

"Oh Jeanie! see that smile—forg'en I'm sure is he;
 Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee!"

X.

VOL. II., PAGE 197.

VERSIONS FROM THE GERMAN,

BY

LADY MARGARET LINDSAY.

ELEONORA.

RED glowed the morn, when, sprung from bedd,
 Ellen, with heavie dreames affrighted,
 Cried, " William ! William ! art thou dead ?
 Or is my love forgot or slighted ?"
 —Now William, with King Frederick's might,
 Was gone against the foe to fight,
 Ne word had sent, ne line had written,
 To say gif he were well or smitten !

Frederick, and eke the Empresse Queene,
 Vex'd with long warres and failing strength,
 Scant both of treasure and of men,
 Agreed on gentle peace at length.
 From camp to camp the cling and clang
 Of bells, drums, fifes and trumpets rang ;
 Dressed in green boughs, each merrie man
 To his own home full lightlie ran.

To meet them o'er each dale or hill,
 O'er highway, path, or ferrie,
 Ran ould and yonge, with voices shrill
 Of glee, that could ne tarrie.
 " Praise God ! " cried mother, wife and childe,
 " Welcome ! " said many a blushing bride ;
 But, woe is me ! for Eleonora,
 Ne kiss, ne bliss, but dole and sorrow !

As up and down the lines she flewe,
 Breathless and cold, she ask'd each one
 If any aught of William knew ?

But word or tydings gat she none.
 When all were pass'd, all hushed and still,
 Her shrieks the welkin rounde did fill ;
 She tore her haire, she beat her breast,
 And in the dust her body cast.

Her mother, at the mournful noise,
 Ran forth and clasp'd her in her arms ;
 " Now God forfend ! my Ellen's voice ?
 What is it that my childe alarms ? "
 " Oh mother ! mother ! all is gone !
 My life, my love, my world in one !
 And now for me with God Almighty
 There's neither grace, nor hope, nor pitie."

—" Help, gracious Lord of power and might !
 Let's kneel, my child, and say a prayer ;
 What God has done must still be right,
 'Tis for our good he sends us care."
 —" Mother, such prejudice is vaine—
 God neither heeds nor spares my paine !
 I've wept—I've prayed—I'll pray no more ;
 My love lies weltering in his gore."

—" Help, Jesus ! thou the cup of woe
 Drank'st freely ; at the Father's will
 Thy sacramental blood did flowe,
 And flowes for us in pitie still ! "
 —" Oh mother, what I now endure
 No sacrament alas ! can cure ;
 Nor can the blood of Jesus give
 The dead again to breathe and live ! "

—“ Yet listen, childe! for men are light,
 They make and break full many a vow;
 And, out of minde when out of sight,
 Their hearts a newer love allow!
 Should he thy plighted faith deceive,
 He shall have heavie cause to grieve!
 Childe! let him go; leave him to God,—
 Guilt never ’scaped his chasteninge rod!”

—“ Oh, mother! what is gone is gone,
 And what is lost is lost for ever;
 Death, death for me I crave alone—
 Oh mother, had ye borne me never!
 Go out, go out, life’s weary light!
 Go out in black and dismal night!
 For me, for me, with God Almightye,
 There’s neither grace, nor hope, nor pitie!”

—“ Mercie, kind heaven! nor sin in aught
 Impute, oh God! to this, my childe!
 Her tongue would be farr better taught
 Were not her heart with sorrow wilde!
 Forget, my childe, thy earthly grief,
 Think of the Lord of bliss in heaven;
 The holy Bridegroom’s kind relief
 Shall to thy fainting soul be given.”

—“ Mother, heaven’s bliss is but a sound,
 Hell’s torments but an empty name;
 Where William is, there bliss is found,
 In heaven, or earth, or hell the same.
 Go out, go out, this weary light—
 Go out in black and dismal night!
 Oh! what have I on earth to do,
 Or heaven, my William, wantinge you?”

All wilde with grief's intemperance,
 Her brain ybrent, her blood inflamed,
 'Gainst heaven, and heaven's high providence
 She madly strove, and God blasphemed.
 She wrung her hands, her bosom beatinge,
 Till lowe the western sun was settinge,
 And till the night her mantle graye
 With glittering starres made sheen and gay.

When hark! without—tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
 Like horse's iron hoofs harsh soundinge,
 Like rider's jingle—horse's champ,
 All o'er the balustrade resoundinge;
 And hark, and hark, the door-bell's ring—
 Quite slow and low—cling! cling! cling! cling!
 And ere that any one appeared,
 Through the key-hole these words she heard :—

“Holla! holla! ope, ope the door!
 Wake ye, my love, or do ye sleep?
 Think ye of me as heretofore?
 Or do ye laugh, or do ye weep?”
 —“My love! my love! my William! you?
 Oh! I have watched and wept till now!
 Suffered—God knows! but now, all's well;
 Yet why so late, sweet William, tell?”

—“We saddle still! i'th' dead of night
 From farre Bohemia I be rode;
 Late I gat up, and ere 'tis light,
 I'll carry you to my abode.”
 —“First, oh, my love! from horse descend;
 Bleak through the hawthorne blows the wind;
 Come to my arms—there nought shall harm thee,
 And in my bosom rest and warm thee!”

—“ Let the bleake wind blow through the hawes,
 Let it blow, darling—let it blow ;
 My black horse champs his bitt, and paws—
 From hence with speede I needs must go.
 Spring up behind—come, come, despatch !
 There must we be ere morning watch ;
 A hundred miles I have to ride
 Before my bedd receives my bride ! ”

—“ What ! ere the morne a hundred miles,
 Ere yet we reach our bridal bedd ?
 And hark ! the clock in yonder aisles
 Tells us eleven’s already sped,”—
 —“ Looke there ! looke here ! the moon shines cleare !
 We and the dead ride fast, sweet deare !
 I’ll wager, long ere dawn of morne,
 Thou to the bridal bedd art borne ! ”

—“ Oh, say, where are thy bridesmen all,
 And where’s our bridal bedd to bee ? ”
 —“ Farre, farre from hence—still, cool, and small,
 Six feet of lissom beech by three ! ”
 —“ Has’t room for me ? ”—“ for me and thee !
 Despatch my love ! come springe behind me,—
 Too long the bridal guests have tarried ;
 The door stands open till we’re married ! ”

The lovelie damsel lightlie sprung,
 And lighted on the horse behinde him,
 Claspig her true love as she flunge
 Her lillie arms around to binde him.
 Then on and onward—trot, trot, trot,
 Swunge the black horse and halted not,—
 Snorting full loud, as on he bickered,
 While from his hoofs red sparkles flickered.

Farre to the left hand and the right,
 Flewe woods and lawns, and dykes and ditches ;
 Too quick almost for thought or sight,
 They thundered o'er the roads and bridges.
 " Shudders my love ? the moon shines cleare—
 Hurrah ! the dead ride fast ! dost feare
 To bide with the dead, my lovelie one ? "
 —" Why ask ye ? let the dead alone ! "

What tollinge bells, what deadlie knells !
 How quick and thick the night-birds hover !
 Yon noise—yon voice—the reason tells,—
 " Let earth to earth, the body cover ! "
 And nearer come the mourners all,
 With plumes and hcarse and velvet pall ;
 The sound of hissing snakes the brake in
 Was like the tongue of woe they spake in !

—" Till twelve be laid the corpse aside,
 Give o'er your ringing, singing, wailing ;
 For now," he cried, " I bring my bride,
 And marriage guests must not be failing !
 Come with your choir, come, sexton, come !
 Chant forth the Epithalamium !
 Come, speak the blessinge, holy fryar !
 Ere to the bride's bedd wee retire.

" Peace—peace and cease ! bier, disappare !
 Vanish ! obedient to my will ;
 Come, hurry—hurry, in the reare,
 All pantinge at my horse's heel ! "
 Then far and farther, trot, trot, trot,
 Swunge the black horse and halted not, —
 Snorting full loud as on he bickered,
 While from his hoofs red sparkles flickered.

How flewe to right, how flewe to left,
 Shrubbes, trees, and mountains, grass and tillage!
 How flewe to left, and right, and left,
 Hamlet and city, town and village!
 “ Shudders my love? the moon shines cleare—
 Hurrah! the dead ride swift! dost feare
 To bide with the dead, my lovelie one?”
 —“ Oh William! let the dead alone!”

—“ See there—before the judgment-seat,
 Around the wheel of torture dauncinge,
 In the moon’s gleam, with printless feet,
 An airie crewe are here advauncinge,—
 Halloo! halloo! ye airie crewe,
 Come here—come here—and follow too!
 Your gambols cease until the weddinge,
 Then daunce round us the bridal bedd in!”

The airie crewe came rush—rush—rush—
 Behind him hustling, hustling, bustling—
 Like whirlwinds in the hazel bush,
 Through the dry leaves and branches rustling.
 And farre and farther, trot, trot, trot,
 Swunge the black horse and halted not,—
 Snorting full loud as on he bickered,
 While from his hoofs red sparkles flickered.

How fled the place his heel had touched,
 With lightning’s speed—how fled it farre!
 How fled the moon, as on they rushed,
 How fled the heavens and every starre!
 —“ Shudders my love? the moon shines cleare—
 Hurrah! the dead ride fast! dost feare
 To bide with the dead, my lovelie one?”
 —“ For pitie, let the dead alone!”

—“ Horse ! horse ! methinks the cock I heare !
 The hour-glass sand is nearly run—
 Horse ! horse ! I scent the morning aire !
 Despatch, my horse ! despatch--begone !
 Now finish'd, finish'd is our race—
 This is the hour, the bedd, the place—
 The dead ride farre, the dead ride fast—
 Our journey's donè, we're come at last ! ”

Full to an iron-grated door,
 With slackened bitt and reins, they drew,—
 The clashing whip—one stroke, no more—
 Wrenched bandes, and bolts, and barres in two ;
 Wide, creaking, flew the double leaves,
 The road lay over new-made graves ;
 And here a tomb, and there a bone,
 The moon's pale lustre shone upon.

Oh, look ! how in a moment's space—
 Oh, look ! look there ! a fearful wonder—
 The rider's vesture, piece by piece,
 Fell off, like touchwood rent asunder !
 In place of haire and cheek so full,
 His head became a naked skull,
 Wide yawned his ribbes, distinct and spare,
 His hand a scythe and hour-glass barc.

Loud neighed the horse, and boundenge reared,
 His nostrils snorted fire arounde,
 Then fathome deepe he disappeared,
 And sanke beneath her, under grounde !
 Growlings and howlings in the aire—
 Faint wailings fill'd the lower sphere ;
 In Ellen's heart the struggling breath
 Lay all convulsed 'twixt life and death.

Then, flittinge in the moon's pale glaunce,
Thin ghosts, with ravens, bats, and owles,
Round in a ring began their daunce,
And spake these words, with dismal howls;
" Submit, submit, though the heart rive !
With God Almighty never strive.
Now, free from earth and earth's controul,
The Lord have mercie on thy soul ! "

II.

ETERNITY.

YE woods, impervious to the genial light,
 Where reigns, with Silence, ever-during Night,
 Cold, still, and gloomy as the awful grave's!
 Ye rugged rocks, and those damp cheerless caves
 Whose entrance drear no gladsome foot invades,
 But owls and ravens, screaming, seek your shades!
 Ye streams, whose listless course exhausted creeps
 Through your parched shores to reach the distant deeps,
 Or in the greedy swamps your currents lose!
 Ye blighted fields, where herb nor floweret blows!
 —Caves, woods, and streams, night-birds, and blasted heath,
 Come—picture forth the sullen hue of Death!
 Come, with chill horrors—come, my griefs renew,
 And spread Eternity before my view!
 —Dead is my friend! still present to my mind
 His form I see—I hear his accents kind!
 Ah, vain mistake! he on that rigid shore
 (Which trodden once, we measure back no more)
 Is firmly bound in adamantine tie,

ETERNITY!

Vanish'd each pleasure—vanish'd all his woes,
 Nor Hope nor Fear disturb his long repose.

He saw the busy world—'twas but to-day!
 A keen spectator of life's motly play;—
 The curtain falls—the scene is o'er—
 And all that teased or charmed before

Like the thin texture of a dream,
 A vagrant sound, or meteor's gleam!
 The world of shadows, with its fearful night,
 Around him throws a thick impervious veil;
 And nought remains of all his projects bright
 But thoughts and wishes vain, without avail!
 And I—am I of higher sphere?
 Ah, no! I am what he was once!
 E'en now the printless feet of death advance,
 Like him, to lay me breathless on my bier!
 Past is my early morn,
 On rapid pinions borne,
 With hasty wing flies on my mid-day light;
 And long ere eve, may dark and sudden night,
 Which with no cheering hope of morning glows,
 In everlasting sleep my heavy eyelids close!

Unfathomed sea of dread Eternity!
 Primeval source of worlds and time!
 Grave of all times and worlds that e'er shall be!
 Stable possessor of the NOW we see!
 From ashes of the past, in thee
 Spring forth renewed, in glorious prime,
 The vigorous wings of young Futurity!

Eternity! who measures thy vast whole?
 With Thee worlds are as days, man as a glance—
 Perhaps the thousandth Sun now hastens to his goal!
 And thousands more, each in his turn, advance,
 Like yonder clock, by power of balanced weight
 Poised by the hand of God,—leaps forth a Sun,
 Another takes his place, his destined purpose done.
 Thou, thou alone remain'st, nor heedst their momentary fate!

Yon azure vault, yon stars that gem the sky,
 Wandering or fixed beyond the baffled eye—
 Hasten to nought, like grass in parching winds ;
 Like the young rose-buds of the morn
 Ere night of all their lustre shorn,
 Before thee fades each sign the sparkling zodiac binds !

Ere yet Existence struggled into birth,
 Or on its axis turned the half-form'd Earth,
 Ere yet the falling stone the central power had proved,
 Or from old Chaos and coeval Night
 Streamed forth yon flaming orb of light,
 Thou wert ! as far as now, from thy First Cause removed !
 And should a second night this world entomb,
 And warm Creation leave a chilling blank—
 Should other heavens and stars of higher rank
 Appear—or vanish, in their mortal doom—
 Vigorous as now, from death as far away,
 Remains as vast thy boundless period, as to-day !

The viewless fancy's rapid flight—
 Which leaves behind
 Time, sound, and wind,
 And even the winged light—
 Hoping no goal, toils after thee in vain !
 By Science led thy empire to explore,
 To mark the bounds that gird thy wide domain—
 I seek accumulation's figured lore—
 The magic force of numbers try,
 Millions on millions heap—and time on time—
 And world on world ; till, from their verge sublime,
 I strive at last some limit to descry.

But when my dazzled sight
Looks down astonished from the giddy height
To which my straining thought had dared to climb,
I see the immense expanse around me lie
A shoreless ocean still—of vast Infinity!

Hail, Universal Cause! hail, Nature's God!
Hail, central Sun! source of unmeasured time,
Unmeasured power, and everlasting prime!
Thy even light, in Noon's eternal blaze,
No dawning owns, no nights, no setting rays—
While one vast NOW before thee ever plays!
Yes! could it be. . thy wondrous force could shrink. .
Thy hand forget its power. . the world thy nod. .
With hideous crash, earth, seas, and stars would sink,
Convulsive hurled! Fair Nature, Time, and Light—
And thou, Eternity! in one dread night
Sink—as the dew-drops yonder oceans drink!

All-perfect Being, thou alone art great!
What is presumptuous man,
Who dares thy ways to scan?
A worm—a fly—a grain of dust—
Created but to die,
Arraigning where he ought to trust,
Judging all nature with a half-shut eye!
Nature itself, a point—at its Creator's feet!
—Half-ripened Nothing—creature of to-day,
That half-existence gone ere night is past!
Fading, as mid-day visions fade away,
How shall man's course aspire with Thine to last?

Something from me apart and foreign still,
Not from myself I am, but by thy will!

Thou spak'st the word—I was !
 Thy living breath informed
 The yet unconscious mass—of vegetating clay !
 And though by thy creative virtue warmed,
 With pulses new
 The embryo grew,
 No voluntary power to move I found ;
 But fixed as rooted grass
 A sluggish senseless animal, I lay !
 To me the world in vain
 Spread forth its wonders, all its charms disclosed—
 Shut was mine ear, mine eyes with films enclosed ;
 And even when conscious grown of light and sound,
 All that in me was mind
 To mere sensation still was long confined,
 And all my knowledge—hunger, thirst, and pain !
 Nature the helpless being fed,
 From step to step progressive led ;
 My feeble limbs gained power—mine ear, mine eye
 From milky juices early vigour drew ;
 Something till then unfelt, unknown,
 Each new-touched sense began to own ;
 Each day the idiot thoughts aspire
 To feel, to reason, and desire :—
 My feet, through falling, learnt to walk—
 My tongue, through lisping, learnt to talk,—
 And with my body grew my soul—
 It proved, with joy, its forces new,—
 And, (as the chrysalis's cauls unroll
 Half worm, half insect, to the view,
 The scarce-wing'd reptile, struggling, strives to fly,)—
 Wondering I gazed on Nature's plan,
 Grew rich each day with new ideas stored,
 Measured, compared, and reckoned—chose and loved, abhorred,—
 And erred, and sinned, and slept—and was a Man !

Already tends this frame to native dust,—
Time o'er my limbs his numbing langour flings ;
Joy shakes his pinions, and, with adverse wings,
Flies to gay youth, and leaves me to my woes !
The light of heaven 'is dimmed by cold disgust,
Whose hopeless apathy o'ershades my heart ;
Blunted each feeling, listless and inert,
My weary soul pants only for Repose !

III.

REPOSE.

A FRAGMENT.

Evidently the continuation of "Eternity."

"MY wearied soul pants only for Repose!"
 —Cessation mild from Suffering and from Thought—
 Armed round with stings of future, present, past;
 Repose from Reason—power too dearly bought,
 Since all thy boasted gifts still end at last
 In beaconing out those rocks, that dangerous shore,
 Where hope and joy are lost—to rise no more!

Repose—Ah where?—within the silent tomb,
 Where lie the peaceful ashes of my friend?
 Or where, in beauty's pride and youth's gay bloom,
 Smote like the blossoms of the opening year
 By blighting death, bedewed with many a tear,
 These hands interred my bosom's dearest prize?
 —Left here alone 'mid errors, follies, lies,
 'Mid which I've wandered without peace or end,
 Borrowing from Hope till Hope no more would lend—
 Nor shall the wrinkled bankrupt pay
 The fond engagements of her early day!

Hail, then, kind mansion! for thy narrow cell
 Gives more than palaces of lofty roof
 Or beds of down—Repose in thee shall dwell.
 Wrapt round and round in adamantine woof

No sigh shall heave the mouldering heap,
 No wrong shall fire the icy heart ;
 Death's power is past, his dreaded dart
 Lies hlunted in eternal sleep.
 Eternal sleep !—what means this sudden chill,
 This nameless horror in my frame ?
 Strange contradiction in my will,
 Which, panting, asks—then sickens at the name !
 Is it not rest ? a strict Repose
 From all thy fears, from all thy woes ?
 Gently to drop—to cease to be—
 From every ill for ever free,
 Dull, as the sod thy ashes hinds
 To bleak descending rains, or winter's angry winds ?

. . . . A mouldering clod ?
 This heart alive to hliss or woe—
 This active mind that dared to rise,
 And count the stars that gem the skies,
 And, rising still with bolder flight,
 Though blinded with excess of light,
 The Heaven of Heavens essayed to know—
 Climbing from Nature up to Nature's God ?

. . . . This restless spark, this searching fire,
 'Mid wishes vague or fixed desire—
 Which finds each hliss possessed a toy,
 And feels capacious power of joy,
 Which nothing tried can realize—
 Spark integral of Spirit free
 Which constitutes this creature, Me—
 Which cries I AM and SHALL BE ! and defies
 The Sceptic's doubts or bolder Atheist's lies ?

Repose ? a dream, a vacant sound
 Of spacious sense, but nowhere found !
 —Thinkst thou that this mysterious thing
 That bids me move, or weep, or sing,
 Which can of peace my being rob,
 Or teach my heart with joy to throb,
 Exhaling, leaves the eyes to close ?
 Think'st thou the cold and stagnant heart,
 Bereft of life's material part,
 Shall rest inert in dull Repose ?

Vain thought ! air, water, fire, and earth,
 Reclaim their own by Nature's laws.
 The Etherial fire alone could bind
 The jarring elements confined ;
 But, once dissolved the wondrous chain,
 Nature is freed to act again ;
 'Midst dissolution she prepares
 New vigorous forms, new earths, new airs,—
 No moment idle—for no moment still ;
 Such her august Creator's will !

Can then this changing body say,
 " IT IS MYSELF ? "—each little day,
 Each instant steals that self away !
 E'en as the stream that rushing pours
 Her careless waves to ocean's shores,
 Although her course retain its name,
 Is not a moment's space the same :—
 E'en Ocean's self, changed by the sun's warm beams,
 Exhales the tribute of a thousand streams.

This fleshy garment which I wore,
 And other forms have worn before,

May crawl a toad—or sail a swan,
 Blush in a rose, or frown in man—
 May rise a meteor—fall a dew,—
 Just as the atoms by the wind
 Are scattered wide, or lie confined,
 Still, still unchanged, yet ever new.
 —As soon shall this frail mortal arm
 Mould flaming suns new worlds to warm,
 As find the means, 'midst Nature's wreck,
 To exterminate the smallest speck
 Of water, fire, or earth, or air—
 HIS arm alone, which launched the earth,
 HIS voice, which called it into birth—
 And badc the crude,
 The soft, the rude,
 Exchanged, renewed,
 Together work, and work for good—
 Annuls an atom or a sphere!

If matter thus immortal be—
 (Which thinks not, acts not, has no will,
 Nor of itself hath power or skill—
 Whose changing parts are never We—)
 How shall that disembodied soul,
 Which needs no parts to make a whole,
 That conscious, pure, ethereal flame,
 Which marks our essence and our name,
 Doomed to Annihilation's womb,
 Prove the sole victim of an endless tomb?

IV.

ADDRESS TO HOPE LEANING ON AN ANCHOR.

“OH thou who flying still evad'st our clasp,
 Elusive when thou seem'st within our grasp,
 Thou painted cloud of passing air,
 Say, cruel phantom! is it fair
 The stable anchor's boast to bear?

“Thou sail'st on seas without a shore,
 For ever within sight of land;
 Thou pay'st thy slaves from Fancy's store,
 And feed'st them— with an empty hand!
 What are thy rudders—anchors—boat?
 But straws that bend, and leaves that float!
 What is the cable of thy line?
 It is the spider's brittlest twine!
 What is the wind that fills thy sail?
 But mortal sighs, which nought avail!
 What are thy vows? but idle breath!
 When dost thou keep them? after death!
 —Go, lay thy luring ensign by!
 Go—trick thee in the rainbow's dye,
 Nor longer mock my heart and eye!

“Go! fly like it o'er bog and briar,
 Lead on our steps from hill to hill;
 Thy vot'ries faint, but never tire,
 And, while they curse thee, follow still!

“ Is't not enough thy lovely face
 Has every cozening charm and grace,
 But that thy Parthian wings should deal
 The keenest darts our bosoms feel ?

“ With anguish struck, and faint with toil,
 We droop and pant upon the ground,
 Antæus-like we touch the soil,
 And spring revived with stronger bound.

“ Again deceived, our arms we spread,
 With glowing heart and whirling head,
 Experience throw to winds and skies,
 To follow—what for ever flies !

“ Go, phantom ! leave my weary heart,
 I here abjure thy fatal charms ;
 Come, Apathy ! come take my part,
 And fold me in thy listless arms !

“ Alas ! *thou* hast no power to move !
 Thy arms have neither nerve nor bone !
 I woo thee with the zeal of love—
 Alas ! we two can ne'er be one !

“ Come, then, Despair ! with sable robe and stole,—
 Efface illusive Hope's fantastic cloud ;
 Thy gangrened wounds no pleasure shall enroll,
 No cruel ray of light shall mark thy shroud,—
 But all one sober, sullen colour wear,
 Nor Hope's false smile insult thy gloom, Despair !

“ Come, come !—though Joy
 Be light and coy,
 Who courts Despair,
 Fierce child of care,

Will find the Goddess at his prayer.
 Come, come!—thy gorgon features shown,
 Turn each tormenting wish to stone,—
 Come, with thy petrifying art,
 Physician stern of hopes and fears,—
 Thine is the ægis Wisdom bears ;
 Extend thy shadows o'er my heart,
 Till Death arrests, with kind though gelid palm,
 Life's turbid stream—congealing into calm."

Impatient of the pangs I felt,
 With passion, on the earth I knelt,
 To Heaven I raised my aching heart and view—
 When Hope, long lost, again before me flew !
 More sober was her air,
 Less flattering was her smile,
 Yet still, though heavenly fair,
 I knew she could beguile.

I closed my dazzled eye,
 I stopped my trembling ears,
 I felt her round me fly,
 I felt her wipe my tears,
 I felt her atmosphere around ;
 Her balmy breath the witchcraft crowned.

She laid her soft reviving hand
 With tender pressure on my frozen heart ;
 Doomed to obey the maid's command,
 Again the busy pulses start.
 With transport strong and sweet,
 My bosom heaved to meet
 And hail, in reason's spite, the lovely, lovely cheat !

My eye, suffused with gentle tears, I ope,—
 “ Leave me,” I said, “ O leave me, treacherous Hope !”

With smiles and pity in her glistening eye,
 She fanned me with her wings, but did not strive to fly.

“ Mortal,” she said, “ of vapour and of earth,
 Endowed with soul of bright ethereal mould !
 Hear my kind voice, and better know thy birth,
 Attend, while truths divine my lips unfold.

“ Ere man the paths of Error trod,
 The Heaven of Heavens was my abode ;
 In angel bosoms still I dwell,
 Diffusing every good I feel.

“ But, when Pandora fabled Eve
 Disdained her Maker’s sole request,
 And, suffering flatteries to deceive,
 Broke through the dire mysterious chest ;
 Mixed with the thousand varying ills
 Which the fallen earth with misery fills,
 Ten thousand wishes, false and vain,
 Broke forth to rack the world with pain !

“ ’Twas then Hope owned a mortal birth,
 By Mercy sent to soothe the earth,
 With Charity, my sister fair,
 And Faith, with fixed, enraptured air,—
 We are the Heavenly Graces Three—
 Unseal thine eyes and look on me !
 My wings, which make thy cheek turn pale,
 Fly from thee, filled with passion’s gale !
 Elusive I evade thy grasp,
 When bliss destructive thou would’st clasp ;
 When most I pay, I seek to pall,
 And nothing give by giving all.

Mortal the date of mortal joys,
 The tasted sweet for ever cloy.
 The anchor that I rest upon
 Reposes on no mortal ground,
 The rainbow-colours that I own
 In Heaven alone are real found ;
 The peaceful port for which I steer,
 Excludes all pain, all death, all fear !
 The cable of my lasting line,
 Conceived by thee the spider's twine,
 Is cordage spun by hands divine
 To draw the restless human soul,
 Through seas of sorrows, to its goal,
 Fair Happiness, which yet, unveiled, man never saw.
 She draws all hearts, by Heaven's unerring law,
 Even as the precious amber draws the trembling straw.

" Mixed with the life-blood in thy breast,
 Alike the foe to grief and rest,
 I lead thy ardent footsteps on
 To make them form One Hope alone.

" To me none pays his vows in vain,
 Hope, heavenly Hope, cures every pain ;
 But wishes, vapours sprung from earth,
 Low creeping flames of putrid birth,
 Lead on, 'tis true, through bog and briar,
 To whelm thee in the shining mire.

" My vows, thou say'st, are idle breath,
 The time of payment after death—
 Oh ! justly, mortal, hast thou said,
 For then alone Hope's vows are paid ;
 Then is the palm to Virtue given,
 And Hope is paid by Joy in Heaven !

“ On me, then, bend thy tearful eye ;
Beyond the mists that dim the sky,
 I go to fix thy bless'd abode
 Beneath the mercy-seat of God.
Farewell !—Although I fly before,
 I leave my sisters for thy guard ;
 Bid Charity increase thy store,
And Faith ensure thy vast reward ;—
With them still dwell, and ere thy race is run,
'Mid pain, or death, thy future Heaven's begun !

END OF VOL. II.

WIGAN :
PRINTED BY C. S. SIMMS, STANDISHGATE.

124



