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LIVES  
OF  
THE LINDSAYS.

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VOL I.



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rt, to

Marjory  
d. of 1

Li- = David  
ss of †

Gerard de  
L. of W.,  
† s. p. 1249

### House of Byres.

isc of Dowhill.

r Will. L. of Rossie.

Sir William L. of Byres.

John Lord L. of Byres.

Pat 4th Lord L. of B.

John master of L.

Will. of Pyetstone,  
second son.

John 5th Lord L. of B.

Pat 6th Lord L. of B.

James 7th Lord L. of B.

Roh. 8th Lord L. of B.

John 10th Lord L. of B.  
15th (16th) E. of C. on earl  
Ludovic's forfeiture, † 1676.

Will. 16th (17th) E. of C.  
† 1698.

Pat. L. = Heiress of  
Kilhirnie.

John 17th (18th) E. of C.  
† 1713.

John Visc. Garnock,  
† 1708.

f B.

John 18th (19th) E. of C.  
† 1748.

Pat. 2nd V. Garnock,  
† 1735.

of B.

Geo. 4th V. Garnock, 19th  
(20th) E. of C. † 1781.

Geo. 20th (21st) E. of C.  
† s. p. 1808.

Col. Martin Lindsay,  
rep. of Dowhill.

Sir Henry (Lindsay)  
Bethune, Bart., of  
Kilconquhar.

*Charles Lindsay*

**Lives of the Lindseys;**

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. I.**

**WIGAN:**

PRINTED BY C. S. SIMMS.  
1840.



"MY THOUGHTS ARE WITH THE DEAD; WITH THEM  
I LIVE IN LONG-PAST YEARS;  
THEIR VIRTUES LOVE, THEIR FAULTS CONDEMN,  
PARTAKE THEIR HOPES AND FEARS;  
AND FROM THEIR LESSONS SEEK AND FIND  
INSTRUCTION WITH AN HUMBLE MIND."

SOUTHEY.



## INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

---

MY DEAREST COUTTS AND MARGARET,

It was for your instruction and amusement that I undertook some years ago the compilation of the following memoir of our family—I now present it to you with every kind and affectionate wish.

Do not allow yourselves to fall into the common prejudice, that GENEALOGY is a dry, uninteresting study—Lethe's wharf her paradise, and her votary dull as the weed that fattens there. The Spirit of Discovery breathes expectation as eager, and enjoyment as intense, into the heart of the enthusiastic Genealogist as into that of a Bruce or a Humboldt. His researches resemble theirs; he journeys, as it were, into the mountains of an unexplored land, where peaks beyond peaks bound the horizon as far as the eye can reach, their snowy pinnacles glittering in the sun, while clouds of darkness rest on their sides and conceal their bases. But, as he ascends, the clouds open to receive and disappear below him, and, while he is lost to the sight of

those who watch him from the plain, the bonds by which those mighty thrones of Nature are allied are clearly revealed to him ; peaks, hitherto undescried, arise to greet him as he advances ; mountain-rills, whose accumulating waters spread verdure and fertility through other regions than those he has left behind, refresh him with their grateful murmur ; while, wherever he wanders, the fruits of knowledge hang luxuriantly around him, in fragrant clusters, reserved for his hand alone to gather. Such, intellectually, is the pilgrimage of the Genealogist.—He starts with a few isolated names in view—the sole remembrances that Time has spared of the race whose origin and early annals he is ambitious of elucidating. Rolls of charters are laid before him ; he examines them one by one, his rapid eye recognising at once, in the body or among the witnesses of the document, the one familiar name, the object of his enquiry. By his side lie the tablets wherein he registers each newly discovered clansman, with exact reference to the date and purport of the deed that testifies of his existence. Nothing wearies him. Chieftains start to light whose very names have been forgotten ; the casual hint of relationship thrills through him—and if he unexpectedly light upon a charter to some holy shrine, the granter confirming the gifts of by-gone ancestors and adding to them himself, brothers and children consenting to the donation, and kinsmen witnessing it, his heart throbs, his cheek burns, and his hand quivers with rapture as he transcribes a document, which at a glance reveals to

him a long avenue of ancestral dead, eyeing him grimly through the gloom, like corpses in a vault of the Guanches. And then, with a quick and feverish step, he hurries to his closet, and there, arranging his notes in chronological order, broods over them in silence, till a ray of light flashes from among them—the warriors of old time arise and defile before him; a patriarch leads the array, his children follow after him, and their sons and grandsons, gliding side by side, close the ghostly procession. Nor is it a mere dream, for they assume the very rank, and defile in the very order of time, in which the eye of the antiquary has just discovered that they lived.

—Is his task over? 'tis scarce as yet begun. Now let him invoke BIOGRAPHY—now let him emerge from night into day, from genealogical gloom into the blaze of history; now and henceforward let him accompany his chosen people—emancipated, like the American Indians, from the subterranean world their ancestors have so long dwelt in—through all their wanderings on this upper earth; chronicling their loves, their hates—their joys, their sorrows—their errors, their virtues; estimating their influence on the world they lived in, and deducing lessons of principle from their conduct and its consequences, which may be beneficial to hundreds yet unborn of emulating descendants.

There is, indeed, something indescribably sublime in the idea of a race of human beings influencing society

through a series of ages, either by the *avatars*, at distant intervals, of heroes, poets, and philosophers, whose names survive among us, familiar as household words, for centuries after their disappearance, or by the continuous developement of genius, wisdom, and virtue, through successive generations, till the name which has been thus immortalized becomes at last, through the experience of mankind, presumptive of worth in the individuals who bear it. A GENEALOGICAL BIOGRAPHY which should make us as intimately acquainted with such a race as if, like its guardian angel, we had watched over it from its birth—would surpass in interest the brightest pictures of romance, would be the most engaging portrait of human nature that, fallen as that nature is, the pencil of Truth could delineate.

Few, however, are the families whose annals the world would judge worthy of such investigation, and it is not therefore to the Public that I think Family History—to use the expression in its most dignified sense—should, in general, be addressed ; it is not, I repeat, for public but private use, that I have compiled these “Lives of the Lindsays.”

Every family should have a record of its own. Each has its peculiar spirit, running through the whole line, and, in more or less developement, perceptible in every generation. Rightly viewed, as a most powerful but much neglected instrument of education, I can imagine no study more rife with pleasure and instruction.—Nor need our ancestors have been Scipios or Fabii to

interest us in their fortunes. We do not love our kindred for their glory or their genius, but for those domestic affections and private virtues that, unobserved by the world, expand in confidence towards ourselves, and often root themselves, like the banian of the East, and flourish with independent vigour in the heart to which a kind Providence has guided them. And why should we not derive equal benefit from studying the virtues of our forefathers? An affectionate regard for their memory is natural to the heart; it is an emotion totally distinct from pride,—an ideal love, free from that consciousness of requited affection and reciprocal esteem, which constitutes so much of the satisfaction we derive from the love of the living. They are denied, it is true, to our personal acquaintance, but the light they shed during their lives survives within their tombs, and will reward our search if we explore them. Be *their* light, then, *our* beacon,—not the glaring light of heroism which emblazons their names in the page of history with a lustre as cold, though as dazzling, as the gold of an heraldic illuminator, but the pure and sacred flame that descends from heaven on the altar of a Christian heart, and that warmed *their* naturally frozen affections till they produced the fruits of piety, purity and love, evinced in holy thoughts and good actions, of which many a record might be found in the annals of the past, would we but search for them, and in which we may find as strong incentives to virtuous emulation as we gather every day from those bright examples of living

worth, which it is the study of every good man to imitate.—And if the virtues of strangers be so attractive to us, how infinitely more so should be those of our own kindred, and with what additional energy should the precepts of our parents influence us, when we trace the transmission of those precepts from father to son through successive generations, each bearing the testimony of a virtuous, useful, and honourable life to their truth and influence, and all uniting in a kind and earnest exhortation to their descendants, so to live on earth that—followers of Him through whose grace alone we have power to obey Him—we may at last be re-united with those who have been before and those who shall come after us,

“ No wanderer lost,  
A family in heaven !”

Unfortunately, that private history and those personal anecdotes which give a juster view of character than the pages either of the genealogist or the historian, must be sought for through so many ancient records and forgotten volumes, that, unless an industrious hand collect and class them in due order, much time would be lost and an ordinary curiosity wearied out in the enquiry. To supply this deficiency in the case of our own family has been my object in compiling the following memoir.—A compilation I advisedly term it. Anxious to avoid the suspicion of undue partiality, I have studied to adduce the testimony of cotemporaries to the individual merits of our forefathers, rather than indulge myself in

those general deductions of character which it would be equally difficult for a critical reader to assent to or disprove. But I may bespeak for them, collectively, a favourable censure—I may even avow that I shall be disappointed if their chequered annals be deemed devoid of a useful and animating moral. You will find them in peace and war, “under the mantle as the shield,” equally eminent,—brave warriors in the field, and wise statesmen in the cabinet; you will contemplate the grandeur which they attained in the hour of prosperity—the devotion with which they perilled all, when gratitude and duty demanded the sacrifice. You will follow them to their homes, and will there recognise many whom you may love—many whom, I hope, you will imitate; men, not ashamed of being Christians—women, meek and humble, yet in the hour of need approving themselves, in the highest sense of the word, heroines; while from the example of both you may, under God’s blessing, learn the great, the all-important lesson, that conviction of our own utter unworthiness, and faith in the atoning blood of our Redeemer, can alone give us peace in life, divest dissolution of its terrors, and hallow the remembrance of a death-bed to the survivors.

Be grateful, then, for your descent from religious, as well as from noble, ancestors; it is your duty to be so, and this is the only worthy tribute you can now pay to their ashes. Yet, at the same time, be most jealously on your guard lest this lawful satisfaction degenerate into

arrogance, or a fancied superiority over those nobles of God's creation, who, endowed in other respects with every exalted quality, cannot point to a long line of ancestry. Pride is of all sins the most hateful in the sight of God, and, of the proud, who is so mean, who so despicable as he that values himself on the merits of others?—And were they all so meritorious, these boasted ancestors? were they all Christians?—Remember, remember—if some of them have deserved praise, others have equally merited censure,—if there have been “stainless knights,” never yet was there a stainless family since Adam's fall. “Where then is boasting?”—for we would not, I hope, glory in iniquity.

“Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust!”

And, after all, what little reason has Europe to plume herself on ancestral antiquity! Not one of our most venerable pedigrees can vie with that of a Rajpoot of India or a Rechabite of the desert; nor is it but to our Christian birth that we owe a temporary superiority to the “dispersed of Judah” and the “outcasts of Israel,” whose fathers bent before the Ark of the Covenant when ours were nameless idolaters, and whose seed will soon (if we read aright the signs of these latter times) be re-established in the “glorious land” of their sires, as the peculiar people of God and the priests of Christianity, when the times of the Gentiles shall have been fulfilled, and Judæa, no longer weeping under her palm-tree,

shall have seen the Vine of Christ overshadow the whole earth, one happy fold under one shepherd, in whose inheritance none but "the meek and lowly of heart" shall participate.

One word more.—Times are changed, and in many respects we are blessed with knowledge beyond our fathers, yet we must not on that account deem our hearts purer or our lives holier than theirs were. Nor, on the other hand, should we for a moment assent to the proposition, so often hazarded, that the virtues of chivalry are necessarily extinct with the system they adorned. Chivalry, in her purity, was a holy and lovely maiden, and many were the hearts refined and ennobled by her influence, yet she proclaims to us no one virtue that is not derived from and summed up in Christianity. The "Age of Chivalry" may be past—the knight may no more be seen issuing from the embattled portal-arch, on his barbed charger, his lance glittering in the sun, his banner streaming to the breeze—but the Spirit of Chivalry can never die; through every change of external circumstances, through faction and tumult, through trial and suffering, through good report and evil report, still that Spirit burns, like love, the brighter and the purer—still, even in the nineteenth century, lights up its holiest shrine, the heart of that champion of the widow, that father of the fatherless, that liegeman of his God, his king, and his country—the noble-hearted but lowly-minded Christian gentleman of England.

“Take, then,” let me conclude with Sir Philip Sidney, “this little book ; read it at your idle times, and so you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most heartily prays you may long live to be principal ornaments to the family of the” Lindsays.

1836.

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An Adventure in China. By the Hon. Hugh Lindsay.

General Index.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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SINCE this volume was printed, my friend Mr. Riddell has pointed out to me the curious fact, that a link has been dropped by genealogists in the succession of the earls of Crawford—Sir David Lindsay of Meigle, eldest son of Alexander the second earl, and generally supposed to have died without issue before his father, having in fact survived him, and held the earldom from (at least) 1442 to January 1445-6, when he was killed at the battle of Arbroath—and Earl Beardie, hitherto reputed the said Sir David's immediate younger brother, having been his eldest son and successor, and consequently *fourth* (instead of *third*) earl of Crawford.—Should, therefore, these “Lives” ever be reprinted, the numeration of the earls, from David the third earl downward, must be altered accordingly.

The chain of evidence on which Sir David is thus restored to his seat among the earls of Crawford, is as follows:—

A charter of Walter the Stewart, Earl Palatine of Strathern, of £40 out of the lands of Cortachie for founding two chaplainries in the cathedral church of Brechin, dated May 22, 1429, and witnessed by “Sir David Lindsay, eldest son and apparent heir of Alexander earl of Crawford.”

A charter of Alexander earl of Crawford, August 24, 1438, to Richard Lovel and Elizabeth Douglas, "*nepti dicti Alexandri*," his spouse, of the lands of Murehouse in the barony of Inverarity,—witnessed by "*Sir David Lindsay of Mygkil, eldest son of the said earl.*"

A payment in an exchequer-roll, of 1442, "*Domino Davidi Lindsay, comiti de Crawford,*"—evidently the Sir David Lindsay, son and heir of Alexander the second earl.

Allusion in an exchequer-roll, of 1446, to a payment "*Domino Davidi de Lindsay, quondam comiti de Crawford, ultimo defuncto,*"—clearly that earl of Crawford who fell at the battle of Arbroath in January, 1445-6—hitherto confounded with his father the second earl, and whose christian name no Scottish historian mentions, though a cotemporary chronicle\* describes him as the father of Alexander earl of Crawford, called Earl Beardie.

A legal paper, dated 16 March, 1466, by David (fifth) earl of Crawford, afterwards duke of Montrose—(well known, by charter and historical evidence, to have been son and successor of Alexander earl of Crawford, *aliàs* Earl Beardie, who flourished from 1445-6, when he won the battle of Arbroath at which his father was killed, till his own death in September, 1453)—respecting a perambulation of Auchinleck made by "*avum meum Davidem comitem de Crawford.*"

And a curious charter, dated 17 Nov., 1478, of Marjory Ogilvie, widow of Sir David the third earl, in which the different earls and countesses are distinguished—not as first, second, and third, in order of hereditary succession,—but as David I., David II., David III., &c., by the succession of the christian name.—It is recorded in the abridgment of the Great Seal Register as follows:—"Carta Marjorie Secunde, *aliàs* Ogilvy, Comitisse Crawfordie, in quâ pro salute anime David Secundi, Comitis Crawfordie, sponsi sui, &c., cum consensu David Tercii, Comitis Crawfordie ac Domini le Lindsay, necnon Alexandri Magistri Crawfordie, filii sui et heredis apparentis, concessit Fratri Jacobo Lind-

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\* Cited in this work as "*The Addicioun of Scottis Corniklis and Deidis,*" otherwise styled the Auchinleck Chronicle.

say, Vicario Fratrum Minorum in regno Scotie, &c., ann. redd. 20 marc. de terris de Drumcarne, in dominio de Glenesk,"\* &c.

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To Mr. Riddell also I am indebted for a reference to a passage in Cardinal de Retz's Memoirs, (vol. 2. p. 228, edit. Amst. 1731,) shewing that Ludovic, the loyal and unfortunate earl of Crawford, was at Paris in 1651, with fifty Scottish officers "qui avoient été des troupes de Montrose."

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\* Marjoria II., aliàs Ogilvie—widow of David II., third earl of Crawford, is elsewhere described as "Marjoria senior Comitissa," to distinguish her from "Margareta (Dunhar) junior Comitissa," the widow of Earl Beardie—the former being grandmother, the latter mother to David Duke of Montrose. The Marjoria Prima, indicated in the above charter by the epithet Secunda applied to her successor, must have been the "Mariota Comitissa," designed, in 1429, the "beloved wife" of Alexander, second earl of Crawford, son of David the first earl and the Princess Catherine.



## CORRIGENDA.

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### VOL. I.

Page 48, line 14 of note, for *ye* read *he*. — P. 83, l. 1 of note, for 26 *Feb.*, 1463, read *penult. Feb.* 1458.9. — P. 102, l. 8 of note, after *Edzell* insert *Walter's father*. — P. 117, 3 lines from bottom, for *soul* read *fowl*. — P. 159, l. 14, read *published, singly or collectively, in* &c. — P. 177, l. 1, read *John, his nephew succeeded, and was father of David Lindsay of Edzell, who became chief*, &c. &c. — P. 244, l. 1 of note, dele *Sir*. — P. 346, note p. insert *trimmings*?

### VOL. II.

Page 79, l. 5 (from bottom), for *or* read *of*. — P. 168, l. 11 (from bottom), for *abolished* read *rescinded*. — P. 207, l. 11 (from bottom), for *third* read *fourth*. — P. 206, l. 1, for *campaign* read *war*.



# LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS,

&c.

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## CHAPTER I.

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“Lindesayis all, ane surname of renowne.”

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

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THE history of the Lindsays cannot be traced with certainty beyond the commencement of the twelfth century. Tradition refers their origin to a remoter era,\* but, as documentary evidence is the only test of truth in genealogical research, I shall content myself with observing that their name figures in what may be considered the

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\* “The first man of the sirname, whilk was callit Lindsay, (ane proper name then to him, whilk now is the sirname of our clan,) Kenneth the Second, son to Alpin, rewarded with large boundis and landis in this country for his guid counsel and sovereign manhood in the overthrowing of the Pyghtis (Picts.)” *Speech of Alex. third Earl of Crawford to James II. after the battle of Brechin, 1453. Ap. Boeth. lib. 18.*

oldest authentic Scottish document in existence,\* and that, being territorial and English, it must necessarily have been adopted from the lands they ruled over, the home they dwelt in, previous to their migration to Scotland.†

That two brothers, Walter and William, de Lindsay, were highly and, we may presume from the character of their patron, deservedly favoured by David the First, king of Scotland,‡ who gave them various lands in Upper Clydesdale, Berwickshire, Midlothian, and Had-

\* The "Inquisitio Principis David," 1116.

† "The surname of Lindsay is said by Dugdale, (who mentions several of this name in England during the eleventh and twelfth centuries,) to have been assumed from the manor of Lindsay, in Essex." *Chalmers' Cal.* Others have derived it with, I think, more orthographical propriety, from the district of Lyndeseye, now Lindsey, in Lincolnshire.

‡ "In this early age the king was the fountain of justice, and the supreme judge of his people. We are indebted to a cotemporary historian for a fine picture of David I. in this great character. 'It was his custom,' says Ethelred, 'to sit on certain days at the gate of his palace, and to listen in person to the complaints of the poorest suitors who chose to bring their cause before him. In this employment he spared no labour to satisfy those who appealed to him of the justice of his decisions; encouraging them to enter into argument, whilst he kindly replied, and endeavoured to convince them of the justice of his reasons. Yet,' adds the historian with great simplicity, 'they often shewed an unwillingness to acquiesce in his mode of argument. Often with these eyes have I seen him draw back his foot when it was already in the stirrup, and he was just mounting to follow the diversion of the chace, should the voice of any poor suppliant be heard petitioning for an audience; the horse was left, the amusement for that day being given up, and the king would return to his palace.'" *Tytler.*

dingtonshire, and to whose charters, both before and after his accession to the throne, they are constant witnesses, is known to all Scottish genealogists; that Walter was the elder and William the younger brother, may be presumed from the precedence conceded to the former in a charter to which both are witnesses; and that from these brothers all the Lindsays of Scotland are descended, is the opinion of the best authorities.\*

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\* Another occasional witness to King David's charters is Radulphus, or Randolphus de Lindsay, who hears similar testimony to those of Cospatrick earl of Dunbar, whose niece Ochthreda, or Ethelreda, he married, receiving with her from her brother Alan, lord of Allerdale, the lands of Ukmanhy and Blenerhasset, in Cumberland, as her portion. *Chron. Cumbriae, ap. Dugd. Monast.* iii. 585. ed. *Ellis*.<sup>a</sup>

Ethelreda's niece, of the same name, married Duncan, natural brother of David I., and the usurper of the crown from 1093 to 1095; Randolph, therefore, appears to have belonged to the generation of Malcolm Caenmore and William the Conqueror. He was in all probability the same with the Randolphus de Lindsay, who gave the lands of Artureth and Loretuna, (now Arthuret and Lorton,) to the priory of Carlisle, (*Dugd. Monast.* vi. p. 144,) and whom a donation of the church of Lovenes-water, in Haddingtonshire, to St. Mary's Abbey, York, (*ibid.* iii. 550,) appears to connect with David de Lindsay, lord of Luffness in the time of King William the Lion, and father of another David, who, in the reign of Alexander II., granted the monks of Newbottle perfect freedom from all tolls in his port of Luffenach. *Chartul. Newb.*

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<sup>a</sup> Her sister Gunhilda was married to Uchtred, eldest son of Fergus, the petty prince of Galloway, with the lands of Torpenhow as her dowry.

The house of Crawford sprung from William, and that of Lamberton from Walter de Lindsay. While the former settled in Lanarkshire, Walter fixed his home at Ercildun in Berwickshire,\* illustrious in song as the residence, in later times, of Thomas the Rhymer. Walter's family removed, towards the close of the century, to Lamberton in the same county. William son of Walter, and William son of William,† were cousins and contemporaries, and one of them, (I know not which,) appears as a hostage for the release of King William the Lion, after his capture by the English, in 1174.‡ William de Lindsay was chamberlain of Scotland, (an office which then included that of treasurer,) before 1188,|| and either the same or another of that name held from 1189 to 1199, the high justiciarship of Lothian,§ a most important office, which conferred supreme authority in civil and criminal jurisdiction throughout the whole of Scotland south of the two friths.

Towards the middle of the ensuing century, William

\* Which he held under Cospatrick, earl of Dunbar. His brother William held his lands in Lanarkshire under Swan the son of Thor.—*Chalmers*.

† The name of "Arosina de Lindeseia," probably his sister, occurs in a charter of this William de Lindsay to the abbey of Melrose, of the lands of "Fauope juxta Ledre." The original document is fac-similied in the beautiful edition of the Melrose chartulary presented to the Bannatyne club by his grace the duke of Buccleuch.

‡ Rym. Fœd. I, 39. Brompton Chron.

|| Macfarlane's Collections, quoted in Douglas's Peerage, ed. pr.

§ Charters quoted by Chalmers, Caledonia.

(son of Walter,\* son of William, son of Walter,) de Lindsay, lord of Lamberton, and chancellor of Scotland,† espoused Alice, sister and coheiress of William de Lancaster, a descendant of the earls of Anjou, and lord of Kendal, and other extensive estates in the North of England. In those days there was much intercourse between the sister countries; many barons held lands on both sides of the Tweed, and many a border minstrel might have begun his lay, like Albert Graeme, with

“It was an English lady bright—  
The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall!  
And she would marry a Scottish knight,  
For love will still be lord of all!”

By this alliance the Lindsays obtained the beautiful districts of Winandermere and Grassmere, with various other estates in Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire; and that the “Scottish knight” was the lord of

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\* Walter de Lindsay was ambassador to King John, in 1215, (*Rym. Fœd.* i, 203,) and held the important post of sheriff of Berwick in the early part of the reign of Alexander II. *Chartularies of Kelso and Coldingham, quoted by Chalmers.* The widow of Walter de Lindsay was given in marriage by King Alexander to P. de Valloniis, who, in 1222, went to Rome to procure a dispensation for their union. *Chronicle of Melrose*, p. 140, edit. Bannatyne.

† “W. de Lindissay, cancellarius” witnesses a charter to the Knights Templars, 30 June, 1231, confirmed 19 Oct. 1488. *Reg. Mag. Sig.* I do not think I am wrong in identifying him with the lord of Lamberton. It was this William de Lindsay probably, who, with David de Lindsay, appears as guarantee to the treaty of peace with England, 1244.

Lamberton, is evident from that domain being recorded as the property of his descendants. The male line failed in the person of his grandson, Sir William de Lindsay, slain in battle against Llewellyn, prince of Wales, in 1283.\* By his wife Ada, eldest surviving sister of the unfortunate king John Baliol, and eldest coheir to her nephew Edward, king of Scotland, he left an only child, Christiana de Lindsay, by marriage dame de Coucy,†

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\* Brompton. Compared with his summons for service against the Welch, 1282, (Palgrave's Writs, i. 225,) and the Inquis. post mortem.

The Scala Chronica informs us as to the manner of his death:—"Le roi se moua en graunt ost deuers Galis, q̄i dez barges enfist faire pounte outre vn bras de mere deuer Snaudoun, pur ceo qe lez estroitz du boys et mountaignes estoient mauues autre part a passer, lez queux les Galoys auoient purpris. Lez gens le roy pristrent le dit passage folement deuaunt qe tout le array du passage fust adresse, qe furount recoillez des Galoys qe del autre part estoient enbusscz en batail, ou noyerent Roger de Clifford, Willam de Lindezey, Johan le fitz Robert, Lucas de Towny, et plusours autres pererent au presser, de lour reeoiller." *Edit. Stevenson*, p. 108.

† Her husband was Enguerrand, or Ingelram, de Guines, second son of Arnold III. count of Guines and Namur, and sire de Coucy in right of his mother Alice, the heiress of that house so illustrious in history and romance. Enguerrand had been brought up at the court of his cousin-german, Alexander III., who married him to Christiana de Lindsay before 1285. *Duchesne. Hist. de la Maison de Guines*, pp. 253, 451.

He died soon after 1321. Christiana was still living in December, 1332, when she entertained her cousin-german, Edward Baliol, after his defeat at Annan. "Postea vero moratus est cum dominâ de Gynes, consanguineâ suâ de proximo, apud Mourholm, a quâ recepit diversa solatia et joealia, et promisit ei, si posset prosperari, magnas terras et

from whom the representation of this elder branch of the Lindsays, as well as that of the house of Baliol, and of the ancient Celtic dynasty of Scotland, descended in a direct line, through eldest sons and heiresses, to Anthony king of Navarre, father of Henry the Fourth, and through him to the present duchesse d' Angoulême, daughter of Louis XVI.\*

The descendants of William de Lindsay had, in the meanwhile, multiplied rapidly in the North. Sir David,

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redditus in Scotiâ qui sibi ab antiquo hereditariè debebantur." *Chron. Lanercost*, ed. Bann. p. 271. She died in 1334.

\* Of the distinction here established between the two lines of Lamberton and Crawford, and of the seniority of the former, the first hint was given by Sir James Dalrymple, in his *Historical Collections*, p. 351.

For the history of the Lancasters, barons of Kendal, and their Lindsay successors, see the *History of Cumberland* by Nicholson and Burn, i. p. 30, sqq. West's *Antiquities of Furness Abbey*, and Dugdale's *Monasticon*, i. 704, ii. 263, &c.

The identification of the Lindsays of Winandermere with those of Lamberton is proved by Edward III.'s confirmation (June 5, 1335,) of a charter of William de Coucy to his son, of that manor, as well as of "tota baronia de Lyndeseyc infra villam Brevewici," &c., of Caverton and half Westerkirk in Roxburghshire, of Skirling in Peebles, Durisdeer in Dumfries, &c., besides church patronage—all of which belonged to Christiana de Lindsay, mother of the said William de Coucy, her heir. *Rot. Scotia*, i. p. 352.

For the notice of sir William's marriage with Ada de Baliol, and the pedigree of Christiana's descendants, I am indebted to the kindness of my friend Alexander Sinclair, Esq. See also the *Dict. de la Noblesse*, vol. v. p. 196, sqq.

lord of Crawford,\* and his successor of the same name, (William's grandson and great-grandson,) held succes-

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\* "The great mountain territory of Crawford," or Crawford-Lindsay, as it was commonly called, "forms," says Chalmers, "the southern extremity of Lanarkshire, and is the highest district in the south of Scotland, the waters running from it in opposite directions south and north," into the Clyde and Solway Frith. The Lindsays held it till the rebellion against James III. in 1488, when David duke of Montrose was deprived of it by the successful faction, who gave it to Archibald Bell-the-cat, earl of Angus. A few years afterwards, the name was altered by charter to Crawford-Douglas, "but," says Chalmers, "established usage prevailed over chartered authority, and the old name of Crawford-Lindsay was continued." It was sometimes called the South Highlands. One of the mountains is named in Blaeu's curious Atlas, "Lindsayes Croce."

The ruins of the castle of Crawford and Tower Lindsay are still to be seen; "the latter," says the Statistical Account, "now lies in the form of a large heap of earth, all over green." Wallace's capture of Crawford Castle, while in occupation of the English, is related by Mr. Carrick in his Life of that hero, (*Constable's Miscellany*, i. 193,) and the ballad of the "Gude Wallace" seems to be founded upon it.

In the time of James V., veins of gold and silver were discovered in Crawford, which proved so productive that, from the metal gathered there, a new gold coin was issued, the most beautiful of the Scottish series, and called the bonnet-piece, the king being represented with that national head-dress. On one occasion, it is said, the foreign ambassadors being out hunting with his Majesty, dined with him at the old castle of Crawford. "The king made some apology for the dinner, which was composed of the game they had killed during the hunting and hawking of the day, but he assured his guests that the dessert would make them some amends, as he had given directions that it should consist of the finest fruits which the country afforded. The foreigners looked at each other with surprise, on hearing the king talk of fruits being produced

sively the justiciarships of the North\* and South† of Scotland. The latter was also a privy councillor and chamberlain of Scotland,‡ (an office held, a few years afterwards, by his kinsman John de Lindsay,||) and was appointed one of the regents of the kingdom, and guardians of the king and queen, in 1255,‡ after his return from the crusade of Egypt, to which he had accompanied St. Louis of France, as one of the three leaders of the Scottish auxiliaries.§

amidst the bleak moors and barren mountains around them. But the dessert made its appearance in the shape of a number of covered saucers, one of which was placed before each guest, and being examined was found full of gold bonnet-pieces, which they were desired to accept as the fruit produced by the mountains of Crawford moor." *Tales of a Grandfather.*

The gold mines have long been abandoned, and lead is the only metal now sought for in the neighbourhood of

"Auld Crawford-Lindesay's towers."

\* For some time between 1203 and 1208. *Charter quoted by Chalmers.*

† He "succeeded in 1243, and continued to be justiciary of Lothian through the rest of Alexander II.'s reign, and the first years of his successor." *Chalmers.*

‡ Privy councillor and chamberlain, by special ordinance of the Council, for seven years, though, in consequence of a change of administration, he did not retain it for that time. *Fordun*, ii. 90. *Boeth. lib. 13.*—Regent, &c. *Rym.* i. 566. *Crawford's Officers of State*, p. 162.

|| He was chamberlain in 1279, (*Chartul. Dunferm. and Crawford's Officers of State*,) and probably continued to hold the office till the death of Alexander III.

§ Bellenden's Boece, ii. 343. *Dugd. Monast. vi.*, p. 1155.

Cotemporary, indeed, I suspect, identical with the elder David,\* was a gentleman of that name, who obtained Wolverley and other estates in England, by mar-

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\* I am led to suspect this identity from the otherwise almost unaccountable coincidence, that a Gerard, son of David de Limesay, should have succeeded his elder brother David in the English domain of Wolverley, and that a Gerard, son of David de Lindsay, should confirm to the monks of Newbottle the grants of his elder brother David, (and his grandfather William,) in the territory of Crawford; each trio being Scottish, each cotemporary.<sup>a</sup>

If this identification be correct, the probability is that the elder David married twice, that the succession to the English property was limited to the children of Aleonora de Limesay, and that David, the chamberlain and crusader, was his eldest son by a second, hitherto supposed his only, wife—the heiress, namely, of that remaining portion of Crawford, of which the Lindsays had not till then been in possession.

The name of Lindsay, however, was preserved in England long after the extinction of the Scottish lords of Wolverley, various families of Lindsays having flourished, even to a late period, in Kent, Sussex, Norfolk, Northumberland, and Warwickshire,—to some of whom the names of Lindsey and Limesay (“Lindsey *alias* Limesay,”) were considered equally appropriate, (see Edmonson’s Heraldry), and who almost all carried, with more or less variation, the ancient arms of the de Limesays,—gules, three eagles, sometimes one only, displayed, or.—But, what is very remarkable (and to me inexplicable,) the Anglo-Scottish Lindsays of Wykingby and Wauchopdale (see a few pages further on) bore originally, and long after the extinction of Aleonora’s male descendants, with whom they had no immediate relationship, the same arms as the de Limesays.

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<sup>a</sup> The wife of David, and mother of David, de Lindsay, founded, on a spot of ground granted her for the purpose by King Alexander, the monastery of Elcho. See two charters of her son David, (to the first of which Domina Margeria de Lindeseya, and R. de Crawford, his chaplain, are witnesses,) in the Dunfermline chartulary.

riage with Aleonora, coheiress of the de Limesays,\* and whose daughter Alice, after the deaths of her brothers David and Gerard,† carried that property in marriage to Sir Henry Pinkeney, whose son, Robert, claimed the crown of Scotland, through his great-grandmother Marjory, daughter of Henry prince of Scotland, and mother of the elder David de Lindsay, at the competition in 1292.

After the disastrous wars that ensued with England, Sir Alexander de Lindsay,‡ son of the chamberlain, had

\* The ancestor of this potent race was Randolph de Limesay, sister's son to the Conqueror; who gave him the estates of Christiana, sister of Edgar Atheling, and others in different parts of England.

† On the death of David, the father, in 1222, Alexander II. gave two hundred pounds for the wardship and marriage of his heirs, and for all the lands of their inheritance in the shires of Essex, Hertford, Oxford, Warwick, Leicester, Norfolk, and Suffolk. *Rot. Fin.* 6 *Hen. III.* *Dugdale's Baronage*, i. 769.—David, the son, died in 1241, and Gerard in 1249. *Inquis. post. mort.*

‡ Alexander de Lindsay had been one of the Scottish nobles who consented to the marriage of Margaret of Scotland with Prince Edward of England, in 1290. In 1296 his name appears, with (two only excepted) those of the whole baronage and the leaders of the commonalty of Scotland, among the subscriptions to Ragman's Roll. The year following he joined Wallace.

Possibly the two Davids of Wolverley, the two of Luffness, and the two first of Crawford, all cotemporaries, were identical. David of Brenweil, co. Fife, who had a charter of the lands of Garmylton and Byres, co. Hadd., between 1235 and 1242 (*Dalb. Hist. Coll.*) must be the same with David, the second, of Crawford. Much confusion has arisen and still exists in the early annals of the Lindsays from the frequent cotemporary occurrence of the same Christian name in association with different territorial distinctions.

the honour of being one of the six patriot allies of Wallace, specially excepted by Edward I. out of the general conditions of pardon offered to their unhappy countrymen in 1304.\* His nephew, the "wycht" Sir Walter of Craigie,† and Sir James, the friend and kinsman of Robert Bruce, who assisted in the murder of the Red Comyn at Dumfries,‡ were among the cotemporary

\* He was to be banished Scotland for six months. *Palgrave's Writs*. i. 162. He reappears in 1307, in company with Edward Bruce, Sir Robert Boyd, and Sir James Douglas, as invading Galloway with a large force of islesmen, slaying many of the nobles of Galloway, and subjecting nearly the whole district. *Chron. Lanercost*, ed. Bann. p. 212.

† He was son of Sir William Lindsay by Christian, daughter and heiress of Sir John Hose of Craigie, and held also the estate of Thurston, in Berwickshire, under the high steward. He was father, I believe, of Sir John Lindsay of Craigie and Thurston, sheriff of Ayrshire, temp. David II. and Robert II., whose daughter and heiress carried those estates in marriage to the Wallaces of Riccarton, ever since designed "of Craigie."

‡ "A homicide in such a place, and such an age, could hardly escape embellishment from the fertile genius of the churchmen, whose interest was so closely connected with the inviolability of a divine sanctuary. Accordingly, Bowmaker informs us that the body of the slaughtered baron was watched during the night by the Dominicans, with the usual rites of the church. But at midnight the whole assistants fell into a dead sleep, with the exception of one aged father, who heard, with terror and surprise, a voice like that of a wailing infant exclaim, 'How long, O Lord! shall vengeance be deferred?' It was answered in an awful tone, 'Endure with patience until the anniversary of this day shall return for the fifty-second time.'—In the year 1357, fifty-two years after Comyn's death, James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted at

adherents to the cause of Scottish liberty; as well as Sir John Lindsay, a gallant knight, who, at the battle of

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the castle of Caerlaveroc, in Dumfriesshire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of the regent. In the dead of night, for some unknown cause, Lindsay arose and poniarded in his bed his unsuspecting host. He then mounted his horse to fly, but guilt and fear had so bewildered his senses, that, after riding all night, he was taken at break of day, not three miles from the castle, and was afterwards executed by order of King David II." *Sir W. Scott.*

From the elder James is said to have descended the once great house of the Lindsays of Dunrod. If so, their sun set, as it rose, in blood. Their original residence was the castle of Dunrod in Renfrewshire, but they afterwards removed to Lanarkshire, where the Mains of Kilbride had been their possession ever since Robert the Second's time,<sup>a</sup> and where their castle is still to be seen in ruins. They dwelt there in opulence and splendour till the close of King James the First's reign, when Alexander of Dunrod "falling in bloodshed, and having killed Leckie of that ilk, his estate," says Nisbet, "visibly melted away, and he suffered a great reverse of fortune, for he who had once so great an estate," and who never went from home, according to popular tradition, without a retinue of twelve vassals, mounted on gallant white steeds, attending him, "came to beg his bread among his friends before he died, as," says he, "I have been credibly informed by old people who knew him in the decline of his age in that poor situation." He died, it is said, in a barn belonging to one of his former tenants.

A few junior branches survived for a while. Lindsay of Blacksolme succeeded to the representation of the family, assuming for his crest a withered branch of oak sprouting forth green leaves, with the motto "Mortua vivescunt,"—touching allusions to the fallen fortunes of his race. The Lindsays of Balquharrage represented them in 1728, and those of Mauchlin-hole, the last considerable landed proprietors of this

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<sup>a</sup> Charter of Kilbride to John de Lindsay of Dunrod, 12 Nov. 1384. Rob. Index.

Kirkencliff, the last desperate stand made against Edward after the flight of Bruce to Rachlin—the same battle at which the brave Sir Simon Frazer was taken prisoner—was driven with his companions into the river, and drowned; preferring death in the waters of his own free land to the tender mercies of Edward.\*

Alexander's son and heir, the

“Schyr Dawy the Lyndyssay,  
That was trewe and of stedfast fay,”

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ancient line, ended in two coheiresses, one of whom married Sir William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and the other Graham of Limekilns, ancestor of the friend to whose kindness I owe various legendary notices of the house of Dunrod.<sup>a</sup>

\* Sir John's death is described as follows in a cotemporary “Balad against the Scots,” descriptive chiefly of the executions of Wallace and Frazer, and published by Ritson from a MS. of the time of Edward II., in the Harleian Library:—

“Nou ichulle fonge ther ich er let,<sup>b</sup>  
Ant tellen ou of Frisel, ase ich ou byhet;<sup>c</sup>  
In the batayle of Kyrchenclyf Frysel was ytake,  
Ys continuance<sup>d</sup> abatede eny bost to make,  
Bysyde St'velyn;<sup>e</sup>  
Knyhtes ant sweynes,  
Fremen ant theynes,  
Monye with hym.

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<sup>a</sup> Besides the families of Blacksolme, &c. mentioned above, those of Thornton, Corsbasket, Linbank (originally styled “of Lekprevy,”) and Scheillis, all in Lanarkshire, and perhaps those of Crevoche, in Ayrshire, were branches of Dunrod.

<sup>b</sup> “Now I will take up where I left off.”

<sup>c</sup> “As I you behight,” promised.

<sup>d</sup> “His countenance,” &c.

<sup>e</sup> “Striveling,” Stirling.

of the poetical prior of Lochleven,\* was a staunch adherent of Robert Bruce, both before and after his accession

“ So hii weren byset on everuehe halve,<sup>a</sup>  
 Somme slaye were, ant somme dreynte hemselve;<sup>b</sup>  
 Sire Johan of Lyndeseye nolde nout abyde,<sup>c</sup>  
 He wod in to the water his feren him bysyde,  
 To adrenehe.<sup>d</sup>  
 Why nolden hii bewar?  
 Ther nis non azeyn star!  
 Why nolden hy hem bythenche?”<sup>e</sup>

The whole poem is extremely curious both in an historical and literary point of view.

\* Though written in verse, we possess no historical record more minute, authentic, or curious, than Andrew of Wyntown's “Orygynale Chronykyl of Skotland.” It was written at the request of his patron, Sir John Wemyss, of Reres and Kincaldrum. . . . “It would be unjust,” says Mr. Tytler, in his graceful “Lives of Scottish Worthies,” “to expect from a writer labouring under such disadvantages any thing like a well digested and classically constructed history, as this term is used in these modern days. We have, on the contrary, instead of a building of correct taste and Grecian proportion, an extraordinary and rambling edifice somewhat resembling the ancient castles, or picturesque monasteries, of the times in which the author lived; where, in defiance of all rules and orders, a chamber, or a chapter, was added, according to the exigency or the fancy of the moment. The language, too, or materials with which his work is constructed, is as rude and venerable as the ivy-covered walls, or weather-beaten pinnacles, upon which the waves of successive centuries have left the traces of their progress. Yet, what

<sup>a</sup> “Halve,” half, or side.

<sup>b</sup> “And some drowned themselves.”

<sup>c</sup> “Would not abide.”

<sup>d</sup> “To drown.”

<sup>e</sup> “Why would they not beware? There is no opposing [one's] star, (or destiny.) Why would they not bethink themselves?”

to the throne of Scotland. He was either taken prisoner at the battle of Bannockburn, or had been in durance before it was fought, being exchanged, five months afterwards, along with Andrew Moray, Reginald de Lindsay, and Andrew his brother.\*

When, in compliance with Edward's entreaties, Pope John XXII. sent orders to excommunicate Bruce and his gallant followers on every Sunday and Festival throughout the year, Sir David was one of the Scottish nobles who addressed to him from Arbroath, that memorable vindication of their country's independence, which it would be unpardonable to omit mention of in any notice, however succinct, of this period of Scottish history. After recapitulating the evils heaped upon them by the English, from which they had been freed by Bruce; "To him," they proceed, "we will adhere as to our rightful king, the preserver of our people, and guardian of our liberty; but should he ever think of subjecting us to England, then will we do our utmost to expel him from the throne as a traitor and our enemy; we will

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spectator of taste has not often preferred the ancient castle, with all its romantic disproportion, to the symmetrical beauty of the modern edifice? And where is the student, who is an enthusiast in the history and antiquities of his country, that would not rather read the quaint and homely descriptions of the prior of Loehleven than the pages of modern writers, where vigour, freshness, and originality are so often sacrificed to insipid elegance?"

\* See Rym. Fœd. iii. 502. Rot. Scot. i. 134.

chuse another king to rule over us ; for NEVER, SO LONG AS ONE HUNDRED SCOTS ARE ALIVE, WILL WE BE SUBJECT TO THE YOKE OF ENGLAND. We fight not for glory, we strive not for riches or honour, but for that liberty which no good man will consent to lose but with his life. We are willing to do everything for peace, which may not compromise our freedom. If your Holiness disbelieve us, and continue to favour the English, giving undue credit to their false allegations, then be sure that God will impute to you all the calamities which our resistance to their injustice must necessarily produce : —we commit the defence of our cause to God !”\*

God did favour it. Victory followed victory, till Edward, weakened and disheartened, was fain to strike a truce with King Robert, to last for thirteen years from 1323, when Sir David Lindsay reappears as one of the Scottish guarantees for its observance.† Years of steady, peaceful government succeeded under the mild rule of the Bruce, till finally, on the first of March, 1328, at an English parliament assembled at York, he was formally acknowledged king of Scotland, and our country recognised for ever as a free and independent kingdom.

The Christian, the patriot, the wisest monarch, and the most accomplished knight of his age, and more endearing than all, the owner of a heart kind as a wo-

\* Fordun, (continued by Bower, abbot of Inchcolm,) ii. 275, edit. Goodall. Anderson's *Diplomata*, tab. 3.

† Rym. Fœd. iii. 1025.

man's, well might Scotland love King Robert Bruce, well may her children revere his memory, and visiting his tomb, pronounce over it his epitaph in the knightly words with which Sir Hector mourned over Sir Launcelot:—"There thou liest, thou that wert never matched of earthly knight's hands! And thou wert the most courteous knight that ever bare shield, and thou wert the kindest man that ever struck with sword! And thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights, and thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eat in hall among ladies! And thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest!" Such, and more than this, was Bruce.

By Sir David Lindsay's marriage with the coheiress of the Abernethies, in 1325, he acquired a great accession of territory in the shires of Roxburgh, Fife, and Angus. I pass over his and the other diplomatic services of the family, and will only mention his wardenship of Edinburgh castle on account of the praise with which the prior of Lochleven notices his orderly and prudent conduct in that office :

"Intil his time with the countrie  
Na riot, na na strife made he."\*

Many years before this, King Robert had appointed his brother William chamberlain of Scotland,† and

\* Book viii. chap. 41.

† He appears as chamberlain of Scotland in 1309, (*Rob. Index*.) and

promoted his kinsman John Lindsay to the bishopric of Glasgow,\* then a see of great wealth and importance, extending over nearly the whole of the South of Scotland.†

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from 1317 to 1322, (*Charters quoted by Crawford, Off. State.*) He was rector of Ayr, and canon of Glasgow, and held the baronies of Sindegaitis, Cairnie, Kirkmichael, the lands of Letany, &c.

\* Keith's Scottish Bishops, p. 244.

† Under King Robert also lived Rodolphus de Lindsay, preceptor of Torphichen, and lord of the order of St. John of Jerusalem within Scotland. *Rob. Index.*

A branch of the Lindsays settled about this period on the romantic banks of the Leven near Lochlomond, Patrick, son of Hugo de Lindsay, obtaining charters from his kinsman, Malcolm earl of Lennox, of the lands of Buchnull, now Bonhill, with the hereditary office of *toshach darroch*, or forester of the Lennox. (*Chartul. Paisley.*) His descendants flourished there for at least three hundred years. Their estate subsequently became the property of the Smolletts, whose accomplished descendant has described its beauties in his novel of Humphrey Clinker.<sup>a</sup>

In the reigns of Edward the First and Second, there lived almost as

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<sup>a</sup> The Smollett family removed to their present residence of Cameron in the time of the novelist, whose kinsman, Mr. Smollett, "purchased it," says Mr. Matthew Bramber, "ready built, rather than be at the trouble of repairing his own family house of Bonhill, which stands two miles from hence on the Leven, so surrounded with plantation that it used to be known by the name of the Mavis (or Thrush) Nest. Above that house is a romantic glen or clift of a mountain, covered with hanging woods, having at bottom a stream of fine water that forms a number of cascades in its descent to join the Leven; so that the scene is quite enchanting."

"Here," continues Mr. Bramber, "are a great many living monuments of longevity; and among the rest a person whom I treat with singular respect, as a venerable druid, who has lived near ninety years, without pain or sickness, among oaks of his own planting. He was once proprietor of these lands, but, being of a projecting spirit,

During the wars against Edward Baliol and his patron Edward the Third, the Scottish Lindsays adhered stea-

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many Lindsays in England as in Scotland; it is impossible at this distance of time to ascertain their precise relationship, but many little hints lead to the conclusion that they were all nearly related to each other and to their namesakes north of the Tweed. Of these, Sir Gilbert, of Molesworth in Huntingdonshire, who appears to have been connected with the Lindsays of Winandermere,<sup>a</sup> and whose adherence to the English

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some of his schemes miscarried, 'and he was obliged to part with his possession, which hath shifted hauds two or three times since that period; but every succeeding proprietor hath done every thing in his power to make his old age easy and comfortable. Ho has a sufficiency to procure the necessaries of life; and he and his old woman reside in a small convenient farm-house, having a little garden which he cultivates with his own hands. This ancient couple live in great health, peace, and harmony, and, knowing no wants, enjoy the perfection of content. Mr. Smollett calls him the Admiral, because he insists upon steering his pleasure-boat upon the lake; and he spends most of his time in ranging through the woods, which he declares he enjoys as much as if they were still his own property. I asked him the other day, if he was never sick, and he answered, yes—he had a slight fever the year before the Union. If he was not deaf, I should take much pleasure in his conversation, for he is very intelligent, and his memory is surprisingly retentive. These are the happy effects of temperance, exercise, and good nature."

This venerable nonagenarian was, I suspect, the last of the Lindsay foresters of the Lennox.

<sup>a</sup> He held the town and manor of Molesworth under William de Lindsay, who held under William de Bruce, and he under Robert de Bruce. *Rot. Hundred.*

In the roll of the knights hannerets of England, compiled in the early part of the reign of Edward II. the arms of "Sire Gilbert de Lyndeseye" are thus blazoned, "de goules crusule de or, a un escuchon de veer percee,"—or, in more modern language, "gules, an inescutcheon vaire, bordered, argent, within an orle of eight cross-crosslets, or." *Edmondson.*

John, Thomas, William, and Felicia de Lindsay held property in the honor of Huntingdon, temp. Henry III. Edward I. and II. *Testa de Nevill,—Plac. de quo warr., &c.*

For Dugdale's account of Robert de Lindsay, abbot of Peterborough, see App. No. I.

dily to the interest, and suffered much in the cause, of David Bruce. Rejecting the figment of Boethius, that

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interest occasioned his forfeiture of some property in Stirling; (*Rob. Index*,<sup>a</sup>) and "Sire Felipe" and "Sire Symon de Lyndeseye," were the most distinguished.

The last-named knights were brothers, and sons of John de Lindsay, (*Chron. Lanercost*, p. 163,<sup>b</sup>) possibly the chamberlain of that name. Philip was proprietor of Wykingby and Merston in Lincolnshire, (*Inquis. ad quod damnum*,<sup>c</sup>) and Simon of Wachopdale, in Dumfriesshire,<sup>d</sup> apparently the hereditary property of the family. Sir Philip and Sir Simon

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<sup>a</sup> Sir Philip and Sir Simon Lindsay had also property in Stirling;—see K. Robert's charter to Robert de Lauder, *Reg. Mag. Sig. folio*, p. 17.

<sup>b</sup> "Miles de Scotiâ. . Dominus Philippus de Lyndesei, Domini Johannis filius," &c. See the chronicle for a curious monkish legend, how on the death of that accomplished youth, John de Vesci, (only son and heir of William, the competitor for the Scottish crown), Sir Philip Lindsay, his instructor in chivalry, ("dicti pueri educator,") fell ill of grief, and afterwards of a strange disease, under which he lay for eight days on his bed at Beverley, speechless, and apparently deprived of his outer senses, till St. Cuthbert, pitying his sufferings, appeared to him in a vision, and told him, that he had merited his illness for having abandoned to neglect and ruin the hermitage and chapel of Inippavym, situated in his territory, and solemnly assigned to the saint by his (Sir Philip's,) ancestors—"now," added he, "a stable for cattle! yet, in what thou hast sinned hitherto, be it forgiven thee; and do thou, receiving thy health, purge and repair my degraded sanctuary." Whereupon Sir Philip, suddenly recovering his speech, thanked the saint and besought his forgiveness. He often afterwards, adds the chronicler, attested this vision to his friends.

<sup>c</sup> Philip de Lyndeseye was summoned from the county of Lincoln to perform military service against the Scots, in 1300 and 1301, (*Palgrave's writs*, i. 334, and 355,) and again, in June, 1315. *Rot. Scot.* i. 146.

<sup>d</sup> Family tradition has always represented this domain as the earliest property of the Lindsays in Scotland. "Wauchope castle . . . is situated on a steep precipice, beautifully romantic, upon the river Wauchope, which, with its waters murmuring helow among the pointed rocks and brushwood, renders the situation grand and picturesque. In those days it has been a place of great strength; the fosse and other outworks of this ancient castle are still clearly discernible." *Stat. Acc.* x. 598.

eighty gentlemen of the name were slain at the rout of

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are enumerated, at the beginning of Edward II.'s reign, among the knights-bannerets of Cumberland and Northumberland.<sup>a</sup> Simon took part with Edward—Philip<sup>b</sup> with Bruce. *Rot. orig. in curia scacc. abbrev.—Inquis. ad quod damnum.* Simon survived his brother, and was one of the English prisoners released after the battle of Bannockburn, when his brother John, a priest, came to Scotland to negotiate his ransom. *Rot. Scot.* i. 132. He had, of course, forfeited his Scottish estates, but the generous Robert Bruce restored them a few years afterwards to his son, Sir John Lindsay,<sup>c</sup> a brave Knight, whose loyalty to his benefactor's family in the wars against Edward is recorded in the Scottish chronicles. He fell at Nevill's Cross, 1346. *Knighton.* Sir Alexander of Wauchopedale, probably his son, commanded, along with the earls of Fife and Menteith, one of the two divisions of the Scottish army that ravaged England previous to the battle of Otterburn; (*Boeth. lib.* 14, p. 332,) and from that time till the close of the seventeenth century, a long succession of border chieftains dwelt in their ancestral valley, and maintained the Scottish loyalty of their forefathers. They appear to have dropped the Wolverley eagles, and assumed the fessecheque, the general cognisance of the Scottish Lindsays, at a very early period.<sup>d</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> Their arms, as blazoned in this record, denote their near kindred to the house of Wolverley.—“Sire Felip de Lyndesheye—de or, a un egle de porpre.”—“Siro Symon de Lyndesheye—meisme les armes, a un baston goboune de argent e de argent.”

<sup>b</sup> Philip de Lindsay, (by his wife Beatrix? *Plac. de quo warranto*, p. 415,) had a son John, who resigned the barony of Stabligortoun in Eskdale to the good Sir James Douglas. *Rob. Index.*

<sup>c</sup> In the sixteenth year of his reign; the lands of Wachopedale, Langriggs, Scraesbur,<sup>1</sup> “and mony mae,” quas idem Simon erga nos forisfecit, are enumerated in the charter. *Rob. Index.*

<sup>d</sup> My friend, Mr. Riddell, informs me that he has long had a suspicion that the Lindsays of Dunrod were a branch of those of Wauchopedale. In an original MS. Index to the Lyon registers, dated 1661, the arms of the latter are blazoned,

Duplin,\* I may mention the capture of Sir David, Sir John, and Sir Alexander Lindsays, knights-bannerets, at Halidon Hill, in 1333,†—the untimely fate of the worthy bishop of Glasgow, who being attacked at sea by the English, on his return from Flanders with military and pecuniary supplies for his youthful sovereign, was overpowered by superior numbers and mortally wounded,‡—and the fall of David de Lindsay, eldest son of Sir David, a youth of much promise, and of the veteran Sir John Lindsay of Wauchopedale, several years afterwards, at Neville's Cross.‖ In 1357, after many years' detention in England, King David returned, ransomed by his subjects, to his paternal kingdom. On his death without issue, in 1371, the house of Stuart succeeded to the crown of Scotland.

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\* On the death of these Lindsays and, as is the current tale in the old chronicles, of their chief, Alexander of Glencesk, Johnstone has the following cpigram in his "Heroes Scoti."

"Vellem alium cecinisse tibi quàm in morte triumphum,

O nec morte unquam aut marte tacende tuo!

At potior pulchrâ cedit tibi morte triumphus,

Luxque tibi casso lumine vera redit.

Parque duci et sociis virtus; par exitus; idem

Ardor agens animos; omnia penè pares.

Discidium his unum,—cum mors semel omnibus instet,

Qui prior, anne prior debeat ille mori."

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† Knighton. ‡ In 1335. Walsingham, p.118. ‖ Fordun. Knighton.

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"gules, a fesse cheque, argent and azure," and those of Dunrod, "the same, with a label of three feitt, argent."

According to Sir David Lindsay, however, Dunrod bore gules, a fesse cheque argent and azure, in chief two mullets, and in base, one, argent.

## CHAPTER II.

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“ He has chosen the Lindsays licht,\*  
With them the Gordons gay.”

BALLAD OF THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

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SIR James Lindsay, eldest surviving son of Sir David, married, by papal dispensation,† his cousin Egidia Stuart, sister of Robert the Second, and was father of a second

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\* Licht or light—cheerful, lightsome. *Jamieson*.—“ In the old days of clanship,” says Mr. Chambers, “ when every different family had distinctly different characteristics as well as interests, this great Angus clan was usually designated ‘ the light Lindsays,’ probably on account of some peculiar levity of disposition which they might think proper to manifest in their military conduct.” The same indefatigable antiquary, commenting in another work on this proverbial epithet, observes :—“ The prompt and sprightly Lindsays were celebrated for their warlike achievements..... It is said that the Lindsays usually appeared in the Scottish army in the character of light infantry, but perhaps the phrase ‘ light’ only denoted gaiety of deportment.” *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, &c.

† Dated at Avignon, 11 April, 1346. She was afterwards married to Sir Hugh Eglinton of Eglinton, and James Lord Dalkeith.

Sir James, a brave and courteous knight, for thirty years the leader of the Lindsays, now become very numerous.

King Robert was scarcely seated on the throne before animosities began to revive with England; the truces were constantly infringed by raids and forays, and commissioners were as frequently appointed to redress these grievances. The chivalrous spirit of Froissart throws a charm over this period of our national history; he visited Scotland, and was familiar with many of the "gentil knights," whose adventures and feats of arms he has so glowingly described.\* For such of these adventures as

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\* But many of these "gentil knights" were also feudal barons, and consequently the annals of the times, as harmonised from the cotemporary narratives of the historian of chivalry and the homely monk—(I say not this of Scotland only, but of all Europe)—present often a strange mixture of courtesy and barbarism.

A curious instance of the latter attribute of the period occurs in the Scottish chronicles under the date 1382. A gentleman of the name of Lyon had been recommended to the king by Sir James Lindsay, at whose instigation his Majesty made him his private secretary, and subsequently even gave him one of his daughters in marriage, with the castle of Glamis as her portion. "What unthankfulness," says Godscroft, Sir James "did find in him afterwards, or did apprehend and conceive, it is not particularly set down, but finding his own credit with the king to decrease, and John Lyon's to encrease, and taking Lyon to be the cause thereof, esteeming it great ingratitude after so great benefit, he took it so highly and with such indignation, that, finding him accidentally in his way a little from Forfar," at a place called the Moss of Balhall, "he slew him very cruelly, and, fearing the king's wrath, fled into a voluntary exile."

His friend and relative, the earl of Douglas, advocated his cause at

occurred during the first few years of King Robert's reign, I refer you to his pages ; none of them are remembered in general history except the battle of Otterburn, by far the most chivalric conflict of the age, and which, in all its circumstances, strikingly illustrates the character of the Scottish feudal aristocracy, their political relationship to, or rather independence of the sovereign, and the general spirit of national warfare towards the close of the fourteenth century.

Great enmity having recently arisen between the Percies and Nevilles, the two most powerful families on the English borders, the Scottish barons judged it a favourable opportunity for a retaliatory foray on England, in revenge for the many insults they had received from that country.\* "In order," says Froissart, "that their in-

court, and after a short absence, during which he went on pilgrimage to St. Thomas à Becket's shrine at Canterbury, (*Safe-conduct*, 16 Jan. 1383. *Rot. Scot.* ii. 46,) he was recalled, pardoned, and received again into favour. *Hist. of the House of Douglas and Angus*, by Hume of Godscroft, vol. i. p. 166.—Fordun's continuator, in his brief allusion to this affair, styles him "Lord of Buchan and Crawford." *Tom.* ii. p. 395.

I have more pleasure in recording Sir James's foundation, ten years afterwards, of a convent at Dundee, of Red Friars, whose duty was to redeem Christian captives from Turkish slavery.

\* Four years previously, the English, says Froissart, "entrèrent en Ecosse, et ardirent la terre au Comte de Douglas et celle au Seigneur de Lindsay, et ne déportèrent (épargnèrent) rien à ardoir jusques à Edimbourg." (Vol. 9, p. 20, *edit. Buchon*.)—The Scottish barons retaliated by a foray on the lands of the Percies, Mowbrays, and the earl of Nottingham. (*Ibid.* p. 26, sqq.)

tentions might be known, they appointed a feast to be holden at Aberdeen, on the borders of the Highlands. The greater part of the barons attended, and it was then resolved that in the middle of August, 1388, they should assemble all their forces at a castle called Jedworth, situated among the deep forests, and on the borders of Cumberland. Having arranged everything concerning this business, they separated, but never mentioned one word of their intentions to the king, for they said among themselves, he knew nothing about war."

Accordingly, on the appointed day, the "children of Lindsay," (as Froissart calls them,) to wit, Sir James of Crawford, or the "Sire de Lindsay," Sir David of Glenesk, Sir Alexander of Wauchopdale, Sir John of Dunrod, and the valiant Sir William of the Byres, (who had gone on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and knighted the son of the famous Saint Bridget of Sweden, at the Holy Sepulchre,\*) came, with their followers, to the trysting-place, where they met their cousin the earl of Douglas, with the earls of Fife and Moray, and various other powerful Scottish barons. They formed the most numerous assembly that had been seen for sixty years in Scotland,

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\* *Fordun*. Sir William was fourth son of Sir David of Crawford—uncle of Sir James and Sir David of Gienesk, and father of the first Lord Lindsay of the Byres. He married Christiana, daughter and sole heiress of Sir William More of Abercorn, with whom he got large possessions in the shires of Linlithgow and Midlothian, in addition to his own estates, which were considerable, in Perthshire, Haddington, and Roxburgh.

and the more effectually to combine their plans, appointed another meeting to take place before they began their march into England.

The English nobles, meanwhile, having received information of the intended rendezvous at Jedworth, from the minstrels and heralds whom, as privileged spies, they had sent to attend the meeting at Aberdeen, made secret preparations in their own country to resist the apprehended invasion. They despatched one of their squires to attend the third conference at Yetholm, and discover the intentions of the Scots. In the disguise of a groom he entered the church where the Scottish chiefs were in council, and heard the whole proceedings, but, when he returned to the place where he had left his horse tied, he found it had been stolen, and fearful of exciting suspicion by enquiring after it, set off on foot, booted and spurred as he was, homewards.

This very caution occasioned his detection. "I have witnessed many wonderful things," said a Scots knight to his friend as they stood near the church door, "but what I now see is equal to any ; that man yonder has, I believe, lost his horse, and yet makes no enquiry after it ; on my troth, I doubt much if he belongs to us ; let us go after him, and see whether I am right or not."

They soon overtook him, and on their approach, says the historian, with much simplicity, "he was alarmed and wished himself anywhere else." His contradictory answers confirmed their suspicions ; they brought him back to the church, and threatened him with death if he

did not truly answer all their questions. Love of life prevailed, and he told them all he knew concerning the force and disposition of the English, who, inferior in numbers, wished to avoid an encounter with the Scots, intending, while the latter were foraying England, "by way of counteracting their career," to invade Scotland. "Should you march to Cumberland," said he, "they will take the road through Berwick to Dunbar, Dalkeith, and Edinburgh; if you follow the other road, they will then march to Carlisle and enter your country by these mountains."

"The barons of Scotland," continues the historian, "were in high spirits at this intelligence, and considered their success as certain, now they knew the disposition of the enemy. They held a council as to their mode of proceeding, and the wisest and most accustomed to arms, such as Sir Archibald Douglas, the earl of Fife, Sir Alexander Ramsay, Sir John Sinclair, and Sir James Lindsay, were the speakers." They determined that the army should be divided, and two expeditions made, so that the enemy might be puzzled whither to direct their forces. The first and largest of these divisions, (to be commanded, according to Boece, by the earls of Fife and Menteith, Sir Alexander Lindsay of Wauchope, and other great barons of Scotland,) was, with the baggage, to advance towards Carlisle; the other, consisting of three or four hundred spears, and two thousand stout infantry and archers, was to proceed, under the earl of Douglas, Sir James Lindsay, Sir Alexander Ramsay, Sir John

Sinclair, and others, to Newcastle-on-Tyne, cross the river and enter Durham, spoiling and burning the country. They would have committed much mischief before the enemy would receive any intelligence of it, and then, in case of pursuit, the two armies should unite and fight together.

Accordingly, on the appointed day, they entered England with displayed banners, ready to lift cattle, burn and slay, as was the custom in these border raids. Douglas and his division proceeded through Northumberland, which they did not molest, but as soon as they entered the bishopric of Durham the plundering began; they ravaged the whole country to the gates of Durham, and then returned to Newcastle, where they remained two days to try the mettle of the English warriors. In one of these skirmishes Douglas took Hotspur Percy's pennon, and swore he would carry it to Scotland, and set it on his castle. Percy vowed he should never take it out of Northumberland, to which Douglas replied, "then you must come this night, and take it from before my tent." Percy's wish to attack the Scots that night was, however, overruled; proceeding on their way, they arrived the following day at Otterburn, a small village about twelve miles from Newcastle; the castle held out, and the Scottish leaders determined to stay there a day or two, in order to reduce it, and to give Percy an opportunity of regaining his banner.

Hotspur, on hearing that the Scots were waiting for him, set out from Newcastle immediately after dinner,

and arrived on the field just after sunset. It was a sweet summer's evening, clear and bright, and the breeze blew soft and fresh;\* most of the Scots had taken their evening meal and lain down to rest when the Percy's war-cry roused them. The English attacked their encampment with the greatest fury, but the sutlers and followers of the army defended a barricade of waggons that had been placed there to guard against a surprise, with such determined courage, that no impression could be made in that quarter, and the Scots commanders, having in the meantime armed themselves and arrayed their men, were now ready for action. Douglas, sweeping by a silent movement round the hill, fell full on the flank of the English, while they were engaged in a marsh which bordered on and defended the Scottish encampment; the *melée* became general, and for some hours they fought by moonlight—neither would yield, though the gallant Scottish band fought against treble their number. At last the noble Douglas, rushing too hastily forwards, was borne down mortally wounded by the English lances. It was not at first known who had fallen, for the tide of battle was for the moment setting against the Scots, and some time elapsed before the English were again forced to give way and the spot where Douglas fell was cleared.

Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair

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\* "Il faisoit assez clair, car la lune luisoit; et si étoit au mois d'Aout, et faisoit bel et sery (clair), et si étoit l'air coi (calme), pur, et net."

were the first to discover him as he lay bleeding to death. "How fares it with you, cousin?" asked Sir John. "But poorly," said he, "yet, God be thanked! few of my fathers have died in bed! There has long been a prophecy that a dead Douglas should win a field; I trust it will now be fulfilled. My heart sinks—I am dying—do you, Walter, and you, John Sinclair, raise my banner, and cry 'Douglas!' and tell neither friend nor foe I am lying here."

These were his last words; Sir James never saw him afterwards. They raised the banner, and with cries of "Douglas! Douglas!" fell afresh on the enemy; their companions behind them came hurrying up when they heard the cry, and overtook them as they fought round the banner which John Sinclair carried; and ever they cried, "Douglas! Douglas!" and plied axe and spear and sword till the English gave way and the field was won.—When they returned to the spot where they had left Douglas, he was dead. Hotspur, and his brother Sir Ralph, were taken prisoners after a brave resistance, and with them were captured or slain almost the whole chivalry of the North of England. The prisoners were treated with the greatest courtesy, as if they had been the brothers of the victors. "Of all the battles," says Froissart, "that have been described in this history, great and small, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe, for there was not a man, knight, nor squire, who did not acquit himself gallantly, hand to hand with his enemy."—"I had my

information," says he, "from both parties, who agree that it was the hardest and most obstinate battle that was ever fought."

Douglas's body was carried by the army to Melrosé, and he slept with his fathers, his banner waving over him.

Such was the battle of Otterburn! The defeat of the English was complete, and the Scots chased them for five miles. The ancient ballad bears witness to the valour of "the Lindsays light and gay" on that eventful evening :—

"The Lindsays flew like fire about  
Till all the fray was done."

But Sir James's adventures were not yet ended. When the Scots had returned from the pursuit, Sir David and Sir John Lindsay asked after him, but none could give them any news of him, whereat, says Froissart, they marvelled and grieved much, doubting not but that either he had been slain or taken prisoner. "Now," says the chronicler, "I will tell you what befel the said knight of Scotland."

Sir Matthew Redman, governor of Berwick, and commander, in conjunction with Sir Robert Ogle, of one of the two great "battles," or divisions, in which Percy had marshalled his army, had mounted his horse to fly—very reluctantly, but still, all things considered, he alone could not recover the day. Sir James Lindsay noticing his departure, and being mounted on a fleet charger, immediately galloped after him, lance in hand, and, after

a chase of more than three English leagues,\* got so close to him that he might, had he chosen it, have stricken him with his lance. But instead of doing so, he shouted to him repeatedly, "Ha! Sir Knight!" (for he saw well that he was one, though he knew not his name), "turn ye!—'tis foul shame thus to fly!—you have only me to cope with—and if you can discomfit me—I am Sir James de Lindsay."

When Sir Matthew heard that, he pulled in his horse, and wheeling round, drew his sword and betook himself cheerily to his defence. Sir James aimed at him with his lance, but Sir Matthew, by writhing his body, escaped the blow, and the point of the lance was buried in the ground, and there remained fixed. Sir Matthew cut it in two with his sword. Sir James then threw the truncheon on the ground and seized his battle-axe, which hung from his neck, (and well he knew how to use it!) and assailed Sir Matthew, who defended himself bravely. Thus they pursued each other for a long time, the one with the axe, the other with the sword, for there was no one to interrupt them.

During a pause in this tourney, Sir James Lindsay asked Sir Matthew, "Knight, who art thou?" to which the other replied, "I am Sir Matthew Redman,"—"Well," rejoined Sir James, "since we have thus met, I must conquer thee, or thou me!"—and then began the battle again, and they had no other weapons save

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\* "Trois lieues Angloises."

the one his sword and the other his battle-axe, which he used with one hand very dexterously, the Scots being accustomed thus to handle it.

At last, Sir Matthew's sword flew out of his hand in a return-stroke, and he stood defenceless. "Lindsay," said he, "I yield me."—"Rescue or no rescue?" asked Sir James:—"I consent. You will bear me good company?"—"By Saint George, I will!" rejoined the knight, "and for a beginning, since you are my prisoner, what shall I do for you?"—"I wish," said Sir Matthew, "that you would allow me to return to Newcastle, and by St. Michael's day I will render me at Dunbar or Edinburgh, or at any port you chuse in Scotland."—"I am willing," said Sir James, "let it be at Edinburgh on the day you name."\*

With these words they took leave of each other, Sir Matthew returning towards Newcastle, walking his horse gently, as it was much fatigued.

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\* "Such," observes Holinshed, in narrating this adventure, "was in those days the humanity among the borderers and both nations towards their prisoners, which to this day doth continue between the inhabitants of those places. But if any do not return at the day appointed, this punishment is set upon him for a perpetual disgrace, that in the assemblies of true days, (to demand restitutions of things and injuries done by the one nation to the other,) they use that he which complaineth himself to be deceived by his prisoner (on his promise) doth carry about a hand or glove painted on a cloth, with a long staff or spear, to be seen of all men; the which is accounted a singular infamy to the deserver thereof. For they which have so broken their faith be ever after hated of their friends and acquaintance; for which dishonesty they will not afford them good report or entertainment."

Now, saith Froissart the chronicler, I will tell you a marvellous adventure which befel the knight of Scotland—an adventure not to be forgotten in connection with this night of peril—a freak of fortune such as often bechanceth in love and war. Sir James might well say, “This morning I thought to have gained much, but in sooth I have lost more than enough in chasing the English.” I will tell you why.

Sir James had no sooner parted with Sir Matthew, than he and his squire, (who, it appears, had followed him closely through all the vicissitudes of this eventful night,) entangled themselves in the mazes of a broad heath, covered with furze and thickets of low wood, and entirely lost their road—which Sir James soon found out, but it was then too late to remedy the evil. No stars were visible, the moon had gone down, and the night was dark and gloomy. Coming at last to a path which ran, as he thought, in the right direction, he pursued it—alas! it was the direct road to Newcastle; and he would have arrived at the gates, of his own accord, before day-break, but for a previous rencontre with the bishop of Durham, who had been too late for the battle, and was at that very moment returning to Newcastle by a path running, it seems, nearly parallel with the one Sir James had taken.

Sir James’s horse, scenting the English horses, began to neigh, and caracole, and paw the ground, and press in that direction, and the knight, thinking that they were his friends, and that he was close to Otterburn, gave him

the rein, and, in unsuspecting confidence, rode into the midst of the bishop's company. The bishop, seeing the dark shadow of a horse and rider, rode forward and asked, "Who goes there? friend or foe, herald or minstrel?" to which Sir James, still unaware of his situation, replied, "I am James de Lindsay."—"Ha! Sir knight," cried the bishop, "you are very welcome! render yourself my prisoner!"—"And who are you?" asked the astonished intruder,—“I am Robert de Neville, priest, and bishop of Durham!”

Sir James saw well that resistance would be useless, surrounded, as he was, by five hundred men, and said only, "Sith it must be so, God's will be done!" Thus they rode on together to Newcastle, Sir James entertaining the bishop with the account of his chase and capture of Sir Matthew. "And where is he?" asked the bishop. "By my faith," replied the Lindsay, "I have seen nothing of him since I fiancé'd him; he started for Newcastle, and I was on my road to Otterburn—" "In my opinion," interrupted the bishop, "you chose your road ill enough, Sir James! for lo, this is Newcastle which we are now entering." "I cannot help it," answered Sir James; "I *have* taken, and I *am* taken,—such is the fate of arms! I had fixed Sir Matthew's day for appearing at Edinburgh, but I think he need not trouble himself to take so long a journey to make his fynance." "So it seems," rejoined the bishop.\*

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\* Stewart, who, in his metrical version of Boece, has inserted and

With these words they entered Newcastle, and all went to their several lodgings; Sir James continuing with the bishop as his guest and prisoner. Guards were set, for fear of the Scots, at all the gates, towers, and

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disfigured the episode so charmingly told by Froissart, amplifies the bishop's self-gratulation as follows :—

“ This ilk bishop that ilk time said and leuch,  
 ‘ Now see I weel I am happiè aneuch,  
 That nother gave no yet has taen ane straik,  
 Ane waillit weirman, wight as ony aik,  
 Of noble bluid, now at my pleasure here,  
 Lo! I haif gottin to be prisoneir !  
 Had all the laif been as happiè as I,  
 The Scottis had nocht win sic victory !’  
 This Matthew Redman that same time was there,  
 And saw the Lindsay when his faee was bare,” &c.

A copy of this work, (a large folio volume of many thousand lines,) is preserved in the University Library at Cambridge. It was begun, says the author, the 18th of April, 1530, and finished the 29th of September, 1535. It is probably the composition of one of the two poets of the name of Stewart mentioned by Sir David Lindsay as his cotemporaries.<sup>a</sup>—The author promises, (fo. 253,) that he will speak truth concerning Alexander Stewart, the Wolf of Badenoch,

“ Of my father though proavus was he.”

And again,

“ Proavus als sic like was to my mother  
 The earl of March callit George of Dunbar.”

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<sup>a</sup> “ And Steward, quhilk desyrith ane stately style  
 Full ornate warkis daily does compile.  
 Stewart of Lorn will carp right curiously,” &c.

*Complaint of the Papingo.* Works, i. 286.

walls, and the bishop himself watched at the principal barrier till sunrise.

Meanwhile, Sir Matthew Redman had also reached Newcastle, a little before the bishop's arrival, and after disarming himself, (as a captive knight,) and putting on other clothes, he went to wait on the bishop at his lodging, where he met Richard Hebedon, Sir James's squire, who told him the whole story of his master's misadventure.

Greatly did Sir Matthew marvel at this news, and then bade the squire lead him to his master's apartment. He found Sir James very melancholy, leaning against the window and looking out. The two knights recognized each other immediately by day-light, having often met before on the borders and at the march-meetings. "What has brought you here, Sir James?" was Sir Matthew's salutation. "By my faith, Redman!" replied the former, interrupting his sad thoughts, and turning to meet him—"ill luck!"—and then repeated the tale already told. "I believe," he added, "there will be no need of your coming to Edinburgh to obtain your ransom, for we can finish the matter here, if my master consent to it."—"We shall soon agree as to that," rejoined Sir Matthew, "but you must come and dine with me, for the bishop and his men are going to attack your countrymen; I know not what success they will have, nor shall we be informed till their return."—"I accept your invitation," answered Lindsay.

Then, concludes Froissart, did these two knights rally

each other, and bandy many blythe words of merriment, and thus said the English knight, "By my faith! little did I think to find my master, Sir James Lindsay, here!" "Such," replied the Scot, "is the chance of arms. As little thought I last night to have gained so little by chasing the English!"\*

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\* Froissart, tom. 3, ch. 115, 116, ed. Regnault, 1513; tom. 11, ch. 118, 119, 120, ed. Buchon.

The proposed exchange does not, however, seem to have been effected; at least, a mandate is extant, dated 25th September, at Cambridge, from King Richard, with advice of his great council, to Henry earl of Northumberland, "quod Jacobum de Lyndesay, de Scotia, chivaler, jam noviter captum de guerrâ per partem nostram, nullo modo deliberari faciatis,"—on no account to dismiss Sir James Lindsay, who had lately been made a prisoner, either for pledge or ransom, till further orders from the king and his said council.—*Rym. Fœd.* vii, 607. *Ridpath's Border History*, p. 358.

## CHAPTER III.

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“Quhen Schyr David the Lyndyssay rade  
Til Lundyn, and thare journè made.”

WYNTOWN'S CRONYKIL.

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SIR James Lindsay's lady, Margaret Keith,

“ A noble dame,  
That led in all her time good life”—

and who, on one occasion, successfully defended her castle of Fyvie, in Buchan, against her nephew, Robert de Keith, till Sir James, marching to her assistance with nearly four hundred men, encountered and defeated him,\* left no children, and the chiefship devolved at her husband's death on his first cousin, Sir David of Glenesk, grandson of Sir David of Crawford, by his third son, Sir Alexander, a gallant and adventurous knight, who had died in Candia, on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre,

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\* Wyntown, Book 9, c. 16.

. . . . . “Sa Robert quite  
Was in that bargain discomfite.  
Fra then he passed not till Fivy,  
For til assiege that good Lady.”

in 1382.\* Sir Alexander's first wife, Katherine Stirling, was the heiress of Glenesk and Edzell, in Angus;† by his second, the heiress of Ormiston, he had an only child, Janet Lindsay, who carried that barony to the family of Cockburn; his third spouse, Marjory Stuart, niece of Robert the Second, survived him, and married

\* Fordun.

† Besides Sir David, she was mother of Sir Alexander, Sir William of Rossie, and Sir Walter Lindsay, and their sister, the beautiful Euphemia, the affianced bride of the young duke of Rothesay, and slighted by him for Elizabeth of Dunbar, whom he similarly deserted for Marjory Douglas. History has recorded how Sir William, in association with Ramorny and the duke of Albany, revenged his sister's wrongs.—*Fordun*, ii. 432.

The knight of Rossie married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Agnes de Crambeth and Sir James de Valoniis, with whom he got the lands of Crambeth, now Dowhill,—till the close of the seventeenth century, the residence of his posterity. Colonel Martin Lindsay, of the 78th Highlanders, is now their representative.<sup>a</sup>

Sir Walter visited England in 1407, to tilt with the lord of Beaumont, (*Wyntown*,) and was, in 1417, sheriff of Aberdeenshire. *Reg. Mag. Sig.*

Sir Alexander, the elder of these three brothers, who had distinguished himself as a young man in the repulse of the English, when they landed at Queensferry in 1385, (*Wyntown*,) fell at Verneuil, in 1424. *Monstrelet*.

Possibly John, son of Alexander de Lindsay of Cavill, and ancestor of the ancient Kinross-shire family bearing that designation, may have been another son of the knight of Glenesk.

<sup>a</sup> The Lindsays of Culsh, in Aberdeenshire, now represented by Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, Esq., of Culsh, were a branch of Dowhill.

the ancestor of the earls of Morton.\*—Her step-son, Sir David of Glenesk, was a bright example of knightly worth, the accomplishments of the warrior combining in his character with the amiable qualities of the man, while both were enlivened by a spirit of repartee, of which more than one sally is recorded by the old chroniclers of Scotland. Of his chivalrous expedition to the court of England they have given us ample details, dwelling upon them with peculiar satisfaction, our countrymen having distinguished themselves so highly in every contest.

I should premise that, very shortly after the battle of Otterburn, a three years' truce had been settled between England and Scotland; and the mortal conflicts in which the rival nations had so lately been engaged, were now exchanged for the amicable, less sanguinary, and equally glorious contests of the lists, which were never in higher estimation than towards the close of the fourteenth century.

The "passage of arms," referred to above, originated as follows.

John Lord Welles, a warrior of great celebrity,† hav-

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\* This lady, from bearing the surname De Lindsay during her second widowhood, has generally been supposed a sister of Sir James.—*Inform. from Mr. Sinclair.*

† "Lord Welles was a descendant of Adam de Welles, who lived in the time of Richard I., and he had served in the wars in Flanders, France, and Scotland, under the kings Edward III. and Richard II.,

ing been sent ambassador into Scotland by Richard the Second, chanced to be carousing with the Scottish nobles at a solemn banquet, where, the conversation turning on valiant deeds of arms, and Sir David eagerly extolling the prowess of his countrymen, he exclaimed, "Let words have no place; if you know not the chivalry and valiant deeds of Englishmen, assail ye me, day and place where ye list, and ye shall soon have experience." Then said Sir David, "I will assail ye!"—Lord Welles naming London bridge for the place, Sir David appointed the festival of St. George for the day of combat, "be reason that he was some-time ane valiant knight,"\*—and forthwith began preparations for his expedition.

All being ready, in the words of the prior of Lochleven,

" A thousand three hunder and ninety year  
Fra the birth of our Lord dear,  
The good Lindsay, Sir Davie,  
Of Glenesk the lord mightie,

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and the valiant John duke of Lancaster. As he was ten years old at his father's death, in 1360, he must have been about forty when he justed on London bridge, and, after being summoned to parliament from 1376 to 1420, he is supposed to have died in the following year on the Tuesday next after the feast of St. Bartholomew, which being Sunday, Aug. 24, 1421, made it the 26th of the month. He bore for arms, 'or, a lion rampant, double queuee, sable.' " *Chronicles of London Bridge*, 1827, p. 201.

\* Boece, translated by Bellenden.

Honest, able, and avenand,\*  
 Past on conduct† in England,  
 With knights, squires, and other men  
 Of his awin retinue then ;  
 Where he and all his company  
 Wes well arrayed and daintily,  
 And all purveyed at device :  
 There wes his purpose to win prise.”‡

He was received with honour by King Richard, and on the appointed day—both parties appearing in great state at London bridge, cased in armour of proof, and mounted on mighty war-horses—he entered the lists against the lord of Welles. The scene was splendid; the fair ladies and gallant knights of Richard’s court, were seated all around, the king and queen in the highest places of honour, while a great concourse of the common people attended, attracted by the interest of the spectacle and the fame of the antagonists.

After the usual preliminary ceremonies, at the stirring blast of the trumpet, the knights rushed at each other on their barded chargers, with spears sharply ground, “to the death ;” they attained, and both spears were broken, but in this adventure the Scottish knight sat so strong that, although Lord Welles’s spear was shivered to pieces on his helmet and visor, he stirred not, insomuch that the spectators cried out that, contrary to the law of

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\* Comely.

† Safe-conduct. His passports are printed in the *Rotuli Scotiae*, and translations of them in the *Chronicles of London Bridge*.

‡ To win honour.

arms, he was tied to the saddle. This suspicion he indignantly disproved by riding up to the royal chair, vaulting lightly out of his saddle, making his obeisance to royalty, and leaping back again into his seat, without touching the stirrup, or receiving any assistance, although loaded with complete armour. "Incontinent, they rushit togidder with new spears the second time, with burning ire to conques honour. But in the third rink," (or course—having exchanged their spears for stronger ones,) "Lord Welles was doung out of the saddle with sic violence that he fell to the ground,"

"Flatlings down upon the green"—

"with great displeasure of Englishmen."

Sir David then himself dismounted, and they commenced a desperate foot-combat with their daggers, which ended in the total discomfiture of Lord Welles; for Sir David, fastening his dagger between the joints of his antagonist's armour, lifted him off his feet, and hurled him to the ground, where he lay at his mercy.

King Richard, who had seen the whole affair from his "summer castelle," called out to the victor,

"Lyndesay, cousin, good Lyndesay!  
Do furth that thou should do this day"—

meaning that, if he wished to push the matter to extremity, as the laws of these combats *à l'outrance* permitted, no one should hinder him.

It was then that the victorious knight displayed the

grace, sweetness, and courtesy of his chivalry, for, raising his foe, and taking him kindly by the hand, he led him beneath the ladies' gallery, and "presented him to the queen as his gift, wishing, like a true knight, that mercy should proceed from woman." The queen thanked him, and then gave liberty to Lord Welles. Sir David supported him in the lists till a leech arrived, "tenderly embracing him, that the people might understand he fought with na hatrent, allanerly (solely) for the gloir of victory." He visited him afterwards every day till he recovered from the effects of his fall. Such was

" The Lyndyssay,  
That in his deed all courteous wes !"\*

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\* Wyntown's Cronykil, B. ix. c. xi. Bellenden's Boece. Mills' History of Chivalry.—I subjoin Wyntown's graphic description of this tourney, as a choice specimen of pure old Scotch at the beginning of the fifteenth century.

" Sa even upon the sixth day  
Of that month that we call May,  
Thai ilk forsaid lordis twa,  
The Lindsay and the Welles, thai  
On horse ane agane other ran,  
As their taillie<sup>a</sup> had ordained than.<sup>b</sup>  
The Lindsay there, with manful force,  
Strak quite the Welles fra his horse  
Flatlings down upon the green ;  
There all his saddle toom<sup>c</sup> was seen.  
All the people standand by  
Of this deed had great ferly,<sup>d</sup>

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<sup>a</sup> Agreement, indenture.

<sup>b</sup> Then.

<sup>c</sup> Empty.

<sup>d</sup> Marvel.

Sir David tarried three months in England at King Richard's desire, highly honoured by him, and enjoying

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For in all England before than  
 The Welles wes a commendit man,  
 Manful, stout, and of guid pith,  
 And high of heart he was therewith.  
 And thereat mony Englishmen  
 Had haith despite and envy then;  
 Sa, for despite and great envie,  
 They to the king tauld privily  
 That then the Lindsay fast was tied.  
 That well was proved, the teller lied!  
 For fra<sup>a</sup> the Lindsay gat witting  
 That it was tauld sa to the king,  
 Sittand on his horse, hut hade,  
 Even on furth to the king ye rade,  
 And off his horse deliverly<sup>b</sup>  
 He lap down—that the king clearly  
 Kenned well that they falsely lied  
 That said the Lindsay before was tied.  
 Then said the Lindsay reverently,  
 To the king kneeling courteously,  
 'Excellent prince! now may ye  
 Gif I was tied clearly see.'  
 And when he had said that, than,  
 Withouten help of any man,  
 But he his awin agile force,  
 Again he lap upon his horse,  
 All the lave<sup>c</sup> for to fulfil  
 That langed he the taillie theretil.

When all their courses on horse wes done,  
 Togidder they mellayed on foot soon,  
 With all their weapons, as be the taillie  
 Ohliged they were for til assaillie.  
 Sa with their knives at the last  
 Ilk-ane at other strak right fast.

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<sup>a</sup> As soon as.

<sup>b</sup> Nimbly.

<sup>c</sup> The rest.

the laurels he had so nobly won, nor was there one person of the nobility, says the English chronicler, who was

Sa, of this to tell you mair,  
The Lindsay fastened his dagger  
Intil Welles' armours fine  
Well lauche,<sup>a</sup> and him lifted syne<sup>b</sup>  
Something fra the erde<sup>c</sup> with pith;  
And als [right] manful virtue with,  
Openly, before them all,  
He gave the Welles a great fall,  
And had him hailly<sup>d</sup> at his will,  
Whatever he wald have done him til.

The king, in his summer castelle,  
That all this journey<sup>e</sup> seen had well,  
Said, 'Lindsay, cousin, good Lindsay!  
Do furth that thou should do this day.'  
As to be said, Do furth thy debt,  
There shall na man here mak thee let.<sup>f</sup>  
But the Lindsay nevertheless,  
That in his deed all courteous wes,  
Said to them that stood him by,  
'Help, help now, for courtesy!'  
The Welles he took than be the hand,  
That on the green was there lyand,  
'Rise, rise, sir knight, and stand on feet,'  
He said, 'there should be done mair yet;  
Yhit it is na time to leve.'

So held he Welles be the neve,<sup>g</sup>  
That up he helped him to rise.

Sir Davy the Lindsay on this wise  
Fulfilled in London his journey  
With honour and with honesty.  
And to the queen then of England  
He gave this Welles then in presand<sup>h</sup>  
Thus quite wonnen all freely;  
And she then of that courtesy  
Thanked him," &c.

Book ix. c. xi.

<sup>a</sup> Low.

<sup>b</sup> Afterwards.

<sup>c</sup> Earth.

<sup>d</sup> Wholly.

<sup>e</sup> Battle.

<sup>f</sup> Hinder thee.

<sup>g</sup> Fist.

<sup>h</sup> As a present.

not well affected towards him. He then took his departure, after entertaining the English nobles at a sumptuous farewell banquet.

“ And sa he,  
With honour and with honesty,  
Retourit syne in his land hame,  
Great worship ekèd till his fame.”

—“ To this day,” adds the continuator of Fordun, “ Sir David’s knightly memory is held in the highest celebrity in England.”\*

To perpetuate the remembrance of his victory, and in

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\* For further details of this expedition see *Fordun, Scotichronicon*, lib. 15, cap. 4, 5, 6; *Boethius*, fol. 335, and *Bellenden’s Translation*, ii. p. 470.

Sir William Dalyell’s encounter with Sir Piers Courtenay, as related by Fordun, will be found in the eighth note to the first Canto of *Marmion*.

The last victory that graced the Scottish expedition has never, that I am aware, been related in English. During the contests of the nobles, great contentions had arisen among their followers, “ ilk man contending to decore his awin nation with maist loving.” At last a certain Englishman challenged one Donald, a Scottish mountaineer, and “ magister equitum,” or principal groom, to Sir David, to fight with him in single combat, each man standing on his cloak, and without any other weapon, offensive or defensive, than his sword. The king and nobility sanctioning the proposal, Donald chose the Forum Londinense (Guildhall, I suppose), for the place of combat; the Englishman fixed the day; and at the appointed hour and place, Donald made his appearance, spread out his cloak and took his station upon it—but when the Englishman saw him looking so brisk and bloody-minded, his heart failed him, and he refused the combat. *Boethius*.

gratitude to the martial saint to whose favour he probably attributed it, Sir David founded a chantry of seven priests "in our Lady-kirk at Dundee," to sing hymns to the dragon-queller's praise for ever.\*

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\* *Boeth.* and *Bellenden's Transl.*—Two years after his expedition to London, Sir David nearly lost his life in a conflict of a very different description. Duncan Stewart, son of the ferocious Wolf of Badenoch, with some chieftains of the clan Donachie, or Robertsons, had broken across the hills dividing Aberdeen from Forfar, and began to plunder the country. Sir Walter Ogilvie of Auchterhouse, the sheriff of Angus,

" That guid knight,  
Stout and manful, bauld and wight,"

was then at Kettins, and Sir Patrick Gray not far off; they marched to attack the invaders, and were followed by Sir David of Glenesk, with a few of his people, who augmented their force to about sixty men, and with this handful they encountered the enemy, who were in number about three hundred, near the water of Isla, in the Ogilvies' country. The battle was fought in Glenbrerith,<sup>a</sup> with great obstinacy, but the issue was unfortunate for the Lindsays and Ogilvies. The sheriff, with many of his clan, and his half-brother, Leighton of Ulishaven, were slain. Glenesk, armed at all points, and on horseback, having ridden in great haste from Dundee to join the sheriff, made great slaughter among the robbers; but having pinned one of them to the earth with his lance, the dying warrior writhed his body upwards on the spear, and collecting all his force, with a last effort, fetched a sweeping blow with his two-handed broad-sword, which cut through the knight's stirrup-leather and steel-boot to the very bone. The cataran expired, and Sir David was with difficulty, and against his will, borne off the field by his followers.

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<sup>a</sup> Probably Glenbrierachan, about eleven miles north of Gasklune.

He had married, some years before, the Princess

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Wyntown describes this scene with much vigour:—

“ Sir Davy the Lindsay out of Dundee  
 Sped him fast at them to be;  
 With tha three lordis gadderit<sup>a</sup> then  
 Passit few atour<sup>b</sup> three score of men.  
 The sheriff and Sir Patrick Gray  
 As foremaist held the nearest way,  
 And thought to gar<sup>c</sup> some thing be done;  
 Suppose the Lindsay never sa soon  
 Should come amang the Scottish men.  
 Before the lave<sup>d</sup> tha knightis then,  
 That were of heart baith stern and stout,  
 Pressit them fast to skail<sup>e</sup> that rout.  
 In the Stormont, at Gasklune,  
 That duleful<sup>f</sup> day-werk that time wes done.

While they were in that press fechtand,<sup>g</sup>  
 The Lindsay guid wes at their hand,  
 And of tha Scottis here and there  
 Some he slew, some woundit sair.  
 Sa, on his horse he sittand than  
 Through the body he strak a man  
 With his spear down to the erde;—  
 That man hald fast his awin swerd  
 In-til his neve,<sup>h</sup> and up thrawand<sup>i</sup>  
 He pressit him, not-again-standand<sup>k</sup>  
 That he was pressit to the erde,  
 And with a swake<sup>l</sup> there of his swerd  
 Through the stirrup-leather and the boot,  
 Three ply or four above the foot,  
 He straik the Lindsay to the bane.  
 That man na straik gave but that ane,  
 For there he deit: yet nevertheless

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<sup>a</sup> Gathered.

<sup>b</sup> Exceeding, beyond.

<sup>c</sup> Cause.

<sup>d</sup> Rest.

<sup>e</sup> Disperse.

<sup>f</sup> Mournful.

<sup>g</sup> Fighting.

<sup>h</sup> Fist.

<sup>i</sup> Writhing up.

<sup>k</sup> Notwithstanding.

<sup>l</sup> Sudden and hasty stroke.<sup>1</sup>

Catherine, daughter of Robert the Second,\* and was created earl of Crawford in 1398.†

Brave, courteous, and accomplished, he passed through life honourably to himself and his name.

One of his repartees on a very interesting occasion is cited by Sir Walter Scott from Wyntown's Chronicle, and with this we will close our interview with the knight of Glenesk. At a march-meeting at Haldanestank, to which he and his uncle Sir William of the Byres had been deputed commissioners (1398), to meet John of Gaunt and other English nobles, to prolong the truce and regulate the jurisdiction of the Borders, he happened to observe that Harry Percy was sheathed in complete armour, notwithstanding the peaceable character of the conference. "It is for fear of the English

That guid lord there wounded wes,  
And had deit there that day,  
Had not his men had him away,  
Agane his will, out of that press."

*Cronykil*, B. ix. c. 14.

Duncan Stewart was soon afterwards taken by Sir James Lindsay, "and all his complices punist for their conspiracy."—*Boece*.

\* Her dowry was the barony of Strathnairn, in Inverness-shire. I do not know whether this was accompanied by the sheriffship of Banff, of which I find him giving charters to Thomas Earl of Moray.

Traces of the fortalice of Castle Davie, or Daviot, built by Earl David, and named after himself, are, I believe, still visible near the present mansion of the chief of Mac Intosh.

† On the 21st of April.—*Fordun*, (lib. 15, c. 4,) who calls him "valens miles, et in omni probitate bellicâ quamplurimum commendatus."

horsemen," said Hotspur in explanation, for he was already meditating the insurrection immortalized by Shakespeare. "Ah, Sir Harry!" rejoined Sir David, in allusion to the night of Otterburn, "I have seen you more sorely bestad by Scottish footmen than by English horse!"—"Such," concludes Sir Walter, "such was the leader of

"The Lindsays light and gay!"\*

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\* Wyntown, ix. c. 18. Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, i. 75.

Either from natural love of motion, or the confidence reposed in him by his sovereign, Sir David seems to have been a most restless mortal. Soon after his encounter with Lord Welles, he visited the continent; at least we find him returning homewards through England from France, with knightly accoutrements and a train of forty followers, in May, 1391. Nearly six months afterwards, he returned to England with Walter Stewart, the king's brother, and paid another visit to that country in January, 1393, and again in company with his chief, Sir James, as commissioners from King Robert, in August, 1394. In March, 1397, he revisited France. The safe-conducts for all these journeys are to be found in the "*Rotuli Scotiæ*."

Between, however, a visit to England in October, 1398, and the 29th December, 1404, the date of his passport for entering England, with one hundred persons, horse and foot, in his train, and passing through to Scotland, his name is not once mentioned in the *Rotuli*, nor does Scottish history afford us the slightest insight into his proceedings during that interval. How "*le Comte de Craford*" chanced to be at Corunna, on the coast of Spain, with "*le Sire de Hely, Messire Rasse de Renty, et plusieurs autres avec leur armée*," in May, 1402, when Jean de Bethencourt touched there on his voyage of discovery to the Canaries, I leave to the reader's determination, after perusal of the following extract from "*L'histoire de la première découverte et conquête des Canaries*," &c. written by Bontier, a Franciscan friar, and Jean le Venier, a priest, domestics of the French adventurer:—

“ Si descendit Monseigneur de Bethencourt à terre, et alla à la ville où il avoit à besongner, et trouva qu’ils défaisoient une nef de plusieurs habillemens qu’ils avoient prinse, nous ne sçavons sur qui. Quand Bethencourt vid cela, il pria le Comte qu’il peust prendre de la nef aucunes choses qui leur estoient necessaires, et le Comte luy octroya, et Bethencourt s’en alla en la nef, et fit prendre une ancre et un batel, et les fit amener à sa nef. Mais quand le Seigneur de Hely et ses compagnons le sceurent, ils n’en furent mie contens, et leur en despleut : et vint Messire Rasse de Renty vers eux, et leur dit, qu’il ne plaisoit mie au Sire de Hely qu’ils eussent le batel ni l’ancre. Bethencourt leur respondit que c’estoit par la volonté du Comte de Craforde, et qu’ils ne le rendroyent point. Ouye leur response, le Sire de Hely vint vers Monseigneur de Bethencourt, et luy dist qu’il ramenast ou fist ramener ce qu’il avoit prins de leur nef, et il luy respondit qu’il l’avoit fait par le congé du Comte. Si y eut de grosses paroles assez. Quand M. de Bethencourt vid cela, il dit au Sieur de Hely, ‘prenez batel et ancre de par Dieu, et vous en allez.’ ‘Puis qu’il vous plaist,’ respondit le Sire de Hely, ‘ce ne feray-je mie, ainchois les y ferai mener aujourd’ huy, ou j’y pourvoyray autrement.’ Respondit le dit Bethencourt et Gadi-fer, ‘prenez les, si vous voulez, car nous avons autre chose à faire.’ Le dit Bethencourt estoit sur son partir et vouloit lever les ancres et soy tirer hors du port, et incontinent se partit. Quand ils virent cela, ils armerent une galiote, et vindrent apres le dit Bethencourt, mais ils n’approcherent point plus près, fors qu’on parla à eux, et y eut assez de paroles qui trop longues seroyent à raconter. Ils n’eurent onc autre chose, ne autre response, que ainsi la premiere estoit, et s’en retournerent à tant.”—pp. 7, 8, 9.

Earl David’s courtesy to Bethencourt is quite in character. He was sent to England on business connected with the preservation of the truce, in December, 1406 (*Rot. Scot.*), and from this and other considerations, I conjecture that his death, towards the close of that year, or the beginning of 1407, must have been sudden, and that he retained his vigour, both of mind and body, to the last.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Waldhaves.* "The Lindsay, then, was loved among his friends?"

*Ninian.* "Honoured and feared he was, but little loved ;

For e'en his bounty bore a shew of sternness,  
And when his passions roused, he was a Satban  
For wrath and injury. \* \* \* \*

I brought him a petition from our convent ;

He granted straight—but in such tone and manner,

By my good saint! I thought myself scarce safe

Till Tay rolled broad between us!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Crawford family, which, till the middle of the fourteenth century, had dwelt chiefly in Lanarkshire, removed, after the accession of the Stuarts, to Angus, where Finhaven Castle became their favourite residence, exchanged occasionally for "the Earl's Lodging," in the provincial capital, Dundee—a large and antique edifice, part of which was still standing about sixty years ago, with the name ~~UNDESSED~~ embossed in the battlements.\*

Nearly about the same time with this northern migra-

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\* Chambers' Gazetteer, art. Dundee.

tion, Sir William Lindsay of the Byres, uncle of Earl David, settled in Fifeshire at the castle of Struthers, ceded to him by Sir William Keith, the great marischal of Scotland, in exchange for that of Dunottar,—under the service, however, on the part of the Keiths, that in time of war the infant heir of the Lindsays of the Byres should reside with his attendants in that fortress.\* Sir William's son, Sir John Lindsay, justiciar of the north of Scotland,† was created Lord Lindsay of the Byres in 1445.‡ His descendants acted a distinguished part in Scottish history, and eventually succeeded, in prejudice of the heirs male, to the honours of the elder branch. From one or the other of these great septs of Angus and Fifeshire descended the greater part of the Lindsay families once so numerous in Scotland.||

Sir David of Glenesk, earl of Crawford, died towards the close of 1406, full of years and honour. If the fourteenth century be styled the chivalrous, the fifteenth should emphatically be termed the feudal age of Scotland. A Robert Bruce, a Sir Alexander Ramsay, an Earl Douglas, a Sir David Lindsay, are characters which it is delightful to contemplate, shining like bright stars in the midnight arch of our country's history; but they set one after another, and a race of rougher mould suc-

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\* Gordon of Straloch, in Blaeu's *Theatrum Orbis*.

† In 1457 and 1466. *Chartulary of Dunfermeline*.

‡ Fordun, ii. 542.

|| See the list of Lindsay families in the Appendix, No. II.

ceeded—an age of feudal barbarism; like the first hour before daybreak, it was cold and chill,

“The moon had gone down, and the stars were few.”

And this lasted, (though there were noble occasional outbreaks of national and knightly feeling,) till the glorious dayspring—aye, till the sun of the Reformation had been long up in the heavens.

Earl David left a large family, of whom Alexander Lindsay, the master, or eldest son, became earl of Crawford in his stead.\* He was a wild and warlike chief. The re-establishment of the feudal power, which the vigorous policy of James the First had greatly diminished, was an object which, in concert with his kinsman and hereditary friend, Earl William of Douglas,† he con-

\* On the 20th November, 1407, Henry IV. granted, at the supplication of his dearest cousin, the earl of Douglas, a safe-conduct to his dearest cousin, Alexander Lindsay, earl of Crawford, to pass through his dominions to Amyas (Amiens?) in France, and to return by the same route.

When delivered as a hostage for James I., in March, 1424, his annual income was estimated at one thousand, and that of Sir John of the Byres at five hundred marks, equivalent, according to Dr. Henry, the former to £6,666, the latter to £3,333, per annum of the present day.—*Hist. of Britain*.

† Lady Matilda Lindsay, Earl David's eldest daughter, wedded her cousin-german, Archibald, fifth earl of Douglas and duke of Touraine. “They were married,” says Pitscottie, “at Dundee,<sup>a</sup> with sic pomp

<sup>a</sup> The life of James II. which bears Pitscottie's name, and is prefixed to his chronicle, is a mere translation of Boethius—executed, moreover, in the opinion of many critics, by another and an inferior hand.

stantly held in view. To this end they bound themselves by a solemn league of association and friendship. Their schemes could not escape the keen eye of Kennedy, bishop of St. Andrew's, primate of the Scottish church, and the brightest character of the time, who opposed them with a determination which, at Douglas's instigation, the northern earl resented by descending from his mountains with his friend, Sir Alexander Ogilvie of Inverquharitie, (uncle and guardian of the young chief of that ancient house,) and other allies,—harrying the bishop's lands and all the adjacent country, and carrying off, in default of the prelate himself, an immense booty to his fastnesses in Angus. The bishop, after fruitlessly remonstrating against this outrage, formally

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and triumph that never the like was seen at no man's marriage."

"This alliance," says Godscroft, "was the ground of that friendship that was betwixt Earl William, slain at Stirling, and that earl of Crawford whereof we shall hear more of hereafter."—Godscroft is mistaken, however, in considering Lady Matilda as Earl William's mother. The connection might have its weight in remembrance, as the last link added to the chain of friendship and cousinhood, which seems to have united the families ever since the marriage of their respective ancestors with the two coheiresses of Crawford, in the early part of the thirteenth century. Sir David of Crawford, the keeper of Edinburgh Castle in David Bruce's time, and great-grandfather of Lady Matilda, was "eme," or uncle, Wyntown tells us, to William, afterwards the first earl of Douglas.

Lady Marjory Lindsay, Earl David's second daughter, also married a Douglas, Sir William of Lochleven, and was mother of the heroic Catherine Douglas, and of the ancestor of the earls of Morton.

excommunicated the Lindsay chief with mitre and staff, bell, book, and candle, for a year; denouncing the bitterest curses of heaven against the impious earl and all his friends and abettors, and laying under interdict every place where their persons might be. The fierce chief, who submitted to no laws from man, cared little for such a denunciation from the church.\* But this sacrilege met with its reward.

The convent of Benedictines at Aberbrothock had, it seems, appointed his eldest son their chief justiciar, or supreme judge in civil affairs. His huge train of followers and haughty manners, (for he behaved towards them as if he had been their master,) irritated the worthy monks to such a degree, that they deposed him, and appointed Sir Alexander of Inverquharitie to succeed him in his office. The master, however, shewed no intention of surrendering it, but took forcible possession of the town and abbey; consequently the rivals assembled their friends and followers to decide their rights by the sword. Douglas sent one hundred Clydesdale men to the master's aid, and the Hamiltons also assisted him with some forces. The Ogilvies found an unexpected auxiliary in Sir Alexander Seyton, the powerful lord of Gordon, afterwards earl of Huntley, who, arriving at Inverquharitie, on his road to Strathbogie, the night

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† The "*Addicioun of Scottis Corniklis and deidis*," privately printed by Thomas Thomson, Esq.; almost the only cotemporary record of the time.—Latin MS. Chron. in Univ. Edinb.—*Boeth.* p. 365.

before the battle, was obliged, by the laws of ancient Scottish hospitality, to own his host's quarrel and take the field with him.\* Many other chieftains, either for love or hatred, espoused the Ogilvies' cause, and the united force marched for Arbroath, on Ascension Eve, the 28th of January,† 1446, with the intention of taking the town, but found the Lindsays, in great force, drawn up in battle array before the gates.

It must have been a beautiful sight! The two armies were composed of the bravest knights and gentlemen of the north-east of Scotland; steeds were prancing, broad-swords gleaming, and banners waving in the evening breeze; the word was given, and that gallant scene was about to be changed to one of blood and carnage, when, as they were on the very point of closing, the old earl of Crawford, on his panting charger, rushed between them. He had heard at Dundee of the approaching conflict, and galloped to Arbroath in hopes of arriving in time to prevent bloodshed between his own clan and those who had till then been our friends—nay, his own wife was an

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\* “Ane ancient custom, says Leslaeus, among the Scottishmen, that wheresoever they happen to lodge, they defend their hosts from all hurt, even to the shedding of their blood and losing of their lives for (?) them, if need be,<sup>a</sup> so long as their meat is undigested in their stomachs.”—*Gordon's Hist. of the Earldom of Sutherland*, p. 71. *Leslaei de orig. &c. Scotorum*.

† James Gray's MS.

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<sup>a</sup> Such must have been the wording of the MS.

Ogilvie. But before he could be heard, (though his son drew bridle in deference to his presence,) he was encountered by one of the enemy who knew him not, and darting his spear through his mouth and neck, mortally wounded him.

Furious\* at the sight, the Lindsays rushed to the charge, and a desperate conflict ensued, which ended in the total defeat of the Ogilvies and their allies, who left more than five hundred dead on the field of battle, while the loss of the victors did not exceed one hundred. Sir John Oliphant of Aberdalgy, Sir John Forbes of Pitsligo, Sir Alexander Barclay of Grantully, Maxwell of Tellein, Garden of Boroughfield, and David of Aberkerdach, were killed on the enemies' side. Inverquharitie himself was taken prisoner, and carried to the castle of Finhaven, where he died of his wounds and grief at his defeat. The lord of Gordon† and "Wat Ogilby"‡ escaped by flight. Crawford expired after a week of lingering torture, and his body lay for four days unburied, since, in the awful words of a cotemporary

\* "Whilk when his son and friends beheld, they were so enraged, that they suddenly rushed upon their enemies with great ire, but they upon the other side resisted the press, and held off their adversaries richt manfully for ane lang time, quhill (till) at the last the laird of Inverquharitie was deidlie wounded," &c.—*Pitscottie*.

† "Huntley being destitute of his folks in this manner, horsed himself and fled away to the house of Inverquharitie to save his life."—*Ibid*.

‡ Probably Sir Walter, younger son of Sir Walter of Lentrathen, Inverquharitie's elder brother, and ancestor of the earls of Findlater.

chronicler, "no man durst earth him," till Bishop Kennedy sent the prior of St. Andrew's to take off the excommunication, and pronounce forgiveness over the dust of his enemy. It did not escape notice that the battle of Arbroath, where Crawford received his death's wound, was fought on that day twelvemonth that he ravaged "Saint Andrew's land" in Fife. And, remembering the stormy and lawless life of our ancestor, we should rejoice with the old chronicler, that "he died in ane guid action, labourand to put Christian men to peace, albeit he was very insolent all the rest of his lifetime."\*

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\* Addicioun, &c. Boeth. fo. 365. Pitscottie, i. 53—5.

The Lindsays, says the *Addicioun of Scottis Corniklis*, "after that a great time held the Ogilbies at great subjection, and tuik their guids, and destroyit their places."—Long feuds ensued between the rival clans. When Cardinal Bethune was abbot of Arbroath, they were still contending for the office which had been the original cause of dispute; and his half-serious, half-sportive imprecation, "that every future Lindsay might be poorer than his father," is often cited to account for the singular fact that not a single landed proprietor of the name of Lindsay is now to be found in Angus, where once they were so numerous. The Ogilvies, direct descendants of the original Celtic earls of the province, and one of the most gallant names in Scottish history, deservedly retain their ancestral seat.

"We had been friends,  
Had shared the banquet and the feast together,  
Fought side by side, and our first cause of strife,  
Woe to the pride of both! was but a slight one."

It gives me pleasure, therefore, to record that, two hundred years after

Alexander Lindsay, master of Crawford and the victor of Arbroath, is still remembered traditionally in Scotland, as “the Tiger,”\* or “Earl Beardie,” nicknames which he acquired from the reckless ferocity of his character and the exuberance of his beard; though a later authority derives the latter epithet from the little reverence in which he held the king’s courtiers, and his readiness to “beard the best of them.”† Douglas and Mac Donald of the Isles, the titular earl of Ross, shared with him the chief power in Scotland; virtually petty princes, their united strength far exceeded that of their sovereign. Each of them had deep cause for hatred to the royal family; Douglas and Ross from personal considerations—Crawford through his alliance by

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the battle of Arbroath, Ludovick, “the loyal earl” of Crawford, and the venerable James earl of Airlie, were friends and fellow-soldiers under Montrose; and that during the executions of the captive loyalists under the supremacy of Argyle and the rigid covenanters, Lord Ogilvie was found to be “beyond their clutch, being secretly protected by the influence of Lord Lindsay of the Byres, who was Ogilvie’s cousin-german and the brother-in-law of the great leaders of the intermediate faction, Hamilton and Lanerick.”—*Montrose and the Covenanters*, ii. 478.

\* “Dictus Tigris, qui totam Angusiam in subjectione tenuit.”—*MS. Chron. in Univ. Edin.*

† “Weel known by the designations of ‘Earl Beardie,’ or ‘Beard the best of them.’”—*Genealogy of the House of Drummond, by the first Lord Strathallan*, 1681. 4to. 1831, p. 132. (Privately printed.)—The Scots *greybeard*, a sort of amphora, or large jar for holding liquids, is said to derive its name from him.

marriage with the house of March, so unjustly and cruelly forfeited by James the First. The immediate consequence of Crawford's death at Arbroath was a new league between the three nobles, of mutual alliance, offensive and defensive, against all men, the king himself not excepted. On this coming to light, nearly six years afterwards, James, after vainly entreating Douglas to break the bond, stabbed him with his own hand at Stirling,\* on which Earl Beardie rose in open rebellion, and assembling "his haill folks of Angus, and a great company of his kin and friends," encamped at Brechin with the intention of intercepting the earl of Huntley—his old antagonist at Arbroath—now appointed lieutenant-general of the kingdom—and who was hastening with an army of between three and four thousand men,† composed chiefly of the Forbeses, Ogilvies, and other loyal clans of the north-east of Scotland, to his sovereign's assistance; James having, in the meanwhile, marched as far as Perth against Crawford.‡

The battle of Brechin was fought on the 18th of May, 1452,|| at the Hair Cairn,§ on the moor, about two miles north-east of the town.¶ The most determined courage

\* 22d of February, 1452, Shrove-Tuesday.

† Addicioun, &c.

‡ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

§ Information from the Right Rev. Bishop Low.

¶ "In the field on the moor beside Brechin." *Addicioun*.—"The spot is a little to the north-east of the parish of Brechin, not actually in it, though so termed; on the road leading to the North-water bridge." *Stat. Acct.* v. 463.—"The earl of Crawford," says Sir

was displayed on both sides, and though Crawford's army, gathered so hastily, was naturally far outnumbered by the united force of the royalists,\* the victory remained for a long time uncertain, till a company of fresh Angusshire men came up to renew the battle, and taking advantage of the hill-side, rushed so fiercely on Huntley's vanguard, that his men were thrown into confusion and gave back. The Lindsays redoubled their efforts—the royalists retreated before their furious charge—the king's standard was in danger, and Crawford was on the point of victory, when, providentially for Scotland, the desertion of one of his most trusted vassals occasioned his defeat.

This traitor was John Collace of Balnamoon, who, before the engagement, had requested Crawford that, on their eventual victory, his son might be put in fee of the lands of Fernie, which lay near his house and convenient for him. "The time is short," replied the earl, "stand bravely by me to-day, and prove yourself a valiant man,

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Robert Gordon, "understanding that the earl of Huntley was coming from the north to aid the king, he assembled all his friends and followers to hinder his passage, at the foot of the Carn of Month, (Cairn.o'Mount.) Huntley did weel know that he was to pass through the enemy's country, which made him press on with all his might and force to gain the passage at the North-water bridge. This he did, although with some loss of his men. Both armies encountered two miles by east Brechin, between the town and the North-water bridge," &c. —*Hist. Earldom of Sutherland*.

\* "And there was with the earl of Huntley far mair than was with the earl of Crawford, because he displayit the king's banner, and said it was the king's action, and he was his lieutenant, &c." —*Addicioun*.

and you shall have all and more than your desire.”\* Whether Balnamoon was not contented with this answer, or whether, as appears to me more probable, he had some prior pique against the earl, I know not; but he instantly departed, as if he would have fought most furiously,—yet, when he saw his time come, when he should have supported his chief, who was then fighting “cruelly,” and who, if duly seconded, would have won the field,—at this critical moment, I say, he drew off his division, consisting of three hundred men, armed with bills, broadswords, battle-axes, and long spears, on whom the earl chiefly relied, and “in whose hands the haill hope of victory stood that day,” aside from the left wing, where they were stationed; and thus left the middle ward, where Crawford fought, exposed and unprotected, the left wing being engaged with the enemy. Huntley seized the opportunity of assaulting and breaking the troops thus laid open, and the consequence was, that the Tiger’s men, who were on the point of gaining the victory, were defeated, notwithstanding his frantic efforts to recover the day.†

\* Pitscottie, on his own authority.

† Addicioun, &c. Boeth. fo. 374. Pitscottie, i. 105, sqq. Tytler, Hist. Scotland.

In this battle Crawford lost his brother, Sir John of Brechin and Pitcairlie, besides the laird of Dundas, “and other sindry gentlemen well till three score of coat-armours,” (*Addicioun, &c.*) “whereof,” says Pitscottie, “had been great pity if there had been a better quarrel.” Huntley lost his brothers, William and Henry Seyton, and Gordon of Methlic, ancestor of Lord Aberdeen.

He fled immediately to Finhaven. A son of Donald thane of Calder\* is said to have pursued him so fiercely, that he got into the midst of his immediate followers, and was compelled, for safety, to go along with them, as if he had been one of their party, into the castle, where he heard the Tiger exclaim, on alighting from his horse and calling for a cup of wine, that he would willingly pass seven years in hell, to gain the honour of such a victory as had that day fallen to Huntley. The young intruder appropriated a silver goblet chased with Earl Beardie's armorial bearings, which he found on a side-board, and presented it to Huntley at Brechin, after his escape from the Tiger's den, as a voucher for his extraordinary adventure.†

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In consequence of this defeat, the superstition long prevailed that green was unlucky to the Lindsays, the prevailing colour of their dress having on this occasion been of that colour :—that

“ A Lindsay with green  
Should never be seen,”

is an old traditional proverb in the clan.

\* The Cawdor of Shakespeare. See a note to Chapter ix. of these “ Lives.”

† *Pitscottie*, (on his own authority,) i. 107. *Tytler*.—This adventurous youth is said to have been ancestor of the Calders of Assuanlee, an estate which the historian of the Gordons asserts to have been given him by Huntley in reward of his daring ; adding that George duke of Gordon had a cup made of silver, and embossed as like to the original as a workman could imitate it, and gave it to Calder of Assuanly, to be kept in his family under penalty of paying double the feu-duty of his

Crawford had already been declared the king's enemy and a rebel, because he had despised his authority on being summoned by a herald to "underly," or submit to the law. The decree of forfeiture was now\* repeated and confirmed; his "lands, life, and goods" were declared forfeit to the state;† his lordship of Brechin,

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lands which he then paid to the duke and his successors; "and out of this cup," says Gordon, "have I of late drunk. It weighs 12 lib. 13 sh. sterling."—The adventure at Finhaven may possibly be true, but the estate of Assuanlee was granted to the Calders twelve years before the battle of Brechin.

The story is told somewhat differently in some MS. "Geographical Collections relating to Scotland," bearing date 1723, and preserved in the Advocates' Library. "There was one Hutcheon Calder in company with Huntley, who by his cunning and courage got into the camp of Earl Beardie, and likewise into his tent, who after supper brought away the said earl's drinking cup, (which cup Calder of Assuanlee keeps to this day,) being a large silver cup overlaid with gold, holding a Scots pint and two gills, of fine engraven and carved work, and cape, upon which there was an inscription, which is now lost; wherewith returning to the camp, in the silence of the night, gave account to Huntley of the situation of Earl Beardie's camp and number of his forces, and as a testimony of his being there, produced the said cup; upon which intelligence they attacked Crawford in the morning, and defeated his forces, for which service the said Hutcheon Calder obtained the lands of Assuanlee, whose posterity possess it to this day."

The families of Dunain, Dochfour, and others of the name of Baillic in Inverness-shire, are descended from a son of the laird of Lamington, whose gallant behaviour at the battle of Brechin was rewarded by Huntley with part of the Castle-lands of Inverness.—*Shaw's History of Moray*, p. 176—7.

\* 12—22 June, 1452.

† Addicioun, &c.

with the heritable sheriffship of Aberdeen, his precedency in parliament,\* and the hereditary privilege of carrying the royal sceptre in all public processions, and investing the sovereign with it at his coronation,† were adjudged to the gallant Huntley, who, in the words of King James's charter, "had preserved his crown on his head;"‡ and while the armorial coat of the victor was honourably and deservedly augmented, that of the rebel was torn, and his bearings abolished and "scrapit out of the Book of Arms for ever."||

Though crippled by his loss sufficiently to prevent his junction with the Douglasses, the Tiger's power was otherwise but little weakened by his defeat at Brechin; while menaces were thundered against him from Edin-

\* Gordon's Hist. Earldom of Sutherland, p. 73.

† Godscroft, i. p. 370.

‡ "In a confirmation of his lands by King James the Second, in 1457, the onerous clause (says Burnet of Crimond) was 'for keeping the crown on our head.'"—*Shaw's Hist. Moray*, p. 16.

|| *Addicioun, &c. Pitscottie. Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland*, p. 73. Huntley, says this writer, afterwards exchanged with Crawford the lordship of Brechin for that of Badenoch. "Three lions' heads in a yellow field were added to his arms, with the privilege of carrying before his horse-companies at all weaponshaws and battles from henceforward a pincel (or banner) of four corners, which privilege none other of the Scottish nobility hath."—The precedency in parliament and the heritable sheriffdom of Aberdeenshire were restored to the family; David earl of Crawford appears as sheriff in the Exchequer Rolls immediately after his father's death, and they retained the office till 1541, when David earl of Crawford resigned it in favour of George earl of Huntley.—*Ch. Mag. Sig. 3 March, 1540—1.*

burgh, he was not idle in Angus; his forces recruited, he took a terrible revenge on all who had deserted him at Brechin, ravaging their lands, destroying their castles, and spreading terror and desolation wherever he went.\*

A desultory but bloody warfare was now carried on in the South between the Douglasses and the king, who, after granting various lands to those he wished to attach to his interest, and elevating several barons to the ranks of the nobility, had assembled an army of thirty thousand men, well armed and devoted to his cause. His most powerful supporter was George earl of Angus, head of a rival branch of the house of Douglas, whose siding, on this memorable occasion, with his sovereign against his own clansmen, gave rise to a proverb, allusive to the family complexion of the respective branches, that "the Red Douglas had put down the Black."

It was soon discovered that Earl James, the representative of the swarthy Douglasses, though brave as the doughtiest of his ancestors, wanted their decision of character. Distrustful of his abilities, and conscious that their cause was a bad one, his friends remonstrated with him and recommended submission, but in vain. The consequence was the desertion of so many of his followers that, on the appearance of the royal army before Douglas Castle, "he found himself compelled to lay down his arms, and to implore, with expressions of deep humility and contrition, that he might be once more

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\* Addicioun, &c. Pitscottie.

restored to favour." The deed by which this clemency was extended to him is dated 28th August, 1452, little more than three months after the battle of Brechin.\*

Earl Beardie, meanwhile, in the North—abandoned by many of his allies, and doubting the fidelity of the rest—all hope of successful resistance at an end, and not a chance, save one, remaining of saving his clan and friends from ruin—"tuik purpose," says Pitscottie, "to humble himself," and deliver himself up to the king as an expiation for those who had been misled by him. "So, when the king was passing to the north land, coming through Angus," (in April the following year, six months after the submission of Douglas,†) "the earl of Crawford came bare-headit and bare-footit to the king, clad as he had been ane miserable caitiff, guilty of ane crime, accused in judgment, dolorous and in poor arrayment, to move the judges and magistrates to commiseration and pity; and so, accompanied with ane small number of folks, sad, with dreary countenance, cast [him] in the king's gate. But fra hand (forthwith) he came before the king's grace with tears burstand forth abundantly, and fell on his knees; whilk being shewn to the king what man it was, and wha they were that were in his company, and that the earl confidit meikle in the king's clemency, wherein he had placed

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\* Tytler, iv. p. 114.

† *Addicioun*, &c. His death, in September 1453, (*ibid.*) took place "in the sixth month after his restitution." *Pitscottie*.

his haill hope of restitution—then moved but (without) ony fear or dreadour had put himself in his Grace's will and mercy—the king bade raise him up to shaw wherefore he came, all fear and dreadour set aside."

His speech is given at length by the chronicler; the safety of his followers lay nearer his rough but warm heart than his own. "I regard not my awin person," said he, "any manner of way, therefore it is content to [me] to underly what punishment you please, either to be hanged, to be riven with wild beasts, to be drowned, [or] casten ower ane craig. It is neither the fearful induring of my dearest spouse, nor the greeting (weeping) of my bairns, nor the lamentable sobbing of my friends, nor hership (plundering) of my lands, that moves me so meikle as the decay and falling of our house, and lamentable change of fortune of the noblemen of Angus, with the rest of my adherents, whose lives, lands, and guidis stands in danger for my cause and sirname of Lindsay. Have compassion on the noblemen that concordit to my faction, that they, at the least, be not spoiled of their lives and heritages for my offence."

"When the earl had thus endit, the noble and gentle men of Angus, that came in his company to seek remission, held up their hands to the king maist dolorously, crying mercy, while (till) their sobbing and sighing cuttit the words that almaist their prayers could not be understood; through the whilk there raise sic ruth and pity amang the company, that nane almaist could contain themselves from tears."

The king, in short—at the intercession of Huntley and Kennedy, with whom Crawford had privately been reconciled, and by whose advice he had devised this singular interview—moved, moreover, by the same mingling feelings of policy, pity, and self-reproach, which had induced him to extend the hand of pardon to the fallen Douglas—frankly forgave them on the spot, saying he wished neither for their “lands, lives, guids, nor geir,” but for their “hearts and friendship,”—and he gained both from that moment. Their chief, delighted with the king’s kindness, and “glorying in his happy adventure,” endeavoured afterwards to do him all the service he possibly could. Before he left Angus, he joined him with a chosen company of the young gentlemen of the county, and having accompanied him in his farther progress, returned with him to Finhaven, where he entertained his royal guest with princely hospitality.\* King James had, however, sworn, in his wrath, a solemn oath to make the highest stone of Finhaven the lowest; he went up to the roof of the castle, and threw down to the ground a little stone that was lying loose on the battlements, thus accomplishing his vow, if not in the spirit, strictly to the letter. In Godscroft’s time, about two hundred years afterwards, this stone was still preserved at Finhaven, secured with an iron chain.†

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\* Boethius. Pitscottie.—In June, 1453.

† Godscroft, i. 370.

“Finhaven Castle, the once magnificent residence of the powerful

After his reconciliation with the king, Earl Beardie's whole character changed ; from being the wildest of the

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family of Lindsay, and a common object of interest with tourists, is distant, in a north-easterly direction, and on the new road to Brechin, about six miles from Forfar. It rises over the steep bank of the small river Lemno, near the place where that stream joins the South Esk. The ruins now consist of little more than a square tower, from the top of which a view is obtained of the whole surrounding country. The Esk, which is the largest river in Angus, runs almost under its walls through a lovely vale, formerly celebrated for a breed of sheep, with wool of peculiar fineness, now extinct. On one part of the castle may still be seen some iron spikes jutting out from the wall, on which tradition relates that Earl Beardie, the quondam proprietor of the castle, was wont to hang his prisoners."—*Chambers' Picture of Scotland*, ii. 233.

Shortly before Pennant's visit, a noble Spanish chestnut still ornamented the old castle. "It was of the spreading kind; the circumference near the ground was forty-two feet eight, of the top thirty-five feet nine,—of one of the largest branches twenty-three feet."—*Second Tour in Scotland*. *Pinkerton's Coll.* vol. iii. 436.

The Lindsays of the Halch of Tannadyce, or Barnyards, were, as early as Beardie's time, the hereditary constables or captains of Finhaven, under the earls of Crawford. This family subsisted till the close of the seventeenth century, and were afterwards represented by the Lindsays of Glenquiech, a family of high jacobite principles, and warm Episcopalians. On the death of the last Glenquiech but one, his son declared that he should be buried openly with the regular service of the episcopal church, then proscribed; the timorous clergyman declined officiating,—“Fear nothing,” said the young man, “I am determined it shall be so; I will stand over you with my drawn broadsword, and we will see who dare molest you!”—Thus was the father buried; the son was the “last of the lairds” and died childless. His younger brother, David Lindsay, was for many years episcopal minister at St. Andrew's, and in that capacity attended his aged chief, Earl James of

wild chiefs of the north, he “gave over all kind of tyranny, and became ane faithful subject, and sicker targe (sure shield) to the king and his subjects. At the last, in this manner being reconciliet and set at quietness and rest, his friends and all others, as appeared, being also in great tranquillity, fortune, that suffers nothing to remain lang stable, but all things subject to ruin and decay, leaning upon ane bruckle (brittle) staff, tholed (suffered) not the happy estate of this man long to continue; for in the sext month after his restitution, he took the hot fever, and was buried with great triumph” (regiâ prope pompâ), “in the Grey Friars’ of Dundee, in his forebcars’ (ancestors’) sepulchre.”\*

Balcarres, on his death-bed, in 1768. At the time of Dr. Johnson’s visit to St. Andrews, he had attained a great age; the clerical robes which he constantly wore,

“ His silver hair,  
And reverend apostolic air,”

surprised the doctor, who enquired who he was. “Only a poor episcopal minister,” replied his (for the moment) oblivious cicerone. “Sir,” replied Johnson, “I honour him!”

For this and many other anecdotes of the olden time I am indebted to the kindness of my venerable friend, the Right Rev. David Low, bishop of Ross, Moray, and Argyle.

\* *Pitscottie*.—“Item, the year of God 1453, in the month of September, deit Alexander Lindsay, earl of Crawford, in Finevyn,—that was callit a rigorous man and ane felloun, (fierce,) and held ane great room

Tradition, however, has forgotten his repentance ; and the Tiger Lindsay is believed to be still playing at “the deil’s buiks” in a mysterious chamber in Glamis Castle, of which no one now knows the entrance—doomed to play there till the end of time. He was constantly losing, it is said, when one of his companions advising him to give up the game—“Never,” cried he, “till the day of judgment!” The Evil One instantly appeared, and both chamber and company vanished. No one has since discovered them, but in the stormy nights, when the winds howl drearily round the old castle, the stamps and curses of the doomed gamesters may still, it is said, be heard mingling with the blast.\*

Before closing this chapter, let me introduce you to a very different character, the pious, amiable, and venerable Ingram Lindsay, bishop of Aberdeen,—uncle, or rather, I believe, great-uncle of Earl Beardie.

This good man was preferred to the see of Aberdeen on the death of Bishop Henry Leighton, in 1442.† He was then very old, very infirm, and in very bad health ;

in his time, for he held all Angus in his bandoun,<sup>a</sup> and was richt inobedient to the king.”—*Addicioun*, &c. p. 17.

\* Chambers’ Picture of Scotland, ii. 231.

† He attended the council of Basle, in 1434, as “presbyter familiaris et acolytus sanctissimi patris pape.”—*Safe-conduct*, *Rot. Scot.* ii. 286.

<sup>a</sup> *In bandoun* may signify, authoritatively, “as if he had actually been their sovereign.”—*Jamieson*.

and one Alexander, who had expected to have been advanced to that bishopric, resolved (as Mac Kenzie expresses it) to “trick him handsomely out of his life,” not doubting that he would be preferred next; and the method he took was to tell him what abuses had crept into his diocese among the clergy, and that, if he had but the authority of the Holy See for reforming them, it would tend very much to the good of the church and his own reputation. The worthy prelate, no way doubting the sincerity of this advice, embarked in a ship bound for Marseilles, and from thence went by sea to Rome, where the Pope received him very kindly; but, after having resided some months there, instead of dying by the fatigue of the journey, as Alexander had expected, he returned over land in better health than before, and died at Aberdeen in 1459, to the great regret of the country, after having governed that see, and “ruled the affairs of the church very wisely,” for seventeen years, during which time he was universally beloved.

“Bishop Lindsay,” says Spottiswoode, “was a man constant in his promises, of a spare diet but very hospitable, for he entertained great numbers both of learned men and others, especially the eldest sons of noblemen and barons in the north parts,\* and notwithstanding of his age and public employments, was ever at study when he could find any free time from those cares. A little before his death he fell in the king’s displeasure”

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\* “*Exemplis optimis tenera imbuunt pectora.*” *Boeth.*

for denying admission to some whom the king had presented to certain benefices, for that they were mere ignorants or for their years incapable. But this did not much trouble his mind, as being no way conscious to himself of any just offence offered." The citizens and matrons of Aberdeen, "who loved him dearly," shed tears of sorrow as they kissed his dead body, and afterwards bore it to the grave—"such reverence," exclaims Boethius, "attended Ingram both living and dead!"

He was buried in the choir of the cathedral, which he had "marvellously ornamented," and his effigy was sculptured on his tomb.

Besides other theological works, he left an unfinished commentary on the Epistles of St. Paul, "which he regarded," says Boethius, "with such love and reverence that he had learnt them by heart, and constantly carried them in his bosom." He also founded an ecclesiastical college, and enacted certain statutes for its government, which were confirmed by his successor, and are printed in Mr. Kennedy's elaborate history of the "brave town of Aberdeen."\*

And now let us quit the cloister, and return to the world again.

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\* Boeth. *Episc. Murthlacens. et Aberdon. Vitæ*,—edit. 1522, fol. 11 verso. Spotswood's *Hist. Ch. of Scotland*, p. 104. Kennedy's *History of Aberdeen*, ii. p. 2—3.

## CHAPTER V.

“ How that the son, with banner braid displayit,  
 Aganis the father in battle come arrayit.

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At morn ane king, with sceptre, sword, and crown ;  
 At even ane deid deformit carrioun !”

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

“ There was silence deep, like the silence of sleep,  
 Through all that lofty hall—

“ An instant more, and like torrent's roar,  
 A sound through the silence broke,  
 'Twas stern and loud, 'twas fierce and proud,  
 'Twas Lindsay's voice that spoke.”

H. G. BELL.

FROM Walter Lindsay, of Kinblythemont in Angus, and of Bewfort and the Aird in Inverness-shire, the immediate younger brother of Earl Beardie, and “tutor” or guardian of his nephew, the young Earl David, descended the Lindsays of Edzell and Glenesk, of whom the earls of Balcarres were originally a branch, and have since become the representatives. Their ancient residence, now a mouldering ruin, but still magnificent in decay, is one of the many “chiefless castles” of the

Lindsays, scattered over Scotland wherever they dwelt,  
and

“ Breathing stern farewells  
From grey but leafy walls, where ruin greenly dwells.”\*

\* For an account of the castle and district of Edzell, see the Appendix, No. VI.

William Lindsay, next brother to Walter, was ancestor of the house of Evelick in Perthshire, advanced to the baronetage in 1666; the last of whom, Sir Charles Lindsay, an amiable and highly distinguished young naval officer, was drowned off Demerara, in 1799.<sup>a</sup> The Lindsays of Kinnettles, an Angus-shire branch of this family, expired<sup>b</sup> in Archbishop Lindsay, primate of Ireland, the cotemporary of Dean Swift. The Lindsays of Ardinbathy, of Kilspindie, and perhaps those of Logies and Tulliallan, all in Perthshire, and those of Tyrie, in Aberdeenshire, were also scions of the house of Evelick.

John of Brechin, the fifth son of Earl Alexander, was ancestor of the Lindsays of Pitcairrie,<sup>c</sup> and their junior branch, of Cairnie; and James, the youngest, accompanying the Princess Eleanor to Germany, when

<sup>a</sup> For an account of this melancholy event, see the *Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1799, vol. 60, p. 523. . . . “ Thus perished a brave and amiable officer in the prime of youth, with all the advantages of birth and fortune, added to those of high reputation in his profession, who fell a sacrifice to his strict attention to his duty, by rather hazarding the perils of a dark night than sleeping out of his ship, and whose eulogium cannot be better made than by the sincere and heartfelt regrets of his officers and seamen.”

Sir Charles's elder brother, William Lindsay, Esq., who died before his father, had been ambassador to Venice, in 1791.—The gallant Sir John Lindsay, K.B., who died rear-admiral of the red, 1788, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, was his uncle,—and brother of Margaret Lindsay, wife of Allan Ramsay, Esq., of Kinkell, the celebrated painter, and mother of the kind friend of three generations of the Balcarres family, General John Ramsay.

<sup>b</sup> *Rolt's Life of John earl of Crawford.*

<sup>c</sup> “ Whose house and posterities yet remain.”—*MS. Genealogy, written before 1580.*

David, the Tiger's eldest son, became earl of Crawford on his father's death. His disposal in matrimony was

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she went (1448) to be wedded to Sigismund of Austria, married an heiress near Augsburg,<sup>a</sup> where his family were reported about a century ago to be still subsisting.<sup>b</sup>

Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, Earl Beardie's daughter, married her cousin, the first Lord Drummond,<sup>c</sup> and was ancestress of the unhappy Darnley, father, by Mary queen of Scots, of James the First of Britain.

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<sup>a</sup> "James, of whom came the crafters in Augsburg."—*MS. note of David Lord Balcarres to the said genealogy.*

<sup>b</sup> *Memoirs of James earl of Balcarres.*—This James must not be confounded with his namesake and cotemporary, the canon and, afterwards, dean of Glasgow, provost of Lincluden, and keeper of the privy seal, (dignities which, according to the author of the "Addicioun," he ill deserved,)—and who was a brother of the house of Covington in Lanarkshire.—The ancestor of that family, "in 1420, applied and obtained leave from parliament to build a fort, which was finished in 1442. The walls are ten feet thick. It was made strong by every circumstance that art could invent. An old sword, called Wallace's, is still preserved there. The ruin continues a grand and majestic object."—*Stat. Acc.* i. 193.

The founder of this edifice was probably William Lindsay of Covington, who flourished in 1435.—*Memorie of the Somervilles.*—His descendants flourished till a little before the Revolution, when his representative sold the barony to Sir George Lockhart of Lee. The family of Belstain was a branch of this house.

<sup>c</sup> The fate of her daughter, Margaret, "a lady of rare perfections and singular beauty,"—the mistress, or, according to family tradition, "the wife, by a private marriage, of James IV.," is one of the most tragical recorded in Scottish story. The young king, says the noble historian of the Drummonds, "was so deeply enamoured of her, that without acquainting his nobles or council, he was affianced to her, in order to have made her his queen; but so soon as his intention was discovered, all possible obstructions were made, both by the nobility, who designed an alliance with a daughter of England, as a mean to procure peace between the nations, and by the clergy, who declared against the lawfulness of the marriage, because they were within the degrees of consanguinity forbidden by the canon law. . . But he was so much touched in conscience for the engagement he had made to the young lady, that, notwithstanding the weakness of the royal family, he rejected all propositions of marriage so long as she

granted to James Lord Hamilton,\* whose daughter, Elizabeth, he married.† From his natural talents and vast

\* Charter, 26 Feb. 1463.—*Reg. Mag. Sig.*

† In a charter, dated 27 Feb. 1458—9, I find some obscure but remarkable hints relative to his early history. He grants Herbert Johnstone of Dalibank, ancestor of the house of Westerhall, the lands of Gleneybank, with the office of baillie of Kirkmichael, “for his faithful service at the time when he was held a captive by the late James earl of Douglas, and chiefly for the liberation and abduction of his person from captivity, and from the hands of the said earl.”—*Reg. M. Sig.*<sup>a</sup>

The principal friend of his youth, however, seems to have been Thomas Fotheringham, of Powrie, afterwards his “familiar squire,” and whom he ever regarded with peculiar kindness. Between twenty and thirty years after his accession, on renewing his charters, he grants him additional lands “for his faithful service and constant attentions,” paid to him “gratanter et multipliciter,” from his youth upwards. Charter, dated 16 July, 1481. Conf. 13 Jan. 1481—2. *Reg. M. Sig.*

lived: for he was crowned in the year 1488, at the age of sixteen, and did not marry until the year 1502, when he was near thirty, and about a year after her death, which was effected not without suspicion of poison; for the common tradition goes that a potion was provided in a breakfast to despatch her, for liberating the king from his promise, that he might match with England; but so it happened that she called two of her sisters, then with her in Drummond, to accompany her that morning, to wit Lillias Lady Fleming, and a younger, Sibilla, a maid, whereby it fell out all the three were destroyed with the force of the poison. They lie hurried in a curious vault, covered with three fair hlue marble stones, joined close together, about the middle of the choir of the cathedral church of Dunblane. The monument which contains the ashes of these three ladies stands entire to this day, and confirms the credit of this sad story.”—*Lord Strathallan's Genealogy*, &c. p. 139.

Mr. Tytler observes that “the story tells more like some dreadful domestic tragedy, than a conspiracy of the aristocracy to prevent the king's marriage with a commoner.”—iv. 419.

<sup>a</sup> Perhaps, as suggested by Mr. MacGregor Stirling in his MS. Collections, this took place on the second rebellion of James Earl of Douglas, in March, 1454.

feudal power, his political services were in constant requisition. At home, he was successively appointed keeper of the castle of Berwick,\* admiral,† master of the

Earl David seems to have been the first of the nobility upon whom the honour of having a herald was conferred in Scotland.<sup>a</sup> In an Exchequer Roll for 1460, there is mention of the “signifer,” or pursuivant, “Comitis Crawfordiae,” and in a later one, for 1464, a payment is made “Endure, signifero, nunc Lyndesay heraldo nuncupato.”—What is further singular, (observes Mr. Riddell, to whose kind communication I am indebted for this curious fact,) the epithet of the Crawford pursuivant, Endure, (probably by reason of their loyalty, or endurance in the royal cause,) became the motto, or, as it was then styled, “poesy” of the family,—an older origin than can be ascribed to any other of the Scottish mottoes.

The names of many of Earl David’s domestic officers are preserved in the old records, e. g., David Fotheringham, Auchinleck of that ilk, and Stephen Lockhart of Todrik, his shield or armour-bearers,—Dr. James Dickson, canon of Brechin, his chamberlain in 1476, and Mr. Henry Barre, rector of Cullace, in 1487,—Dr. Thomas Lyon, his chaplain,—Dr. Alexander Scott, and Mr. Gilbert Tyrie, rectors of Wigton and Lyne, his clerks, &c.

I fancy he bore his high faculties meekly. Boethius sums up his character in few but emphatic words, as “inter optimos principes quos nostra aetas vidit, jure commemorandus.” Fo. 378, *verso*.

\* For three years, from 17 July, 1473. *Reg. M. Sig.*—“The key in the mouth of the ostrich, the ancient crest of his family, seems to allude to his being governor of Berwick.”—*Mr. M. Stirling*.

† May, 1476. Against the titular earl of Ross, Macdonald of the Isles.—*Buchanan*.

<sup>a</sup> In England, however, George Dunbar, the celebrated (Scottish) Earl of March, at the beginning of the same century, had a pursuivant, under the title of “Shrewsbury,” a proud distinction evidently derived from his so signally conducing to the victory

household,\* chamberlain,† and, conjointly with Huntley, high justiciar of the north of Scotland;‡ while, abroad, he was employed in almost every embassy or public negotiation that took place between England and his native country.||

Nor was he unworthy of, or ungrateful for, these honours. Though, I fear,§ little inclined to sympathise with those elegant and scientific tastes which eventually led to the ruin of his unfortunate sovereign, he was true to him in that bitter hour, when the barons of the South came in arms against their king, and his own son, listening to the lies they told him, sanctioned their rebellion. The unhappy James, to whom it had been foretold that he should fall by his nearest of kin, now saw this prophecy in the direct course of accomplishment.

But

“There are lands beyond Pentland and hills beyond Forth,

Be there lords in the South-land, there’s chiefs in the North!”

and, except the Grays and Drummonds, the whole of the northern nobility were loyal. Many a gay Gordon,

\* Witness as such, 10 Oct. 1482.—*Reg. M. Sig.*

† Witness as Chamberlain, 29 Ap. 1483; and as master of the household and chamberlain, repeatedly till the close of the reign.—*Reg. M. Sig.*

‡ Acts of Parl. 11 Jan. 1487. Vol. ii. 182.

He had also a charter of the hereditary sheriffdom of Angus, on the resignation of Margaret Ogilvie, heiress of Auchterhouse, in 1466.

|| See the records *passim* from 1465 to 1485.

§ From his accession to the raid of Lauder, 1482.

obtained there against Hotspur and his adherents, which fixed Henry IV. upon the throne.—*Letter from Mr. Riddell, &c.*

many a gallant Graham, and many a light Lindsay came thronging to their sovereign's aid at this hour of need, but by none was the summons obeyed with more alacrity than by David earl of Crawford, and David Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a true-hearted veteran, famous in the foreign wars, who appeared at the trysting-place at the head of the chivalry and commons of Fifeshire, as his chief did at the head of those of Angus; their united forces forming a gallant body of six thousand foot and two thousand horse, loyal as their leaders, and "all ready to wair (expend) their lives with them in the king's defence."

Lord Lindsay, in particular, exhorted the king to be of good courage, and advance boldly against the enemy. He was riding upon "a great grey courser," of remarkable spirit and beauty; alighting and making his obeisance to his sovereign, he begged his acceptance of the noble animal, which, he said, had he ado to flee or follow, advance or retreat, "would waur (beat) all the horse of Scotland at his pleasure, if he would sit well,"—a gift which had a consequence little expected by the faithful baron. "So the king," says Pitscottie, "accepted of the horse, and thanked him gladly."

A pacification, however, ensued at Blackness, and James dismissed his host, soon, alas! to reassemble it.

Meanwhile, he created Earl David, duke of Montrose, with a noble testimony to his loyalty—"for often has he," says the royal charter,\* "often and freely—and it

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\* Dated 18 May, 1488. *Reg. M. Sig.*—With the title were granted

was his duty to do so—hazarded his person, his nobles, and his vassals, for the king and crown, and now especially against those faithless lieges convened against the royal standard and majesty at Blackuess.”—It was the first instance of the rank of duke having been bestowed on a Scottish subject, not of the royal family.

Scarcely had James had time to breathe after dismissing his army, when he learnt that his son and the malcontent faction were reassembling their forces and preparing for further treason. True to the end, the northern chiefs rallied once more round the royal banner at Stirling, and, the rebels advancing upon them from Falkirk, the armies met at Sauchieburn, two miles from Stirling, and close to the Bannockburn of Robert Bruce, on the ninth of June, 1488.

But you shall have the narrative of this unhappy day from the lips of our clansman Pitscottie, one of whose principal assistants in the compilation of his chronicle was the brother and successor of the stout Lord Lindsay of the Byres.

“On the morn, that the day brake,” “the king rose with his council and the lords that were with him, and passed forward to the Torwood in arrayed battle. And

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the burgh and town of Montrose, with its rents, customs, port, fishings, &c., to be held on the annual payment of a red rose on the day of St. John the Baptist.—On this creation he added to his arms an escutcheon, argent, charged with a rose, which he carried by way of surtout over his arms.—*Nisbet*.

sic-like the king's enemies, on the other side, came pertly forward to the water of Carron, aboon the bridge thereof, to the number of twelve thousand men, all mounted on horseback. And there came wise men betwixt on every side to treat for peace, but the king, seeing he was so great of power aboon his enemies, would in naways but forward, to be avengit on them wha had risen and rebellit against him. Then the king arrayit his battle, and made forward to the fields, and pat his men in order, as after follows,—that is to say, ten thousand Highland-men, with bows, in the van-guard, the earl of Huntley and the earl of Athol leaders of the said host; syne (then), in the rear-ward, other ten thousand West-land men and Stirlingshire men, and their leaders were my Lord Erskine, the Lord Graham, and the lord of Menteith. The king himself was in the great steall,\* with all the boroughs and commons of Scotland; and on the one wing, on his right hand, passit David earl of Crawford and Lord David Lindsay of the Byres, and with them two thousand horsemen and six thousand footmen, of Fife and Angus,—and on his left hand passit Alexander Lord Ruthven, with all Strathearn and Stormont, to the number of five thousand men.

“Thus, the king being in order and passing forward in arrayit battle, word came to him that his enemies were in sight. Then the king cryit for his horse, whilk

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\* “ The centre, or main body of an army, as distinguished from the wings.”—*Jamieson*.

my Lord Lindsay had given him, and lap (leapt) upon him, and rade to ane knowe (hill-head), to see the manner of their coming. So he saw them in three sundry battles, to the number of six thousand men in every battle; the Humes and Hepburns having the vanguard, and with them in company Merse, and Tiviotdale, and East-Lothian; and next them, Liddlesdale and Annandale, with many of Galloway; and syne came the whole lords that conspirt against the king, and brought with them the prince, to be their buckler and safety, and hastit fast forward with great courage, because they knew the king's facility, that he was neither hardy nor constant in battle. So the king, seeing his enemies coming with his awin (own) banner displayit and his son against him, he rememberit the words whilk the witch had spoken to him many days before, that he should be destroyit and put down by the nearest of his kin—whilk he suspectit then apparently to come to pass; and by the words of the foresaid witch, illusion and enticement of the devil, he took sic ane vain suspicion in his mind, that he hastily took purpose to flee. In the meantime the lords, seeing the king tyne (lose) courage, desirit him to pass by the host while (till) they had foughten the battle.

“By this, the Humes and the Hepburns came so fast upon the king's guard, and on the other side they shot so many and so thick flights of arrows at them, that they hurt and slew many of their horses, and put them aback. But, at the last, the thieves of Annandale came in, shout-

ing and crying, and fearit (frightened) the king so, that he took purpose and rade his way, and thought to win (reach) the town of Stirling; but he, spurring his horse at the flight-speed, coming through the town of Bannockburn, ane woman perceivit ane man coming fast upon horse, she being carryng in water; she ran fast away and left the pig (pitcher) behind her; so the king's horse lap the burn, and slack of free will, wherefra the woman came. And the king, being evil-sitten, fell off his horse before the miln-door of Bannockburn, and so was bruist with the fall, being heavy in armour, that he fell in deadly swoon; and the miller and his wife harled (dragged) him into the miln, and, not knowing what he was, kest him up in ane nook, and covered him with ane cloth."

The king's army, meanwhile, were defeated, but "re-tirit and fled in good order, while (till) they came to the Torwood, and there debatit lang time while (till) the night came, and then they fled away als quietly as they might, part . . . . ., and part to Stirling. But their enemies, on the other side, followit them very sharply, so that there was many ta'en, hurt, and slain of them.

"And by the king's enemies were returning back, the king himself owercame (revived), lying in the miln, and cryit — gif (if) there was any priest, to make his confession. The miller and his wife, then, hearing thir (these) words, enquirit of him what man he was, and what was his name. He happenit to say, unhappily, 'This day, at morn, I was your king!' Then the mill-

ward's wife clappit her hands, and ran furth, and cryit for ane priest. In this meantime ane priest was coming by, (some say he was my Lord Gray's servant,) and he answerit and said, 'Here am I, ane priest; where is the king?' Then the miller's wife took the priest by the hand, and led him in at the miln-door; and how soon the said priest saw the king, he knew him incontinent, and kneelit down on his knees, and speirit (asked) at the king's grace, 'gif he might live gif he had guid leeching?' He answerit him, 'he trowit (believed) he might; but he would have had ane priest to take his advice, and to give him his sacrament.' The priest answerit, 'That shall I do hastily!'—and pullit out ane whinger, and strake him four or five times even to the heart, and syne gat him on his back and had him away. But no man knew what he did with him, nor where he buried him."

Such was the fate of James the Third.\*

The triumphant rebels crowned the young prince, now Scotland's lawful king, at Scone, and proceeded immediately to reward their adherents and punish the loyalists. By a general act rescissory,† Crawford lost his dukedom, which was restored him for his life only;‡ all his offices were of course forfeited. By a subsequent

\* Pitscottie, i. 217—22.

† Passed on the 6th Oct. 1488, (while James the Third was yet alive,) annulling all grants of lands and creations of dignities made since the second of February then last passed.

‡ By charter, 19 Sept. 1489.

measure—they had actually the audacity to bring the adherents of the late king to public trial at Edinburgh—every loyalist noble would have been forfeited, had not the ready ingenuity and courage of Mr. Patrick Lindsay, Lord David's brother, and an eminent "for-speaker," or advocate, of that day, saved them from ruin.

On the appointed day, (January the tenth, 1489,) the accused barons were solemnly arraigned before the king and council assembled in the Tolbooth; Lord Lindsay's name being first specified in the summons, because he had been "the most familiar friend" of the late monarch, "and was frackest (freest) in his opinion, and usit himself most manfully in his defence against his enemies, wherefore the conspirators had most envy at him."

— "Lord David Lindsay of the Byres,"—so ran the "dittay," or bill of indictment—"answer for the cruel coming against the king at Bannockburn with his father, giving him counsel to have devourit the king's grace here present; and to that effect gave him a sword and a good horse, to fortify him against his son. Your answer hereto!"

Now Lord Lindsay, "being ane rash man and of rude language, albeit he was stout and hardy in the fields, and weel exercisit in war," was totally unacquainted with law-forms and usages, and knew not how to answer formally to this accusation, nor could he get any lawyer to speak for him, as they all declined the perilous office of pleading for a traitor. At last, however, wearied with

hearing his name repeatedly called, and the dittay read, he started up and spoke as follows :—

“Ye are all lurdanes,\* my lords ! I say ye are false traitors to your prince, and that I will prove with my hands on any of you whilk hold you best, from the king’s grace down. For ye, false lurdanes ! have caused the king to come against his father in plain battle, where that noble prince was cruelly muredrest (murdered) among your hands by your advice, though ye brought the prince in presence for your behoof, to make him the buckler of your enterprise. Therefore, false lurdanes ! an the king punish you not hastily for that murder, ye will muredress (murder) himself, when ye see time, as ye did his father. Therefore, sir,’ he continued, turning to the young king, who presided in person at the trial, ‘beware of them, and give them no credence, for they that were false to your father can never be true to yourself. Sir, I assure your grace, if your father were yet living, I would take his part, and stand in no awe of thir false lurdanes ; and likewise, if ye had a son that would be counsellit to come in battle against you by evil counsel of false traitors like thir, I wald surely take your part, and fight in your quarrel against them—even with three against six of thir

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\* “ Lurdane, a worthless person, one who is good for nothing, whether man or woman. In the same sense we may understand the following passage,” &c. (quoting the above speech), “although, from its connexion, it perhaps requires a still stronger meaning.”—*Jamieson, Scott. Dict.*

false traitors, wha cause your grace to believe evil of me. Time shall prove me at length to be truer nor (than) any of them."

The chancellor, thinking "he hit them over near, to excense the matter, answerit and spake to the king in this manner:—"Sir, Lord David Lindsay is but ane man of the auld warld, and cannot answer formally, nor yet speak reverently in your grace's presence. Your grace maun (must) be guid to him, and I traist (trust) he will come in your will,'"—and then, turning to the incensed veteran, he recommended him to submit himself to the king's pleasure, and he should be well treated.

"Thir words," says Pitscottie, "were spoken purposely to cause Lord David Lindsay come in the king's will, that it might be ane preparative to all the rest that were under the summons of forfaltry (forfeiture) to follow and to come in the king's will,—and thought to have cuitled (tickled) them off that way.

"But one Mr. Patrick Lindsay, brother-german to the Lord Lindsay, hearing his brother desirit to come in the king's will, was not content therewith; to that effect he strampit sadly on his brother's foot, to gar (make) him understand that he was not content with the desire whilk the chancellor proponit to him. But the stramp of Mr. Patrick Lindsay was so sad on his brother's foot, wha had ane sair tae, that the pain thereof was very dolorous; wherefore he lookit to him, and said, 'Thou art ower pert, loon! to stramp upon my foot; wert thou out of the king's presence, I should take thee on the mouth.'"

Mr. Patrick, disregarding his brother's "vain words," knelt down before the court, and, in the name of God, besought for leave to speak in his brother's behalf, "for although he and I," said he, "have not been at one thir many years, yet my heart may not suffer me to see the native house, whereof I am descendit, perish."

"So the king and the justice gave him leave to speak for his brother. Then the said Mr. Patrick raise aff his knees, and was very blythe that he had obtainit this licence with the king's favour. So he began to speak very reverently in this manner, saying to the haille lords of parliament, and to the rest of them that were accusers of his brother at that time, with the rest of the lords that were in the summons of forfaltry, saying:—'I beseek you all, my lords, that be here present, for His sake that will give sentence and judgment on us all at the last day, that ye will remember that now instantly is *your* time, and *we* have had the same in times bygane, as we may also have hereafter; desiring you to know your awin estate, and that all things are changeable, but God's justice and judgment stands ever firm and stable; therefore now do ye as ye wald be done to in the ministration of justice to your neighbours and brethren, who are accusit of their lives and heritages this day;—whose judgment stands in your hands. Therefore beware in time, and open not the door that you may not steek (shut)!' "

The chancellor then bade him say something in defence of his brother, assuring him that he should have

justice at their hands. Mr. Patrick replied by a protest against the king's sitting in judgment on the case, as a violation of his coronation oath that he would not sit in judgment on his lords and barons in any action in which he was a party himself. "But here," he observed, "his grace is both party, and was at the committing of the crime himself; therefore he ought not, neither be the law of God nor man, to sit in judgment at this time; wherefore we desire him, in the name of God, to rise and depart out of judgment, while (till) the matter be farther disputit, conform to justice."

"Upon this," continues the chronicler, "the chancellor and lords concludit that his petition was reasonable; therefore they desirit the king to rise up and pass to the inner Tolbooth, whilk was very unpleasant to him for the time, being ane young prince, sittand upon seat royal, to be raisit be his subjects. But the lords, thinking shame to break justice, removit him on this manner, and then callit upon Lord David Lindsay and his procurator, Maister Patrick Lindsay, to answer forward to the points of the summons and dittay therein containit."

Then Mr. Patrick, speaking "with humility," yet reminding them not the less, "that we have been in the place wherein ye are now, and it may happen us to have the king and court at our pleasure, as ye have now,"—proceeded to shew that the summons required that the persons specified in it should appear within forty days, "without continuation of days," and that, as forty-one had clapsed, they could not legally be compelled to answer till summoned anew.

The summons was examined, and found to run as Mr. Patrick said; the prisoners were released, therefore, and no further steps were ever taken against them. Lord Lindsay, in particular, was "so blythe at his brother's sayings," that, forgetting his sore toe, and the heavy stramp of Mr. Patrick's foot, he rapturously "burst forth, saying to him,—‘ Verily, brother, ye have fine pyet (magpie) words! I could not have trowit (believed) that ye had sic words. By Saint Mary! ye shall have the Mains of Kirkforthar for your day's labour.’"—The king, as you may suppose, was far from being equally captivated; he told Mr. Patrick, that "he should gar him sit where he should not see his feet for a year," and accordingly threw him into the castle of Rothesay in Bute, where he remained in prison a whole twelvemonth ere he was released.—"The miserable subterraneous dungeon, in which he was confined, is still shewn; it has only a loop-hole, level with the ground, for light and air."\*

I have related this trial at full length, every step of the proceedings throwing light on the extraordinary character of the times.

Both Montrose, however, and Lord Lindsay, were soon afterwards restored to the confidence of the king, who was beginning to reflect with deep remorse on his conduct towards his unhappy father. The duke was appointed a member of the privy council in July, 1489;† the sheriffdom of Angus, of which he had been

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\* "Tales of the Moors," by the authoress of "Selwyn."

† Acts of Parliament.

deprived, was restored to his brother Sir Alexander ;\* while the master of Crawford, in conjunction with Lord Glammis and Lord Gray, was entrusted with the government of that county, both in its highland and lowland districts, and Lord Lindsay and the sheriff of Fife had the same authority given them in that "kingdom."†

Lord Lindsay died in 1492, and the duke of Montrose in 1495, at Finhaven Castle, and was buried with his ancestors at Dundee. He was succeeded by his younger son John, the elder, Alexander master of Crawford, having died childless.‡

\* 9 Feb. 1492.

† Acts of Parl.—Tytler, iv. 341.

‡ Alexander, master of Crawford, married Lady Janet Gordon, Huntley's daughter by Annabella, daughter of James the First, and sister of Catherine, the beautiful "White Rose of Scotland," wife of Perkin Warbeck, then believed to be the real duke of York, and whom she never deserted in all his subsequent misery.

Her brother, Sir William, was ancestor of the Gordons of Gight, whose heiress was Lord Byron's mother.

Of John, fifth earl of Crawford, little is known previous to his death at Flodden. On the rebellion, in 1503, of the Hebridean tribes, who had set up Donald Dhu, the illegitimate descendant of the chiefs of MacDonald, as Lord of the Isles—he was appointed, in conjunction with the earls of Huntley, Argyle, and Marischal, and Lord Lovat, governor of Scotland from Tay to Shetland, (*Acts. Parl.*,) with the command of a military force, to which, after a brief resistance, the Islesmen found themselves obliged to submit. He was also (by inheritance) sheriff of Aberdeen, and is said, in James earl of Balcarres's MS. history of the Lindsays, to have much impaired his estate by his extravagance.

CHAPTER VI.

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"Oh ride with the tidings to the Lady Lindsay's bower,  
And tell her to sigh till her heart it be sore,  
And tell her to weep till her days shall be o'er,  
For a tale of such woe she ne'er heard of before."

BALLAD OF LORD LINDSAY.

"I never read in tragedy or story  
At ane journèy sa mony nobles slain  
For the defence and love of their soverane."

SIR DAVID LINDSAY.

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ON the deaths of Lord David and of John Lord Lindsay without male issue, our friend, Mr. Patriek, succeeded them as fourth Lord Lindsay of the Byres. At the period of the battle of Flodden, he was the Nestor of the senate, and being appointed chancellor, or president of the council, as "the most learned of their number, and of the greatest age, and of the greatest experience amongst them all," made another wise speech to dissuade them from permitting King James to fight in person against the English general, Surrey, who, though of blood proverbially noble, was not certainly, in the political balance of the day, equivalent to a king.

The nobles laid the case before Lord Lindsay, and required his opinion. "My lords," replied the sage old baron, "ye desire my opinion, whether the king shall give battle to England or not at this time. My lords! I will give you forth a similitude, desiring you to know my mind by the same hereafter. I compare your lordships to an honest merchant, who would in his voyage go to the dice with a common hazarder, and there jeopardy a rose-noble on a cast against a gleed (gilt) halfpenny; whilk if this merchant wins, it will be counted little or else nought; but if he tynes (loses), he tynes his honour with that piece of gold,—whilk is of far greater valour. So, my lords! ye may understand by this, ye shall be callit the merchant, and your king the rose-noble, and England the common hazarder who has nothing to jeopardy but a gleed halfpenny—in comparison of your noble king and an auld crookit carle lying in a chariot. And though they tyne him, they tyne but little; but if we jeopardy our noble king at this time with a simple wight, and happen to tyne him, we will be callit evil merchants, and far waur (worse) counsellors to his majesty; for if we tyne him, we tyne the hail realm of Scotland and the nobility thereof, (for none, my lords! have bidden here with us at this time but nobles and gentlemen,)\* so that it is not decent nor seemly for us that we should jeopardy our noble king and his nobility with an auld crookit carle and certain sutors (shoemakers) and

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\* "The commons departed from us for lack of victual."—*Pitscottie*.

tailors with him in company. But better it were to cause the king remove, and certain of his lords with him, and appoint whom he thinks maist expedient to take the matter in hand, and to jeopardy themselves for the king's pleasure and their awin honour, and for the common weal of the country at this time; and if your lordships will conclude in this manner, I hold it best in my opinion."

The barons had agreed in this conclusion, and were appointing leaders to the different divisions of the army "to fight against England, and the king to pass with certain of his nobility a little from the army, where he might see the valiant acts on both sides"—when James, who was present in disguise, interrupted their deliberations with a furious avowal of his determination to fight against England with his own arm, though they had all sworn the contrary; "and as for Lord Lindsay," said he, turning to the venerable statesman, "I vow to God I shall never see Scotland sooner than I shall hang him over his own gate!" a threat which was of course rendered futile by the event of Flodden-field.\*

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\* *Pitscottie*.—"O what a noble and triumphant courage was this!" exclaims Hall, the chronicler, "for a king to fight in a battle as a mean soldier! But what availed his strong harness, the puissance of his mighty champions, with whom he descended the hill, in whom he so much trusted that, with his strong people and great number of men, he was able, as he thought, to have vanquished that day the greatest prince of the world, if he had been there as the earl of Surrey was; or else he thought to do such an high enterprisc himself in his person,

Among those who fell on that disastrous day were our direct ancestor, the gallant young Walter of Edzell,\* and his chief, Earl John of Crawford, who, conjointly with the “gallant Graham” of that day, William earl of Montrose, commanded a dense body of seven thousand, or, according to the author of “Flodden-field,” twelve thousand men, armed with long lances and leaden maces, which did great execution. They formed the second (from the left) of the four great divisions of the Scottish army, facing Thomas Howard the admiral, by whom, supported by Lord Dacre, they were routed and cut to pieces, though “they did what they could to their utmost resistance, in hopes to have bathed their blades in English blood.”†

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that should surmount the enterprises of all other princes. But howsoever it happened, God gave the stroke, and he was no more regarded than a poor soldier; for all went one way. . . . This may be a great mirror to all princees, how that they adventure themselves in such a battle.”

\* Sir Alexander, Walter’s younger brother, was ancestor of the Lindsays of Vainvy and Keithock, in Forfarshire.—King James’s order “to our secretar, and David Lindsay of Edzell, to put order to our lieges and tenants of the earldom of Crawford, Dun, Brechin, Edzell, and Montrose, anent their forthcoming to our army and host,” &c. 19th Oct., is printed in Keith’s History, p. x.

† *Hall. Holinshed*.—Their share in the battle is described as follows in “Flodden-Field,” a rude but curious English poem of the sixteenth century:—

—“And many a Scot that stout did stand  
With dreadful death they did reward.

I do not know whether or not the old lord of the Byres was personally engaged, but David of Kirkforthar led his father's vassals to the field, and perished with his chief and king; of all his followers but one single survivor returned to "the bonnie parks of Garleton."\*

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So Howard, through bold Heron's band,  
Came safe and sound to the vanguard;

Where the Admiral, with strength extent,  
Then in the field fierce fighting was,  
'Gainst whom in battle bold was bent  
Two earls of an antique race.

Tho one Crawford called, the other Montrose,  
Who led twelve thousand Scotchmen strong,  
Who manfully met with their foes,  
With leaden mells and lances long.

There battering blows made sallet sound,  
There many a sturdy stroke was given,  
And many a baron brought to ground,  
And many a banner broad was riven.

But yet in fine, through mighty force,  
The Admiral quit himself so well,  
And wrought so that the Scots had worst,  
For down in field both earls they fell."

\* Fragment of an old ballad, cited by Mr. Miller, "*Baldred of the Bass*," &c. 8vo. 1824:—

"For a' that fell at Flodden-field,  
Rouny Hood of the Hule cam hame."

This David of Kirkforthar must not be confounded with another of the same name, grandson of Patrick the fourth, and younger brother of John the fifth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and the ancestor of the Lindsays of Kirkforthar, now represented in the female line by George Johnstone Lindsay, Esq.

The last of the direct male line was Charles Lindsay, sergeant in

Earl John having left no children, his uncle Sir Alexander of Auchtermenzie, then a very old man, became

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the Perthshire militia, who, on the death of George, twentieth earl of Crawford, assumed the title, as nearest heir-male of the Lindsays of the Byres, but died within a year afterwards.

The fortunes of a branch of this family, which sprang off about the end of the sixteenth century, might be cited as an illustration of King James's argument in defence of Davy Ramsay's gentility, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*:—Cadets of a cadet, the first two or three generations passed their obscure but useful lives as a joiner and a schoolmaster in the good town of St. Andrews; the son of the latter, after serving as an officer in Sir Robert Rich's regiment in Spain till the peace of Utrecht, settled in Edinburgh as an upholsterer, and rose step by step—not to wealth and consideration only, or personal respect, which had been due from the first to his integrity, his extensive knowledge, and general benevolence,—but to the dignities of dean of his guild, lord provost of Edinburgh, and M. P. for that city—in which capacity he distinguished himself both by his spirited personal conduct during the Porteous riot, and by his able speech in his place in parliament against the bill for disfranchising Edinburgh, introduced in consequence of that riot. His patriotism introduced him into the field of literature, as the author of a valuable work entitled “*The Interest of Scotland considered*,” &c.—and his general merits to an immediate alliance with the family of his chieftain, Lord Crawford, in the person of his third wife, Lady Catherine Lindsay.—His son, Lieutenant-Colonel John Lindsay, (of the 33d infantry,) was father of that distinguished officer, the late Major-General Sir Patrick Lindesay, K. B.,<sup>a</sup> in whose person this respectable family has, I am sorry to say, become extinct.

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<sup>a</sup> Sir Patrick, after having been employed, during a course of forty-four years' active service, in almost every quarter of the globe, returned home from India in 1837. . . “For some time he seemed to derive benefit from his native air, and the society of friends and relatives, but the seeds of disease had taken too fatal a hold of his consti-

sixth earl of Crawford, but dying soon after his accession,\* was succeeded by his son David. This powerful nobleman was appointed high justiciar of the North,† and in the contests that ensued between the parties of Queen Margaret and the Regent Albany, adhered steadily to the former interest. After the exile of the Douglasses, he was deprived of the greater part of his estates, and of his lands in the western isles of Scotland; a measure which the earl of Northumberland informed Henry VIII. had engendered so great a hatred in his heart against the Scottish king, that it was believed he

From William Lindsay, younger son of Patrick, fourth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, descended the Lindsays of Pyetstone and of Wormestone, both represented, in the male line, by Sir Henry (Lindesay) Bethune, of Kilconquhar, Bart.

\* On the 14th or 15th of May, 1517. *Treasurer's Accounts*, printed by Mr. Pitcairn in his Criminal Trials, i. \*266.—His daughter was the wife of Archihald Douglas of Kilspindie, son of Bell-the-Cat, earl of Angus, whose story is so beautifully told by Godscroft; see the "Lady of the Lake," canto v. note 12.

† Tytler, v. 92.

tution to enable it to rally; and after a lingering illness he died at Portobello, near Edinburgh, on the 14th of March, 1839, in the sixty-first year of his age.

"Those amongst his military friends, and of the 39th regiment in particular, who best knew this distinguished officer, and whose remembrance of him enables them to trace his progress through the various ranks of his profession, bear a lively recollection of his great worth. He was the very model of a military character; commanding without effort, his presence everywhere inspired respect. In him the simplicity of a soldier was dignified by an elevation of character which a cultivated mind and an

would willingly join with Argyle, Angus, and other disaffected nobles in the English interest.\* Whether he did so or not, I do not know; I believe not, for I find no political mention of him subsequent to this period.

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\* Tytler, 236, 241.

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ardent love of his country and of his profession had acquired for him. And when to this is added that a long intercourse with the world had not chilled the benevolent warmth of his disposition, which to the last displayed itself in acts of great charity, and in the continued exercise of a generous hospitality, it will be felt how great a loss his profession and his friends have sustained by his too early death."—*Fifehire Journal*, May 23, 1839.

## CHAPTER VII.

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“ In court that time was gude David Lindsà ;  
In vulgar tongue he bore the bell that day,  
To make mèter right cunning and expert.”

ROLLAND; PROLOGUE TO “ THE SEVEN SAGES.”

“ I have honest Pitscottie at my elbow.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

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DURING the whole of the reign of King James the Fifth, a gradual change was taking place in the religious sentiments of the people of Scotland ; much of this new spirit is to be attributed, under Providence, to the poems of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, the well-known Lyon King-at-arms, who, an early convert to the principles of Luther, lost no opportunity of inveighing with the keenest irony against the corruptions and superstitious of the church of Rome. Like his kinsman and cotemporary, Lindsay of Pitscottie,\* he aimed at being intelligible to his own countrymen, nor aspired beyond the hope

“ of being remember’d in his line  
With his land’s language ;”

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\* Of Pitscottie little is known except his descent from the Lindsays of Pyetstone, and his birth in the parish of Ceres, Fifeshire, in which

and as both wrote at a period when that language was in its greatest purity, the study of their writings is indispensable to every one who wishes to attain a knowledge of its beauty and energy. They abound too with the most graphic delineations of the manners, superstitions, and prejudices of their age and country.\*

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the small estate, by the name of which, *more Scottico*, he is usually designated, is situated.<sup>a</sup> His chronicle contains the history of Scotland from the commencement of the reign of James the Third, till 1562, and in the materials, says he, I was "instructed, learned, and lately informed" by Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres, Sir William Scott of Balwearie, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, (the famous Scottish admiral,) Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, &c., all of them distinguished gentlemen of the period.—Of the character of the work I need say nothing.<sup>b</sup> The reader cannot have forgotten the frequent familiar epithets with which Sir Walter Scott delighted to honour "honest Pitscottie."

\* Of another poet of the sixteenth century, Christian Lindsay, the fate has been very different.

"When we are dead, that all our days but daffs,  
Let Christian Lindsay write our epitaphs,"

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<sup>a</sup> Christopher Lindsay of Pitscottie was served heir of Robert Lindsay of Pitscottie, his father, in 1592.

<sup>b</sup> I see no reason for considering him guilty of the dedicatory epistle to Robert Stuart, bishop of Caithness, in which this sublime stanza, allusive to the untimely death of James the Second at Roxburgh, by the bursting of a cannon, occurs:—

"But ever, alas! this Roy of great renown,  
When he had brought his realm to great stability,  
East, west, south, north, up and down,  
There was nothing but peace and unity;  
Yet came there a chance most suddenly:—  
This potent prince, this Roy of great renown,  
Was murdered by a misfortunate gun!"

Sir David Lindsay, the representative of an ancient branch of the house of Byres, was born at Garmylton, the family residence in Haddingtonshire, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The estate of the Mount, near Cupar in Fifeshire, by the name of which he is distinguished among his innumerable namesakes, was acquired by his father about 1490.—“In 1512,” says Mr. Fraser Tytler, the accomplished historian of Scotland, to whose “Lives of Scottish Worthies” I refer you for a full and very interesting memoir of the Lyon-king—“he was appointed servitor or gentleman-usher to the prince, afterwards James V.; and in the succeeding year he makes his appearance on a very strange and solemn

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says Montgomery in a sonnet to Hudson; but of the epitaphs for which Lindsay appears to have been celebrated, not one is now known to be extant. The following spirited sonnet, however, addressed by him to the said Hudson, upbraiding him for treachery to Montgomery, has been preserved:—

“Oft have I heard, but efter found it true,  
 That courtiers’ kindness lasts but for a while;  
 Fra once your turns be sped, why then adieu!  
 Your promised friendship passes in exile.  
 But, Robin! faith, ye did me not beguile,  
 I hopit aye of you as of the lave.  
 If thou had wit, thou wald have mony a wile  
 To mak thyself be knawin for a knave.  
 Montgomery, that sic hope did once conceive  
 Of thy guid-will, now finds all is forgotten;  
 Though nought but kindness he did at thee crave,  
 He finds thy friendship, as it ripens, is rotten!”

*Sibbald’s Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, iii. 504. *Lives of Scottish Poets*, du. 1822, vol. iii. p. 143.

occasion. He was standing beside the king in the church at Linlithgow, when that extraordinary apparition took place (immediately before the battle of Flodden) which warned the monarch of his approaching danger, and solemnly entreated him to delay his journey. The scene is thus strikingly described by Pitscottie. "The king," says this author, "came to Linlithgow, where he hap-penit to be for the time at the council, very sad and dolorous, making his devotion to God to send him good chance and fortune in his voyage. And there came ane man clad in a blue gown, in at the kirk-door; beltit about him with a roll of linen cloth, a pair of bootikins on his feet, to the great of his legs, with all other clothes conform thereto; but he had nothing on his head but syde red yellow hair behind, and on his haffets (temples), which wan (reached) down to his shoulders, but his forehead was bald and bare. He seemit to be ane man of fifty years, with a great pike-staff in his hand, and came fast forward amang the lords, crying and speiring (asking) for the king, saying that 'he desirit to speak with him,' while (till) at the last he came to the desk where the king was sitting at his prayers. But, when he saw the king, he made him little reverence or salutation, but leanit down familiarly on the desk before him, and said to him in this manner:—'Sir king, my mother has sent me to thee, desiring thee not to go where thou art purposit; for, if thou do, thou shalt not fare weel in thy journey, nor none that are with thee. Further, she bade thee converse with no woman, nor use their counsel;

for if thou do it, thou wilt be confounded and brought to shame.' By this man had spoken thir words to the king, the even-song was near done, and the king pausit on thir words, studying to give him an answer; but in the meantime, before the king's face, and in presence of all the haill lords that were about him for the time, this man evanishit away, and could no ways be seen or comprehended, but vanishit away as he had been ane blink of the sun, or ane whip\* of the whirlwind, and could no more be seen. I heard say Sir David Lindesay, Lyon herald, and John Inglis, the marshal, who were at that time young men, and special servants to his grace, were standing presently beside the king, who thought to have laid hands on this man, that they might have speirit further tidings at him, but all for nought: they could not touch him, for he vanishit away betwixt them, and was no more seen."†

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\* "*Whip*, Alem. *uipphe*, O. Teut. *wap*, nictus oculi. . . . On this ground, *whip* is to be classed with that variety of terms, denoting a moment, or the smallest portion of time, which are borrowed from the motion of light, or refer to it; as, *Blink*, *Glint*, *Glisk*, *Gliff*, &c."—*Jamieson*.

† "The wondering monarch seemed to seek  
 For answer, and found none;  
 And when he raised his head to speak,  
 The monitor was gone.  
 The marshal and myself had cast  
 To stop him as he outward past;  
 But, lighter than the whirlwind's blast,

“There can be little doubt,” observes Mr. Tytler, “that the mysterious and unearthly-looking personage, who appeared in the royal chapel and vanished like a whip of the whirlwind, was a more substantial spectre than was at that time generally believed. James, with the recklessness which belonged to his character, was hurrying into a war which proved highly disastrous in its consequences, and was highly unpopular with a great proportion of his nobles; and the vision at Linlithgow may have been intended to work upon the well-known superstitions of the monarch. It is even by no means impossible that Sir David Lindsay himself knew more of this strange old man than he was willing to confess; and whilst he asserted to Buchanan the reality of the story, concealed the key which he could have given to the supernatural appearance of the unknown monitor.”

Sir David was for many years the constant playmate and companion of the youthful sovereign. “On no man of his age,” it has been observed, “could the superintendence of moments of such susceptibility have more providentially devolved. Lindsay was a man of elegant taste and grand ideas, as great a philosopher as he was a poet, a detester of abuses and prejudices, and the secret projector of some of the most important improve-

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He vanished from our eyes,  
Like sunbeam on the billow cast,  
That glances but, and dies.”

*Sir David Lindesay's Tale; Marmion.*

ments which soon after took place in the condition of his country.”\*—“He ever,” says Mr. Ellis, “remained a most intimate and confidential friend of James V., which honour he seems to have merited by the affection with which he served him, and by the honest and wise counsels which he never failed to offer him.”

Few passages in his poems are more interesting than those in which he recalls to his sovereign’s recollection the amusements with which he had entertained his infancy:—

“When thou was young, I bore thee in my arm  
Full tenderly, till thou begouth† to gang;  
And in thy bed oft happit‡ thee full warm,  
With lute in hand syne softly to thee sang;  
Some time in dancing fiërcely I flang,  
And sometime playing farces on the floor,  
And sometime on my office taking cure.

And sometime like ane fiend transfigure,  
And sometime like the griesly ghaist of Guy,||  
In divers forms oft times disfigure.”§

And again, in his “Complaint to the King’s Grace,” he reminds him

“How, as ane chapman¶ bears his pack,  
I bore thy grace upon my back,  
And sometimes stridlings on my neck,  
Dancing with mony bend and beck.

\* Lives of Scottish Poets, du. 1822.

† Begun.

‡ Wrapped.

|| Guy earl of Warwick.

§ “The Dreame,” 1528. Works, i. 186.

¶ Pedlar.

The first syllabis that thou did mute\*  
 Was ' Pa Da Lyn ;'† upon the lute  
 Then playit I twenty springs‡ perqueir,||  
 Whilk was great pleasure for to hear."§

Sir David had a memory delightfully stored with ancient lore, and soon made his pupil acquainted with the adventures of Hector, Alexander, Hercules, Troilus, Sampson, and King Arthur ; and when history and romance failed,

" Feignit many a fable"

on the sieges of Tyre, Thebes, and Troy. At one time he would tell him

" Of leal lovers stories amiable ;"

at another, he would recite to him the mysterious prophecies of Bede, Merlin, and Thomas the Rhymer, or initiate him into the enchanting horrors of " Reid Etin,"¶ and the " Gyre Carline."\*\* A discipline of the imagination, which doubtless tended to the realization of that romantic character, which Ariosto has immor-

\* Articulate.

† " Papa, Davie Lindsay," or, as Sir Walter Scott interprets it, " Where's Davie Lindsay ?"

‡ Quick cheerful airs.

|| Accurately, by heart, Fr. *par cœur*.

§ Works, i. 257.

¶ The tale of Reid Etin is mentioned in the " Complaint of Scotland," as a popular story of a giant with three heads.—*Chalmers*.

\*\* " The Gyir Carline is the Hecate, or mother-witch, of the Scottish peasants."—*Jamieson*.

talised in his Zerbino, and Sir Walter in the Knight of Snowdown.

In the midst, however, of these recreations, Sir David never lost sight of the grand object, to which his earliest poetical efforts were all directed, the improvement of the young prince's character, both as a sovereign and a man, and through him that of his countrymen in general.

“ Wherefore, sen thou hast sic capacitie  
 To learn to play sa pleasantly and sing,  
 Ride horse, rin spears, with great audacitie,  
 Shoot with hand-bow, cross-bow and culvering,  
 Amang the rest, Sir, learn to be ane king!  
 Kythe\* on that craft thy pregnant fresh ingyne,†  
 Grantit to thee be influence divine.

And sen the definition of ane king  
 Is for to have of people governance,  
 Address thee first, above all other thing,  
 Till put thy body till sic ordinance,  
 That thy virtue thy honour may advance:  
 For how should princes govern gret regiõnis  
 That cannot duly guide their awin persõnis?

And gif thy grace wald live right pleasantlie,  
 Call thy counçil, and cast on them the cure;  
 Their just decreits defend and fortifie,—  
 But‡ guid counsèl may na prince lang indure;  
 Wark with counsèl, then shall thy wark be sure:  
 Chuse thy council of the maist sapient,  
 Without regard to blude, richès, or rent.

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\* Shew.

† Genius.

‡ Without.

Amang all other pastime and pleasour,  
 Now, in thy adolescent yearis ying,\*  
 Wald thou ilk day study but half an hour  
 The regiment of princely governing,  
 To thy peoplè it were a pleasant thing :  
 There micht thou find thy awin vocatioun,  
 How thou should use thy sceptre, sword, and crown.

The chronicles to knaw I thee exhort,  
 Whilk may be mirror to thy majesty ;  
 There shall thou find baith guid and evil report  
 Of every prince, after his quality :  
 Though they bin† deid, their deidis shall not die ;  
 Traist weel thou shalt be stylit in that storiè  
 As thou deservis, put in memoriè.

Request that Roy, whilk rent was on the rude,‡  
 Thee to defend from deidis of defame,  
 That no poèt report of thee but guid ;  
 For princes' days enduris but as ane dream :  
 Since first King Fergus bure ane diadem,  
 Thou art the last king of five score and five,  
 And all are deid, and nane but thou alive.

Of whose numbèr fifty and five ben slain,  
 And most part, in their awin misgovernance ;  
 Wherefore I thee beseek, my soverane,  
 Consider of their lives the circumstance ;  
 And when thou knows the cause of their mischance,  
 Of virtue then exalt thy sails on hie,  
 Traisting to 'chaip|| that fatal destiny.

\* Young.

† Be.

‡ “ That King, who rent was on the cross.”

|| Escape, Fr. *échapper*.

Treat ilk true baron, as he were thy brother,  
 Whilk maun at need thee and thy realm defend;  
 When suddenly ane doth oppress an other,  
 Let justice mixit with mercy them amend;  
 Have thou their hearts, thou hes enough to spend;  
 And be the contrair, thou'rt but king of bone  
 What time thine heiris\* hearts ben from thee gone.†

\* \* \* \* \*

And finally, remember thou maun die  
 And suddenly pass off this mortal see;  
 Thou art not sicker‡ of thy life twa hours,—  
 Sen from that sentence there is nane may flee,

\* Lords.

† From "The Testament and Complaint of our Sovereign Lord's Papingo, King James the Fift; whilk lies sore woundit, and may not die till everie man have heard what she says; wherefore, gentle reader, haste you that she were out of pain."—Who would not comply with a request so charitable?—Moreover the "Complaint," written in 1529, and Sir David's "first open declaration of war against the abuses of the Romanist religion in Scotland," is, according to Mr. Tytler, a poem, "in point of elegance, learning, variety of description, and easy playful humour, worthy to hold its place with any poem of the period, either English or Scottish."

It was the consideration

"How David Lindsay did complain of old  
 His Papingo her death and sudden end,  
 Ane common soul, whose kind be all is kened,"

that induced King James VI. to endite his "Tragedie of the Phœnix,"—probably, says Sibbald, under the similitude of that fabulous bird, to sketch the matchless beauty and sufferings of his unfortunate mother.

‡ Sure.

King, queen, nor knight, of lawe estate nor hie,  
 But all maun thole of bitter death the showers —\*  
 Where are they gone, thir papes and emperours?  
 Are they not deid?—So shall it fare of thee!"†

Sir David little thought, when writing these noble stanzas, that he was himself to be one of the little company who attended the dying prince at Falkland, and closed his eyes—dying of a broken heart at the early age of thirty-one.—The scene has often been described, but Pitscottie's simple relation, probably from his friend Sir David's own lips,‡ breathes the deepest sadness. A little before he expired, word was brought him that his queen had become the mother of an infant daughter, poor queen Mary.—“It came,” said he, alluding to the

\* “But all must undergo the throes of bitter death.”

† “Exhortation to the Kingis Grace,” at the conclusion of the “Dreme,” 1528.

‡ Or those of John, fifth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, who was also present, and who was one of the four noblemen engaged in neither faction, to whom the charge of the infant Mary was committed after her father's death. He distinguished himself as a soldier at the battle of Ancrum-muir, in 1544; and still more so, by his wisdom, as a peace-maker, on a memorable occasion, between the lords of the congregation and the queen regent, in 1559. See *Pitscottie*.

By his wife, Lady Helen Stewart of Athol, he had a large family, of whom Norman, his third son, was ancestor of the Lindsays of Kilquhiss, now extinct. His daughters, Isabel and Janet, married the famous Norman Lesley, master of Rothes, and Sir George Douglas, the well-known contriver of Queen Mary's escape out of Lochleven Castle.

crown of Scotland, “with a lass, and it will go with a lass,” “and so he commendit himself to the almighty God, and spoke little from henceforth, but turned his back to his lords and his face to the wall.” When the last cold chill came over him, “he turnit him upon his back, and lookit, and beheld all his lords about him, and gave ane little laughter, syne kissit his hand, and gave it to all his lords round about him, and thereafter held up his hands to God, and yieldit the spirit.”

It must have been a sweet remembrance to Sir David ever after, that the love and respect of his beloved sovereign had never chilled, never varied, even when, in manhood, he addressed him advice as uncourtly, and rebukes (when he needed them) as severe, as those he so freely lavished on the vices of the subjects and the corruptions of the church—a subject to which I must now call your attention.

At no period in our history were the ignorance, arrogance, and profligacy of the clergy so conspicuous as during the first years of the sixteenth century; while many could hardly read, fewer understand their breviaries,\* they aimed at the highest offices in the state,

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\* Pitscottie tells an amusing story of Archbishop Foreman, who fairly broke down in saying grace at a dinner he gave the pope and cardinals on leaving Rome for Scotland, whither he had been appointed legate by Julius II. “He was not a guid scholar, nor had not guid Latin, but began rudely after the Scottish fashion, saying ‘Benedicite,’ believing that they should have said ‘Dominus,’ but they answerit ‘Deus,’ in the Italian fashion, whilk pat the bishop by his intendment, that he wist

wallowed in riches, and lived in open defiance of decency and morality. Such conduct in the ministers naturally weakened the attachment of the people to the faith; but if a hint of disapprobation escaped any one, he was instantly branded as a heretic and consigned to the flames. To all but the learned, the Scriptures, the only source of truth, were as a sealed fountain; the possession or use of a translation was accounted heretical, and in consequence the laity, in general, knew nothing of the doctrines and precepts of their religion, but what the

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not how to proceed forward, but happenit in guid Scots in this manner, saying (whilk they understood not), ' the divel I give you all, false cardinals to *in nomine patris, filii et spiritus sancti, Amen!* Then all the bishop's men leuch (laughed), and also the cardinals themselves, and the pope enquirit whereat they leuch, and the bishop shew that he was not a guid clerk, and that his cardinals had put him by his text and intendment, therefore he gave them all to the devil in guid Scots, whereat the pope himself leuch very earnestly."

On one occasion, when King James was holding his court in the midst of his nobles and prelates, Sir David, who never let an opportunity escape him of satirising the powerful and luxurious ecclesiastics, approached him with due reverence, and besought his majesty to instal him in an office which was then vacant. " I have," said he, " servit your grace lang, and luik to be rewardit, as others are; and now your master tailor, at the pleasure of God, is departit; wherefore I wald desire of your grace to bestow this little benefit upon me."—The king replied that he was amazed at such a request from a man that could neither shape nor sew. " Sir," rejoined Sir David, " that makes na matter; for you have given bishoprics and benefices to mony standing here about you, and yet they can neither teach nor preach; and why may not I as weel be your tailor, though I can neither shape nor sew?"

priests chose to impart to them. Many, however, were beginning to search the Scriptures, while pity for those the clergy had condemned to the stake, and admiration of the fortitude with which they bore their sufferings, induced others to enquire what the tenets were, which could inspire these martyrs with such unbounded faith and constancy. This led to more conversions, and thus the very measures, adopted by these bigots to repress the spirit of reformation, recoiled, by divine providence, against themselves.\*

Sir David, more fortunate than many of his fellow-reformers, seems never to have fallen under the power of the clergy, who were too much exasperated by the sting of his satire to have spared their enemy had revenge been attainable.

The "Dreme," the earliest of his writings, appeared in 1528, and from that year till his death, a series of poems, blending the attractions of rich imagery with philosophical argument, and the keenest, though often, it must be confessed, the coarsest invective,† issued

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\* John Knox has recorded the sarcastic and almost prophetic advice of one John Lindsay, "a merry gentleman," to Cardinal Beaton and his brother persecutors, as they were consulting on the propriety of continuing the executions.—"My lords, if ye burn any more, except ye follow my counsel, ye will utterly destroy yourselves; if ye will burn them, let it be in howe (lowe) cellars, for the reek (smoke) of Mr. Patrick Hamilton hath infected as many as it blew upon."—"Thus," adds the reformer, "it pleased God that they should be taunted in their own faces."—*History*, &c. p. 15.

† The most remarkable of these is his "Satire of the Three Estates,

from his prolific pen, and were read, says Dr. MacCrie, "by every man, woman, and child in Scotland;" preparing

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in commendation of virtue and vituperation of vice," a most extraordinary drama, in which the vices of the clergy and the laity are lashed with the most poignant satire; "the spirit," indeed, "of Aristophanes," observes Sir Walter Scott, "in all its good and evil, seems to have actuated the Scottish King-at-arms. It is a singular proof," continues Sir Walter, "of the liberty allowed to such representations at the period, that James V. and his queen repeatedly witnessed a piece in which the corruptions of the existing government and religion were treated with such satirical severity."

The performance, like that of the ancient drama, took place under the open heaven, in situations where advantage could be taken of a natural amphitheatre; at Cupar, in 1535, the verdant esplanade in front of the castle was the scene of representation; in 1540, it was acted in the open fields by desire of the king, who, with the queen and the ladies of the court then resident at Linlithgow, attended the representation; at another time, it was acted "in the amphitheatre of St. Johnstone," or Perth; and, in 1554, was performed "at the playfield of Greenside, at the bottom of the Calton-hill," in presence of the queen regent and ane greit part of the nobility, with an exceeding great number of people, lasting fra nine hours afore noon till six hours at even."

The following letter, dated 26th January, 1540, from Sir William Evers, envoy of Henry VIII. to Scotland, to the lord privy seal of England, gives a curious account of this play, as it had then been performed "in the feast of Epiphany at Linlithgow, before the king, queen, and the whole council, spiritual and temporal. In the first entries, comes in Solace, (whose part was but to make merry, sing ballads with his fellows, and drink at the interludes of the play,) who shewed first to all the audience the play to be played.—Next come in a king, who passed to his throne, having no speech to th' end of the play; and then to ratify and approve as in plain parliament, all things

the ground, as another writer has remarked, for the seed of reformation afterwards sown by John Knox. The

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done by the rest of the Three Estates. With him come his courtiers, Placebo, Pickthank, and Flattery, and sic alike guard,—one swearing he was the lustiest, starkest, best proportionit and most valiant man that ever was; another swore he was the best with long-bow, cross-bow, and culverin,—and so forth. Thereafter there come a man armed in harness, with a sword drawn in his hand, a bishop, a burgess-man, and Experience, clad like a doctor,—who set them all down on the dais under the king. After them come a poor man, who did go up and down the scaffold, making a heavy complaint that he was herriet through the courtiers' taking his feu in one place, and his tacks in another; wherethrough he had skailed his house,<sup>a</sup> his wife and children begging their bread,—and so of many thousands in Scotland; saying there was no remedy to be gotten, as he was neither acquainted with controller nor treasurer. And then he looked to the king, and said he was not king in Scotland, for there was another king in Scotland, that hanged John Armstrong with his fellows, and Sym the laird, and mony other mo, but he had left one thing undone. Then he made a long narration of the oppression of the poor by the taking of the corps-present beasts,<sup>b</sup> and of the herrying of poor men by the consistory law, and of many other abusions of the spirituality and church. Then the bishop raise and rebuked him. Then the man of arms alleged to the contrary, and commanded the poor man to go on. The poor man proceeds with a long list of the bishops' evil practices, the vices of the cloisters, &c. This proved by Experience, who from a New Testament shews the office of a bishop. The man of arms and the burgess-man approve of all that was said against the clergy, and allege the expediency of a reform with the consent of parliament. The bishop dissents.

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<sup>a</sup> Given over keeping house.

<sup>b</sup> "Mortuary, or funeral gift to the church, in recompense, as was pretended, for any thing that had been omitted or withheld by the deceased."—*Jamieson*.

restoration of the christian faith to its pristine purity, the emancipation of his countrymen from mental and priestly bondage, and the amelioration of their political and social condition,\* were the objects to which he de-

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The man of arms and the burgess said they were two and he but one, wherefore their voice should have most effect. Thereafter the king in the play ratified, approved, and confirmed all that was rehearsed."—*Ency. Brit. Supp. art. Drama.*

An underplot of a less serious description is carried on throughout this curious composition, by the introduction of Common Theft as a borderer come to Fife to steal the earl of Rothes' best hackney and Lord Lindsay's brown jennet; the marauder is taken, and, in violation of Horace's precept, executed on the stage, after uttering a ludicrously pathetic lament on his hard fate, and a farewell to his brother reivers of the border dales.

\* The following beautiful lament over the inefficacy of Sir David's exertions on one important point, occurs in Henry Charteris's preface to his edition of his collected works :—

"What labours tuik he that the lands of this country might be set out in feus after the fashion of sindry other realms, for the encrease of policy and riches! But what has he profitit? For when ane puir man, with his haill race, has labourit their lives on ane little piece of ground, and brought it to some point and perfection, then must the laird's brother, or his kinsman or sirname, have it, and the puir man, with his wife and bairns, must be shut out to beg their meat! He that tuik little labours on it maun enjoy the fruits and commodities of it; he maun eat up the sweat and labours of the puir man's brows. Thus the puir dare mak no policy nor bigging (building), in case they big themselves out. But although men wink at this and overluik it, yet He sits abune that sees it and shall judge it. He that hears the sighs and complaints of the puir oppressit, shall not for ever suffer it unpunishit."

voted his life; these he contributed greatly to effect, and the endearing recollection of his name so long entertained among the peasantry of Scotland, shews what an influence he possessed over the minds of their ancestors. His works, with Barbour's Bruce and Blind Harry's Wallace, formed till recently the poetical library of every cottage north of the Tweed; their popularity was unbounded, and many persons were living within the memory of man, who could repeat long passages from them by heart. They were esteemed such treasures of accurate information and sound wisdom on all subjects, that to say "Ye'll no find that in Davie Lindsay," was tantamount to the strongest expression of incredulity.\* The description of a cottage of the elder

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—"What has he written also agains this heriald (heriot) horse, devisit for mony pur man's hurt? But wha has demittit it? Finally what oppression or vice has he not reprovit? But this shall suffice for example."

\* The proverb, "Out o' Davie Lindsay into Wallace," arose from the poems of Blind Harry and Sir David having been commonly read as class-books in the schools.—So in Pennycuick's description of a Scottish cottar's fireside,

"My mither bade her eldest son say,  
What he'd by heart o' Davie Lindsay."

"Almost within my remembrance," says Mr. Heron in his travels in Scotland, "Davie Lindsay was esteemed little or no less necessary in every family than the bible. It was common to have by memory great part of his poetry."

time is not considered complete without the ploughmen "reading Wallace and Bruce, or Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,"\* and among the few books which the lamented John Leyden† and Dr. Alexander Murray‡ met with in their youthful researches among the shepherds' cottages, were the poems of "Davie Lindsay."||

I am tempted to insert here Mr. Tytler's admirable analysis of "Squire Meldrum"—the last romance of chivalry—Sir David's most pleasing work, and one which, as supplying a vivid picture of the manners of the times, is esteemed by Mr. Tytler, "particularly valuable and interesting."

"In Colvil's Scotch Hudibras, which was first published in 1691, Lindsay's poems are mentioned as a part of Ralpho's library—

' There lies books and here lies ballads,  
As Davie Lindsay and Gray-steel,  
Squire Meldrum, Bevis, and Adam Bell.' "

*Chalmers.*

May I not add to these *testimonia* that of Andrew Fairservice?—"Gude help him, ae blaud o' Davie Lindsay wad ding a' he ever clerkit!"

\* Edin. Mag. vol. xi. p. 659.

† Life, by Morton.

‡ Chambers' Edin. Journal.

|| Perhaps Mr. Ellis has taken the fairest estimate of his merits. "At the head of the Scottish poets of this period stands Sir David Lindsay of the Mount. In his works we do not often find either the splendid diction of Dunbar or the prolific imagination of Gawin Douglas. Perhaps, indeed, the *Dream* is his only composition that can be cited as uniformly poetical; but his various learning, his good sense, his perfect knowledge of courts and of the world, the facility of his versification,

“It was composed,” says that gentleman, “about the year 1550, and contains a biography of a gallant feudal squire of those days, drawn up from his own recital by the affectionate hand of his friend and contemporary.

With help of Clio I intend,  
 Sa Minerve would me sapience lend,  
 Ane noble Squyer to describe,  
 Whose doughtiness during his lyfe  
 I knew myself, thereof I write,  
 And all his deeds I dare indite,  
 And secrets that I did not know  
 That noble Squire to me did show.  
 So I intend the best I can  
 Describe the deeds, and eke the man\*.

“We have accordingly the birth, parentage, education, adventures, death, and testament of ‘Ane noble and valiant Squire, William Meldrum, umquhyle (lately) Laird of Cleish and Binns.’ We first learn that he was of noble birth.

Of noblesse lineally descendit  
 Whilk their gude fame has aye defendit.  
 Gude Williame Meldrum he was named,  
 Whose honour bricht was ne’er defamed.

“After having been educated in all the exercises of

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and, above all, his peculiar talent of adapting himself to readers of all denominations, will continue to secure to him a considerable share of that popularity, for which he was originally indebted to the opinions he professed no less than to his poetical merit.”

\* Poems, vol. ii., p. 245.

chivalry, this noble squire began his 'vassalage' at twenty years of age. His portrait at this time is prepossessing. His countenance was handsome, his expression cheerful and joyous, his stature of middle height, his figure admirably proportioned, yet strong and athletic; his manners were amiable, and his love of honour and knightly deeds so ardent that he determined to win his spurs both in England and in France.

Because he was so courageous,  
Ladies of him was amorous.  
He was ane lover for a dame,  
Meek in chalmer like a lamb;  
But in the field ane campioun,  
Rampannd like ane wild lyoun.

"At this moment James IV. had dispatched a fleet to assist his ally the King of France against the attack of Henry VIII. It conveyed an army of three thousand men, commanded by the earl of Arran, whilst the office of admiral was entrusted to Gordon of Letterfury. Under Arran young Squire Meldrum determined to commence his warlike education, and an adventure soon occurred which is strongly characteristic of the times. In passing the coast of Ireland a descent was made upon Carrickfergus, which was taken and sacked with great barbarity. In the midst of those dreadful scenes which occur under such circumstances, a young and beautiful lady had been seized by some of the brutal soldiery, and was discovered by Meldrum imploring them to spare her life, and what was dearer to her than life, her honour. They

had stript her of her rich garments, and she stood helpless and almost naked when this brave youth flew to her assistance, and upbraided them for their cruelty and meanness. He was instantly attacked by the ruffians, but the struggle ended in his slaying them both, and saving the lady from the dreadful fate which seemed impending over her. The description of her dress is graceful and curious :—

Her kirtle was of scarlet red,  
Of gold ane garland on her head  
Decorit with enamelyne,\*  
Belt and brochis of silver fyne.

“ Scarce had Squire Meldrum rescued this beautiful and unknown lady than the trumpet sounded, and it became his duty to hurry on board. But his noble and generous conduct had made an impression on her which can be easily imagined. To be saved from death and dishonour, to see her deliverer only for a moment, but to see enough of him in that brief interval to be convinced that he was the very mirror of youthful beauty and valour, all this was what few gentle hearts could resist, and we do not wonder when she throws herself in a transport of gratitude and admiration at his feet, informs him of the high rank of her father, and in very unequivocal terms offers him her hand and her heart. But it might not be ; Squire Meldrum dared not desert the banner of his lord the high admiral ; he must

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\* Enamel.

pass on to take his fortune in France. ‘Ah!’ said the lady, ‘if it must be thus, let me dress myself as thy page, and follow thee but for love?’ ‘Nay; thou art too young to be thus exposed to danger,’ said Meldrum; ‘but let this warlike expedition be brought to an end, and when the peace is made, I will be right glad to marry you.’

Ladie, I say you in certane,  
Ye shall have lufe for lufe agane,  
Trewlie unto my lifis end.  
Farewell, I you to God commend.

“Meldrum now embarks, after having received a love-token from his mistress, a rich ruby set in a ring, and the fleet reaches the shores of Brittany, where the army is disembarked, and the squire entrusted with the command of five hundred men. ‘Harry the Eighth of England,’ pursues the history, ‘was at that time lying with his army at Calais, making war on the realm of France; and although there was no pitched battle, yet daily skirmishing took place between the hosts, for the king of France with his great army was encamped near hand in Picardy. Squire Meldrum hearing of this, immediately chose a hundred spears, the best men in his company, and riding to the French quarters, was courteously received by the king.’ It chanced that at this moment there was amongst the English a hardy and excellent soldier, named in the story Maister Talbart, probably Talbot, who used to stalk about with ‘silver tokens of war’ in his bonnet, speaking somewhat lightly of the French, and proclaiming

that, for his lady's sake, he was ready to break his spear with any man who would accept his challenge. His defiance had not been answered previous to Meldrum's arrival in the camp. Talbart next addresses the Scots, and the young squire, without a moment's hesitation, takes up his gage :—

And when the Squyer Meldrum  
Hard tell this campoun was come,  
Richt hastily he past him till  
Demanding him what was his will ?  
Forsooth, ' I can find none,' quoth he,  
' On horse or foot dare fecht\* me.'  
' Then,' said he, ' it wer great schame  
Without battle ye should pass hame,†  
Therefore to God I make a vow  
The morne myself shall fight with yow.'

“ Talbot, an experienced champion, with an iron frame and great skill in his weapons, dissuades the young adventurer from a contest in which he represents him as certain to lose his life. Meldrum, however, derides his assurance, and assures him that, with the assistance of God, he trusts to tame his pride :—

' I trust that God shall be my guide,  
And give me grace to stanche thy pride,'  
Tho thou wert great as Gow Mak Morne.‡

“ The Englishman now returns to his brethren in the camp, and informs them of the combat which he is to

\* Fight.

† Home.

‡ Gaul, the son of Morni.

have on the morrow with a young Scot, whose pride he means to take down.

He showed his brethren of his land  
How ane young Scot had taen on hand  
To fecht with him beside Montreuil,  
' Bot I trust he shall pruiſe the fuil.'  
Quoth they, ' the morn that ſall we ken,  
The Scots are haldin\* hardie men.'†

“When, continues Lindsay, it was reported to Monsieur D'Aubigny that the squire had taken on hand to fight with Talbart, he greatly commended his courage, and requesting his presence in his tent, interrogated him upon the subject. Meldrum then modestly acknowledged that he had for the honour of Scotland undertaken that battle; adding, that were he as well horsed as he was armed, he had little doubt of the victory. Upon this D'Aubigny sent through the host, and collecting a hundred horse, bade the squire select the steed which pleased him best. He did so accordingly, and lightly leaping on his back, pushed him to his speed and, checking him in his career, declared that no horse in the world could run more pleasantly. The picture of the youthful warrior setting out for the combat all armed except the head, with his helmet borne before him by his squire, is charmingly given:—

He took his leave, and went to rest.  
Then early in the morn him drest

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\* Esteemed,      † Poems, vol. ii. p. 257.

Wantonly in his warlike weed,  
 All bravely armed, except the head.  
 He leapt upon his courser good,  
 And proudly in his stirrups stood.  
 His spear and shield and helm was borne  
 By squyers that rode him beforne;  
 A velvet cap on head he bare,  
 A coif of gold confined his hair.

\* \* \* \* \*

The squyer bore into his shield  
 An otter in a silver field.  
 His horse was barded full richlie,  
 Covered with satin cramosie.  
 Then forward rode this campioun  
 With sound of trumpet and clarioun,  
 And speedilie spurrit o'er the bent,  
 Like Mars, the god armipotent.

“Talbart, in the meantime, is greatly disturbed by a dream, in which he sees a great black otter rise from the sea, and fiercely attack him, pulling him down from his horse. He relates the vision to his friends, who ridicule his consternation; and, ashamed of his weakness, he arms himself at all points, and mounting his horse, proceeds to the lists. The arrangement of the lists, and the meeting of the combatants, is extremely spirited.

Than clariouns and trumpettis blew,  
 And weiriouris\* mony hither drew;  
 On everie side come monie† man,  
 To behald wha the battel wan.‡

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\* Warriors.

† Many a man.

‡ Won.

The field was in a meadow grene,  
 Where everie man might weill be sene.  
 The heraldis put thame sa in ordour,  
 That na man past within the bordour,  
 Nor pressit to come within the grene,  
 Bot heraldis and the campiounis kene.  
 The ordour and the circumstance  
 Wer lang to put in remembrance.  
 When thir twa nobill men of weir  
 Wer weill accouterit in thair geir,\*  
 And in their handis strang bourdounes,†  
 Then trumpets blew, and clariounis;  
 And heraldis cryit, hie on hicht,‡  
 Now let them go—God schaw the richt!||  
 Then speedilie they spurrit their hors,  
 And ran to uthers with sic fors,  
 That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw.

“Thus slightly modernised.

Then clarions bray'd, and trumpets blew,  
 And many a warrior hither drew,  
 Princes and peers, a glorious sight,  
 To crowd the lists, and view the fight.  
 The field was fenced in meadow green,  
 Where every man might well be seen,  
 All duly marshall'd row on row—  
 An awful and resplendent show.  
 To pass the barrier none might dare,  
 The champions twain alone were there,  
 In burnished weed from head to heel,  
 Enclosed in panoply of steel.

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\* Warlike habiliments.

† Strong spears.

‡ Height.

|| The right.

§ Against each other.

Sudden the trumpets sounded clear ;  
In rest was placed the ready spear ;  
The solemn heralds cried on height,  
Pass on, and God defend the right !  
Then flying forward, fleet as wind,  
With slacken'd rein and head inclin'd,  
Unswerving, and with giant force,  
The warriors met in middle course.

“ After an obstinate contest, Talbart's dream is realised : he is vanquished, and thrown to the earth with such force that his companions believe him dead. ‘ Then it was,’ says the legend, ‘ that the squire leaped lightly from his horse, and taking the wounded knight in his arms, courteously supported and comforted him ; but when he looked up and saw his shield, with the device of an otter upon a silver field, “ Ah,” said he, “ now hath my dream proved true : your's is the otter that hath caused me to bleed ; but never shall I just again. Here, therefore, according to our agreement, I yield to thee both horse and harness.” ’

Then said the squire most courteously  
I thank you, brother, heartily ;  
But nothing from thee must I take,—  
I fight for love and honour's sake ;  
Who covets more is but a churl,  
Be he a belted knight or earl.

“ Delighted with these noble sentiments, the captain of the English takes Meldrum by the hand, and leads him into the pavilion, where he is served with a sumptuous collation, and highly commended by all for his

valour and generosity. Meanwhile, Talbart's wounds are dressed; and the squire, before taking his leave, embraces him with tenderness, and bids him be of good cheer, for this was but the chance of arms. He then mounts his horse, and returns to his own camp, where he is received with much honour.

“ From Picardy the squire proceeded to Normandy, as the navy of Scotland was still lying on that coast; and finding little opportunity of gaining distinction, he put himself at the head of a company of a hundred and sixty men-at-arms,—

Enarmed well, like men of weir,  
With hackbut, culvering, pike, and spear;

and returned to Amiens, where Lewis of France was then encamped. As the war had terminated, however, he found no military employment; and although much courted in France, and ‘asked in marriage by a lady of great possessions,’ youth made him so ‘light-headed,’ that he did not choose to wed; and having fitted out a ship for himself and his soldiers, well furnished with ‘artillery, bow, and speir,’ besides the best wine that he could select, he set sail from Dieppe for Scotland. On the voyage, he was borne down upon by an English privateer, of far greater size and strength than his own vessel; yet he disdained to attempt an escape; and, after a desperate engagement, captured the hostile galzeon, by boarding her. He then continued his voyage; and, on his arrival in Scotland, was welcomed home with much delight, and feasted by all his friends.

Out thro the land then sprang the fame  
 That Squyer Meldrum was come hame.  
 When they heard tell how he debaitit,  
 With every man he was so traitit,  
 That when he travelled thro the land  
 They feasted him fra hand to hand,  
 With great solace, till, at the last,  
 Out thro Strathern the Squyer past;  
 And as it did approach the night,  
 Of ane castell he got a sight,  
 Beside a mountain in a vale;  
 And there after his long travail,  
 He purposit him to repos,\*  
 Whereat his men did much rejois.†  
 Of this triumphant pleasant place  
 A lovely ladie mistress was,  
 Whose lord was dead short time before,  
 Wherethrow her dolour was the more;  
 But yet she took some comforting  
 To hear the pleasant dulce talking  
 Of this young squyer, of his chance,  
 And how it fortun'd him in France.

“The manners of the times are strongly marked in  
 the passage describing the squire’s bedchamber.

He found his chalmer weill arrayit  
 With dornik‡ work, on board displayit.  
 Of venisoun he had his waill,||  
 Gude aquavitæ, wine, and aill,  
 With noble comfits, bran, and geill;§  
 And so the squyer fared right weill.

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\* Repose.

† Rejoice.

‡ Napery.

|| Choice.

§ Brawn and jelly.

“This adventure concluded, as might be expected, in the gallant Meldrum gaining the heart of this young widow ; but discovering that he is related to her late husband, they delay the marriage till a dispensation can be procured from Rome. Meanwhile, as they have plighted their troth to each other, he remains at the castle.

And sa he levit pleasantlie  
Ane certain time with his ladie :  
Sometime with hawking and hunting,  
Sometime with wanton horse rinning ;  
And sometime, like ane man of weir,  
Full galzeardlie wald rin ane speir.  
He wan the prize above them all,  
Baith at the butts and the futeball ;  
Till every solace he was abill,  
At cartis and dyce, at chess and tabill ;  
And gif ye list, I shall yow tell  
How he besiegit ane castell.

“Into the particulars of this siege we may not enter ; but messengers having arrived in Strathern to inform his beautiful mistress that a baron, named Macfarlane, had violently occupied one of her castles in the Lennox, the squire declares his determination to proceed instantly against him.

Intill his hart there grew sic ire,  
That all his body brint like fire,  
And swore it suld full dear be sald,  
Gif he should find him in that hald.\*

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\* Swore if he found him in that hold it should be a dear purchase.

“The squire now arms himself, assembles his men, and with his lady’s right-hand glove in his helmet, rides day and night till he reaches the castle, which, after an obstinate defence, he carries by escalade, exhibiting as much clemency in sparing Macfarlane when he lay in his power, as he had shown courage and martial skill in the siege.

And so this squyer amorous  
Siegit and won the ladies house,  
And left therein a capitane,  
Then to Strathern returned agane,  
Where that he by his fair ladie  
Receivit was full pleasantlie.

“In the midst of this solace there occurs a sudden and melancholy change, which is thus sweetly introduced by Lindsay—

Of warldlie joy it is weill kenn’d  
That sorrow bene the fatal end;  
For jealousy and false envie  
Did him persew richt cruellie.  
I marvel not tho it be so,  
For they were ever lovers’ foe.

“Stirling of Keir, a cruel knight, who possessed an estate near this lady’s castle, in Strathern, had, it seems, determined that a gentleman of his acquaintance should marry her, and disappointed in his hopes by the arrival of Squire Meldrum, he lays a cowardly plot for his destruction. Accordingly, when about to cross the ferry between Leith and Fife, on his return from Edinburgh,

where he had been called by business, he finds himself beset by his mortal enemy, with a party of sixty men. Yet, although only eight servants were in his company, such is his indomitable valour, that he disdains to fly ; and, after a desperate contest, is left for dead on the field, bathed in his blood, and almost cut to pieces by unnumbered wounds. Anthony D'Arcy, Seigneur de la Bastie, a French knight of great valour and accomplishment, was, at this moment, lieutenant or sub-governor of Scotland, appointed by the Duke of Albany, then regent. He happened to be passing with his suite near the spot where the unfortunate Meldrum had been left by his cruel assailants, and instantly ordering a pursuit, and personally engaging in it, he apprehended the assassin, and had him lodged in ward, before a few hours had elapsed. Before, however, the trial came on, he was himself most cruelly waylaid and murdered by Hume of Wedderburn ; and Meldrum, who now slowly recovered from his wounds, had the mortification to see his mortal enemy liberated from confinement, and to hear that his lovely mistress had been compelled to marry, in spite of the strongest resistance on her side. When the squire lay so grievously wounded in his lodging, the wisest physicians in the country are described as flocking unsought to give him their advice ; and so ably did he profit by their attendance and instructions, that, in the course of his recovery, he himself became an expert ' leech,' and greatly benefited the poor by prescribing for them.

The greatest leeches of the land  
 Came to him all without command,  
 And all practikis on him provit,  
 Because he was sa weill belovit;  
 They took on hand his life to save,  
 And he them gave what they would have;  
 But he sa lang lay into pane,  
 He turned to be ane chirurgiane;  
 And als by his natural ingyne,\*  
 He learned the art of medicine.  
 He saw them on his bodye wrocht,  
 Wherefor the science was dearlie bought.  
 But afterward when he was haille  
 He sparit na cost, nor yet travail,  
 To prove his practicks on the pure,  
 And on them workit many a cure.†

“Greatly weakened in his constitution by his wounds, but bearing a high reputation, not only for warlike experience, but civil wisdom, Meldrum was courted by” Patrick Lord Lindsay of the Byres,‡ “an ‘aged lord,’ who delighted in his company, and prevailed on him to become his chief marshall, and auditor of his accounts.” He was also made sheriff-depute of Fife, and proved not only an equal judge and generous friend to the poor, but, from his wonderful knowledge of medicine, he delighted in visiting those who were sick or wounded, and distributing to all his advice and his medicines without recompense. The conclusion shows in a very pleasing

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\* Genius.

† Poems, vol. ii. p. 300.

‡ Our old acquaintance, “Mr. Patrick” of the stramping foot.

manner his faithfulness to those vows which he had so solemnly made to his betrothed mistress in Strathern—

Then each year, for his lady's sake,  
A banquet royal he would make,  
With wild fowl, venison, and wine,  
With tart, and flam, and frutage fine ;  
Of bran or geill there was no scant,  
And Ippocras he wald not want.  
I have seen sitting at his tabill  
Lords and lairdis honorabill,  
With knightis and mony a gay squyar,  
Which were too lang for to declair ;  
With mirth, musick, and minstrelsy.  
All this he did for his ladie,  
And for her sake, during his life,  
Wad never be weddid till ane wife.  
And when he did decline to age  
He faillit ne'er of his courage.  
Of ancient stories for to tell,  
Above all other he did precell ;  
So that everilk crëature  
To hear him speak took great pleasure.

“After some years this illustrious squire was seized with a mortal illness, and expired at the Struther in Fife, the castle of his noble friend and patron, Lord Lindsay. During his sickness, however, he had leisure to write his testament, which has been thrown into verse by Sir David Lindsay with much spirit and beauty. It is a remarkable production, and, independent of its poetical merit, which is of a high kind, may be studied with advantage as an authentic picture of a dying warrior of

those times. It breathes from beginning to end the soul of chivalry. First, we have the squire's acknowledgment of the instability and brevity of all human existence ;— my body, says he, is now weak, I plainly feel I am about to pay my debt to nature ; but I here resign to God my spirit which he hath made immortal.

My spreit hartlie I recommend,  
 In manus tuas, Domine ;  
 My hope to thee is to ascend,  
 Rex ! quia redimisti me.  
 From sin resurrexisti me,  
 Or else my saul had been forlorn !  
 With sapience docuisti me—  
 Blest be the hour that thou wast born.

“ Having declared his faith and trust in God, he proceeds to nominate three noble lords, all of the name of Lindsay, to be his executors ;—David, earl of Crawford, John, Lord Lindsay, his ‘ master special,’ and Sir Walter Lindsay Lord St. John, a noble travelled knight.\* ‘ I do

\* Younger brother of Patrick, the fourth, and uncle of John, the fifth Lord Lindsay of the Byres,—

“ The wise Sir Walter Lindsay they him call ;  
 Lord of St. John, and knight of Torphicane,  
 By sea and land ane valiant capitane.”

“ He was well beseen and practisit in wars,” says Pitscottie, “ baith in Italy and Spain, and had oft-times foughten against the Turks in defence of the Christians, being in company with the lord of the Rhodes, and there he was made knight for his valiant acts, and thereafter came in Scotland and servit the king, and came in great credit

so,' says he, 'because the surname of Lindsay never failed to the crown, and will never fail to me.' His injunctions now become minute. 'Dispose,' says he, 'of my wealth to my next of kin, according to your pleasure. It is well known I was never addicted to heaping or hoarding. I cared no more for gold than for glass. And ye, my dear friends, who are my relatives by blood, fail not, I beseech you, to be present at my funeral feast. Ye know how magnanimously I have defended that family fame which is dear to us all. As to the disposal of my body, it is my command that ye first disembowell it, and, having washed it well with wine, enclose it in a costly carved shrine of cedar or cypress, anointing it with delicious balm, cinnamon, and the most precious spices.'

In cases twain of gold and precious stones,  
 Enshrine my heart and tongue right craftily,  
 Then raise a monument above my bones  
 In holy abbaye, plac'd triumphantly;  
 Of marble blocks insculptur'd curiously;  
 Therein my coffin and my dust enclose,  
 Within those solemn precincts to repose.

"There succeeds a curious specimen of the general belief in judicial astrology in these times. 'It is certain,' says the squire, 'that the constellations of Mars,

with his grace," &c. See Pitscottie's account of the battle of Haddenrig, July, 1542.

Sir Walter was also high justiciary of the south of Scotland, (*Chalmers' Caled.* ii. 875,) and died in 1558. His monument is shewn in the choir of the church of the Preceptory at Torphichen.

Venus, and Mercury presided over my nativity. 'To their influence I owe my fame in foreign lands. Wherefore,' says he, 'I leave my body to Mars, my ornate tongue to Mercury, and my faithful heart to Venus.' This conduct is eulogised by Lindsay as devout, pious, and charitable, so there evidently appeared nothing improper in this pagan style of testament, which to our ears sounds so profane and unchristian. The same strange mixture of warlike triumph and joyous devotion, of christian and classical imagery, runs through the whole. 'Let me be buried,' says he, 'in every way like a warrior; let there be no monks or friars, or any thing in a black livery about my bier.'

Duill\* weeds I think hypoerisie, and scorn  
 With heudis heklit† doun athwart their ene,—‡  
 By men of arms my body shall be borne;  
 Into that band see that no black be seen,  
 But let the liveries be red, bluc and green.

"The funeral procession, or rather the martial triumph, is directed to be under the heraldic care of his friend, Sir David Lindsay.

My friend, Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount,  
 Shall put in order my proecessioun.  
 I will that there pass foremost in the front,  
 To bear my pensil, a stout champion,  
 With him a band of Mars' religion—  
 That is to stay, instead of monks and friers,  
 In gude ordour ane thousand hagbuttiers.

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\* Mourning.

† Pulled.

‡ Eyes.

Next them a thousand footmen in a rout,  
With spear and shield, with buckler, bow, and brand,  
In liveries rich, young stalwart men and stout;  
Thirdly, in ordir there shall come a band  
Of warriors, that know well to wraik their harmes\*—  
Their captain with my standard in his hand :  
On barbed steeds a hundred men-at-arms.

“ It would be tedious to marshal the whole procession. The silver banner with the three sable otters, the helmet carried by a knight, the sword, gloves of plate, shield, and the coat armour, are all dwelt on by the dying squire with affectionate earnestness ; and their places fixed for them in the procession. Then follow his barbed horse, and his spear carried by some brave man of his own kindred. After which the procession is to be closed by a multitude of earls, lords, and knights, clothed in the livery of the deceased, and bearing each a laurel branch in their hands—as a proof that the warrior, whom they are carrying to the grave, never fled from any field, or yielded himself prisoner to an enemy.

Each baron bearing in his hand on high  
A laurel bough, ensign of victory,  
Because I never fled out of the field,  
Nor yet as prisoner to my foes did yield.

“ Having arrived at the cathedral, after the gospel and the offertory, the squire directs an orator to ascend the

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\* Avenge their wrongs.

pulpit, where, with ornate eloquence and at great leisure, he is to read the book of the legend of his life from end to end. ‘Then,’ says he, ‘encluse my body in his sepulture, but let no knell be rung.’

Let not be rung for me that day soul knells,  
But great cannounis gar them crack for bells.

“I have given,” adds Mr. Tytler, “a full, but, I trust, not a tedious analysis of this remarkable poem, from a conviction that in all essential particulars the history is real, and that it presents an accurate picture of the manners and principles of the age, although richly coloured, and given with that freshness and spirit which most matters of fact receive when they pass through the mind of a man of genius. The reader will perhaps be amused at the high praises which the squire bestows upon himself. But we must recollect that Lindsay somewhat inartificially places his own sentiments in the mouth of his hero. Thus, in the conclusion of his ‘Testament,’ where he introduces an adieu to the noble lords and ladies of his acquaintance, the dying Meldrum, with complacent vanity, and a strongly expressed conviction of his own delightful and amiable qualities, which runs through the whole story of his life, considers it certain that all will be inconsolable for his departure. The fairest eyes of France will be dimmed by weeping, the beauteous stars of London eclipsed by sorrow, and the lamps of loveliness, which illuminate the night of the north, shrouded in the darkness of grief. But most heartily does he bid

farewell to the fairest of them all—the star of Strathern :—

Ten thousand times adieu, above them all,  
 Star of Stratherne, my Lady Sovereign,  
 For whom I shed my blood with mickle pain.

Brethren in arms, adieu ! in general  
 For me I wist your hearts will be full sore ;  
 All true companions, into special,  
 I say to you, adieu for evermore  
 Till that we meet again with God in gloir.  
 Sir Curate—now give me incontinent  
 My crisme, with the holy sacrament.”\*

## SECT. II.

Mr. Tytler's picture of Sir David's old age, and his observations on his last and most important work, “The Monarchie,” which struck a deadly blow at the fabric of Scottish popery, are so very beautiful, that I cannot refrain from substituting them in the place of what I had myself written on the subject.

“Although,” says he, “the writings of Lindsay may be considered no mean instrument in preparing the way for the Reformation in Scotland, it is remarkable that we

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\* Many years, I may add, after his death, the name of “Squire Meldrum” was popularly bestowed on Colville of Cleish, ancestor of the Lords Colville of Ochiltree, who was thought to resemble, in his chivalrous and romantic bearing, the “valiant squire” immortalised by Sir David Lindsay.

lose sight of the author when the revolution began in earnest; this was perhaps to his honour, as it affords a strong presumption of the purity of his motives, and the disinterestedness of his convictions. He died indeed before the final and happy triumph of Protestantism over the Romanist religion, but much progress had been made previous to his death, and we might have expected that the fervour of his zeal, the vigour of his talents, his experience and knowledge of human nature, and the considerable station which he already occupied, would have pushed him into the foreground as one of the most active partizans in promoting the mighty changes which convulsed the country. But it was not so, and we are left to conjecture the causes which made him a spectator rather than an actor. It is not improbable that they are to be found in that penetration which, at an early period, detected the selfish motives which prompted many of those persons who became the Lords of the Congregation; and that, while he fervently prayed for the success of the work, he shrunk with the feelings of a man of probity and virtue, from an over promiscuous association with some of its agents. Age too had by this time checked the power of action, and cooled the fiery intensity of ambition, whilst heavenly wisdom had purified and irradiated his mind. The world appeared to him in its true colours, a scene of sorrow and vicissitude, the theatre of successful guilt and neglected virtue; the cradle, for a few short hours, of youthful happiness; the grave, for many a long year,

of withered and disappointed hope; a once beautiful and blessed scene, on which man was the friend of God, and reflected in his life and character the image of his Maker, changed by sin into a gloomy wilderness, covered by the awful shadow of the divine vengeance;—instructed by such lessons of christian philosophy, and full of heavenly musings, Lindsay, to use his own sweet language, appears to have

‘ stood content  
With quiet life and sober rent,  
And ta’en him in his latter age  
Unto his simple hermitage.’

“ It was, however, no idle or unprofitable retreat, for in it he produced his longest, and, ‘in many respects, his most useful work, ‘The Monarchie.’ It embraces the history of the most famous monarchies that have existed in the world; but, with a similar love of tracing the stream of time to its fountain head, which is so remarkable a characteristic in the Gothic chronicles upon the same subject, it commences with the creation and only concludes with the general judgment. To enter into any laboured critique or analysis of so interminable and multifarious a work would exhaust even the most gentle reader. The author throws his narrative into the form of a dialogue between Experience and a Courtier, opening the poem with a sweet rural landscape. Disturbed by his morning ponderings on the complicated distresses of this mortal scene, he rises early from his couch, and walks forth, on a May morning, into a delightful park—

Somewhat before fresh Phœbus' uprising,  
Where he might hear the free birds sweetly sing ;  
Into a park he past for his pleasure,  
Decorit weill by craft of dame Nature.

The whole scene was beautiful. The dews hung like orient pearls upon the branches ; the tender flowers, beginning to open, exhaled their richest fragrance. The Lord of Day, springing up from the gorgeous east, ascended his throne in his glorious golden robes, whilst Cynthia waxed paler, and, at last, her silver crescent faded away into empty air ; the birds, awakening, sang their morning welcome to the day, and all nature seemed to rejoice ; but the charming scene failed to inspire with mirth the pensive bosom of the aged poet. He refuses to address any invocation to the fabled muses of Greccc or Rome. ' Such a strain,' says he, ' befits not a man mourning over the miseries of this world, and shut up in a vale of sorrow. I call no fabled muses, Minerva, Melpomene, Euterpe, or even Apollo.—Were I to invoke any, it would be reverend Rhamnusia, the goddess of despite, but I scorn,' continues he, ' all such heathenish inventions, and only implore the great God, who created heaven and earth, to impart to me somewhat of that spirit which gave wisdom to Solomon, grace to David, and strength to the mighty Sampson. Let me repair, then, not to Mount Parnassus, but to Mount Calvary ; let me be refreshed, not by the fabled Heliconian rill, but by the blessed and real fountain which flowed from the pierced side of my Redeemer.' Walking onward,

with his mind filled with holy aspirations, he sees an aged man sitting under a holly :—

Into that park I saw appear  
 An aged man, that drew me near ;  
 Whais heard was near three quarter lang ;  
 His hair down o'er his shoulders hang,  
 The whilk as ony snaw was white,—  
 Whom to behold I thought delight.  
 His habit angelyke of hue,  
 Of colour like the sapphire blue.  
 Under a holly he reposit,  
 Of whose presence I was reposit.  
 I did salute him reverentlie,  
 Sa did he me richt courteouslie ;  
 To sit down he requested me  
 Under the shadow of that tree,  
 To save me from the sonnis heat,  
 Among the flowers soft and sweet,  
 For I was weary for walking ;  
 Then we began to fall talking ;  
 I speirit his name, with reverence,  
 ' I am,' said he, ' Experience.'

“The picture of the aged man, reclining under the shade of the holly, his beard descending down his breast, his white locks scattered over his shoulders, his flowing robe of sapphire blue, contrasted with the green of the soft natural couch on which he lies, the grave and placid deportment which inspired reverence, and the courtesy which won affection, is finely conceived and executed. The poem henceforth assumes the form of a dialogue between the author and this venerable sage, who, with great shrewdness and learning, and often with much elo-

quence and poetic fervour, delivers a kind of chronicle of human error and sin, from its earliest appearance in Eden, till its final doom in the day of judgment."

I must here interrupt Mr. Tytler's narrative, to insert Sir David's descriptions of the creation of Adam, and of the punishment of the condemned on the last day, as specimens of his simple yet impressive style.

When God had made the heavens bricht,  
 The sun and moon for to give licht,  
 The starry heaven and crystalline,  
 And, be His sapience divine,  
 The planets in their circles round  
 Whirling about with merrie sound;—  
 He clad the earth with herbs and trees,—  
 All kinds of fishes in the seas,  
 All kind of beast he did prepare,  
 And fowlis fleeing in the air.  
 When heaven and earth and their contents  
 Were endit with their ornaments,  
 Then, last of all, the Lord began  
 Of maist vile earth, to make the man :  
 —Not of the lily nor the rose,  
 Nor cyper-tree, as I suppose,  
 Neither of gold nor precious stanes,—  
 Of carth he made flesh, bluid, and banes;—  
 To that intent God made him thus,  
 That man should not be glorious,  
 Nor in himself na thing should see  
 But matter of humilitie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then with ane roar the earth shall rive  
 And swallow them, baith man and wive ;

Then shall those crëatures forlorn  
 Warie\* the hour that they were born,  
 With many a yamour, yewt, and ycell,  
 What time they feel the flamis fell  
 Upon their tender bodies bite,  
 Whose torment shall be infinite.  
 The earth shall close, and from their sight  
 Shall taken be all manner of licht :—  
 There shall be growling and greeting,†  
 But‡ hope of ony comforting ;  
 In that inestimable pain  
 Eternally they shall remain,  
 Burning in furious flamis red,  
 Ever dying, but never be dead ;  
 That the small minute of ane hour  
 To them shall be sa greit dolour,  
 They shall think they have done remain  
 Ane thousand yeir into that pain !

He was no mean poet, certes, who could write like this.

“ The use and abuse,” proceeds Mr. Tytler, “ of the temporal power of the popedom, the unholy lives of many of the clergy, the injurious effects of pilgrimages, the disastrous consequences which spring from the ignorance of the people, the happy results to be anticipated from the publication of the Scriptures and missals in the vernacular language of the country, are all enlarged upon by Lindsay, in a strain of vigorous and convincing, though sometimes homely argument ; at last, Experi-

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\* Curse.

† Weeping.

‡ Without.

ence, having concluded his heavenly lessons, takes leave of his pupil in these sweet stanzas—

Of our talking now let us make an end,  
Behald how Phœbus downward does descend  
Towart his palace in the occident ;  
Dame Cynthia, I see, she does pretend  
Intil her watery region till ascend  
With visage pale up from the orient.  
The dew now donks\* the roses redolent ;  
The marygolds, that all day were rejosit  
Of Phœbus' heat, now craftilie are closit.

The blissful birdis bownis† to the trees,  
And ceases of their heavenly harmonies ;  
The corn-craik,‡ in the croft,|| I hear her cry ;  
The bat, the howlet, feeble of their eyes,  
For their pastime now in the evening flies ;  
The nightingale, with mirthful melody,  
Her natural notis pierceth through the sky—  
Till Cynthia making her observance,  
Whilk on the nicht does tak her dalliance.

I see pole arctick in the north appear,  
And Venus rising with her beamis clear ;  
Wherefore, my son, I hald it time to go.  
Wald God, said I, ye did remain all year,  
That I micht of your heavenly lessons leir ;§  
Of your departing I am wonder woe.¶  
Tak patience, said he, it maun be so,—  
Perchance I shall return with diligence.  
Thus I departed from Experience.

\* Moistens.

† Hie.

‡ Land-rail.

|| Field.

§ Learn.

¶ Wondrous sad.

“ ‘The Monarchy’ appears to have been Lindsay’s last, and it is, in many respects, his best work. It is nervous, original, learned, and pious—full indeed of many poignant, satirical attacks upon the corruptions and licentiousness of the Romanist clergy, yet less bitter, coarse, and scurrilous than most of his earlier productions. It is pleasing, as he advances in years, to find the author receding from the indecency which was the poetical vice of the age,—to mark the improved tendency and higher moral tone of his writings; and, while we sympathise with the pensive melancholy which tinges his last poetical legacy to his countrymen, to know that when he entered his quiet oratory, he met there that stedfast faith, and rested on those blessed hopes, which furnished him with a key to all the sorrow, darkness, and vicissitude of this fluctuating existence.

Be not too much solyst\* for temporal things,  
 Sen thou perceives pape, emperor, nor kings  
 Into the earth hath na place permanent :  
 Thou sees that death them dulefully down thrings†  
 And rives them from their rent, riches, and rings,‡  
 Therefore on Christ confirm thine hail intent,  
 And of thy calling be richt weill content ;  
 Then God that feeds the fowlis of the air,  
 All needful thing for thee he shall prepare.

“ Of the exact time and circumstances of Sir David Lindsay’s death nothing is known. It happened, probably, a short time before the disgraceful immolation of

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\* Solicitous.

† Thrusts.

‡ Kingdoms.

the venerable martyr, old Walter Mill, who was burnt at St. Andrews, in April, 1558.\* It seems at first extraordinary that a man, whose writings evidently enjoyed a high degree of popularity, should have expired without any record or memorial, so that we in vain search the spot where the Lord Lion sleeps with his ancestors; but the fact is explained by the virtuous retirement in which he passed the latter years of his life, and the distracted condition of the country.

“The family estate of Lindsay, called the Mount, from which he took his title, continued in the possession of his descendants† when Sibbald published his history of Fife, in 1710. It is now the property of General Sir

\* Frederick Lindesay, Esq., of Mountjoy Square West, Dublin, (who has favoured me with much curious information relative to the Lindsays of the Mount, and his own family of Loughry,) remarks that Sir David’s death must have taken place before 18th April, 1555, the date of “A letter to Alexander Lindsay of the gift of the said Alexander’s marriage, now in her Highness’s hands by reason of the decease of umquhile Sir David L. of the Mount, knight, brother to the said Alexander.”—*Reg. M. Sig.* xxvii. 105.

† Sir David never was a father; his brother Alexander succeeded him, and was father of a second Sir David of the Mount, inaugurated Lion King-at-arms in 1592, on the death of his uncle, Sir David Lindsay of Rathillet, the poet’s youngest brother, who had held that office since 1568.<sup>a</sup> Sir David, the second, of the Mount resigned his heraldic crown

<sup>a</sup> He was previously designed, “*Rothsay Herald*.”—Thomas Randolph (in a letter to Sir William Cecil, 15 Oct. 1561, preserved among the Cottonian MSS.) speaks of him as follows:—“I have good occasion to commend unto your honour the bearer hereof, Mr. David Lindsay, *Rothsay herald of arms*, for that good will he beareth unto me and friendship that I have found at his hands. This is he that only adhered

Alexander Hope of Rankeilour. In 1806, a farmer of patriarchal age, who had lived for seventy years on the spot, pointed out to the literary curiosity of Mr. George Chalmers, the site of the baronial family mansion; adding that, within his memory, the walls of the castle remained. All traces of them are now obliterated, but a pleasing tradition still points out a shaded walk, on the top of the Mount, where Lindsay is said to have composed some of his poems.\* It was called, in the youth of this aged man, Sir David's Walk; and, in 1801, when the woods

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in 1621, in favour of his son-in-law, Sir Jerome Lindsay of Annatland, whose descendants, inheriting the Mount in right of their mother, assumed henceforward the designation of *her* ancestors.

\* A similar tradition existed a few years ago in Haddingtonshire. "There lately died in the vicinity of Garmylton an old woman, who, with a most retentive memory, was a great genealogist. She constantly talked of the Lindsays of the Byres, and Sir David Lindsay; she used to describe the knight's figure and dress; she could repeat many of his poems; and she said he composed them all on the top of the highest of the Garleton (Garmylton) hills. All the old people who pretended to recollect any thing of Sir David, spoke of his having composed his poems on *the tops of hills*; this seems to imply that they thought him a Merlin or Thomas the Rhymer, or some such prophetic minstrel."—*Chalmers*.

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unto the lords in the defence of his country, and ready also to do that lawful service he may unto the Queen's majesty, my sovereign. To let him be the better known unto your honour, he is brother unto the notable David Lindsay, King of Arms. He is able to procure me the sight of a book, with one word of your honour's mouth, wherein are all the arms of all the noblemen and barons, both new and old, that are in Scotland." (Probably his brother's heraldic MS. lately printed.)—*Illustrations of the reign of Q. Mary*, 1543—68. Maitland Club, 4to. p. 92.

of the Mount were cutting, the same venerable enthusiast interceded with General Sir Alexander Hope for three ancient trees, which stood near the castle, and were known by the name of Sir David's Trees. The liberal spirit of that gentleman probably needed no such monitor; but the trees were spared. It is likely they still remain, and the literary pilgrim may yet stand beneath their shade, indulging in the pleasing dream that he is sheltered by the same branches under which the Lord Lion was wont to ruminate, when he poured forth the lays which gave dignity to the lessons of experience, and accelerated the progress of the Reformation."

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The editions of Sir David's poems are well nigh innumerable; they have been published in Scotland, England, France, Denmark, and Ireland, and many of the early black-letter impressions are of the extremest rarity, and treasured by bibliomaniacs.\* The last and best edition appeared in three volumes, octavo, 1806, illustrated with a life, notes, and glossary by the indefatigable Chalmers.

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\* The first collection of his poems was printed at Paris, or more probably at Rouen, in 1558, both in quarto and duodecimo; they were turned into "perfit English," and published in a handsome quarto volume at London, in 1566, and again in 1575, and 1581; while in his native country, "The Warkis of the famous and worthie Knight Schir David Lindsay of the Mount" appeared successively in 1559, 1568, 1571, 1574, 1588, 1592, 1597, 1604, 1610, 1614, 1634, 1696, 1709, 1720, and 1776. They were also the first book printed at Belfast, in 1714.

Nor is Sir David's name less dear to the herald and genealogist than to the poet, philologist, and historical antiquary. He was appointed Lion King-at-arms in 1530, an office then esteemed of the greatest importance and sanctity, the Lion being the chief judge of chivalry within the realm, and official ambassador from his sovereign to foreign countries. Sir David visited the courts of Denmark, of Francis the First,\* and of

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\* This mission was to demand in marriage, for James V., a daughter of the house of Vendôme, but the king, going over in person, espoused Magdalen, daughter of Francis, who died within two months after her arrival in Scotland, to the bitter sorrow of the nation. Sir David's "Deploration of the death of Queen Magdalen" is an affecting tribute to the memory of her whom he sweetly calls

"The flower of France, and comfort of Scotland."

On the king's subsequent marriage with Mary of Guise, Sir David's ingenuity was put into requisition to provide masques, shows, and pageants to welcome her. The king was then resident at St. Andrews, and, as soon as he heard of her having landed at Fifeness, he rode forth, says Pitscottie, "with his haill lords, both spiritual and temporal, and met the queen, and receivit her with great joy and merriness of farces and plays, made and preparit for her. And first she was receivit at the new abbey-yett (gate). At the east side thereof there was made to her ane triumphant arch be Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, knight, alias Lyon King of arms, who causit ane great cloud to come out of the heavens down abune the yett, out of the whilk cloud came down ane fair lady, most like an angel, having the keys of Scotland in her hand, and delivered them to the queen's grace, in sign and token that all the hearts of Scotland were open for receiving of her grace, with certain orations made by the said Sir David to the queen's grace, desiring her to fear God and to serve him, and to reverence and obey her husband.

Charles the Fifth, (the latter thrice,) in that capacity.—  
His Collectanea of Scottish blazonings, the earliest and

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This being done, the queen was receivit into her lodging, whilk was callit the New Inns; and there she lodgit for that night, while (till) on the morn, at ten hours, she passit to the Abbey kirk, where she saw many lusty lords and barons, weel arrayit in their abulyements (habilliments) against her coming; also the hishops, abbots, priors, monks, and canons regular, made great solemnity in the Ahhey with mass-songs and playing on the organs. Thereafter the king receivit the queen in the Palace to her dinner, where there was great mirth of shawms, trumpets, and divers other instruments all that day."

The court resided at St. Andrews for forty days afterwards, entertained with justing in the lists, breaking of lances, archery, hunting, and other princely games "according to a king and queen."

Alas! for the change "that fleeting time procureth!" The "lusty lords and harons," the gay ladies of chivalry, in their raiment

"Of gold and pearls and precious stanis bricht,  
Twinkling like starnis on a frosty night"—<sup>a</sup>

are dust! the spider weaves her tapestry in the halls of our Scottish Cæsars, St. Andrew's Abbey is now a crumbling ruin, the shawms, trumpets and organs silenced for ever; the town itself, still the seat of worth and learning, is yet hut the shâdow of her former self, the Fer-rara of Scotland, lonely and desolate—

"Whose broken gates a cheerless welcome give:—  
The ample streets, where once proud prelates rode,  
And barons oft had met their king in state,  
Deserted all! no sound of glee or mirth  
Disturbs the silence of the grass-grown path  
Where bleating flocks obtain their scanty meal.  
The long procession and the chaunting priest,

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<sup>a</sup> Sir David Lindsay.

purest record of Caledonian heraldry, are preserved in the Advocates' Library, and, a few years ago, were facsimilied and published in a handsome folio volume at Edinburgh.

He is said to have written memoirs of his own time, which are lost, unless the chronicle of his cousin Pit-scottie, (to whom he gave much historical information,) has been attributed to him. Various works which he never wrote have been ascribed to his pen—"Such," says Chalmers, after enumerating them, "are the works of Lindsay, and such the labours of others which have been mistakenly attributed to him

' Who got the start of the poetic world,  
And bore the palm alone.' "

Not a word has ever been breathed against the pri-

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The busy idleness, the hum of men  
Are o'er! save where the hind and fisherman  
Saunter, with steps unfrequent, heard from far.  
Where lofty edifices towered on high,  
The ragged cottage lifts its lowly head,  
Whose owners gain—a pittance from the seas,—  
Precarious element—precarious gain!  
The venerable piles to learning raised,  
Low laid on earth, or—if a spire remain,  
Mourning his brother prostrate in the dust.  
Where knees devout the marble pavement pressed,  
The loathsome toad among the weeds lies safe,  
And holy water drops in dews from heaven;  
The swallow twitters through the broken spire,  
And ravens nestle on the sacred cross!"

" *The Storm*," by Lady Margaret Lindsay, (by marriage, Fordyce.)

vate character of our illustrious clansman. "Sir David Lindsay of the Mount," says Archbishop Spotswood, "shall be first named; a man honourably descended, and greatly favoured by James the Fifth. Besides his knowledge and deep knowledge in heraldry, (whereof he was the chief,) and in other public affairs, he was most religiously inclined, but much hated by the clergy for the liberty he used in condemning the superstition of the time, and rebuking their loose and disorderly lives. Not-the-less he went unchallenged, and was not brought in question; which shewed the good account wherein he was held."—"His personal deportment," says Dr. MacCrie, "was grave, his morals were correct, and his writings discover a strong desire to reform the manners of the age, as well as ample proofs of true poetical genius, extensive learning, and wit the most keen and penetrating."

Of his personal appearance it were, perhaps, unfair to judge from the wood-cut vignettes prefixed to the editions of his works published at Paris in 1558, and at Edinburgh in 1634. The discovery of a portrait were devoutly to be wished, but the search has hitherto been unavailing. We have all, however, formed our idea of the Lion King from the spirited sketch introduced by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion":—

"He was a man of middle age;  
In aspect manly, grave, and sage,  
As on king's errand come;  
But in the glances of his eye

A penetrating, keen, and sly  
 Expression found its home;  
 The flash of that satiric rage,  
 Which, bursting on the early stage,  
 Branded the vices of the age,  
 And broke the keys of Rome.\*  
 On milk-white palfrey forth he paced,  
 His cap of maintenance was graced  
 With the proud heron-plume.  
 From his steed's shoulder, loin, and breast,  
 Silk housings swept the ground,  
 With Scotland's arms, device, and crest,  
 Embroidered round and round.  
 The double tressure might you see,  
 First by Achaius borne,  
 The thistle and the fleur-de-lys,  
 And gallant unicorn.  
 So bright the king's armorial coat,  
 That scarce the dazzled eye could note,  
 In living colours, blazoned brave,  
 The lion, which his title gave.  
 A train, which well beseemed his state,  
 But all unarmed, around him wait.  
 Still is thy name in high account,  
 And still thy verse has charms,  
 Sir David Lindsay of the Mount,  
 Lord Lion King-at-arms!"

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\* "Dr. Boleyn," brother of Queen Anne, "who had visited Scotland and lived in the north of England, drew a striking picture of Lindsay and his writings, in his *Moral Dialogue*, printed in 1564. After describing 'witty Chaucer,' and 'lamenting Lydgate,' Bulleyn paints our poet:—'Next them, in a black chair of jet stone, in a coat of arms, sat an ancient knight, in orange tawny, as one forsaken,'

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(why so, I cannot comprehend,) ‘ bearing upon his breast a white lion, with a crown of rich gold on his head : his name was Sir David Lindsay, upon the Mount,—with a hammer of strong steel in his hand, breaking asunder the counterfeit keys of Rome, forged by Anti-Christ. And this good knight of Scotland said to England, the elder brother, and Scotland, the younger,—

‘ Habitare fratres in unum,  
Is a blissful thing;  
One God, one faith, one baptism pure,  
One law, one land, one king ! ’ ”

*Chalmers.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

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“Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.”

SHIRLEY.

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AMONG the nobles who flourished during the religious and political struggle which divided Scotland, in common with most other countries of Europe, during the middle of the sixteenth century, was our direct ancestor, the knight of Edzell and Glenesk, the

“David erle of Craufuird, wise and wicht,”

of “Squire Meldrum” and Sir David Lindsay. A singular transaction led to his succession to the earldom. Earl David, the partisan of Queen Margaret, whom I have already mentioned, having been most cruelly treated by his sons, Alexander and John, who imprisoned him and took possession of his castles and revenues, disinherited them, and conveyed his estate and honours, with the approbation of the crown, to his

cousin of Edzell, the next heir-male of the family,\* and who, according to some accounts, had freed him from prison.† The days of these unnatural children were not “long in the land.” John died childless, and “the Wicked Master,” as he is traditionally called, was slain, it is said, by a cobbler in Dundee, towards the close of the very year that witnessed his crimes.‡ He left an only son, whom Earl David of Edzell, on his succession to the earldom shortly afterwards, adopted as his own child, and, on his coming of age and proving a man of merit,—himself, moreover, being then childless,|| reinstated in the titles and estates of Crawford, with the proviso that, should his (the master’s) male line fail, his own heirs-male should succeed.

He reserved to himself, during his own life-time, the

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\* In 1541.

† Lord Strathallan’s Hist. of the House of Drummond, p. 199.

‡ “Note. That Alexander the Maister was slain at Dundee by a cobbler.”—*MS. Peerage*, apparently of the time of James I., and very inaccurate,—in the Lyon Office, W. 2, 16.

|| I say not but that he would have restored him *at all events*; I believe he would. But truth is truth, and I am sorry to be obliged to contradict the common legend that he restored the forfeited heir to the prejudice of his own children. That he “marrieth ane auld woman, and had na bairns at that time, and therefore gave the land to David earl of Crawford that last deceasit,” is the testimony of a manuscript genealogy, which has been revised by David Lord Balcarres.—Lord Strathallan says that, by the threats and allurements of Cardinal Beaton, he was forced to dispoise the earldom back again to David, son to the Wicked Master, who had married his daughter, Margaret Beaton.

title of Crawford, with a small portion of the estate to support him according to his dignity,\* and, on his decease in 1558, was succeeded in the honours and estates of Crawford by the young chief, and in the districts of Glenesk and Edzell by David, his eldest son by a second marriage, who carried on the line of Edzell. From John Lindsay, Earl David's second son, descended the earls of Balcarres, now, in consequence of the extinction of the house of Edzell and all other intermediate descendants, heirs-male of the ancient earls of Crawford, and chiefs of the house, or clan, of Lindsay. To their history the following pages are principally devoted.

A very few words will comprise all that, for the present, I think it necessary to call your attention to in the fortunes of the Wicked Master's posterity. Their history is a very melancholy one. David, the ninth earl, the master's son, after signalizing his loyalty to the unfortunate Queen Mary during those troubles in which the Lindsays of the Byres were equally remarkable for the zeal with which they supported the opposite party,† was

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\* Extracts from the contract that took place between the earl and his adopted son, on making over to him, on his marriage, certain of the forfeited lands—dated 15 April, 1546, and a very curious document, will be found in the Appendix, No. III.

† Patrick, sixth Lord Lindsay of the Byres, then the master of Lindsay, was the first of the nobility who embraced the reformed religion.—*Calderwood*, ap. *Wodrow's Collections*, *Maitl. Club*, i. 191.—His name is familiar to every one since the publication of "The Abbot," and the "Tales of a Grandfather." The portrait in the Abbot is, I believe,

succeeded by his son, of the same name, a powerful and turbulent chief, whose "strong affinities of noble de-

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a faithful general likeness, both in its lights and shadows—but on one particular stroke I cannot refrain from a few deprecatory words.

I allude to the tradition (of which, I believe, no trace is to be found in print previous to its appearance in Sir Walter Scott's writings,) of Lord Lindsay's alleged personal ill-usage of Queen Mary on his well-known visit to Lochleven Castle.

In a note affixed to the passage in the new edition of the *Abbot*, Sir Walter says that "the details" of this scene are "imaginary, though the outline of the events is historical." I wish a similar expression of qualification had been attached to the corresponding statement in the *Tales of a Grandfather*—or rather that it had never been written.

I now beg to state that, in the most violent party publications of the time, in which Lord Lindsay figures as an almost incarnate demon,<sup>a</sup> not the slightest allusion to the particular act of brutality alluded to is to be found. The simple account of Sir James Melville, Mary's friend and brother of Sir Robert who was present at the interview, sufficiently vindicates him:—"After that he (Sir Robert Melville) had refused flatly (flatly) to meddle in that matter, they were minded to send the Lord Lindsay, first to use fair persuasions, and in case he came na speed, to enter in harder terms. The earls of Athol, Mar, and Secretary Lethington, and the laird of Grange, who loved her, advised my brother to tell her the verity, how that any thing that she does in prison cannot prejudice her, being at liberty. He said he would not persuade her nor speak na thing but as her true and faithful servant,—always, he said, he should tell her the opinion of sa many as were her friends. But she refused utterly till follow their advice thereintil,—but when she heard that the Lord Lindsay was at the New House, and was upon

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<sup>a</sup> See, for instance, "*L'Innocence de la tres illustre, tres chaste et debonnaire Princesse, Madame Marie Royne d'Escosse*,"—in Jebb's collection of writers on the life of Mary Queen of Scots, i. p. 491.

scent and great achievements, his elegance of behaviour, magnificence and riches," seem to have afforded him little solid comfort, his life, according to an old annalist, being "inquinated with luxury," and the accidental death of the chancellor, Lord Glammis, in a skirmish with his followers, having revived an old family feud, which obliged him all his life "to stand in a soldier's posture."\* David, the eleventh earl, inherited

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a boasting humour, she yieldit to the necessity of the time, and shew my brother that she wald not strive with them, seeing it could do her na harm when she was at liberty. Sa, at my Lord Lindsay's coming, she subscribed the signature of renunciation and demission of the government to the prince."—*Memoirs*, p. 189. Bannatyne ed.

While meditating on this and similar scenes of violence, the remembrance steals like a transicnt gleam of sunshine across the stormy page of history, of that evening in spring—April the 22d, 1562, when Mary Stuart and the master of Lindsay, standing side by side in amity and friendship, "shot at the butts against the earl of Mar" and Mary Livingstone, and won of them the evening's collation in the privy garden of St. Andrews!—Queen Mary's touching allusion in the Abbot is founded on strict historical truth; see Randolph's letter to Cecil, 25 Apr. 1562.

Religious fanaticism, his near relationship to the unhappy Darnley, and to Morton, Murray, the Douglasses of Lochleven, the Lesleys, and other Lords of the Congregation, rendered him a rebel, though not, I think, the unfeeling savage that his enemies have delighted to pourtray. "An honoured soldier wert thou by a king's side; leagued with rebels, what art thou but a good blade in the hands of a ruffian!"

\* This incident strikingly illustrates the unsettled state of the times. —On the evening of the 17th of March, 1578-9,—nearly two hundred years after the slaughter of Sir John Lyon at Balhall by Sir James

his father's prodigality, and the murder of Sir Walter Lindsay of Balgawies, a younger son of Earl David of

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Lindsay,—Lord Crawford and the chancellor chanced to meet each other, at the head of their respective followings, in a narrow street, called the Schoolhouse-wynd, in Stirling,—as the former was passing to the castle, and the latter returning to his lodgings, after making his report to the king. The two nobles, being of the same party in politics, were well aware of the impolicy of reviving their feuds in such a place and at such a time. Each, therefore, ceremoniously, though without salutation, made way for the other, and ordered his followers to do the same,—a command which all obeyed, “save two that were last, who having jostled one another, drew their swords and flew to it.”—A regular “hubhub” ensued, which ended in Glamis receiving a mortal wound in the head by a pistol-bullet, but from whose hand is uncertain.

One writer says “that, in the scattering of the parties be the fray of the shots of the pistols, the chancellor was espyit out of a heich window he some evil willer, and was there, in sight of the haill people, sa deidly hurt that immediately he fell to the ground.” *Hist. of King James the Sext.* p. 149.—Many, says Godscroft, “thought it was Crawford himself, who shot the fatal bullet, because he was very skilful in shooting with a piece;”—this may be rejected as merely presumptive evidence, and indeed the preponderance of cotemporary testimony fairly exonerates him even from the intention of injury. “It was certainly known,” says Archhishop Spotswood, “that the noblemen did purpose no harm to others (each other), for Crawford did call to his followers to give way to the chancellor, as he, on the other side, called to give way to the earl of Crawford; yet by this unhappy accident were the old dissensions, that had long slept, revived, and a fresh enmity raised, which turned to the great hurt of both.” *History, &c.*, p. 283.

Altogether, this skirmish in its scene and circumstances—the narrow antique wynd, the torches, the pistol-flashes, the struggling groups of

Edzell, involved further bloodshed, in which I grieve to say that David, the younger of Edzell, was the principal actor.

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combatants, Crawford trying to appease the fray, Glamis staggering backwards, while the "evil-willer's" pistol and face of triumph are still protruding from the lofty window—form a *tout-ensemble* worthy of Honthorst's pencil.<sup>a</sup>

The result of this "unhappy accident" is told as follows by the euhuist quoted in the text, evidently no friend to the Lindsays:—"The atrocity of Glamis' death excited the minds of most well-minded men, but, above the rest, Thomas Lyon was a most eager young gallant to revenge his uncle's death, who strove to make fire and sword avenge his and his family's injuries, making many devastations into the Lindsays' country, nor less bitter were the endeavours by the adverse party. These depopulations, arriving at court, caused the king, by the authority of his council, to dismiss delegates which might declare a cessation from further acts of hostility, so long as the matter might be decided by law: in conclusion Crawford, being apprehended, was cast into prison for the death of Glamis, yet, by the earnest and ardent desires of the nobility, not long after was safely dismissed. As he returned through Angus, the inhabitants congratulated his freedom; this was like a new fuel to inflame Glamis' tutor into so vehement anger as that Crawford all his life was glad to stand in a soldier's posture."—*Middleton's Translation of Rob. Johnstone's Hist. of Scotl.* Svo. 1646, reprinted in "*Scotia Rediviva*."

Crawford was a Roman Catholic. For details of his treasonable intercourse with Spain and Parma, and subsequent rebellion in association with Huntley and Errol in 1589, see any of the chroniclers of the day.

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<sup>a</sup> "This slaughter was committed at five in the afternoon, and was reported punctually and perfectly at Edinburgh at six, being twenty-four miles between." *Godscroft*.

Furious at the death of his uncle, he waylaid Lord Crawford by night on the High Street of Edinburgh. Alexander Lord Spynie, a grandson of the Wicked Master,—uncle both to Crawford and the young laird, whom he had been labouring to reconcile,—and Sir James Douglas, of Drumlanrig, accompanied the earl; the night was dark, and the three friends were all wounded, the earl and Lord Spynie so severely, that, although the former recovered after great loss of blood, Lord Spynie expired about ten days afterwards, deeply regretted, his death being even by the aggressors themselves accounted “a pitiful mistake.”\*—“He was much

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His first wife was Lillas, daughter of David second Lord Drummond. “This,” says Lord Strathallan, “was considered so noble a match that there was a tocher given with her far beyond what was customary in those times, to wit, ten thousand marks.” (*Genealogy, &c.* p. 174.)—That it was not, however, a happy marriage may be conjectured from the old ballad of “Earl Crawford,” founded though it be on an erroneous tradition as to the fate of the fair “Lillie” and her lord.—It will be found in the Appendix, No. IV. There is the pathos of nature in its singularly inartificial simplicity,—indeed the ballads of the north of Scotland are remarkably deficient in the poetical graces of the Border.

\* “Sir Alexander Lindsay, Lord Spynie, was the fourth son of David ninth earl of Crawford. Having accompanied King James VI. to Denmark, in his matrimonial expedition, and enjoying his majesty’s intimate personal friendship, the king, on his return to Scotland, in fulfilment of a promise then made, erected the lordship of Spynie, Kinnedder, Raffart, and other lands in the shires of Elgin, Banff, and Inverness, formerly pertaining to the see of Moray, into a free barony, and

lamented," says the historian Spotswood, "for the many good parts he had, and the hopes his friends conceived

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conferred upon him (then designed 'vice chamberlane to oure sovrane lord'), the title of haron of Spynie, May 6, 1590. This letter is so extremely characteristic, that the editor needs no apology for transferring it from the original to this collection :—

' Sandie,

Quhill (till) youre goode happe furneis me with sum better occasion to recompence youre honest and faithfull service, utterid be your diligence and cairful attendance upon me, speciallie at this tyme, lett this assure, in the inuiolabill worde of your awin Prince and maister, that quhen God randeris me in Skotlande, I sall irreuocablie, and with consent of Parliament, erect you the temporalitie of Murraie in a temporal lordshipp, with all honowris thairto appartaining : and lett this serue for cure of your present disease.

From the castell of Croneburg, quhaire we ar drinking and dryuing our, in the aulde maner.

J. R.<sup>a</sup>

"He also obtained another charter, creating him a peer of parliament, Ap. 17, 1593. This distinguished nobleman married Jean, eldest daughter of John, tenth Lord Glamis, she being also the relict of Rohert, master of Morton, and of Archibald, earl of Angus. It is probable that this marriage took place on the suggestion or through the influence of the king"—another of whose extraordinary epistles runs in the following strain :—

' Deir Sandie,

Wee are going on heir in the auld way, and verrie merrie. I'll not forget yow whan I come hame ; you sall he a lord. But mynd Jean Lyon, for her auld tout will mack you a new horne."

*Pitcairn's Criminal Trials*, iii. 61.

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<sup>a</sup> I have not modernised the orthography of the royal letters inserted in this work.

that he should have raised again that noble and ancient house of Crawford to the former splendour and dignity,

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Several other Lindsays, besides Lord Spynie, were attached to the person of King James. Sir John of Kinfauns and Carriston, K. B. (eldest son of Henry twelfth earl of Crawford, master of the queen's household), and Sir James Lindsay, were gentlemen of his bedchamber, and it was at the "King's Wark," a palace in Leith, which his majesty had given, as a free barony, to Bernard Lindsay of Lochill, his "chamber-child," or groom of the chamber, that he passed the first week after returning with his Danish bride to Scotland. The tenure by which this property was held is characteristic of the donor; one of the cellars was to be kept in constant repair, for holding wines and other provisions for the king's use. Bernard rebuilt the palace, and put the ancient tower into full repair; he also built a large tennis-court "for the recreation of his majesty, and of foreigners of rank resorting to the kingdom, to whom it afforded great satisfaction and delight, advancing the politeness and contributing to the ornament of the country, to which, by its happy situation, on the shore of Leith, where there was so great a concourse of strangers and foreigners, it was peculiarly adapted." Such is the eulogy bestowed in King James's charter, on this scene of royal gaiety; which afterwards became—a weigh-house, and now retains no memorial of its courtly owner, save the name of the adjoining street, canonised since Arnot's time, into Saint Barnard's Nook. *Arnot's Hist. Edinburgh*, p. 572.—Bernard's name is familiar to those to whom Walton's Lives are dear, as the introducer of the false "Octavio Baldi" to his royal master. See the Life of Sir Henry Wotton for a curious account of this interview.

Bernard's younger brother, Robert, was ancestor of the Lindsays of Loughry or Tullaoge, settled for the last two hundred years, and still flourishing in Tyrone. Robert Lindsay of Loughry, the friend and legal adviser of Dean Swift, described by Sir Walter Scott as "a polite and elegant scholar, at that time an eminent pleader at the bar in Dub-

all which perished with him, he that was in place and escaped the peril being a base unworthy prodigal, and the undoer of all that by the virtue of his ancestors had been long kept together.”—Earl David dying childless many years afterwards, was succeeded by his uncle, Sir Henry of Kinfauns, another grandson of the Wicked Master, on whose decease, the second year after his accession, George, his eldest surviving son, succeeded to the earldom and to the wreck of the fortune of his ancestors. He fought in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, but died childless, as did also his brother Ludovick, the fourteenth, or “Loyal Earl,” and his cousin and fellow royalist, Lord Spynie, grandson of the worthy baron who fell by the hand of Edzell. In them the male line of the Wicked Master became totally extinct.

Young Edzell, meanwhile, took refuge in Glenesk, where he built two small castles at Auchmull and Invermark,\* and remained in hiding for many years.† His

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lin, and afterwards one of the justices of the Common Pleas,” was great-grand-uncle of the present John Lindesay, Esq. of Loughry.

The family bear the arms of the Lindsays of the Byres.

\* This stronghold is represented in the vignette of the recent publication, “Views of Edzell Castle,” Edin. 1838.

† See Mr. Pitcairn’s Criminal Trials, for minute details of this feud, including two letters, bearing date, 16 Aug. 1608, and 30 March, 1609, from Lord Edzell to King James, requesting protection against the earl of Crawford, who would neither summon him to trial, nor cease from persecuting him and seeking his life, “and to the effect foresaid, with his rioters and defenders, wears daily pistolets and hack-

only son having died before him, John, his nephew, became chief of the Lindsays on Lord Spynie's death, and entitled, in terms of the charter of restitution, to the earldom of Crawford. Spynie, and Edzell after him, and James fifth earl of Balcarres, on the extinction of the

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but, prohibitit be your majesty's acts, alleging ever they are seeking rebels.—Hoping, (he concludes,) for your majesty's wonted protection, now, sa meikle the rather that I am so unkindly, unnaturally, and without deserving, troublit be that house, of the whilk ever of auld, nocht unknown to your majesty, in their troubles I have sa weel meritit otherways. If I find nocht security here, I will be forcit, although be sea, in respect of my age and inability, upon my knees to beg the samyn at your highness' self. Thus, maist humbly kissing your highness' hands, and praying the Eternal lang to preserve your majesty and royal progeny, I rest ever

Your sacred majesty's maist humble and obedient  
subject and serviteur,

EDZELL."<sup>a</sup>

The following letter, written shortly after the fatal encounter at Edinburgh, by Sir John Lindsay of Ballinscho, brother of Lord Spynie, to Sir David of Balcarres, whose sister he had married, will be read with sympathy and interest.

"Right honourable and very loving brother,

I received your letter.—I pray you to have me excusit that I tuk not my leave at you afore my coming out of Edinburgh; for the slaughter of my brother movit me so meikle that, in guid faith, I wist not what I did. Advartise me, with the bearer, how soon ye think to mak out of the country, that I may come over and tak you be the hand; for I will assure you, ye shall have me, so lang as I live, als faithful ane brother to you as any man in the warld shall have. I will

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<sup>a</sup> Vol. iii. p. 61—65.

house of Edzell about a century ago, would have inherited the honours in the due course of succession, had they not been excluded by a new patent, which Earl Ludovick had obtained from King Charles I. in January, 1642, and by which, in violation of the condition on which they had been restored to his ancestor, they were conveyed to the Earl Lindsay of the Byres, the representative of that distant branch, sprung off, as you may

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request you to send me word in writ that in case any thing happen to fall out betwix the house of Edzell and us, that I may ever find you ane faithful brother, except I failzie to yourself in particular,—for they could not have devisit to have done so evil ane turn to me as they have done.—But I will not break my guid will from yourself nor none of your bairn-teem.<sup>a</sup>

Sa, to meeting, I rest

Your brother ever to be commandit,

S. JOHN LYNDSEY.

Woodwray, 26 Aug., 1607.

Not forgetting my sons', John and Alexander's, commendations, wha, I hope, God willing, shall be men to serve you."

To any Lindsay curious after further details of the feuds and outrages which disgraced his clan, in common with every other name in Scotland, towards the close of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth century, I once more recommend the invaluable "Criminal Trials" of Mr. Pitcairn,<sup>b</sup> to whom I take this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments for much literary and antiquarian courtesy.

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<sup>a</sup> "Bairn-time, barne-teme. Brood of children, all the children of one mother."—*Jamieson*.

<sup>b</sup> For an interesting review of this collection, see Sir Walter Scott's *Prose Works*, vol. xxi.

remember, before the creation of the earldom, and whose posterity retained them till the death of George twentieth earl of Crawford, his last male descendant, in 1808.—Then, however—the patent of 1642 being granted to Ludovick earl of Crawford and the heirs-male of his body; whom failing, to John Earl of Lindsay and the heirs-male of his body; whom failing, to the heirs-male of Ludovick—and the two former lines being totally extinct, the succession reverted, it is presumed, to Alexander, late and sixth earl of Balcarres.

These few words premised, I return to John Lindsay, second son of Earl David of Edzell, the founder of the family of Balcarres.

## CHAPTER IX.

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“ Lindesi ! jubar inclyti senatus,  
Sol regni bone, regii et senatus,  
Qui divumque hominumque juris æqui  
Norma, et regula veritatis alma es ;  
Phœbi et Palladis et novem sororum  
Doctarum soboles, pater, patronus ! ”— &c.

ANDREW MELVILLE.

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IN the preceding pages I have drawn a rough outline of the ancient feudal life of Scotland, as exemplified in the fortunes of the house of Crawford, which expired, I may almost say, *with* the system out of which it rose. The house of Balcarres, on the contrary, sprung up in the fresh soil of the Reformation, the religious and literary character of its founder signally influencing that of his descendants. Yet it was a twig of the old tree still,—the same sap, the same spirit may be discerned in its character, though differently modified and directed.

Between these two houses—these two developements of Scottish life, Sir David Lindsay stands like Janus, facing and belonging equally to both—the connecting link between our ancient and modern, our feudal and domestic history ; on the one hand, the father of Scot-



<sup>(1)</sup> David earl of  
Crawford

<sup>(2)</sup> Katherine Countess of Crawford

<sup>(3)</sup> Mr John Lindsay

<sup>(4)</sup> Mary Guthrie

<sup>(5)</sup> Lindsay of Balcarres.

<sup>(6)</sup> Balcarres <sup>(7)</sup> Sophia Setoun

<sup>(8)</sup> Alexander Lindsay

<sup>(9)</sup> Balcarres

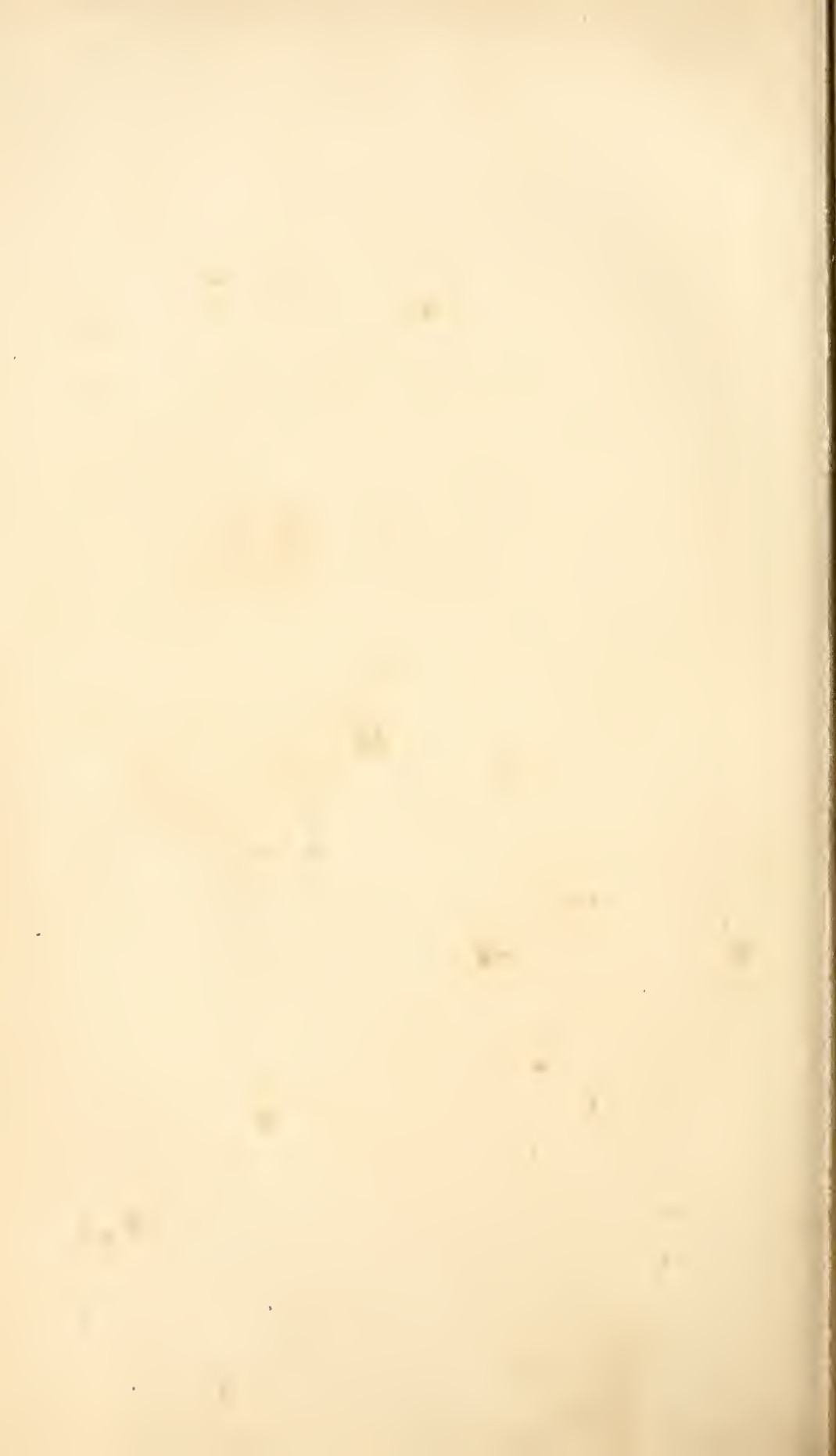
<sup>(10)</sup> Anne Balcarres

(1.) David, 8<sup>th</sup> earl of Crawford, ob. 1558. (2.) Katherine, Countess of Crawford (3) Hon John Lindsay of Balcarres, Sec. of State, &c. ob. 1598 (4.) Marian Guthrie, his wife (5, 6.) Sir David Lindsay, first Lord Balcarres, ob. 1641 (7.) Lady Sophia Seyton, his wife (8, 9.) Alexander, first Earl of Balcarres ob. 1659. (10, 11.) Lady Anne Mackenzie, his wife, afterwards Countess of Argyle.

<sup>(11)</sup> Anna Argyll  
<sup>(12)</sup> Balcarres <sup>(13)</sup> Margaret Balcarres  
<sup>(14)</sup> Balcarres <sup>(15)</sup> E Balcarres  
<sup>(16)</sup> James Lindsay  
<sup>(17)</sup> Balcarres <sup>(18)</sup> A. Balcarres  
<sup>(19)</sup> Balcarres <sup>(20)</sup> E. Balcarres

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(12) Colin, third Earl of Balcarres, ob. 1722. (13) Lady Margaret Campbell, his wife  
 (14) Alex.<sup>r</sup> fourth Earl of Balcarres, ob. 1736. (15) Elizabeth Scott, his wife. (16, 17) James,  
 fifth Earl of Balcarres, ob. 1768. (18) Anne Dalrymple, his wife (19) Alex.<sup>r</sup> sixth Earl of  
 Balcarres, ob. 1825. (20) Elizabeth Dalrymple, his wife



tish heraldry, the friend of James the Fifth, the author of the last romance of chivalry—on the other, the herald of Scottish protestantism, the summoner into the field of John Knox,\* the patriot bard, whose voice was ever heard in loud and dauntless opposition to abuse of whatever sort, spiritual or temporal.

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\* After the murder of Cardinal Beaton, the conspirators took refuge in the castle of St. Andrews, where they were joined by several other reformers who, though they had had no participation in that atrocity, found themselves in danger on account of their religion. Among these were John Knox, and Sir David Lindsay, who strongly recommended the ordination of that great man, as one in whom he perceived zeal and energy for carrying on the war against popery. Knox had declined preaching on the ground of not having had a call to the ministry; by the contrivance of Sir David, and of Henry Balnaves, another refugee, the required call was unexpectedly and in the most impressive manner addressed to him from the pulpit by their minister, Mr. John Rough:—“ In the name of God and of his son Jesus Christ—and in the name of all that presently call you by my mouth, I charge you that ye refuse not this holy vocation, but, as ye tender the glory of God, the increase of Christ’s kingdom, the edification of the brethren, and the comfort of me—whom you understand well enough to be oppressed by the multitude of labours—that ye take upon you the public office and charge of preaching, even as ye look to avoid God’s heavy displeasure, and desire that he shall multiply his graces unto you.—Was not this your charge unto me ?” he continued, addressing his small congregation; they answered, “ It was—and we approve it !”—Knox burst into tears and retired. From that day till his death he continued preaching the reformed faith, and Sir David’s prognostications of his character were justified twenty-five years afterwards by the brief and noble epitaph pronounced over his grave by his enemy, Morton—“ Here lies one who never feared the face of man !”

We now come to a period when, under the influence of more steady legislation, of the love of letters, and of the more general diffusion of christian principle, life began to be more domestic, more humanised; women, descending from the pedestals on which they had hitherto stood as idols to be worshipped, began to take their proper station in the household and in society; familiar letters began to be exchanged between absent friends, and a parental care of servants and dependants, requited by filial love and gratitude, to take the place of mere feudal reciprocity.

In short, that happy system of civilisation under which we now live, and for which we are primarily indebted to that especial boon of God, the glorious Reformation, had begun to work, and though for many years frequent outbursts shewed that the old leaven was yet fermenting beneath the surface of society, still its growth, though retarded by many causes, has been clearly progressive ever since.

John Lindsay, the first of the line of Balcarres, was born several years before the establishment of presbyterianism as the recognised church of Scotland. His mother, Dame Catherine Campbell—daughter of John of Lorn, the knight of Calder,\* and grand-daughter of

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\* The Calderys of Calder were said to be descended from a brother of Macbeth, to whom, on his assumption of the crown, he resigned the thanedom of Cawdor. They ended in an heiress, Muriella Calder, Dame Catherine's mother, who (if tradition may be credited) was captured in childhood by John of Lorn and the Campbells, while walking

Archibald earl of Argyle, who fell at Flodden—survived her husband many years, and appears to have acted the part of a wise and judicious parent towards her children. At the proper age she sent her three sons to finish their education on the continent, under the care of Mr. James Lawson, afterwards the well-known colleague of John Knox in the ministry of Edinburgh; “a man of singular learning, zeal, and eloquence,” says Mr. James Melville, “whom I never heard preach but he melted my heart with tears.”\*

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out with her nurse near Calder Castle. Her uncles pursued and overtook the division to whose care she had been entrusted, and would have rescued her but for the presence of mind of Campbell of Inverliver, who, seeing their approach, inverted a large camp-kettle as if to conceal her, and commanding his seven sons to defend it to the death, hurried on with his prize. The young men were all slain, and when the Calders lifted up the kettle, no Muriella was to be found. Meanwhile so much time had been gained, that further pursuit was useless. The nurse, at the moment the child was seized, bit off a joint of her little finger, in order to mark her identity—no unnecessary precaution, as appears from Campbell of Auchinbreck’s reply to one who, in the midst of their felicitations on arriving safely in Argyle, asked what was to be done, should the child die before she was marriageable? “She can never die,” said he, “as long as a red-haired lassie can be found on either side of Lochawe!”

John of Lorn and his captive were afterwards married; Lord Cawdor is their representative, and the Campbells of Ardchattan, Airds, and Cluny are their collateral descendants.

\* “Pious, learned, eloquent, modest, zealous, prudent,”—is the praise bestowed on him by Dr. MacCrie.

Through this worthy man, and the patron who recommended him, the principles of the reformation descended in a direct line from the poetical Sir David Lindsay. You have already become acquainted with his last and most elaborate work, "The Monarchie,"—"Row," says Dr. MacCrie, speaking of Sir David's poems, "has preserved an anecdote which serves to illustrate their influence and the manner in which the reformed sentiments were propagated at that period. Some time between 1550 and 1558, a friar was preaching at Perth in the church where the scholars of Andrew Simson attended public worship. In the course of his sermon, after relating some of the miracles wrought at the shrines of the saints, he began to inveigh bitterly against the Lutheran preachers, who were going about the country, and endeavouring to withdraw the people from the catholic faith. When he was in the midst of his invective, a loud hissing arose in that part of the church where the boys, to the number of three hundred, were seated, so that the friar, abashed and affrighted, broke off his discourse and fled from the pulpit. A complaint having been made to the master, he instituted an enquiry into the cause of the disturbance, and, to his astonishment, found that it originated with a son of a craftsman in the town, who had a copy of Lindsay's 'Monarchie,' which he had read at intervals to his schoolfellows. When the master was about to administer severe chastisement to him, both for the tumult he had occasioned, and also for retaining in his possession

such an heretical book, the boy very spiritedly replied that the book was not heretical, requested his master to read it, and professed his readiness to submit to punishment, provided any heresy was found in it. This proposal appeared so reasonable to Simson, that he perused the work, which he had not formerly seen, and was convinced of the truth of the boy's statement. He accordingly made the best excuse which he could to the magistrates for the behaviour of his scholars, and advised the friar to abstain in future from extolling miracles and from abusing the protestant preachers. From that time Simson was friendly to the Reformation."\*—On the establishment of the kirk of Scotland, he became one of its ministers; he was a clever man and an author, and many of his pupils highly distinguished themselves in after-life. Of these, James Lawson was one; Simson, being much struck with the talent and avidity for learning, which he displayed as a poor boy, took him to his own home, gave him an excellent education, and afterwards recommended him to Lady Crawford.†—Thus, as we may allow him, I presume, a share with that worthy lady in influencing the religious principles of her children, Sir David, if not the literal, was at least the spiritual ancestor of our family.

The professions of law and divinity were often in that day united in the same individual. So it was with Mr.

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\* MacCrie's *Life of Knox*, i. 363.

† MacCrie's *Life of Melville*, i. 323.

Lindsay. After his return to Scotland, he was appointed rector of Menmuir in Angus, a living in the gift of the Edzell family, which he long retained, and from which, on his being appointed one of the Lords of Session, in 1581, he adopted his forensic title, Lord Menmuir.\*

In June, 1592, the king granted him for life the office of master of all metals and minerals within the kingdom, "knowing the great qualifications," says his majesty, "of his weel beloved counsellor, and his travels in seeking out and discovering of divers metals of great valor within this realm, and in sending to England, Germany, and Denmark, to get the perfect assay and knowledge thereof."—Six days afterwards, he united the lands of Balcarres, Balniel, and others, into a free barony in his favour, an estate which, with the lands of Balmakin and Innerdovat, formed the original patrimony of the Balcarres family.

The same month, he was appointed one of a committee, consisting of the chancellor and the most distin-

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\* In March, 1587, "after Q. M.'s death," as the deed is endorsed, he was appointed ambassador to France, "for sindrie wechtie and great affairs concerning the honour and profit of us and our realm," and for "pursuing, collecting, and intrometting with all sums of money, lands, guidis and geir whatsoever fallen to us be the decease of our umquhile dearest mother."—Notwithstanding Mr. Lindsay's having undertaken to execute this commission "upon his awin expences, not burdening us at this time to advance or deburse ony sums of money," King James appointed one thousand crowns for his journey, and one hundred to be paid him montbly during his absence, "sa lang as he shall remain in the saidis services or either of them."

guished lawyers of Scotland, to whom was entrusted the task of visiting, revising, and selecting from the ancient laws of the kingdom, those of most importance, "which ought to be generally known to the lieges, and should be kept and obeyed by them;" these were to be carefully transcribed, and delivered to "his Hienes' prentar" for publication.

Lord Menmuir was, in 1595, appointed one of the celebrated Octavians, or Secret Council of Eight, in whom the control of the Exchequer, and administration of public affairs, were vested after the death of Chancellor Maitland, and whose wisdom and prudence have been eulogised by the elegant pen of Robertson.\*—He

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\* "At that time the charges of government far exceeded the king's revenues. The queen was fond of expensive amusements. James himself was a stranger to economy. It became necessary for all these reasons to levy the public revenues with greater order and rigour, and to husband them with more care. The powers invested in these Octavians were ample and almost unlimited. The king bound himself neither to add to their number, nor to supply any vacancy that might happen without their consent; and, knowing the facility of his own temper, agreed that no alienation of his revenue, no grant of a pension, or order on the treasury, should be valid, unless it were ratified by the subscriptions of five of these commissioners. All their acts and decisions were declared to be of equal force with the sentence of judges in the civil courts, and in consequence of them, without any warrant, any person might be arrested or their goods seized. Such extensive jurisdiction, together with the absolute disposal of the public money, drew the whole executive part of government into their hands. They retained their power, notwithstanding a general combination against them, and they owed it entirely to the order and economy which they

was soon afterwards appointed Lord privy seal, and the following year, secretary of state, on which he resigned his place in the session to his elder brother, Sir David Lindsay of Edzell. He enjoyed likewise, for many years before his death, the honorary office of chancellor of the

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introduced into the administration of the finances, by which the expences of government were more easily defrayed than in any other part of the reign of King James."—*Hist. of Scotl.*—"Talent," observes Mr. Chambers, "the naked quality for which the king had selected them, was found even in this rude age so far to transcend all merely external pretensions."

"The arrangement," continues this writer, "was found to be in every respect a fortunate one for James. It supplied him with what he most wanted in personal character, the power of saying No to unreasonable requests, and of acting with firmness in the protection of his prerogative against the frequent invasions which were made upon it. Nor was he exposed to the least danger of having his power altogether transferred into the hands of the Octavians. They were forced, by the hostility of the nobles, the church, and the people, to keep close under his wing; their power depended too immediately and too exclusively upon his personal will, to put himself in the least danger. In effect, his government acquired, by this arrangement, all the advantages of vigour and accuracy; and there was now exhibited, for the first time in Scotland, a ministry selected upon principles at all approaching to those which dictate the construction of a British cabinet in modern times."—*Life of King James*, i. 217.

They resigned, however, within a few months after their appointment, in consequence, says Spotswood, of "the malice and envy carried unto them for the credit and place they had with the king, which their service had well deserved. . . . But the king loved to have peace, though with his own loss; neither did they like to be the instruments of his trouble."—p. 433.

university of St. Andrews, in which capacity the famous Andrew Melville addressed him a playful Latin poem, in the form of a petition from that venerable Alma Mater herself.\* Nor did he, while acting as a statesman, forget the interests of the church. Dr. Cook has given an analysis and a warm commendation of his scheme for planting the whole kirks throughout Scotland with perpetual local stipends,—a scheme which, according to Mr. James Melville, “was thought the best and maist

\* See the *Delic. Poet, Scot.* ed. 1677, p. 121.—In the same volume, and also in Dr. MacCrie’s *Life of Melville*, (vol. i. p. 426,) will be found the epitaph of the Rev. James Lindsay, brother of Lord Menmuir, and rector of Fettercairn, who died at Geneva in July, 1580, on a mission from the ministry of Scotland.

“Dum te magnus amor virtutis, et ætheris alti  
 Igneus ardor agit, patriam, fratresque sororesque,  
 Et matrem instantis luctantem in limine lethi  
 Deseris; Oceani fluctus, hyemesque feroces,  
 Atque omnes terræ casus, cœlique ruinas  
 Ter frustra aggressus, ter retrò, O fata! repulsus,  
 Securè contemnis; et effugis Anglobritanni  
 Arva beata quidem, sed adhuc minus hospita, necnon  
 Celtarum crudele solum, &c. &c. . . .  
 Jam Genevam, Genevam verè pietatis alumnam,  
 Florentem studiis cœlestibus omine magno  
 Victor ovans subis; ac voti jam parte potitus,  
 Jam Bezæ dulci alloquio, &c. &c. . . .  
 At nobis reditum lætum expectantibus, ultro  
 Tu, mi Iacobe! polumque petens, patriamque perenuem,  
 Luctum, eheu! lacrymasque . . . . . relinquis!  
 Te canæ flevère Alpes, visæque Lemanno  
 Illacrymare cano; visus pater ipse Lemannus,  
 Et Rhodanus liquidis planctum miscere sub undis.”

exact that ever was devisit or set down," and which is inserted at full length in the curious memoirs that bear testimony to its excellence.\*

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\* Melville, p. 223—29. Bann. ed.

“Lindsay of Balcarres, one of the Octavians, who had paid to the subject much attention, proposed a plan which was thought the best that had yet been suggested. The revenue of the church having been much impaired by annexations to the crown, by the erection of churchlands into temporal lordships, by the iniquitous practice of granting long leases of tithes for an elusory payment, by pensions, and by the manner in which that portion of the thirds pertaining to the crown had been alienated,—he proposed, as the only method of providing comfortably for the clergy, that all tithes should be declared to be the patrimony of the church, that the lords of the exchequer, with such ministers as should be appointed by the assembly, being equal in number to the lords, should modify and assign, from certain bounds in every parish, a quantity of victual, and other duties of vicarage, with a manse and glebe, as a local stipend to each church, in whatever manner the tiends might have been previously granted or enjoyed; that the commissioners should have power to unite or disjoin parishes, with consent of the parishioners; and that the assignations made by them should be valid, giving full power to the ministers, in a summary way to collect what belonged to their benefices. He then laid down a method for the valuation of tithes so as to prevent all further dilapidation; and he recommended that, this having been accurately done, an estimate should be made of the amount of the whole tithes; and that what remained, after paying the stipends, should be employed for upholding schools, for sustaining the poor, and for other godly uses, the title, however, to the whole being vested in the ministers, who were to account for the surplus to persons nominated for receiving it.

“This scheme, by distributing all the teinds, for the temporal estates of the church had been previously and for ever wrested from it, left nothing for the support of prelates,—thus following out the act of par-

In brief he was “one of the eminentest men of his time for parts and virtue, which did appear in all his actions, but most in his righteous administration of justice; he was secretary and privy seal of Scotland at once, and was intendit by the king to have the chief place in

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liament abolishing that order, and effectually preventing its restoration in the form in which it had once existed. But as one of the estates of parliament was thus destroyed, and as a spiritual estate was judged requisite for preserving the entire fabric of the political constitution, Lindsay concluded by a proposition that, in time coming, every presbytery should send, from its own members, a commissioner to parliament,—that from the commissioners so returned, the two other orders should choose as many as, joined with the surviving possessors of prelacies, should compose a number equal to that of any of the other estates; and that, after the decease of the titular bishops, the whole of the representatives of the church should be taken from the commissioners elected by presbyteries, the persons chosen having the same rights and privileges in parliament as had been possessed by the prelates.

“In this scheme there is much which is excellent. It was admirably calculated to secure the clergy from the horrors of want,—it released them from the anxiety and trouble to which, by the former mode of paying their stipends, they had been subjected,—while it most equitably, in the best way of representation, gave them that voice in the great council of the nation, to which by practice, by law, and in justice they were entitled, but of which they were unfortunately, through their own mistaken views, afterwards deprived. Had the scheme been maturely weighed, some alterations and improvements would no doubt have been suggested; but it was, in general, acceptable to the ministers, and it would in all probability have been carried into effect, had not the events which soon took place made a material change in the civil and ecclesiastical state of the kingdom.”—*Dr. Cook's Hist. of the Church of Scotland*, ii. 57—9.

the kingdom, but was taken away unexpectedly by a fit of the stone in the prime of his age.”\*

—Yet not unprepared, I am happy to say, nor ungrateful for the “mony baith spiritual and temporal gifts, whilk,” says he, “I never mereit in respect of my manifold sins, the forgiveness and redemption whereof I lip-pin (trust) only to my Saviour Jesus Christ.”—Many a trait of character may be read in the language and provisions of a will of the olden time. That of Secretary Lindsay’s, like De Thou’s, affords “a beautiful specimen of those avowals of their faith and piety towards God, as well as affection towards their families, which our forefathers frequently introduced in such a connection, and in which,” it has been well observed, “it is perhaps no proof of our improved taste, any more than of our increased virtue, that we have so entirely ceased to imitate them.”† “Being assurit,” says he, “of my salvation be the bluid of Christ only, I leave my saul to the gryt God of heaven, Creator thereof, thankand His great Majesty for the giving of it to me, and of all His benefits in this life, abune my merit and expectation,—therefore maist willingly quitting this warldly life again, whensoever it shall please His Majesty to retire my soul again to Himself.”—Should his death occur in or near Edinburgh, he desires that his body should be buried in the Abbey-kirk, beside the remains of the late justice-clerk, the

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\* MS. memoir of his grandson, Alexander earl of Balcarres.

† Scott’s Hist. of the Church, v. ii. p. viii.

lairds of Segie and Barnbarrow, Mr. John Graham, and other lords of the session, “my friends and companions;”—if at St. Andrews, in St. Leonard’s Kirk;—if at Balcarres, “in the kirk of Kilconquhar, under my awin seat.”—“And that,” he proceeds, “without ony superfluous solemnity or greater convocation of friends nor (than) may be had upon the morn after my decease.” And “I wald request my friends and bairns,” he adds, “rather to be merry nor to make lamentation for my decease, and to think that their lamentation will do me na guid, nor can not be foundit upon ony guid reason, gif they hope that I will be in a guid estate.”

After providing for his children’s worldly weal, and bequeathing them to the guardianship of his elder brother, he in an especial manner commends his daughters to the “kindness and diligence, whereof,” says he, “I am weel assurit,” of his excellent sister-in-law, Dame Isabel Forbes, the lady of Edzell; thereby observing the first and most earnest prayer of his deceased wife, in a will, or rather testamentary letter, which she addressed him from her death-bed,—that he would “bring up our bairns in God’s fear, and albeit ye have mony rich friends, yet never should let them be in that company where they will see vice. There is few,” she adds, “either of your or my friends, in whose company I would wish any of them to be, except in the laird of Edzell’s and Culluthie’s,\* wha, I am sure, fear God.”—

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\* David Carnegie, of Colluthie, one of the Octavians and father of

After remembering his friends, and providing kindly for his servants and dependants, his last request is that his son would continue to love and protect them, while “on the other pairt,” says he, “I recommend my said son and remanent bairns to the love and care of my haill friends and servants, praying them to continue their good-will towards them, as they have done towards me.”—“And sa,” he concludes, “of new recommending my saul to the great eternal God, I heartily take my leave fra this world.”—He expired on the third of September, 1598, at ten in the morning, and was buried in the kirk of Kilconquhar.

His talents were very varied ; eminent at once as a lawyer and a statesman, he was a scholar, a man of letters, and a poet ; was familiar with the Greek, partook of the general proficiency of his cotemporaries in what was then styled the universal language, and was master of more than one foreign tongue, with which his residence on the continent had familiarised him at an early age. He built the family mansion of Balcarres in 1595, and furnished it with a small library, the nucleus of a collection which his descendants, inheriting their ancestor's attachment to literature, continually augmented. Much of his correspondence, both in Latin and Scottish, is preserved in the public repositories of Scotland.\* Of

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the first earl of Southesk, married Margaret Lindsay, daughter of Lord Edzell. Their daughter, Magdalen, was the wife of the illustrious Montrose.

\* Of what has been styled “the invaluable collection of papers ac-

his "Epigrams" I can give a less satisfactory account; he was esteemed "excellent in that air" by Scott of

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cumulated by the Lindsay family," and presented to the Advocates' Library by Colin earl of Balcarres, in 1712—(now bound up in nine folio volumes)—"the greater proportion" was "collected by John Lindsay of Menmuir, secretary of State, &c., and refers to the reign of the Queen Regent, Mary of Lorraine; including an extensive correspondence with the court of France, in which are to be found letters of Catharine de Medicis, Henri II., the celebrated Anne Constable de Montmorency, Diana de Poitiers, and other equally distinguished persons."—Of these letters, twenty-five of Henri II. have been printed in the Miscellany of the Maitland Club; and in the "*Analecta Scotica*," 2 vols. 8vo., 1836—7, will be found fourteen more from Mary Queen of Scots, written prior to her attaining the age of fifteen—three from Margaret of France, duchess of Savoy—four from James V.—four from Catherine de Medicis—four from Diane de Poitiers, and two from Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre. These (with the exception of the letters of Henri II. and Diane de Poitiers) have also been collected into a little volume, entitled, "*Lettres de quelques hauts personnages, adressées à la reine d'Ecosse, Marie de Guise, tirées des MSS. originaux et autographes, recueillis par Milord Balcarres*. Edimb. 8vo., 1834."

"The letters during the reign of James VI. are comparatively few, and relate chiefly to his negotiations with foreign powers, to obtain their recognition of his right of eventual succession to the crown of England. They possess considerable interest," and have been printed in the "*Analecta Scotica*," and among the "*Letters and State Papers during the reign of James VI. Abbotsford Club, 4to., 1838*," both, I believe, edited by Mr. Maidment.

Besides the above-mentioned papers, the collection includes various others relating to the Balcarres family, and the university of St. Andrews.

—Of the Secretary's own writings one is thus alluded to by the master

Scottstarvet and Sir William Alexander, earl of Stirling, themselves poets and no mean judges of literary merit, but I can find no traces of his effusions, and fear they must remain among the *desiderata* of Lindsay literature.\*

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of Gray, in a letter dated 15 Sept., 1596 :—" I will request your lordship cause send me a copy of your discourse ' De Jure Anglicano,' whilk I saw in Falkland."—*Papers relating to Pat. Master of Gray*. Bann. Club, 4to., p. 184.

\* The following letter to Sir David Lindsay of Balcarres, from Sir John of Scottstarvet, will be read with interest by the literary antiquary.

" Right honourable,

My humble duty premitit, your accustomed kindness to me makes me at this present to presume thus far with your worship; the occasion whereof is this. At the desire of Sir William Alexander, of Menstrie, and mine, Mr. John Rea, our auld minister, has undertaken the collecting and setting togidder of our Scottish poets, in the imitation of the French and Italians, whereof we have gadderit a good number already, and I am doing all that I can to get in those that we want, among whilk there is ane whilk your worship hes, viz., Bodius<sup>a</sup> Answers to the haille Epistles of Ovid, whilk I will entreat your worship to do me the favour as to send me with this bearer.<sup>b</sup> It shall be safely keepit to your worship, and honestly redeliverit. And likeways that ye wald be pleasit to luik out any epigrams either of your father's or Chancellor Maitland's, whereof I know ye have numbers, and either send me them now, or acquaint me be your letter whereof ye can be able to help us

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<sup>a</sup> Mark Alexander Boyd.—Not the noted Archbishop of Glasgow, who, in a metrical version of the Bible, is *said* (for I have never seen the MS.) to begin one of his chapters as follows :—

"And was not Pharaoh a very great rascal  
Not to let the children of Israel go forty days into the wilderness to eat the Paschal?"

<sup>b</sup> " Sent to him, and sindry other papers."—*MS. note by Sir David*.

His mineralogical studies were profitable to his country, and met, as we have seen, with a munificent reward from

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in thais, for we know they were baith excellent in that airt. And finally, gif ye have any others good written poesies of our countrymen, to communicate them also with me, who shall be answerable to your worship for the re-delivery of them upon my credit. As likeways, if ye have any of Melvin's printed verses. I hope, sir, your discretion will appardon my boldness in this behalf, seeing it proceeds from so honest a cause, and tends to so good an end as the honour of our country, whilk I know your worship respects als much as any gentleman in the samyn, and wha yourself yield to few of your estate in that metier (*Fr. métier*) of learning.

So, my humble service rememberit to yourself, and attending your will in thir particulars, I rest

Your humble servitor at command,

Thridpart, 5 April, 1615.

J. SCOTT OF SCOTTISTARVETT."

This scheme dropped to the ground, and it was not till twenty-two years afterwards that the "*Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*" appeared at Amsterdam.

Had the representative of Sir Michael Scott but anticipated his clansman of the Border—had an "Evergreen" of the ancient vernacular poetry of Scotland been then enwreathed! But sighs are unavailing. The tendency of the age was to classic composition, and, indeed, *till* that age, the unsettled and shifting character both of the English and Scottish dialect seemed to justify the creed, so beautifully expressed by Waller,

"Poets, that lasting marble seek,  
Must carve in Latin or in Greek;  
We write in sand—our language grows,  
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows."

Even on the few Scottish writers who wisely dissented from this doc-

his sovereign ; while a patent, granted him in 1594, for an engine for raising water out of coal-mines, attests the prominence of the constructive development on his

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trine, and foresaw the glorious destiny of English, this classical bias exercised a deep and trammelling influence.

The old Scottish tongue may be said to have expired as a literary language at the union of the crowns. Closer intercourse with England, and the sudden growth and richness of English literature, brought it into disuse. Even in the familiar letters introduced in the following chapter of these "Lives," the reader will observe the change of Scottish for English idiom and expression effected in less than half a century after the accession of James I. Till that era, the sister languages, like two noble streams descending from the same distant fount, had held a distinct but parallel course, now rushing confusedly through ravines and gullies, now expanding into calm clear lakes, which Cowley would have named after Barbour, Dunbar, Douglas—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare ; but then, instead of uniting into one broad stream, and rolling majestically and melodiously on together, the Scottish tongue, like the ancient river of Palmyra, sank into the earth and was lost ; and the Virgil of Douglas, the Thistle and the Rose of Dunbar, the Bruce of Barbour—those temples upreared by Scottish genius to the Scottish muse—survive only, like the solitary ruins of the city of Zenobia, to mark the scene which it once fertilised.

I do not forget Burns, nor would I undervalue him, but we must look back three hundred years, to the day when Scotch was spoken by the wise, the experienced, the refined—in the presence-chamber of Holyrood as well as on the braes of Yarrow—for the golden age of Scottish literature. The mightiest poets of a nation must not merely re-echo the love of freedom or personal independence which every manly mind possesses, but also plant their feet on the very highest platform of moral and intellectual excellence reared by their predecessors, and rise too above it on the wings of their own genius, till their labours have raised the pyramid higher by another step.

cranium. Nor was he, if we may judge from a copious list of musical instruments drawn up in his handwriting, insensible to the charms of melody, albeit bound by the tenure of his coat to hold the "kistfu' of whistles" in abomination.

His private character was pious, amiable, and hospitable; he enjoyed the love of his family, the confidence of his prince, and the respect of his contemporaries, of whom Archbishop Spotswood has described him as "a man honourably descended, of exquisite learning, and a sound judgment, held worthy by all men of the place he had in the senate, both for his wisdom and integrity,"—while the ruder but nervous pen of the presbyterian Melville emphatically characterises him as "a man of the greatest learning and solid natural wit joined with that,"—"the greatest licht of the policie and council of Scotland."

His first wife, Dame Marion Guthrie, grand-daughter of Sir William of Lunen, and the mother of his children,—(for in relation to his second and termagant spouse, Dame Jean Lauder, I have nothing pleasing to relate, except the fact of her husband's forbearance and the provision he made for her comfort after his decease,)—was one of those excellent mothers whom it has been my delight to recognise amongst our female ancestry, and to whose early culture and watchful love many a virtue and many a blessing with which our forefathers have been gifted, are, under God, attributable. To a sincere and fervent dependance on her Saviour, Marion Guthrie

seems to have united many an engaging endowment, which endeared her to her relations, and ought to ensure her the respect and love even of her remotest descendants. Affectionate to her friends and kindred, considerate to her inferiors, compassionate to the poor and the afflicted, a helpmate on whose care her husband could rely in all worldly and domestic affairs, still it was the first wish of her heart that those she loved should fix their trust on that Rock of Ages which alone can afford the soul security and peace. "I take God to witness," says she, addressing her husband, "I was ever mair careful of your soul than of your body."—As her life was virtuous, so was her death-bed exemplary. She took a kind farewell of her relations and friends, bidding them adieu, says a cotemporary, "with great earnestness and affection, and never spake of the warld thereafter, but ever of God, and upon the morn thereafter conferrit at length with Mr. Walter" (Balcanquhal) "the minister, anent the joy of the heavens, to his great comfort; and thereafter," proceeds this simple record, "be the force of the sickness, ravit, but all in guid things, while (till) the said twenty-fourth day, being ane Monenday, in the morning, betwix six and seven, at whilk time she depairtit,"—committing her soul, as she says in the will already alluded to, "in the hands of the great God, where I am sure it shall be conveyit to the highest heavens, and conjoint with my head, Christ, in whose blood I am sure of remission of my sins."—She was buried upon the morning after her decease.

“The Lord God of heaven be with you, my dear husband,” was her parting blessing,—“the sun gaed never doun upon ony wraith that ever was betwix you and me in this world!”

Sir Hadrian Damman à Bistervelt, resident of the States of Holland at the court of Scotland, and her husband's and her own friend, wrote the following lines to her memory :—

“ In optimatē matronam  
 Mariam Gutheri,  
 Nobilis Viri et Consiliarii Regii  
 M. Johannis Lyndesii  
 Dn. Menmuriaē, suavissimam  
 in vitā conjugem,  
 Epitaphium.

Terque quaterque animi felix, Guthereia felix  
 Hoc fragili intuitur corpore functa Deum ;  
 Utque omnem solita est per vitam dicere laudes,  
 Jam canit angelicis indigetata choris.

Vos longūm conjux cum dulcibus optime natis,  
 Magna perennantes vivite cura Dei ;  
 Dūm spatia emensi mortalis maxima vitæ,  
 Hospitium ad cœli deveniatis idem !”

O'er death victorious, face to face with God  
 Thrice-happy Marion stands, and, as her songs  
 On earth were His, among the angelic choirs  
 Still sings His praise.

Long may ye sojourn here,  
 Sweet children, sorrowing husband ! still your God's  
 Peculiar care, till, satisfied with days,  
 Ye reach the same abiding-place in heaven !

## CHAPTER X.

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“Wisdom is a pearl with most success  
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.”

COWPER.

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## SECT. I.

THE secretary was succeeded in his estate of Balcarres by his eldest son, John Lindsay. “I askit him,” says his mother, “earnestly of the Lord, and sa far as in me is, I have dedicate him to the Lord.” He died, however, while yet a youth and unmarried, in January, 1601.\*

His brother David, who succeeded him, passed some of his early years in study abroad. He was learned,—added to his father’s library till it became one of the best then to be met with in Scotland, and for it abjured

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\* He had been affianced to Lady Margaret Douglas, “daughter and heir of umquhile Archibald earl of Angus,” in 1590, the year after her father’s death, in consequence, it was supposed, of witchcraft,—Secretary Lindsay and William earl of Angus being the contracting parties. She too died young and unmarried.

a life of ambition. Wisdom was the pursuit and delight of his life: "he thought that day misspent," says his daughter-in-law, "on which he knew not a new thing." Natural philosophy, particularly chemistry, and the then fashionable quest of the elixir vitæ and the philosopher's stone, occupied much of his attention during his latter years; but it was the spirit of science and not of lucre that animated his researches, and, during the last year of his life, we shall find the guardian of his daughter-in-law admonishing her, on her marriage with the master of Balcarres, not to set her heart on expensive trifles, lest the generous alchymist should impoverish himself in his anxiety to gratify her. Ten volumes of transcripts and translations, models of correct calligraphy, "which I remember seeing," says one of his descendants, "in our library, covered over with the venerable dust (not gold dust) of antiquity," survived their author, but have now dwindled to four, which still hold their place in the library of his representative, along with his father's well-read Plato—the favourite author, I have little doubt, of the son likewise.

The following letter from William Drummond, the well-known bard of Hawthornden, Sir David's friend and brother book-lover, bears witness to the excellence of his library, his assiduity in augmenting it, and the liberality with which, like Peiresc and Grollier, he valued his literary treasures by the pleasure the communication of them afforded his friends. It accompanied a copy of the "Flowers of Zion," which the poet, it would appear, had

printed *privately*; a fact which, if I mistake not, has escaped the notice of modern bibliographers.

*“To the right worshipful  
Sir David Lindsay  
of Balcarres,  
Knight.”*

“July 26, 1623.

“Sir:—

Though I be not ever able to acquit, yet do I never forget, received courtesies, but most when they are bestowed by the worthiest and such as is yourself,—to whom I have been many times obliged, and last, when in your house you so kindly received me with the sight of your library, and gift of your *Amiratus*.<sup>\*</sup> I would often since have answered your book, though unable those other courtesies, but, considering what a difficulty it were to send you a book which ye (perhaps) had not already, or a new one, ye having so good intelligence abroad, I have been bold to present you with this of mine own, which, though of small worth, is a new one, and only singular in this, that it is not to be found in any library, I having caused print only some copies equalling the number of my friends and those to whom I am beholden, which are not, the world knows, many,—among whom I have ever esteemed and found you. Thus, if my error will not admit defence, it may excuse, proceeding

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<sup>\*</sup> Probably some work of Scipio Ammirato.

from the affection of him, sir, who desireth in what is within the compass of his power to serve you—

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

My humble duty and service remembered to your all-worthy lady.”—

Sir David, I may add, was a pious and humble christian, kind to his family, and deeply anxious for their eternal welfare. “All his delight,” says his son’s biographer, “was in his book and some few friends, and all his care was to have [his] children educated in the knowledge of Christ and to be worthy their noble birth.”

He had married, in 1612, his first cousin, Lady Sophia Seyton,—daughter of Alexander earl of Dunfermeline, brother of the earl of Wintoun, and chancellor of Scotland,—his father’s intimate friend, to whose “faithful friendliness” and guardianship he had recommended him on his death-bed.—She was, indeed, an “all-worthy lady”—religious, amiable, and wise; few, even of “fremit folk,” allude to her in the correspondence of the day without epithets of endearment or respect. Of her four sisters, Lady Anne was married to Alexander Lord Fentoun, and was ancestress of the earls of Kellie; Lady Jean espoused John Lord Yester, afterwards earl of Tweeddale; Lady Margaret, the “wise and virtuous” wife of Colin earl of Seaforth, was mother of Lady Anna Mackenzie, afterwards countess of Balcarres; while Lady Isabel married the son of chancellor Maitland, John earl of Lauderdale, who, with much of his father’s

talent, inherited also his good will to the house of Balcarres. His friendship, indeed, with Sir David, founded on mutual esteem, and cemented by the tender affection of their wives, grew into one of those real friendships which, begun on earth, we have reason to hope will contribute to our happiness in heaven.

Yielding only to the Lauderdale family in the affections of Sir David and Lady Sophia, their kindred of the houses of Edzell, Southesk, Wintoun, Dunfermeline, Seaforth, Perth, and Rothes, seem to have completed the family circle during the earlier half of the seventeenth century.\* And a happy circle they were! they served their God in this world, loving each other in the humble expectation of reunion in the next, drawing the bonds of love closer, and acquiescing in the will of God, whenever He called a brother or a sister to his rest.

Sir David and his dear lady were blessed with a family of "most hopeful and virtuous children," who seem to have rivalled their mother in the affections of all who knew them. Margaret, the eldest, was one of those favoured children, whom their Redeemer, in his

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\* Among Sir David's papers are some letters, written in a beautiful Italian hand, from one Ludovick Foulcr, an officer in the army, whose motherless children he and Lady Balcarres had taken charge of during their father's absence on duty abroad. One of them, "my poor little Sophia," died at Balcarres, in 1635; the acknowledgments of the bereaved parent for all their kindness, to her in particular, are most touchingly expressed; "she was no orphan," he writes to Lady B., "being sheltered under your roof."

mercy, removes in the bud of youth from the bosom of their earthly parents to his own. She left this world on the 17th April, 1630, just after entering upon her fifteenth spring.—“This day in the morning,” writes her father to his constant friend, “it pleasit Almighty God to call our dochter Margaret to the joys of heaven; her end was painless and all-ways happy, blessed be our Maker! God give us grace to make the richt use of it, and, though the Lord should slay us, yet that we may trust in Him who knows and gives us that which is our best, and whose mercies are infinite to those that depend upon His holy providence; as we hope in His Majesty’s love that we shall ever do.

“The grief of your lordship’s sweet lady and dochter\* augments ours, and your lordship has ever been

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\* That “most choice, holy, comely and gentle virgin, to whose divine wit and industry nothing ever appeared difficult which did become a noble and chaste maid,”<sup>a</sup> Jean Maitland, who died the year after her little cousin Margaret, at the early age of nineteen,—and to whose memory Drummond has dedicated some of his sweetest stanzas.

“Fond wight! who dream’st of greatness, glory, state,  
And worlds of pleasures, honours, dost devise;  
Awake, learn how that here thou art not great,  
Nor glorious,—by this monument turn wise.

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<sup>a</sup> “Janæ Maetellanæ, virgini lectissimæ, cujus divino ingenio atque industriæ nihil difficile unquam visum est, quod nobilem pudicamque puellam deceret; cujus vera pietas, formæ venustas, eximia castitas, morum suavitas, et indolis, præter sexum, præter ætatem, miraculum, invidiam Parcarum excitarunt: Joannes Maetellanus, Lauderæ Comes, et Isabella Setonia, parentes, præpostero Naturæ ordine superstites relictæ, insperatum hoc memoriæ sacrum statuerunt. Vixit annos 19, m. 2, d. 8. Vitam mortalem exiit, 6 Id. Dec. 1631.”—*Epitaph, in Monteith’s Theatre of Mortality.*

pleasit to give us many proofs to knaw what thir news  
will be to your lordship's self; but we must all kiss the

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A beauty here it holds, alas ! too fast,  
Than whom no blooming rose was more refined,  
Nor morning's blush more radiant ever shined;  
Ah! too, too like to morn and rose at last.

It holds her who in wit's ascendant far  
Did years and sex transcend; to whom the heaven  
More virtue than to all this age had given;  
For virtue meteor turned when she a star.

Fair Mirth, sweet Conversation, Modesty,  
And what those kings of numbers did conceive  
By Muses nine and Graces more than three,  
Lie closed within the compass of this grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

' Lost have our meads their beauty, hills their gems,  
Our brooks their crystal, groves their pleasant shade;  
The fairest flower of all our anadems  
Death cropped hath; the Lesbia chaste is dead !'

Thus sighed the Tyne, then shrunk within his urn,  
And meads, brooks, rivers, hills about did mourn.

\* \* \* \* \*

Beauty to heaven is fled, sweet Modesty  
No more appears; she whose harmonious sounds  
Did ravish sense and charm mind's deepest wounds,  
Emhalmed with many a tear now low doth lie!

Fair hopes now vanished are. She would have graced  
A prince's marriage-bed; but lo! in heaven  
Blest paramours to her were to be given!  
She lived an angel, now with them is placed.

Virtue is hut a name abstractly trimmed,  
Interpreting what she was in effect;  
A shadow from her frame which did reflect,  
A portrait by her excellencies limned.

rod that comes from so loving a hand. God bless and preserve your lordship and your sweet lady, and all yours, whom if we wanted (as we pray God to guard you) all our earthly comforts from flesh and blood were endit."

The following letter from the kind and good Lord Lauderdale, written before the melancholy news of his niece's death reached him, though, it would seem, without a hope of her recovery, must have soothed and comforted the stricken hearts of her parents.

"Right honourable and loving brother,

The receipt of your other letter, bearing that your daughter was grown better, did not so much refresh me as this, your last, has dejected me; but when man is weakest God is strongest, whom I heartily pray, either to restore that child to health, and make her an honour and comfort to us all, or, if His holy determination be other, to dispose your hearts who are her parents, and my wife's, who no doubt will very far participate of your grief, in all humility to acquiesce to His holy will, who best knoweth what is best for us. If other men's shawing of sorrow might make it either less or more support-

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Thou whom free-will or chance hath hither brought,  
And read'st, here lies a branch of Maitland's stem  
And Seyton's offspring; know that either name  
Designs all worth yet reached by human thought.

Tombs elsewhere use life to their guests to give,  
These ashes can frail monuments make live.

able to those who have chief interest, yours might be so much the lighter that I want not my awin pairt in it; for I may justly swear my affection and weel-wishing to that child was no less nor if I had begotten her: but, brother, I am sure your awin worth and knowledge will sufficiently arm you against this assault,—‘*Suadeat ratio quod tempus persuadebit;*’ be constant yourself, and confirm and strengthen your lady and my wife, and again I pray God Almighty comfort you all.”—“Before your last came to my hands,” he writes about a month afterwards, “I did receive that which bore the woeful news of the death of your daughter, whom I swear I did ever esteem in that same degree to myself, which hath drowned the regret which perhaps otherwise I might have had for another of my awin who followed her soon: but God knoweth best what is best for us all, and I am glad ye resolve so weill to mak the right use of this visitation of God’s, neither doubted I ever but your wisdom and knowledge wald furnish you both patience and resolution; for my sister I am more afraid, who hath a good mind lodged in a weak body, and now both hath gotten so sore an essay,—if God Almighty who hath made the wound do not apply the cure.”—So humbly and so confidently did these christians lean on that arm of mercy which never fails those that trust in it for support.

To the sisters and brothers of this dear child let the following hearty letter of an old family friend introduce you:—

“ My very honourable lord and most worthy lady !

My service rememberit towards your lordship, and to the master, my loving sweet friend, and to wise and sweet Mistress Isabelle, and to sweet and bonnie Sophia, and to the twa smaller, John and David, I pray your lordship to send me word of your lordship’s guid health and all your family ; for ye are my only comfort, hope, and trust in this world, except God only ; for when I either rise or go to bed, I think upon your lordship. \* \*

Yours to command till death,

JOHN AUCHMUTIE.”

The “ wise and sweet Mistress Isabelle ” became, in process of time, the loving spouse of Boyd of Pinkill, a baron of ancient family in Perthshire ; “ sweet and bonnie Sophia ” married “ that good man and accomplished gentleman, my dear and excellent friend,” as Evelyn calls him, Sir Robert Moray, the first president—“ the life and soul ” of the Royal Society,—justice-clerk and secretary of Scotland ;\* while of “ the twa smaller,” David served in the king’s army, but died young and unmarried, as did also his brother John, at the age of thirteen, during the troubles.†

\* For Burnet’s character of Sir Robert, “ the wisest and worthiest man of his age,” see a note to the first section of the following chapter of these “ Lives.”

† Sir David and Lady Sophia had several other children, who died in infancy. . . . . Should the eye of any one, mourning over such

Alexander the master of Balcarres was born on the sixth of July, 1618, at day-break. His character early declared itself. Bright talents, with the invaluable endowment of steady application, were blended even in his childhood with sweetness of disposition, and guided aright by firm religious principle. He was sent in May, 1627, when on the point of attaining his ninth year, to the school at Haddington, under the careful private superintendence of Mr. David Forret, "a pious and learned gentleman," in after years a minister of high account in the kirk of Scotland, and whose letters bear testimony to the superior abilities displayed even at that age by his pupil. "Neither is it my mind," says he, "so to hold him at his book as to restrain him from that measure of

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bereavements, grow dim as she reads this, let me add a few words from a beautiful essay, entitled the "Tears of Parents," in the *Christian Observer*, (vol. xxxii. p. 587.)—"Have we been called to resign a child in the tender hours of infancy? He is safe, eternally safe; happy, eternally happy. He is redeemed by the blood of that Saviour, whom he lived not to know upon earth, but whom he knows in heaven with a distinctness, and loves with an affection, surpassingly beyond all that we, who are left behind, can conceive. We would not, in our serious conviction, bring back the sheltered lamb to this bleak clime; we would not, in our better mind, wish to see the emancipated spirit struggling with the sins and sorrows which infest the thorny and dangerous path of human life. Yet natural affection pleads—yes, and let it plead; only let it not murmur; let it weep, but let it in weeping rejoice, while faith rises triumphant in the bosom, and acknowledges the tenderness of the hand that gathered to a world of cloudless sunshine the tender exotic which might have withered and been lost upon earth."

play whilk is fit either for his recreation or health, seeing I know his ingyne (genius) is such that in half a day he can do all that either the master or I desires him do in a whole day. Concerning his education," he proceeds, "without bitter chiding, or any other sort of severity, I have ever thought it the best way to deal with a good nature calmly and without austereness; thus I resolve to deal with him. I thank God for it, his nature is such that I may very well promise this; indeed, if it were such as there is many, I could hardly do it."—"When he was but nine years of age," says a manuscript memoir, written apparently soon after his death in exile at Breda, "he began to seek God, and to be so taken up with thoughts of God and His goodness to him, that it wald keep him awake in the night, and this increased with his years; and, when he was at the university in St. Andrews, he took such delight in learning, that he wald often be making his own and his neighbours' lessons when they were at their recreations abroad." His father's letter to him on returning to college after one of the vacations, is so characteristic of the parent, and at the same time comprises within so short a compass all that one could wish addressed to a son on such an occasion, that I shall make no apology for inserting it here.

"Alexander :—

Let me remember you again of what your mother and I spake to you before your going there, for the long vacance and jolliness that ye have seen this lang time

bygane makes me think that ye will have mister (need) to be halden in mind of your awin weal; for I knaw what difficulty it is to one of your constitution and years to apply their mind to study after so long a intermission. And, first of all, we recommend to you again the true fear of God your Maker, which is the beginning of all wisdom, and that, evening and morning, ye cease not to incall for His divine blessing to be upon you and all your enterprises;—Secondly, that ye apply your mind to virtue, which cannot be acquired without learning, and, seeing ye are there for that end, redeem your time, and lose it not, and be not carried away with the innumerable conceits and follies incident to youth; for the man is happy for ever that governs weel his youthhead, and spends that time weel above all the time of his life; for youth is the tempest of life, wherein we are in most peril, and has maist mister of God, the great Pilot of the world, to save us. Therefore, as ye wald wish the blessing of God to be upon you, and the blessing of us your parents, remember and do what is both said and written to you. Also, forget not to carry yourself discreetly to all, and use maist the company that we tauld you of. Many wald be glad to have the happiness of guid direction of life, which ye want not,—and the fault will be in you and not in us, your parents, if ye mak not guid use of your golden time,—and ye may be doubly blamed, seeing God has indued you with ingyne and capacitie for learning, if ye apply it not the right way, being so kindly exhorted to it; for the cost, that is waired (bestowed)

upon you, we will think all weel bestowit, if ye mak yourself answerable to our desires,—which is, to spend your time weel, in learning to fear God aright, and to be a virtuous man, as I have said.—Last, forget not to keep your person always neat and cleanly, and your clothes or any things ye have, see they be not abused; and press to be a guid manager, for things are very easily misguidit or lost, but not easily acquirit, and sloth and carelessness are the ways to want. I will expect a compt from you of your carriage shortly, and how ye have ta'en thir things to heart. God Almighty direct you and bless you !”

## SECT. II.

King Charles the First, whose father's marriage, and whose own baptism, had been celebrated by David Lindsay, the venerable and exemplary bishop of Ross,\*

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\* David bishop of Ross was grandson of the young laird of Edzell, who fell at Flodden, and had, at an early age, on returning from his travels abroad, joined the ranks of the reformers. He was appointed minister of Leith on the establishment of the kirk of Scotland, in 1560, from which year, for above half a century, his name constantly occurs in the ecclesiastical historians, who all bear testimony to his abilities, though his inclination to a moderate episcopacy, and acceptance of the bishopric of Ross, in 1600, are sad demerits in presbyterian eyes.

The principal events of his life are briefly noticed by Mr. Campbell, in his history of Leith, while describing the ancient church of St. Mary's in that town. “This venerable fabric derives no small degree of additional interest from the circumstance of its having once been the

visited his native country in 1633, and was crowned in the abbey of Holyrood-house by that "prime scholar,"

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church of the celebrated David Lindsay, one of the early and among the few deserving favourites of James VI. Lindsay accompanied James on his voyage to Norway, where, at Upslo, he performed the marriage-service on the 3d of November, 1589, which united that monarch to the daughter of the King of Denmark. It was Lindsay also who baptised his son, the unfortunate Charles the First.<sup>a</sup>—After alluding to his episcopal promotion, &c.,—"these honours," continues Mr. C., "were not heaped upon Lindsay without being merited. He had been particularly serviceable to James in his differences with the kirk, and was the only minister that could be prevailed upon to thank Providence for his majesty's deliverance from the Gowrie conspiracy, which he did publicly at the Cross of Edinburgh.<sup>b</sup> What is much more to his credit, however, he was the only clergyman who would pray for the ill-fated Mary during her imprisonment in England.<sup>c</sup> In the year 1603, Lindsay was chosen by King James to attend him into England, on his accession

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<sup>a</sup> He assisted also at the baptism of Charles's elder brother, the beloved and lamented Prince Henry, in the presence of the Scottish nobility and the foreign ambassadors, at Stirling, 30 Aug. 1594. The process of the ceremony and the subsequent festivities are so amusingly described in a cotemporary tract, that I cannot refrain from abridging it into a subnote, to be found in the Appendix, No. V.

<sup>b</sup> "In a very eloquent oration," (*Sir J. Balfour*), "which action being ended, there was ringing of bells, shooting of cannons, between three and four afternoon, and bon-fires set in the streets and upon Arthur's Seat, and other eminent places far and near, on this and the other side of the water."—*Calderwood's Hist. Kirk*, p. 443.

The king landing at Leith six days afterwards, "Mr. David Lindsay takes him to the kirk, exhorted him, after thanksgiving, to perform his vow made before-times of performance of justice, at which words he smiled and talked with those that were about him, after his unreverent manner of behaviour at sermons."—*Calderwood's MS. Hist.*, quoted by *Pitcairn, Criminal Trials*, i. 246.

<sup>c</sup> Except the king's own minister. This was at the moment when, apprehending her instant execution, James besought the prayers of the clergy as a last resource for her preservation.

Dr. David Lindsay, bishop of Brechin, who had previously preached on the text, "And all the people cried

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to the throne of that kingdom, and in the following year he was nominated one of the commissioners for uniting the two kingdoms. Notwithstanding, however, the various and important situations which he held, he continued his ministry in Leith until his death, which happened about the year 1613, in the 82d or 83d year of his age."<sup>a</sup>

He was, says his son-in-law, Archbishop Spotswood, "a man of a peaceable nature, wise and moderate, universally beloved and well esteemed of by all wise men. His corpse was interred at Leith by his own directions, as desiring to rest with that people on whom he had taken great pains in his life."<sup>b</sup>

He left a son, Sir Jerome, and a daughter, Rachel Lindsay, the happy mother of Sir John Spotswood of that ilk, a noble and loyal knight, who suffered greatly in the cause of Charles I.—of Sir Robert, lord president of the Court of Session, and secretary of state for Scotland; the kind, the christian martyr, who sealed his loyalty to the same unfortunate monarch on the scaffold<sup>c</sup>—and of a daughter, Anne, "vir-

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<sup>a</sup> Hist. of Leith, p. 329. See also his Life, in Scott's Lives of the Scottish Reformers; and Spotswood, *passim*.

<sup>b</sup> A work of his was published after his death, bearing the following quaint title:—"The Heavenly Chariot laid open for transporting the new-horn babes of God, from Time infected with sin, towards that Eternity inthe which dwelleth righteousness: made up of some rare pieces of that purest gold which is not to be found but in that richest treasury of Sacred Scripture. Imprintit at St. Andrews, by Edw. Raban, printer to the University. 4to., 1622."

<sup>c</sup> For an account of the death of this admirable man, ("an exit," observes Mr. Napier, "so saint-like as to seem a type of the death of his sovereign,") see Wishart's Life of Montrose.—"He was remarkable," says the reverend biographer, "for his deep knowledge of things, both divine and humane; for his skill in the Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic, besides the western languages, and an intimate acquaintance with history, law, and politics. He was the honour and ornament of his country and the age, for the integrity of his life, for his fidelity, for his justice, and for his constancy. He was a man of an even temper, ever consistent with himself; so that his youth had

out, God save King Solomon."\* Spotswood, archbishop

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tuously and religiously bred," and happily married to Sir William St. Clair of Roslin.—*Preface to Spotswood's History.*

Sir Jerome Lindsay of Annatland was afterwards styled "of the Mount," having married the daughter and heiress of Sir David Lindsay, Lyon King, the poet's nephew, on whose death, in 1621, he succeeded him in his office.—Of Robert Lindsay, his younger son, I believe, and the early friend of Pitcairn, a strange story is related. Fellow-students, it was supposed, in those occult sciences so ardently pursued in those days, they bound themselves by a solemn pledge, that whichever died first, should, if possible, acquaint his friend with his condition in the "world unseen." Lindsay died towards the close of 1675, four years after the compact, and while Pitcairn was at Paris; and, the very night of his death, Pitcairn dreamt that he was at Edinburgh, where the following singular conversation ensued between them:—"Archie," said Lindsay, "perhaps ye have heard I am dead?"—"No, Robin," replied Pitcairn.—"Aye," said Lindsay, "but they bury my body in the Greyfriars; I am alive, though, in a place whereof the pleasures cannot be expressed in Scots, Greek, or Latin. I have come with a well-sailing small ship to Leith Roads to carry you thither."—"Robin, I'll go with you, but wait till I go to Fife and East-Lothian, and take my leave of my parents."—"Archie! I have but the allowance of one tide. Farewell! I'll come for you at another time."—For nearly twenty years afterwards the doctor never slept a night without his friend Lindsay's appearing to him, and telling him he was alive; and having a dangerous sickness, in 1694, he was told by Robin that he was delayed for a time, and that it was properly his task to carry him off, "but was discharged (forbidden) to tell when."—Thus incomplete the story ends.—*Hibbert's Philosophy of Apparitions*, p. 211.

\* David Lindsay, of Dunkeny in Angus, was promoted from the mi-

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no need to be ashamed of his childhood, nor his more advanced years of his youth. He was a strict observer of the ancient worship, and yet not a vain and superstitious

of St. Andrew's, (son-in-law of Bishop Lindsay of Ross,) and Alexander Lindsay of Evelick, bishop of Dunkeld, also assisted at the ceremony. Patrick Lindsay, (of the house of Edzell,) the aged archbishop of Glasgow, "a good man and a very fervent preacher," as he was described to Keith by persons who remembered him,\* was present, but did not officiate.† John tenth Lord Lind-

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nistry of Dundee to the bishopric of Brechin, in 1619, on the publication of his "Reasons of a Pastor's resolution touching the reverent receiving of the Holy Communion."—*Calderwood*, p. 737.—In 1621, appeared an account from his pen of the Perth Assembly, at which the Five Articles, as they are called, were past, &c.

\* *Historical Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops*, p. 265. Keith thinks he was nephew of David bishop of Ross, to whose see he succeeded in 1613, and held it till 1633, when he was translated to Glasgow. In both these sees he exercised his office with much lenity, and was much against pressing the Liturgy on the people.

† "The archbishop of St. Andrews, the bishops of Murray, Dunkeld, Ross, Dumblane, and Brechin, served about the coronation (which was done by the said bishop of Brechin,) with white rochets and white sleeves, and loops of gold, having blue silk to their foot; the bishop of Murray was made Lord Elymosinar, who, at the coronation, threw out of his hand amongst the throng of the people within the kirk, certain

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professor of it before the world; a man easy to be made a friend, but very hard to be made an enemy; in so much that, after his death, he was exceedingly regretted even by many of the covenanters.

"His lifeless body was taken care of by Hugh Scrimgeour, an old servant of his father, and buried privately, nor did he long survive the doleful office, for not many days after; seeing the bloody scaffold upon which Sir Robert suffered, not yet removed out of the place, he immediately fell into a swoon, and being carried home by his servants and neighbours, died at his own threshold."

say of the Byres was, during this visit, created earl of Lindsay, and Sir David, Baron Lindsay of Balcarres, “in regaird of the good services done to his majesty and his late royal father, of blessed memory, by him and his predecessors.”

The following year, Bishop Lindsay of Brechin, was promoted to the see of Edinburgh. King Charles’s unfortunate and ill-judged resolution to force the adoption of the Service-book, a variation of the English Liturgy, on the church of Scotland, had effects he little anticipated. Bishop Lindsay’s attempt to read it in the High

coined pieces of silver, stricken for the purpose, in token of joy. Now it was remarked that there was ane four-nooked taffe (table), in manner of an altar, standing within the kirk, having standing thereupon two hooks, at least resembling clasped hooks, called *blind books*, with two chandlers and two wax candles, whilk were unlight, and ane hason wherein there was nothing; at the hack of this altar, (covered with tapestry,) there was ane rich tapestry, wherein the crucifix was curiously wrought; and as thir hishops who were in service past by this crucifix, they were seen to bow their knee and beck, which, with their habit, was noted, and hred great fear of inhringing of popery, for the whilk they were all deposed, as is set down in thir papers. The archbishop of Glasgow, and remanent of the hishops there present, who was not in service, changed not their hahit; but ware their hlack gowns, without rochets or white sleeves.”—*Spalding’s Hist. of the Troubles*, vol. i. p. 17—18, Bannatyne edit.

These innovations were all ascribed to Laud. “It was observed at the coronation, that he displaced the archbishop of Glasgow with the most indecent violence from the king’s side, because that moderate prelate scrupled to officiate in the embroidered habits prescribed for his order.”—*Laing*, iii. 110.

Church of Edinburgh, nearly cost him his life.\* The national discontent was misrepresented to his majesty, who, believing that it existed solely among the mob, peremptorily insisted on maintaining the obnoxious liturgy. A large proportion of the nation, justly irritated at these proceedings, and fearing for the stability of the Scottish kirk, formed themselves into a solemn league of alliance against the Service-book and popery, which they classed together; four separate tables or committees were appointed, each consisting of four members—that of the nobility, which had the chief direction of affairs, being composed of the earls of Rothes, Loudoun, Montrose, and Lindsay.

Matters soon came to a crisis. A royal edict, announcing the king's peremptory approbation of the Service-book, declaring remonstrance disrespectful, and all further convocation of the lieges treasonable, was met by a solemn protest at the moment of proclamation;† and this decisive step was followed up by a

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\* For an animated and amusing account of this attempt and its consequences, see Mr. Chambers's History of the Rebellion.

† "The circumstances," says Mr. Chambers, "under which this terrible edict was issued are very remarkable, and as such have been most minutely narrated by the chroniclers of the period. Traquair, after maintaining a grave face for a week, at length, about two o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 19th of February, sent for his horses from the inn at Edinburgh, where they were disposed, and rode off to Stirling, where the council and session then sat, expecting to get the business managed there without opposition from the dreaded tables,

national covenant, or bond, for the maintenance of the civil and religious liberties of Scotland,—a covenant, which, to use the emphatic language of Sir Walter Scott, “was sworn to by hundreds, thousands, and hundreds of thousands, of every age and description, vowing with uplifted hands and weeping eyes that, with the divine assistance, they would dedicate life and fortune to maintain the object of their solemn engagement.”

At a general assembly held at Glasgow, in Decem-

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all of whom he supposed to be at this time sound asleep in their lodgings throughout the capital. By a singular chance, the Lord Lindsay, one of the very principal men, sleeping that night at the inn where the treasurer's horses lay, was apprised by his servant, a drinking companion of the treasurer's messenger, of the purpose which his lordship had in view by being thus early astir. He, of course, lost no time in awakening the rest of his party, who had wonderfully increased in numbers during the week which had elapsed since the treasurer's return from court. Within an hour, thousands of anxious faces were assembled on the street, and it was instantly determined that the Lords Home and Lindsay should take post after the treasurer, endeavour to overtake him, and, if possible, make their protest at the moment he uttered the proclamation.<sup>a</sup> These two noblemen immediately set out, and such was their speed, compared with that of the treasurer, that they passed him at the Norwood, some miles from Stirling, where they arrived an hour before him. At ten in the forenoon, the ceremony was performed upon the market-cross of the burgh; and the two noblemen took instruments in the hands of a notary, protesting against the proclamation in the most firm and eloquent terms, though without any expression that could be construed into disrespect for the king.”

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<sup>a</sup> Of which they had secretly obtained a copy.

ber, 1638, the bishops were deposed, and prelacy was abolished.—Of our own clansmen, the bishop of Dunkeld, who had been most averse to the arbitrary imposition of the Service-book, submitted, as the phrase went, to presbyterian purity, and returned to his former kirk of St. Mado's,—the bishop of Edinburgh fled to his royal master in England,—but Patrick, the venerable, moderate, and excellent archbishop of Glasgow, being “old and tender,” and “lying bedfast,” remained some time longer in Scotland, till, at last, he too was forced “to fly to the king for refuge and relief,” but, being very ill at the time, and his sickness increasing, he got no further than Newcastle, where he died, aged seventy-five.\*

Preparations for war were now actively carried on by both parties. Charles marched towards Scotland at the head of twenty-three thousand men, while the Scots, under General Leslie, a veteran trained in the wars of Germany, took up their position on the broomy slope of Dunselaw in Berwickshire. “Their camp,” says Sir Walter Scott, “was defended by forty field-pieces, and their army consisted of twenty-four or twenty-five thousand men. The highest Scottish nobles, as Argyle, Rothes, Cassillis, Eglinton, Dalhousie, Lindsay, Loudoun, Balcarres, and others, acted as colonels; their captains were gentlemen of high rank and fortune; and the infe-

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\* Balfour, i. 309-10. Spalding, i. 61, 181. Keith, p. 265. The bishop of Edinburgh also died in England, in 1640.

rior commissions were chiefly bestowed on veteran officers who had served abroad. The utmost order was observed in their camp, while the presence of numerous clergymen kept up the general enthusiasm, and seemed to give a religious character to the war." The nobles bore their share in every hardship, sleeping on the ground wrapt in their watch-cloaks, and wearing the national bonnet, ornamented with a "bunch of blue ribbons," as the badge of their party. "The general tone of the army was one of devout feeling towards God, and confident hope against their enemies. 'They felt,' to use the beautiful language of Baillie, 'the favour of God shining upon them, and a sweet, meek, humble, yet strong and vehement spirit leading them along.'"\*

—Often must Lord Balcarres—standing at his tent-door, and watching his banner curling in the evening breeze—often must he have looked back, with a smile at his present warlike array, on the peaceful hour, when, sitting in his study, he devised "a tent, azure, semée of stars, or," for his crest, emblematising thereby at once the christian pilgrimage and the goal to which it leads—and adopting, as a key to this interpretation, the motto,

"Astra Castra, Numen Lumen,  
Munimen!"

Little did he then think he should ever lay down the crucible for the broadsword! The hour, however, had

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\* Chambers.

arrived, the tocsin sounded—the spirit of the day was upon him, and he joined the host, “resolved,” as he expresses it in a letter now before me, “to wair life and all in this cause.”

The kind old philosopher’s heroism was not, however, put to a further test, and I dare say he was very well pleased when, after an insignificant skirmish, a treaty was entered into which dismissed him home—a treaty, by which the king consented to leave the question of church-government to the decision of another general assembly, while the covenanters disbanded their forces and surrendered the fortresses they had taken while in arms.

The peace was but of short duration. The assembly confirmed all that had been done at Glasgow, and renewed the covenant, while the parliament demanded additional privileges, and that the estates should be convened every three years. Charles indignantly resolved on renewing the war, and the covenanters once more collected their followers and prepared for resistance.

#### SECT. III.

In the midst of these “war’s alarms,” the young master of Balcarres, now entering upon his twenty-first year, and “so hopeful a youth, that he had the respect and love of all that knew him,” had fallen deeply in love with his cousin, Lady Anna MacKenzie, the orphan daughter and coheiress of the late earl of Seaforth. The attachment

was mutual, and the union of the lovers was warmly advocated by the friends of both parties, with the exception of the young lady's uncle and chief, the earl of Seaforth, who had calculated on gaining through her marriage a new alliance. Some time elapsed before this difficulty was surmounted, but at last the course of true love *did* run smooth, the earl signified his consent, and the youthful pair were united in the spring of 1640.

A few specimens of the correspondence that passed between the families on this occasion will, after the lapse of two hundred years, be read with curiosity and interest. The series opens with a letter from Lord Balcarres to Lauderdale, informing him of his son's attachment and Seaforth's opposition—followed by Lauderdale's reply, and a note to the young master, who had also entreated his friendly offices. A kind billet from Lady Balcarres to the fair occasion of the correspondence intervenes.

*David Lord Balcarres to John earl of Lauderdale.*

“ November, 1639.

“ My Lord :—

Ever since I had the happiness of your lordship's friendship, nothing concerned me whereof I expected any good, but I was accustomed to acquaint your lordship with it, first of any,—and minds never to change. The week after I parted from your lordship last, our son told my wife and me of his affection to

Lady Anna MacKenzie ;—In truth, it was unexpected to us, although he says it has been rooted in his heart this long time, and [he] could conceal it no longer ; I never saw one more bent on a purpose, so that we are glad to give him way. Lady Grisel (as she will write to your lordship,) coming here from Dunfermline by Leslie, (our son being with her,) spoke of it to my Lord Rothes, who says he will be very well pleased with any thing he thinks to be for his weal ; but because my Lord Seaforth, being at Leslie two or three days before they come, (he knew not how,) suspecting some such thing, seemed not to be well pleased, because he thought he had no new allya by it, your lordship will hear by Lady Grisel's letter what my Lord Rothes thinks to be the fittest way for having his consent to it. It is a thing wherewith we shall be very well pleased, since that both we like her very well, and our son is so earnest in it, that he will not be put off it. This I must tell your lordship, that our love is so to him that we are resolved to do all we can to give him content, for nothing in this earth could give us any if any evil befell him."

*Lady Balcarres to Lady Anne MacKenzie.*

12 Dec. 1639.

"Three days before you went from this, our son told me of his affection to you, and was very desirous that I should have spoken to you of it, and said he had never shown any such thing to you by word, but could contain

himself no longer, and was so desirous to go to Dunfermline that my sister might acquaint my Lord Rothes and my lady with it, as we could not refuse. All-so, I would not speak to you till they first heard of it, for I thought you would not take it well to hear any such thing from me while (till) you first knew their mind.—And now, dear niece, all I can say [is] I ever loved you, and now I confess you have tied me more in that you are pleased to take a pairt with him, gif your friends do not hinder. I am sure he has no respect but that which God has ordained, and, I assure you, we that are his parents, loves him so well that we will do all that we can for our awin pairt to give you and him content, for, in truth, we see it will not be well with him, gif he be crossed in it. Gif your friends do their pairt als well, I trust in God you may live happily, but gif my Lord Rothes and Seaforth be against it, I, knawing your love and respect to Rothes, will fear it the more. Howsoever, you may be assurit of all we can do, for I shall ever be,” &c.

*John earl of Lauderdale to David Lord Balcarres.*

“ My noble lord and loving brother,

I thank God from my heart to understand by your lordship's of the 11. that my sister is no worse than she was when I was with you, hoping that being no worse in this dead time of year, she shall recover more strength when it shall draw towards the spring.

The very next morning after I received your letter and my Lady Grisel's, (which Captain Walter Stewart delivered me the 25 day), I acquainted the marquis of Hamilton with that purpose concerning your son and Lady Anna MacKenzie, and, because her uncle Seaforth, I heard, was not so willing to it as others her more affectionate friends, I desired the marquis to acquaint him by his letter with his willingness that the match should go on, because it is so well liked of by all the rest of that young lady's friends; whose father, I understood, had, on his death-bed, recommended his children to his lordship's care and protection. He answered, that he could not see how, with good manners, he could write to the earl of Seaforth, with whom he hath so small acquaintance, since he never heard that the late earl of Seaforth had made any mention at all of him in his testament; which when I heard him affirm, and never having heard any such thing myself before, I could press him no further: he gave me, likewise, another reason, which is more convenient to be tauld you when it shall please God we meet, nor to be committed to paper.

If Seaforth be such a man as that, in the marriage of his niece, he looks to nothing but his awin ends, and, when your son's affection and hers are so settled on other, and all the rest of her friends are pleased with the match, he will only be averse from it, because it brings him no new alliance; I think his consent is not absolutely necessar, but that, if he be wilful, she may go on with

the approbation of the rest of her friends, especially the earl of Rothes, whose care of her hath proven much more real than ever her uncle's did. And albeit the band granted by her father for her provision tie her in her marriage to his consent more particularly nor others her friends; yet, in my opinion, that will not work much in law; for I remember of a decision in a cause betwixt Balmerinoch and his sister, who married herself on a mean gentleman without his advice and her other friends', with whose consent she was obliged to marry; and he, being sued for payment of the tocher, having proponed that exception of her marrying without consent, if I remember right, it was repelled, '*quia matrimonia debent esse libera.*' I believe, likewise, there may be some other practiques found of this nature: And this case differeth far from that, for, here, she marieth to one who, in birth, and condition, and all other qualities considerable in a marriage, may absolutely be esteemed her match:—beside the consent of all others her friends, who have no other ends on her. But this I remit to your lordship's better consideration, and to them whose knowledge is better nor mine: but, if the case were my awin, I wald gladly go about to obtain his consent, but, if he should prove too difficile, I wald, as the proverb is, '*thank God and be doing,*' without his approbation. In the meantime, I think your lordship and my sister do nobly and wisely to give way to the desires of those young folks who have made so good a choice one

of another. God give his blessing to it; which that both you and they may have in all your actions shall be the hearty wish and prayer of

Your lordship's most . . . .  
brother and . . . .

LAUDERDAILL."

King-street (London)  
28 of December.  
(1639).

"To my very honourable  
good Lord and loving Brother,  
my Lord Balcarres."

*John earl of Lauderdale to Alex. master of Balcarres.*

"Sir ;—

I received from Captain Walter Stewart, the 25. a letter of yours without date, pointing at a purpose which my lord your father, and Lady Grisel, their letters, (to the which yours is relative,) express to me more plainly. The next morning I spake the Marquis of Hamilton thereaunt, with whose answer I have acquainted them, and will not trouble you with repetition of it. It were very fit that Seaforth's consent and approbation should be obtained to your match, but, if he be inexorable, and his disassent be no better grounded nor upon his awin ends, because he findeth no new friendship by matching of his niece with you, I do verily think the concurring assent of her other kinder friends nor he, and your awin worth, shall sufficiently vindicate the young lady from the censure of a rash choice. Neither do I think his consent so absolutely necessar as at first it wald

appear to be, as I have written more particularly to my brother.

You need not use any ceremonial excuse to me, for your desires shall be to me als little troublesome, and my readiness als great to advance them with my best endeavours, as if you were the son of

Your affectionate uncle and servant,

LAUDERDAILL."

Kingstreet, 28 of  
December, 1639.

"To my worthy and well-beloved  
Nephew,  
The Maister of Balcarres."

In the meanwhile John Lord Lindsay of the Byres, a near relation and friend of Lord Seaforth, addressed the following letter to Lord Balcarres, evidently supposing it a mere match *de convenance* :—

*John Earl Lindesay of the Byres to  
David Lord Balcarres.*

"My Lord :—

I had a purpose this while past to have waitit on you at your own house, but could not have leisure till this last Wednesday, and then I fand ye were gone to St. Andrews; not knowing when my occasions will permit me wait on you, I have taken the boldness to write what I should have spoken.—The earl of Seaforth, at his being in Leslie, was earnest to have his niece, Lady Anna MacKenzie, north, whilk she declined; then, being enquired of the cause, she told that your lordship's

son, the maister, had made love to her. I do believe my Lord Seaforth will be loath to match her in this country ;—so will all his friends,—a north-country alyas being fitter for him and them. His respect to you and your son makes him wish that that proposition should rather presently cease, than any more be entertained betwix the parties, since it is a thing he will never condescend (consent) to, and if he do not, her provision will be questionable, as I am informed. If there be any more said or done, I do believe ye shall very publicly see him testify his averseness, and make known that power he has over his niece and her means. He desired me speak this in fair general terms ; I thought good to write freely, since it is a thing that so nearly does concern both yourself and your son, who I wish so weel.

So, wishing your lady her health, and you all happiness, I rest

Your lordship's affectionate cousin and servant,

LINDESAY."

Struther, the

27 December (1639.)

" For my honorit Lord  
My Lord Balcarres  
These."

—An interference to which Lord Balcarres replied very naturally, and evidently with a slight pique, that he was "very innocent" in the matter, for "I never dreamt of it (says he), and far less with the earl of Seaforth's allya. He may have his own ends, which I leave to himself, but for the affections of young folks I cannot be answerable."

A few days afterwards, however, the following letter from the master changed—as will be found from the two next in the series—Lord Lindsay's opposition into warm advocacy of his cause with Seaforth :—

*Alexander master of Balcarres to John earl of Lindsay.*

“ My Lord :—

This night, since I come home, my father shew me a letter from your lordship to him, concerning a match betwixt Lady Anna MacKenzie and me, wherein you show my Lord Seaforth his averseness from it, as not being a fit alya for him and his friends. Indeed, my lord, I shall be very glad to have his consent to it, and shall use all means for it, since he is her uncle, but, if he will not, I believe your lordship shall as publicly see how little power he has either of her or her means, and that I am as little curious for alliance with him as he is with me, if I had no other end before me ; for, in truth, it is neither his alya, nor her means, has made me intend it. I cannot but give your lordship thanks for your well-wishes to me, but, indeed, I could have wished your lordship had expressed them in another way than by dissuading my father from that which I desire most ; but I am persuaded that, if your lordship had known how far my affection leads me beyond all these considerations whereof you write, that your lordship would rather have assisted me at my Lord Seaforth's hands, and not written so to my father. So now, since your lordship knows

how happy I shall think myself in this, if your lordship wish my weal, I am confident ye will rather be a helper than a hinderer of it, since it so nearly concerns him who shall ever strive to approve himself," &c., &c.

Jan. 1640.

*John Earl Lindesay to Alex. master of Balcarres.*

"Right honourable

Jan. 1640.

And loving cousin :—

Having the honour to be the earl of Seaforth's near cousin, he made his first visit here of purpose (as I suppose) that he might make his mind known by me to you, whilk I gladly would have shunned if he had not been earnest to me to do ; and I would rather have chused to speak than write, (if I could both have found my lord and you at home,) that so I might have both shown his part and mine.

I am sorry ye should take my using of his arguments for a desire I have to dissuade your father from any purpose ye desire so much ; if I did not so, I should neither have acquit myself to Seaforth nor you. Lest I should make his part or mine worse, I will rather refer it to a discourse than a letter, and in the meantime continue desirous to do you service, and willing to express it at all occasions, as

Your affectionate cousin

and servant,

LINDESAY.

If I had leisure to stir from hence I should wait on you and speak in this business."

"For my honourable and respected  
Cousin  
The Maister of Balcarres,  
These."

*John Earl Lindesay to Geo. earl of Seaforth.*

"My noble lord:—

So soon as conveniently I could, I did, according to your lordship's command, discharge what I had in commission from you to my lord and the maister of Balcarres, but the maister's affection is so engagit to your niece, and, I knaw, finds such a meeting on her pairt, that no unwillingness of friends nor thought of wanting her tocher, (whilk the maister does not consider,) will be any impediment. Since your lordship's disassenting cannot hinder the marriage, nor your niece her marriage without your consent hinder her from obtaining her portion, notwithstanding of any direction her father left her to marry by the advice of such friends; it will be your lordship's best to give way to that ye cannot stop, and pay that willingly whilk law will make you do, although unwillingly,—and gain those to be your friends, who has an earnest desire so to be, if your awn doing hinder not. I hope ye will pardon this free letter, and fallow it, since it is the best advice that can be given you by

Your lordship's most affectionate cousin  
and willing servant,

LINDESAY.

Edinbruch, Jan. 1640.

Since this marriage will be, ye can take no better way for procuring your friends' help in paying the tocher than by your ready condescending to the purpose, and shawing them how worthy a choice your niece has made, and how accomplished and fit alye you will have. If ye shaw any dislike, in my opinion, ye will find many prejudices, and the want of their help among the rest. I knaw ye will pardon my freedom, since it proceeds from a great deal of affection."

"To my very honourable guid Lord,  
the Earl of Seaforth."

This last letter was followed up by simultaneous appeals to Seaforth from the earls of Winton and Dunfermeline, in favour of the young master, their nephew, whose own letters I must not suppress, as their firm but respectful tone doubtless went far to obtain the reluctant chief's consent :—

*Alex. master of Balcarres to Geo. earl of Seaforth.*

18 Jan. 1640.

" My lord :—

If I had known you had been to go out of this country so soon as you did, I would have spoken to your lordship that which now I am forced to write ;—for I can forbear no longer to tell your lordship of my affection to your niece, and to be an earnest suitor to your lordship for your consent to that wherein only I can

think myself happy. The earl of Rothes and my Lord Lindesáy has shawn me how averse your lordship was from it, and in truth I was very sorry for it. They have both laboured, more nor I desired them, to divert me from it, as a thing which wald never have your lordship's approbation, without which she could not have that portion which her father left her ; but I profess to your lordship, as I have done to them, that my affection leads me beyond any consideration of that kind, for (God knows) it was not her means made me intend it ;—and therefore, my lord, since, both by the law of God and man, marriage should be free, and that she whom it concerns most nearly is pleased to think me worthy of her love, I am confident that your lordship, who is instead of a father to her, will not continue in your averseness from it, but even look to that which she, who has greatest interest, thinks to be for her weal ; for none but one's self can be judge of their awn happiness.

If it shall seem good to your lordship to give me that favourable answer, which I expect from your hands, since (as I hear) your lordship is not to be in this country shortly, I hope ye will be pleased to entrust some of your friends here who may meet about the business with my father, and I believe your lordship shall get all just satisfaction in the conditions. I hope your lordship shall never have cause to repent of your consent to this, for, though you get no great new alya, yet your lordship will keep that which you have had before, and gain one who

is extreme desirous, and shall at all occasions be most willing, to be

Your lordship's most humble servant,

A. LYNDESAY."

At Edinbruch,  
18 Jan. 1640.

"To my very honourable and noble Lord,  
the Earl of Seaforth, These."

*Alex. master of Balcarres to George earl of Seaforth.*

"My Lord:—

I have received your lordship's letter, showing me that you could not give a present answer to that whereof I writ to you in my last, because the rest of your lordship's niece her friends had not been acquainted with it before. I believe your lordship needs not to be long in advising with them, for if your lordship show a willingness, I think none of them will be averse. And therefore, since your lordship already knows the mind of her nearest friends here, who will be very careful of her weal, I hope your lordship will delay no longer in giving your consent to this, which is more than any earthly thing longed for by him whose desire is to be

Your lordship's most humble servant,

A. LYNDESAY.

At Balcarres,  
Feb. 14. 1640.

I expect that your lordship will give a resolute answer with John Maclean; who can tell your lordship more of my mind than I have written."

*Alex. master of Balcarres to George earl of Seaforth.*

March, 1640.

“ My lord :—

I was glad to hear that your lordship, with the rest of your friends there had resolved to give way to this purpose concerning your lordship's niece and me ; but I expected that your lordship should have had one here before this time, that it might [have] been put to an end. Therefore now, it is my earnest desire that your lordship would, as soon as you can, send a warrand to any of your friends here, whom ye will entrust to meet with my father, that so this business may at last go on, without any unnecessar delays, which can neither do your lordship nor me any good.

I should think myself very unworthy if I were not more careful nor any body else that she be well provided ;—I know my father will do all he can, and I hope your lordship and all the rest of her friends shall see my care in this hereafter.

I can say no more now ; but—since your lordship has given your consent, which adds a great deal to that happiness which I promise to myself by your alliance—I hope ye will no longer delay sending one hither, (as you promised,) whereby I shall ever think myself obliged, in what I can, to be

Your lordship's most humble servant,

ALEXANDER LYNDESAY.”

The marriage probably took place in April, and the correspondence closes with the following homely but warm-hearted letter from Lord Rothes to “my honorit lady, my Lady Anna MacKenzie,” now the “mistress of Balcarres.”

*John earl of Rothes to Anna mistress of Balcarres.*

“My heart :—

I have sent Mr. David Ayton with your compts since my intromission ; they are very clear and weel instructed, but truly your expence hath been over large this last year ; it will be about 3600 merks, which indeed did discontent me when I looked on it. I hope ye will mend it in time coming, and give me leave, as bound both by obligation and affection, to remember you that you must accommodate yourself to that estate whereof you are to be mistress, and be rather an example of parsimony nor (than) amover of it in that family. Your husband hath a very noble heart, and much larger than his fortune, and except you be both an example and exhorter of him to be sparing, he will go over far ;—both he, my lord and lady, loves you so weel that if ye incline to have those things that will beget expence, they will not be wanting, although it should do them harm,—they being all of a right noble disposition ; therefore a sparing disposition and practice on your part will not only benefit you in so far as concerns your own personal expence, but it will make your husband’s expence

and your good-sister's\* the less also, for your and their expence being all to come out of one purse, what is spent will spend to you, and what is spared is to your behoof, for I hope your good-father and good-mother† will turn all they have to the behoof of your husband and you, except the provision of their other children, and the more will be spared, that your personal expences be little ;— therefore go very plain in your clothes, and play very little, and seek God heartily, who can alone make your life contented here, and give you that chief content, the hope of happiness hereafter. The Lord bless you !

I am your faithful friend and servant,

ROTHES."

Leslie, 19 May, 1640.

This good advice was not thrown away. Never did any marriage turn out happier. Lady Anna proved a most affectionate wife, a most kind and judicious mother, and though of the "mild nature" and "sweet disposition," praised by Lord Balcarres in a letter which I have omitted, was truly "wise withal," and capable, as events afterwards proved, of heroic firmness and the most undaunted resolution.

David Lord Balcarres died a few months after his son's marriage, commending his soul "to the almighty God, Maker of heaven and earth, in full assurance to be made partaker of the resurrection of the just, in the only

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\* Sister-in-law.

† Father and mother-in-law.

merit of my Lord and Saviour, blessed for ever." He was buried, pursuant to his own directions, in the chapel of Balcarres, the family burial-place, built by himself. He left his "dearest spouse," Lady Sophia Seyton, sole executrix, "being fully persuadit and having the true experience of" her "wisdom and guid government, and knowing her sincere and tender affection towards our children, and to the standing and continuance of my house."

I cannot close this chapter more appropriately than with the following letter from

*John earl of Lauderdale to Alexander Lord Balcarres.*

"My honourable lord:—

The death of my noble lord, your father, I may justly say, was als grievous to me as to any other whosoever, next to my sister and her children, not only for the loss which I perceive now, and will feel more sensibly when it shall please God to bring me home, of so worthy and kind a brother, but even for the want which the public will sustain of one of so great worth, whose service might have been so useful both to the king and state. But one thing doth comfort us all, who had so near interest in him, that it hath pleased God to bless him with a son of such abilities as God hath endued your lordship with; who, I am confident, shall succeed no less to his virtues than to his inheritance, so that it may be

truly said, ‘Mortuus est pater, sed quasi non mortuus, quia filium similem reliquit sibi.’

Nor do I think it a small token of God’s care and provision for you and your noble family, that he hath moved your cousin, the laird of Edzell,\* to provide his estate to you, wherein he sheweth himself a wise man, and careful of the standing of so ancient a house. My Lady Roxburgh,† his noble kind friend and yours, is wonderful glad of it, and will not only express her good liking of it to the Lady Edzell, but will shew her good reasons why it will be better for her and her grandchild that her husband keep on that course, and provide the child to such a tocher as may match her to als great a fortune, nor (than) that the succession of the estate had been settled on her, and she tied to have married a Lindsay, seeing the event of such bargains prove oftentimes very hazardous, especially to so young a child as she is. . . . As for the change of your style and title, truly I think it a thing most reasonable that the laird have his will in

\* Sir David Lindsay of Edzell—the “young laird,” so unfortunately remembered by his slaughter of Lord Spynie.—(For the sequel of this note, see the Appendix, No. VI.)

† Jean, countess of Roxburgh, third daughter of Patrick third Lord Drummond, by Lady Margaret, sister of Secretary Lindsay. She was “a lady,” says Lord Strathallan, “of excellent parts, for which she was preferred before all the ladies of both kingdoms to be governess to the young children of King Charles the First; which she performed with great applause and satisfaction of both king and queen.”—*Geneal. of the House of Drummond*, (1681,) p. 196.—She died October, 1643.

that, nor do I think the king will make great difficulty in it.

This is all I can remember for the present concerning this purpose; if any other thing occur to me, I shall make mention of it in that which I write to my good lady, your mother, in whose letter I cannot tell you how far it rejoiced me to read what contentment and comfort she hath in your lordship. Go on, my noble lord! in that way of respect to so worthy a mother, and God no doubt will bless you, and your friends will honour you, and none more than I—who, albeit I can be very little useful to any, yet, as I am, none shall have more power nor (than) yourself to command

Your most affectionate uncle and servant,

LAUDERDAILL.”\*

\* ON THE DEATH OF JOHN EARL OF LAUDERDALE,

*January, 1645.*

“Of those rare worthies who adorned our North  
 And shined like constellations, thou alone  
 Remainedst last, great Maitland! charged with worth,  
 Second in virtue's theatre to none.  
 But, finding all eccentric in our times,  
 Religion into superstition turned,  
 Justice silenced, exiled, or inurned,  
 Truth, faith, and charity reputed crimes,  
 The young men destinate by sword to fall  
 And trophies of their country's spoils to rear,  
 Strange laws the aged and prudent to appal,  
 And forced sad yokes of tyranny to bear,  
 And for nor great nor virtuous minds a room—  
 Disdaining life, thou shroud'st thee in thy tomb!”

Do not repine, blest soul ! that humble wits  
Do make thy worth the matter of thy verse ;  
No high-strained muse our times and sorrows fits,  
And we do sigh, not sing, to crown thy hearse.  
The wisest prince e'er managed Britain's state  
Did not disdain, in numbers clear and brave,  
The virtues of thy sire to celebrate,  
And fix a rich memorial on his grave.  
Thou didst deserve no less, and here—in jet,  
Gold, touch, brass, porphyry, or Parian stone—  
That by a prince's hand no lines are set  
For thee, the cause is, now this land hath none.  
Such giant moods our parity forth brings,  
We all will nothing be, or all be kings."

W. DRUMMOND.

## CHAPTER XI.

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—“ Or I have fallen into the hands of the publicans and sequestrators, and they have taken all from me: what now? let me look about me. They have left me the sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse, and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience; they still have left me the providence of God and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too: and still I sleep and digest, I eat and drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbour's pleasant fields and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God Himself.”

JEREMY TAYLOR.

“ Unfortunate for ever let me be,  
 If I believe that such was he  
 Whom, in the storms of bad success,  
 And all that error calls unhappiness,  
 His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany !”

COWLEY.

## SECT I.

THE civil commotions pleaded by the master (in a letter omitted in the preceding correspondence) as an excuse for hastening his marriage, speedily called him into active public life.\*

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\* On the 16th Nov., 1641, he was chosen a member of the privy

War being proclaimed, among the first that joined King Charles was Ludovic the fourteenth and "loyal earl" of Crawford,\* "chief," says Wishart, "of the most

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council, the duties of which, says his biographer, "he discharged with that gravity and wisdom, that he looked like a senator of much older standing."

\* He joined his majesty on the raising of the royal standard at Nottingham, in August, 1642,—“was made welcome,” says Spalding, “and create commander of the volunteers.”—ii. p. 75. *Bann. ed.*—On the surrender of Chichester to the parliamentary army under Sir William Waller, Colonel, Major, and Captain Lindsay, of Crawford’s regiment, with about sixty other officers, chiefly Scotsmen, their comrades, were sent prisoners to London. “All their brave horses, which were dainty ones indeed,” with four hundred excellent dragoons, and three or four hundred foot-soldiers, were captured at the same time.—*Vicars’ Parl. Chronicle*, i. p. 234.

Soon afterwards, being sent for a supply of powder, Crawford was intercepted by Sir William Waller, and routed, with the loss of his ammunition and a troop or two of his regiment. The royalists were now far outnumbered and in a very critical situation, being unable either to continue their route or hazard a battle. In this emergency they dispatched the cavalry to Oxford, to demand reinforcements from the king; a large body of horse was sent to their aid, and, to the surprise and disappointment of the round-heads, “Sir William Waller, aliàs the Conqueror, was bravely defeatit and routit by the Earl of Crawford, Commissary Wilmot, and Sir John Byron,” with the loss of six hundred of his men killed, eight hundred taken prisoners, seven pieces of cannon, and all their colours, (*Spalding*;) “a glorious day,” says Lord Clarendon—“a day of triumph, which redeemed for that time the king’s whole affairs, so that all clouds that shadowed them seemed to be dispelled, and a bright light of success to shine over the whole kingdom.”

On the 25th of September following, Earl Ludovic had a narrow

ancient and noble family of the Lindsays, a man famous for military service in foreign nations among the Swedes, Imperialists, and Spaniards." Alexander Lord Spynie was also a cavalier, but John earl of Lindsay and Lord Balcarres continued for some years stedfast supporters of the covenant. The marquis of Montrose, appointed by his majesty his lieutenant in Scotland, with his friends Earl Ludovic, Lord Ogilvie, and a few other cavaliers, marched north about the beginning of April, 1644. They were deserted at Annan by the English, who thought it madness "to brave a nation which possessed at every town a force equal to theirs." They pushed on, however, and took Dumfries, but were obliged to retreat to Carlisle. They could get no one to join them, every one considering the attempt desperate. At last, Montrose disbanded his followers, desired his friends to rejoin the king as they best might, and set off in disguise for the Highlands, where he arrived in safety, joined a body of Irish auxiliaries under MacDonnell Colkittoch, and raised the clans.

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escape in an attempt to gain the town of Poole for his majesty. "He dealt," says Whitelocke, "with Captain Sydenham, one of the garrison, who promised to do his work, and received of him £40, and a promise of great reward and preferment. On an hour appointed, Crawford comes to the town with five hundred horse and some foot. Sydenham and the governor (whom he had acquainted with it) let in Crawford and half his men into the town, and then letting fall a chain, shut out the rest; few escaped of those that entered, but were killed or taken prisoners."—*Memorials, &c.*

Earl Ludovic rejoined the royalists, and acted under Prince Rupert at the battle of Marston-moor, 2d July, 1644, where that general was defeated. Ludovic, with Lord Reay and a few Scots officers, threw himself into Newcastle, while the parliament passed sentence of forfeiture against him in Edinburgh, and ratified the earldom of Crawford to the earl of Lindsay,\* in virtue of the patent I have mentioned in a former page. Lindsay, (who had behaved with peculiar gallantry at Marston-moor, charging and dislodging four brigades of the royalist foot, posted in a large ditch that divided the armies,)† was at the same time appointed treasurer of Scotland,‡ and, soon afterwards, president of the parliament.¶ Newcastle being taken by storm in October, Earl Ludovic and his friends were made prisoners. He was brought into Edinburgh at the water-gate of the canongate on the seventh of November, and was “compelled to come up the gate bareheaded, as a traitor, not styling him lord, but Ludovic Lindsay, which he suffered patiently,” nor was he imprisoned in the castle, “where nobles was usit to be incarcerate, but, out of despite and malice, was wardit within the tolbooth of Edinburgh. Ye hear,” cries honest Spalding, “how this ancient and noble earl of Crawford was by the estates, without authority of ane

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\* Balfour, iii. 236. Acts of Parl. 26 July, 1644.

† Baillie's Letters ;—Cromwelliana, &c.

‡ 23 Nov. 1644.

¶ 20 Jan. 1645,—on the death of Lord Balcarres's worthy uncle, Lord Lauderdale.

king, forfaulted and degraduate." He was tried and condemned to death as a traitor,—“nor was it,” says the biographer of Montrose, “for any crime but for being a soldier and an expert man, and one that had done faithful service for his majesty the king, and it was feared he would do so again, if he should be suffered to live.” It was debated, at the instigation of some of the most violent ministers, whether he should be immediately beheaded, or the execution delayed for some days, in order that he might suffer along with the other prisoners, and the last alternative was carried; so they were all together shut up in the tolbooth.\*

Montrose, meanwhile, was pursuing a splendid career of victory in the North. He won the battle of Tippermuir on the 1st September, 1644; scarcely losing a single follower. At Perth, he was joined by Lord Spynie, who, on his return from the German wars, had been made muster-general by King Charles.† They took Aberdeen on the 14th September; Montrose set off for the Gordons' country, two days afterwards, leaving Lord Spynie in the town; Argyle arrived on the 19th, took him prisoner, and on Saturday the 21st, sent him under a guard to Edinburgh.‡

The young Lord Balcarres, who has been lately com-

\* Bishop Guthry.

† By letters patent for life, 26 June, 1626; confirmed 28 June, 1633.  
*Acts of Parl.*

‡ Spalding.

plimented as "brave enough to have been second in command to Montrose," had the honour of crossing swords with him at Alford, on the 2d July, 1645. "The armies confronted," says Mr. Napier, "were nearly equal in the number of foot, about two thousand each. But Baillie's cavalry outnumbered Montrose's, being six hundred to two hundred and fifty. The latter, however, were for the most part gentlemen cavaliers, while the covenanting horsemen had neither the breeding nor the experience to render them so formidable in battle. They were commanded, however, by the gallant earl of Balcarres, who, it is alleged, hurried Baillie into this battle by the forwardness of his cavalry movements. Montrose, judging that the militia opposed to him would be unnerved by the clang of his trumpets and the shouts of his men, hesitated no longer to give the 'laissez aller.' On the instant Lord Gordon, and his chivalrous friend (Nathanael Gordon), launched the right wing of the royalists against the three squadrons of Balcarres's horse, who met the desperate shock of the Gordons with such determination that, for a time, the contending parties were mingled in a dense mass, and the result was doubtful. The first who made a lane for themselves with their swords, were Lord Gordon and Colonel Nathanael. Immediately the latter called out to the swift musketeers, who had followed the charge, 'Throw down your muskets, and hamstring their horses with your swords, or sheath them in their bellies.' Balcarres's squadrons now fled in confusion, and while the Gordons pursued

them with great slaughter from the field, Montrose brought his main battle into collision with the regiments of the covenant, who stood up manfully, but in vain, against the murderous claymore. At this decisive moment, too, Montrose ordered up his nephew with the reserve, and no sooner had the latter made their appearance, than the rebels gave way at every point, and the battle of Alford was gained."

Baillie, Balcarres, and Argyle repaired to the parliament at Stirling, by whom the two latter were graciously received, and Balcarres's "good service to his country ordered to be recordit, in the books of parliament, to posterity, and a letter of thanks to be written from that house to him for his worthy carriage and good service."\*

Baillie was sent off the next day to assume the command of the new army assembling at Perth, which was composed of some forces that had been lying under the earl of Crawford-Lindsay's command in Angus, and of some troops that had survived the carnage of Alford. They met Montrose on the 15th August, 1645, at Kilsyth. Baillie was unwilling to engage him, but he "was no longer the sole commander of the covenanting army; a committee of estates, consisting of Argyle, Lanark, and Crawford-Lindsay, had been nominated to attend his army and control his motions, and these, especially the earl of Lindsay, insisted that the veteran general should risk the last regular army which the covenanters pos-

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\* Balfour, iii. 295.

sessed in Scotland, in the perils of a decisive battle.”\* Baillie had fixed upon an advantageous post for receiving the enemy’s attack, but the committee obliged him to relinquish it for a hill on the right, nearer the enemy, which they maintained to be a more favourable position. Baillie remonstrated, but Balcarres was the only one that seconded him,† and he was forced, against his own better judgment, to make this disadvantageous change, which threw his troops into such confusion, that it was impossible for him, in the battle that ensued, to convey his orders so as to be understood by his followers.

Montrose’s victory was complete. Crawford-Lindsay and Argyle retreated to Berwick, and the royalists remained masters of Scotland. Montrose, forthwith, despatched the master of Napier and Nathanael Gordon to Edinburgh, to release Earl Ludovic, Lord Ogilvie, and the other royalist prisoners, “whom he met,” says Wishart, “with the tenderest embraces of friendship, having been so long deprived of their company and assistance. He congratulated them on their safety and deliverance, and gave them all the respect and accommodation possible, as a consolation in some degree for their long imprisonment. On the other hand, they expressed the utmost gratitude to him, and extolled him as their avenger and deliverer; both parties thus seeming to vie with each other in mutual expressions of their affection and esteem.”

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\* Sir W. Scott.

† Napier.

This gleam of success was soon overclouded. The Scottish army stationed in England to co-operate with the parliament, hearing of the defeat at Kilsyth, despatched David Leslie, with six thousand men, against Montrose, and the royalists were totally defeated at the battle of Philiphaugh, 13th September, 1645. Montrose, with his friend Crawford and a few other adherents, escaped to the Highlands, where they reassembled their followers, and continued in arms till the king delivered himself up to the Scottish army at Newcastle. He sent notice of this desperate step to the parliament of England, desiring to know what conditions of peace they would grant him. They would agree to nothing, unless episcopacy were abolished;—the king refused his consent to any such measure, and the English turned to their Scottish allies, with whom the king was equally at a loss for reconciliation, the original cause of these unhappy differences having been their desire of enjoying their religion in peace, with which he could not comply, consistently, as he thought, with his duty. The English pressed the Scots to surrender the king to them. The latter earnestly besought his majesty to accede to the propositions of Westminster, assuring him that the presbyterians were his true friends, and that his only chance of escape lay in compliance with their demands:—Charles was firm in his refusal. The duke of Hamilton and the earl of Crawford-Lindsay were sent to entreat him to save himself by compliance; they prayed in vain. The surrender of the king to the English was vehemently opposed by

many who were not the less dissatisfied with his determination to uphold episcopacy. Balcarres, one of the Scottish commissioners despatched with their ultimatum, did all in his power to induce the covenanting chiefs to act generously in the matter. Lord Spynie, the son of Argyle's prisoner, and, like his father, a determined royalist, opposed the measure in parliament at Edinburgh,—Crawford-Lindsay, in signing officially the public warrant of surrender, recorded his solemn protest against it as an individual,\*—and, had it not been for

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\* After the restoration, Crawford-Lindsay presented the following paper to the high commissioner and the parliament, requiring that its truth should be tried by witnesses, in order that he might stand clear of all participation in this nefarious transaction:—"The business," says he, "being brought into parliament, and it being proposed that the question might be whether or no his majesty should be left at Newcastle, to be disposed of by consent of both kingdoms, I did publicly oppose that state of the question, and proposed another, whether or not his majesty, who was our native king, and had done so many great things for the good of Scotland, and thrown himself upon us for shelter, should be delivered up to the sectaries, avowed enemies to his life and government? And having so far as I was able pressed this to be the state of the question, but finding the other was like to carry and fearing the worst in the decision of it, I did publicly declare, before it came to the vote, that, seeing by my being president, I was not to give any vote except the votes of the house had been equal, and that I conceived myself obliged to make my sense thereof known to the world, therefore I did dissent from the vote, and protested to be free from all the sin, dishonour, and prejudice of delivering up our native sovereign in the hands of his enemies. And after the vote was unhappily past, I did refuse to sign the same as president, and desired that another president

the bigoted clergy, who decreed mercy in such a case to be crime, not even the zealots to whom this surrender, which has so unjustly been made a subject of national reproach, is attributable, would have consented to it.\*

Montrose and Crawford, meanwhile, with Sir John Urie, Alastair MacDonnell, and Graham of Gorthie, had been specially excepted from pardon by the articles of Westminster. A conference between General Middleton and Montrose, on the banks of the river Isla in Angus, decided the fate of the three chiefs of the royalists, Montrose, Crawford, and Urie being "excepted from pardon, but permitted to retire beyond seas, while the act of attainder was reversed in favour of all the rest of their followers." The royalist army broke up at Rattray, near Cupar of Angus. Montrose retired to his seat in Angus, to prepare for his departure. Airlie and the other chiefs went home to their several countries. Earl Ludovic had no home to receive him ;—he

might be chosen. But it being carried that I should sign the same as president, and that my signing thereof should not include my judgment, I did offer my protestation accordingly.

"And this being the truth of my carriage, I shall humbly entreat your grace and the honourable parliament, to take trial of the same from the testimony of such honourable persons as were present, that thereafter such course may be taken for my just vindication, as in justice shall be thought fit."—*Acts*, vii. p. 33, App.

The enquiry was made, and the truth of the above statement substantiated to his satisfaction.

\* Balfour, Guthry, *Acts Parl.*, &c.

conducted the Irish auxiliaries to Argyle, to embark for their country, and then quitted his own for ever. He went straight to Spain, "to crave arrears," says Bishop Guthry, "due to him by that king," and died there soon afterwards—the last of the old line of the earls of Crawford.

Cromwell, that "sagest of usurpers," was now the leading spirit of the roundheads. They took the king into their own hands, and committed him to prison. His situation became desperate, and he consented, alas! too late, to confirm the Scottish covenant and to establish presbyterianism. The commissioners, to whom he made this long wished for concession, assured him of the good will of his northern subjects, and that they would do their utmost to serve him. Nor were they mistaken: at the first warning of his danger, the whole nation, with the exception of the rigid presbyterians led by Argyle and the clergy, rose *en masse* for his rescue. Lord Spynie, a pure loyalist; Crawford-Lindsay, Hamilton's brother-in-law, and with him at the head of the moderate presbyterians; and Balcarres, hitherto a firm adherent to Argyle and the kirk—warmly advocated the Engagement for that purpose—Crawford-Lindsay so warmly that, after the failure of the expedition under the duke of Hamilton, he was deprived of his offices and excluded from parliament by Argyle, whose faction then became dominant in Scotland. Argyle, however, had no longer, I repeat, a supporter in Lord Balcarres, whose eyes had been painfully opened to the interested

views of the party in the purity of whose patriotism he had so long confided. The Rubicon of lawful resistance once passed by them, he came forward avowedly in his sovereign's cause, and, without compromising his religious principles, continued till his death a steady loyalist.

In England, the king was brought to trial before his own subjects, condemned as a traitor, and martyred at Whitehall on the 30th January, 1649.

The Scottish covenanters immediately proclaimed his son, Prince Charles, but were unwilling to admit him as their king before receiving security for the protection of their religion. Commissioners were accordingly sent over, with whom and with the marquis of Montrose he appears to have carried on separate negotiations at the same moment, commissioning the latter to take arms for him in Scotland, and protracting his treaty with the former till he should hear how Montrose's attempt had turned out. That hero was betrayed, soon after his arrival, to the government, by whom he was tried, condemned, and executed. Charles, finding he had no alternative, embraced the covenant, and promised unreserved compliance with the measures of the Scottish kirk and government. On these terms he was acknowledged king, and set sail for Scotland in June, 1650.

A few days before his departure, he thought fit to acknowledge his obligations to Lord Balcarres in the following letter, dated "Breda,  $\frac{17}{7}$  of May, 1650."

“ My Lord Balcarres,

I haue beene informed of your loyall and affectionate cariage towards me, and am soe sensible of it, that I have thought fitt to returne you this acknowledgment, and to assure yon that I shall be as redy to fauour you upon all occasions as you have beene redy to doe me service,—

Remayning

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES R.”\*

Lord Balcarres waited upon his majesty on his arrival in Scotland, but for some time was unable to do him any service, owing to the restraint under which he

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\* To which Lord Balcarres replied as follows :—

“ Most gracious sovereign,

The value your majesty is pleased to put upon my affection and loyalty is merely an effect of your majesty’s royal goodness. They can never be so expressed as may deserve they should be taken notice of by your majesty. If any thing could heighten them, this certainly would do it. I shall say no more, therefore, but that I have a most real disposition to do your majesty faithful service, and that this flows from the conscience of my duty, which moves me now most submissly to beg your majesty’s pardon to offer my humble advice as the best evidence I can give of my sincere affection. It is—that your majesty be pleased to stick at nothing is desired by your majesty’s parliament and the commissioners of the general assembly of this kingdom ; for I am very confident your majesty’s full agreement with them and timely presence here shall quickly, by the blessing of God, settle your throne and your true subjects’ happiness in your majesty’s three king-

was kept by Argyle and his faction.\* Charles was surrounded by the most bigoted presbyterians, and lectured every day on the sins and misfortunes of his parents, a discipline which rooted in his mind an extreme dislike to the religion they advocated.

Charles had not been long in Scotland before a proposal was made by Cromwell that the republican government, already established in England, should be extended over the sister country. This demand was peremptorily

doms, over the bellies of all your enemies. Towards the effectuating whereof many vows have already dedicated the life and poor fortune of

Your majesty's most humble, most faithful and most obedient  
subject and servant,

BALCARRES."

("Copy of my letter to the king—last of May, 1650. By W. Morrey.")

\* Public acknowledgment of repentance for accession to the late Engagement being required by the church, "the king commanded all who had a mind to serve him to follow the church's direction in this point; whereupon the duke of Hamilton, the earls of Crawford and Lauderdale, with many others, were admitted to court."—*Sir James Turner's Memoirs*, p. 93.

Crawford had, in December, 1649, peremptorily refused to make this acknowledgment, and attempted to escape to Holland. See Sir James Balfour's *Annals*, iii. p. 435—6.—"My lord," says he, "was ever contentit to give the church all reasonable satisfaction, but to declare that session of parliament whereby the Engagement for the king's liberation against the perfidious heretics and faith-breaks of England was unlawful, being commandit by parliament—that he would not do on any terms."

refused, and war proclaimed.—Argyle's army of rigid covenanters being defeated at Dunbar, the Scottish parliament, which had retired beyond the Forth, resolved upon crowning the king, "a ceremony hitherto deferred but which they had determined now to perform, as a solemn pledge of their resolution to support the constitution and religion of Scotland to the last." The ceremony took place at Scone, on January the first, 1651. Crawford-Lindsay carried the sceptre, according to the ancient privilege of the earls of Crawford, and, after the crown was placed on his majesty's head, delivered it into his hand, with an appropriate exhortation.\*

After the rout at Dunbar, "the king had more power and friends more at liberty to serve him, and soon formed a party to that end. Lord Balcarres was at the head of it. He got the earl of Lindsay and many of his relations and friends to join him, and they soon became the majority in parliament."† On this, he was created earl of Balcarres, appointed heritable governor of the castle of Edinburgh,‡ and high commissioner to the gen-

\* Phœnix.

† Memoirs of James earl of Balcarres, grandson of Earl Alexander.

‡ King Charles I. had provisionally appointed him to this trust, four years before, in the following remarkable terms:—"Our sovereign lord, considering that the commandment and keeping of the castle of Edinburgh may shortly vaïke (become vacant) in his highness' hands, and be at his majesty's gift and disposition, either by demission of . . Alex. earl of Leven, or through and by his decease, &c. . . And willing timeously to provide that the said office be committed and entrusted to

eral assembly of the church, which met at St. Andrews, in July. "Many of this assembly," says the memoir of Lord Balcarres, which I have already cited, "being, by the malice of some ill men, prepossessed with great prejudice to his majesty and proceedings, he found that credit with them, and brought so many pregnant and infallible reasons to the contrar of all those aspersions, that that assembly passed more acts in favour, and rose better

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such persons as are known and approved by the whole course of their life to be true and faithful subjects to his majesty, and trusty and wecl affected countrymen, natives of the kingdom of Scotland, and tendering the peace and advancement of the true reformed religion therein presently established and professed, and entertaining of unity betwixt the king and his good subjects;—And als, understanding that his traist cousin and counsellor, Alexander Lord Balcarres, has ever been known and esteemed to be of the quality foresaid, without any exception—**THEREFORE** his majesty, with advice of his estates of parliament, of his said kingdom of Scotland (*then* being sitting), or in the interval of parliaments, with consent of the lords and others of his majesty's privy council . . . ordains ane letter immediately after the vaiking of the said office . . . to be made under his majesty's great seal, in due form, nominating and electing . . . the said Alexander Lord Balcarres to be keeper and captain of the said castle of Edinburgh.

"Given at our court at Woeburne, 20 July, 1647.

CHARLES R."

It was at this moment that the Scots, "incensed at the triumph of the sectaries, and the contumely offered to the solemn league and covenant, which had been stigmatised in the house of commons as an almanack out of date," were making, by their commissioners, "in private, liberal offers to restore the king by force of arms."—*Sir W. Scott.*

satisfied with the king and crown, than any that had preceded in many years before."

The advance of Cromwell's army had by this time rendered the situation of the royalists one of such imminent danger, that the king took the bold resolution of changing the scene of warfare by a direct march into England, where he hoped to raise his cavalier friends, and gain considerable strength before the rebels could overtake him — leaving, meanwhile, Balcarres and Crawford-Lindsay, with Lords Marischal and Glencairn, as a committee of estates, in charge of his affairs in Scotland.\* Two of this committee, Marischal and Crawford-Lindsay, were almost immediately afterwards surprised and taken prisoners,† by a body of Monk's cavalry. Crawford was sent to England, where he was confined, as a state-prisoner, in the tower of London and Windsor castle, for

\* The following appear among the papers reported to the house of commons by the attorney-general, 9 Sept. 1651 : —

" . . . Private instructions for the earls of Crawford, Marischal, and Glencairn, and Lord Balcarres, appointed a committee of estates in Scotland, by Charles R., under his privy seal ; which were this day read.

" Also, a commission from Charles R. to John earl of Crawford and Lindsay, commander-in-chief under the earl of Leven, general of the forces raised in Scotland.

" And a letter to the Lord Balcarres, of the 7th of August, 1651 ; which was this day read.

" And a letter to the earls of Crawford, Glencairn, &c., of the 15th Aug., 1651."—*Journals of the H. of C.*, vii. p. 14.

† At Alyth, 28 Aug., 1651.—*Guthry*.

nine years.\* Lord Balcarres was more fortunate in reaching the Highlands, where he assumed the command of the royalists under the king's commission.

Charles, meanwhile, advanced without opposition to Worcester, where Cromwell overtook and attacked him on the third of September.† The royalists were totally

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\* Crawford was specially excepted out of Cromwell's Act of grace and pardon, in 1654. He was released on 3 March, 1660.—What often happened in these unhappy times—his estates being sequestered, the family papers were miserably “squandered,” to use old Collier's expression, during his captivity.—*Historical Dictionary*, art. *Crawford*.

† The following legend of the day might be made the subject of a striking picture.

“Give me leave here,” says Mr. Walker, the historian of Independency, “to relate a passage which I received from a person of quality, viz., it was believed, and that not without some good cause, that Cromwell, the same morning that he defeated the king's army at Worcester fight, had conference personally with the devil, with whom he made a contract, that to have his will then, and in all things else, for seven years after that time, (being the third of September, 1651,) he should, at the expiration of the said years, have him at his command, to do at his pleasure both with his soul and body. Now, if any one will please to reckon from the third of September, 1651, till the third of September, 1658, he shall find it to a day just seven years and no more, at the end whereof he died; but with such extremity of tempestuous weather that was by all men judged to be prodigious.”—“This,” says Echard, “is also related in other printed books, but we have received a more full account, never yet published, which is here inserted, as a thing more wonderful than probable, and therefore more for the diversion than satisfaction of the reader. It is a relation or narrative of a valiant officer called Lindsey, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, then first captain of his regiment, and therefore commonly called Colonel

defeated by an army in number doubling their own. Our chief, Lord Spynie, who had ruined his patrimonial

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Lindsey; which is to this effect.—‘ On the third of September, in the morning, Cromwell took this officer to a wood-side not far from the army, and bid him *alight, and follow him into that wood, and to take particular notice of what he saw and heard.* After they had both alighted, and secured their horses, and walked some small way into the wood, Lindsey began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause; upon which Cromwell asked him, *How he did, or how he felt himself?* He answered that *he was in such a trembling and consternation that he never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had been engaged in;* but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place or the temperament of his body, he knew not. *How now?* said Cromwell, *what, troubled with vapours?* *Come forward, man!* They had not gone above twenty yards, before Lindsey on a sudden stood still, and cried out, *By all that’s good, he was seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment, that it was impossible for him to stir one step farther.* Upon which, Cromwell called him *faint-hearted fool!* and bid him *stand there and observe, or be witness;* and then, advancing to some distance from him, he met with a grave elderly man, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwell, who eagerly perused it. Lindsey, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words between them; particularly, Cromwell said, *This is but for seven years; I was to have it for one and twenty; and it must and shall be so.* The other told him positively, *It could not be for above seven;* upon which, Cromwell cried with great fierceness, *It should however be for fourteen years;* but the other peremptorily declared, *It could not possibly be for any longer time; and, if he would not take it so, there were others who would accept of it.* Upon which, Cromwell, at last, took the parchment, and returning to Lindsey with great joy in his countenance, he cried, *Now, Lindsey, the battle is our own! I long to be engaged!* Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army, Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as possible, and the other with a design of

estate in raising forces for this enterprise, and Lindsay of Wormestone, a staunch royalist, ancestor of Sir Henry Lindsay Bethune, Bart., of Kilconquhar,—were taken

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leaving the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsey deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed, day and night, till he came to the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr. Thorowgood, minister of the parish of ——. Cromwell, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any that should bring him alive or dead.'—Thus far the narration of Lindsey himself; but something further is to be remembered, to complete and confirm the story.

“When Mr. Thorowgood saw his friend Lindsey come into his yard, his horse and himself quite tired, in a sort of maze, he said, *How now, colonel, we hear there is like to be a battle shortly; what! fled from your colours?*—*A battle!* said the other; *yes, there has been a battle, and I am sure the king is beaten. But if ever I strike a stroke for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally! for I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time.*—Then, desiring protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in, and related to him the whole story and all the circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words,—*that Cromwell would certainly die that day seven years that the battle was fought.* The strangeness of the relation caused Mr. Thorowgood to order his son John, then about twelve years of age, to write it in full length in his commonplace-book, and to take it from Lindsey's own mouth. This commonplace-book, and likewise the same story written in other hooks, I am assured is still preserved in the family of the Thorowgoods; but how far Lindsey is to be believed, and how far the story is to be accounted incredible, is left to the reader's faith and judgment, and not to any determination of our own.”—*Echard's Hist. Engl.* ii. 712. Quoted by Mr. K. Sharpe in his edition of Law's Memorials, p. 5.

prisoners, and confined for many years in England.\* King Charles, after various romantic adventures, escaped to the continent, where he resided for several years at Paris and Cologne, few even of the most sanguine of his friends imagining he would ever regain his "fathers' chair."

All hope having now vanished, Lord Balcarres capitulated with Overton and Lilburn, at Forres, on favourable conditions, and disbanded his followers.† He returned to Balcarres, and on the 8th November, 1652, settled with his family at St. Andrews,‡ where he kept up a correspondence with his exiled sovereign.

When Monk, the English general, was recalled from Scotland, Lord Balcarres, though suffering at the time from severe illness, again took arms in the Highlands, and in concert with Atholl, Lorn, and the principal

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\* Spynie was excepted from pardon by Cromwell in 1654. He died without issue in 1672. Mr. Fullarton Lindsay Carnegie, of Boysack, the descendant of his sister Margaret, represents the family.

Wormestone, (whose father's loyalty had, in 1647, been punished by a fine of 3300 marks, and whose younger brother John, a gallant youth, had fallen at Worcester,) was rewarded, after the restoration, by the hereditary commissariat of St. Andrews, an office held for many generations by his posterity. From his eldest son, John, are descended Sir Henry, (his representative,) and the present laird of Wormestone; from William, the second son, the Lindsays of Feddinch and of Balmungie. See also note, page 105 of this volume.

† Dec. 3, 1651. See the articles of capitulation in Balfour, vol. iv.

‡ In the house of Mr. John Lepar, (*Lamont*,) probably the same John Lepar, who had been provost of St. Andrews in 1645. (*Acts Parl.*)

highland chiefs, under the earl of Glencairn as commander-in-chief, made a last unavailing attempt to uphold the royal cause against Cromwell. They were joined also by Lord Balcarres's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Moray, who was in high favour with King Charles, and whom Bishop Burnet describes as "the most universally beloved and esteemed by men of all sides and sorts, of any man I have ever known in my whole life."\* They

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\* I must do myself the pleasure of quoting the bishop's character of this truly excellent and amiable man, at full length :—

" Among others, one Sir Robert Murray, that had married Lord Balcarres's sister, came among them : he had served in France, where he had got into such a degree of favour with Cardinal Richelieu, that few strangers were ever so much considered by him as he was. He was raised to be a colonel there, and came over for recruits when the king was with the Scotch army at Newcastle. There he grew into high favour with the king, and laid a design for his escape, of which I have given an account in Duke Hamilton's memoirs : he was the most universally beloved and esteemed by men of all sides and sorts, of any man I have ever known in my whole life. He was a pious man, and in the midst of armies and courts he spent many hours a day in devotion, which was in a most elevating strain. He had gone through the easy parts of mathematics, and knew the history of nature beyond any man I ever yet knew. He had a genius much like Peireski, as he is described by Gassendi. He was afterwards the first former of the Royal Society, and its first president ; and, while he lived, he was the life and soul of that body. He had an equality of temper in him that nothing could alter ; and was in practice the only Stoic I ever knew. He had a great tincture of one of their principles ; for he was much for absolute decrees. He had a most diffused love for all mankind, and he delighted in every occasion of doing good, which he managed with

differed in their counsels. "Glencairn," says Burnet, "was for falling into the low countries, and he began to fancy he should be another Montrose. Balcarres, on the other hand, was for keeping in their fastnesses; they made a shew of a body for the king, (he argued), which they were to keep up in some reputation as long as they could, till they could see what assistance the king might be able to procure them from beyond sea of men, money,

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great discretion and zeal. He had a superiority of genius and comprehension to most men: and had the plainest, but withal the softest, way of reproving, chiefly young people, for their faults, that I ever met with. And upon this account, as well as upon all the care and affection he expressed to me, I have ever reckoned that, next to my father, I owed more to him than to any other man. Therefore I have enlarged upon his character; and yet I am sure I have rather said too little than too much.

"Sir Robert Murray was in such credit in that little army, that Lord Glencairn took a strange course to break it and to ruin him. A letter was pretended to be found at Antwerp, as writ by him to William Murray of the bedchamber," . . . giving "an account of a bargain Sir Robert had made with Monk for killing the king, which was to be executed by Mr. Murray. . . . This was brought to the earl of Glencairn; so Sir Robert was severely questioned upon it, and put in arrest; and it was spread about through the rude army that he intended to kill the king, hoping, it seems, that some of these wild people, believing it, would have fallen upon him without using any forms. Upon this occasion Sir Robert practised in a very eminent manner his true Christian philosophy, without shewing so much as a cloud in his whole behaviour." — I. 108, Oxf ed.

I have already alluded to his friendship with Evelyn, in itself a title of honour. I may add that he was a son of the distinguished family of Abercairney—the heirs-male of the ancient lords of Bothwell.

and arms; whereas, if they went out of those fast grounds, they could not hope to stand before such a veteran and well-disciplined army as Monk had, and, if they met with the least check, their tumultuary army would soon melt away.”\*

At this critical moment, when the royalists were divided among themselves, and, though eager for the king's service, doubtful what measures would most promote it—"the king," says Lord Balcarres's biographer, "being better informed of the discords amongst his friends than acquainted with the proceeding of his enemies, and knowing that no man in the kingdom was better able to give a judgment of both than Balcarres was, nor better advise what was to be done in order to the not increasing the first and suppressing the latter,—writ to him to desire him to repair to him for that purpose with all possible speed; which letter though he received in the deep of winter, and in the most remote part of all that kingdom, and having no other possible way to get to him" (the king) "but through a tract of the enemies' country, of above four or five hundred miles, he consulted as little the difficulties and dangers as he had done before, but rendered immediate obedience, and put himself and his dear lady (whose virtue and kindness would never abandon him in his greatest extremity) both in disguise, and, with the often perils of their lives, at last, by God's providence, arrived

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\* I. 107, Oxf. ed.

safely in France, where having, with great integrity on his own, and as great satisfaction on the king's part, given his majesty a perfect account,"—and enforced on him the necessity of sending over some military man, to whom the confederated chiefs would submit more willingly than to one of their own order, Middleton was despatched to Scotland.\*

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\* See also Burnet, i. 110.—An intercepted letter from Charles to Lord Balcarres, (the last probably written before the one alluded to in the text,) is printed in Thurloe's state papers.—“ I have receaved yours,” he says, “ of the 9th of Aug. and to my exceeding discomfort find the faling out which I most feared, difference and unkyndnes amongst those whom I love and trust most ; bnt since I am sure that your jealousies of on another cannot mak either of you les kynd and just to me, I will hope that for my sake you will lay aside all misunderstandings, and joyne heartily together, that all other men by your example may be united in my service. . . . I doe assure you I am soe farr from changeing the good opinion you had reason to beleve I had of you when wee parted, that my confidence in your affection is rather increased than diminished, nor hath ever any man endeavoured to doe you anie ill office with me, nor hath any man cause to think that it is in his power to doe it ; and I must doe Glencairn the justice to tell you, that all his letters to me have been so full of commending you, that he alway desyred to proceed upon your counsell and advyse ; and I am sure Middleton looks upon you as on of his best friends, and by whom he desyres principally to be guyded. . . . Thus as well your own letters as the relation of Sir William Bellenden gave me great apprehension of your want of healthe ; nor have there wanted reports of your deathe, so that I had no hopes that you would have been able to have ventured into the Highlands. Upon all which reasons I sent the whole disposition to the earl of Glencairne, and intirely referred it to himselfe to judge whither the service would be most effectually, and with least

His presence availed but little, and a scene that took place almost immediately after his arrival, eventually decided the fate of this insurrection. At an entertainment he had given to his officers on assuming the command, the earl of Glencairn spoke in high praise of the Highlanders; to which Sir George Munro, who had been trained in the low-country wars, and "despised all irregular troops," replied in the rudest language, calling them a pack of thieves and robbers. Glencairn retorted,

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inconvenience, caryed on under the general commission, or by assuming the sole command himselfe untill Middleton's coming, not without expressing somewhat of my own opinion that it would be best for him to tak the charge himselfe; and I confes I am glade he hath done it, beleeving him in all respects to be much fitter than any man I had heard named for it. I will follow your advyse in hasting Middleton als soone as is possible, who I know longs to be with you. In the meane tyme, I cannot desire any thing more earnestly of you, then that yon will lay asyde the unhappy misunderstandings that is of late grown, and assist Glencairne all you may, and remove all jealousies from others; and that the great work, which so much concerns us all, may be perfected without admitting any arguments or disputes which may divert any from whom we may reasonably expect assistance against the common enemies, who more depends upon the divisions and animosities among you then upon their own strength. . . . . To conclude, be confident I will omitt nothing in my power for your assistance, nor the venturing my owne person with you, if I cannot dispose it better, for the carrying on the work, and making your part the casier; and I will promise myselfe that concurrence in all things from you which I cannot but expect from your fidelitie and affection to me, and you shall alwayes find me the same man and as much as you can desyre

Yours."

"October 2. (1653.)"

affirming that, so far from being thieves or robbers, they were "gallant gentlemen and brave soldiers." A duel was the consequence, in which Glencairn was victorious, but was put under arrest, by order of Middleton, as soon as he reached his quarters.

This quarrel was scarcely over, when another arose between a Captain Livingstone, a friend of Munro, and a gentleman of the name of James Lindsay, who maintained the honour of the Highlands so keenly, "that they must needs fight a duel also." They went out early in the morning to the links of Dornoch, and fought with swords, till Lindsay thrusting his weapon through Livingstone's heart, that officer fell dead on the spot. Lindsay was condemned to death by Middleton, notwithstanding Glencairn's earnest intercession in his favour. The only kindness shewn him was the permission of chusing his executioners. The sentence was executed at the cross of Dornoch, where our unfortunate clansman fell by the fire of his comrades. Glencairn, who was much afflicted at his death, gave him an honourable burial, and then, collecting his followers, returned to the low-country, and made peace with the English,—an example which was followed by most of the low-land nobility.\*

Middleton maintained "the show of an army" for some months longer, but independently, it would appear,

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\* Grahame of Deuchrie's Account of Glencairn's Expedition; published with Gwynne's Military Memoirs of the Great Civil War, p. 119.

of the highland chiefs ; at least his name does not appear among the signatures to the following letter to King Charles, dated at Moy Castle, and entrusted by them to Lord Balcarres and Sir Robert Moray, on their departure for the continent :—

“ We have thought it most necessary,” they say, “ to desire the Lord Balcarres and Sir Robert Moray to be at the pains to wait on your majesty, to give you an account of your affairs in this kingdom, as persons who have been most industriously active and instrumental in the projecting, ordering, and carrying on of your majesty’s service, especially amongst us. Their fidelity and loyalty are so signally eminent to all and clearly known to your majesty, that we know your majesty will give entire credit to what they or either of them shall represent ; and our perfect confidence and knowledge of their virtue makes us most humbly beg your majesty may most confidently trust to whatsoever they shall say in all, or any of our names, and of the passage of things transacted amongst us. They need not our testimony nor approbation of their comportments to your majesty, to whom they are already so exactly known, and therefore we shall only say that your majesty’s affairs were set in such an excellent and universally satisfactory method and way by them, as was the most effectual to beget and confirm a most blessed and perfect union amongst all your majesty’s most faithful subjects, and most undeniably hopeful for the carrying on of your majesty’s service, and the

deliverance of this kingdom from the insupportable oppressions of the rebellious enemy. And we do humbly conceive their counsel and advice may be most useful to your majesty for the advancement and managing of your majesty's weighty affairs; and, although things be now put in a new way, not without great discouragement to us and all other your majesty's loyal subjects, as they will most faithfully and incurvedly represent, yet are we unanimously resolved to employ our lives and our utmost abilities, cheerfully and actively, in the prosecution of your majesty's service against the common enemy; according to the indispensable divine and human obligations that lie upon

Your majesty's most faithful, most humble, and most obedient servants and subjects,

SEAFORTH,	DANIEL MACLEANE,
LORNE,*	MACNACHTON,
MACLEOD,†	MACLEOD OF RASAY,
LOCHIEL,‡	D: FINGOUN,
	MACLEOD OF SCALLASCARR,
	MACLEAN OF COLL,
	MACLEAN FEAR OF ARGOUR."

\* Afterwards the unfortunate earl of Argyle, beheaded in 1685.

† Roderick MacLeod, surnamed "the Witty," chief of MacLeod.—Being then a minor, the clan was led by his uncles, Sir Roderick of Talisker, (Scallascarr, in the text,) and Sir Norman of Bernera.

‡ Evan Dhu, or the Black Sir Evan Cameron, renowned in history and tradition..

|| MacKinnon, chief of

"The race of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given  
Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven."

"This," adds Lord Balcarres, "is the true copy of the letter I delivered to his Majesty in the Palais Royal at Paris, in May, 1654."

Lord Balcarres continued for some years with the king. His noble wife, "who, through dearness of affection," says her friend Richard Baxter,\* "had marched with him and lain out of doors with him on the mountains," shared his wanderings on the continent, where for several years they followed the court, their property in Scotland having been sequestrated by Cromwell. Lord Balcarres was "taken for head of the presbyterians;" he held the office of secretary of state for Scotland, and was employed in various political negotiations for the interest of his exiled sovereign.† "No

\* See the "Reliquiæ Baxterianæ," or Mr. Richard Baxter's Narrative of his Life and Times, fol. 1696. Part i. p. 120.—"Pray read with great attention Baxter's Life of himself. It is an inestimable work. I may not unfrequently doubt Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I would almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity."—*Cole-ridge's Table Talk*, i. 83.—"A man, of whom, notwithstanding some alloy of human infirmities, it may perhaps be truly affirmed that the writings of few, if any, uninspired men, have been the instruments of such great and extensive benefit to mankind."—*Wilberforce's Practical View*.

† In his own name, in that of the Scottish lords imprisoned in England, and in that of the highland chiefs, he earnestly pressed the king's going over to Scotland, and taking the personal command of the loyalists there; and his advice appears to have been listened to with more atten-

one," says his grandson Earl James, "had more of his

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tion than one would surmise from the curious conversation reported by Lord Clarendon,<sup>a</sup>—as the following autograph

*" Priuat instructions for the Lord Balcarres "*

will shew :—

" You are to repair to Paris and deliuer my letter to the queene, and advise with her ma<sup>tie</sup> and the Lord Jermin consarning the particulars mentioned therein.

" If the queene shall finde it seasonable, and that it may probably be

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<sup>a</sup> " News came from Scotland that Middleton had some successes in the Highlands; and the Scottish lords who were prisoners in England assured the king, 'that there was now so entire a union in that nation for his service, that they wished his majesty himself would venture thither;' and the Lord Balcarres, who was with the king, and much trusted by that people, used much instance with him to that purpose; which, how unreasonable soever the advice seemed to me, men knew not how to contradict by proposing any thing that seemed more reasonable, and so underwent the reproach of being lazy and inactive, and unwilling to submit to any fatigue, or to expose themselves to any danger; without which, it was thought, his majesty could not expect to be restored to any part of his sovereignty.

" The chancellor of the exchequer" (Clarendon himself), " one day representing to the king the sadness of his condition, and the general discourse of men, and 'that it was his majesty's misfortune to be thought by many not to be active enough towards his own redemption, and to love his ease too much, in respect both of his age and his fortune,' desired him to consider upon this news and importunity from Scotland, whether in those Highlands there might not be such a safe retreat and residence, that he might reasonably say, that with the affections of that people, who had been always firm both to his father and himself, he might preserve himself in safety, though he could not hope to make any advance, or recover the lower part of that kingdom possessed by the enemy; and if so, 'whether he might not expect the good hand of Providence, by some revolution, more honourably there, than in such corners of other princes' dominions as he might be forced to put himself into.' His majesty discoursed very calmly of that country, part whereof he had seen; of the miserable poverty of the people, and their course of

majesty's favour, being cheerful as well as good and

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of any advantage to me, you shall then, and in that case, make application to the kinge of France,—remember him of the antient and inviolated frindship and alliance that has, these many ages past, been continued betwixt the crownes of Scotland and France; show him my resolution to goe into Scotland, where my subiects do appeare in a considerable body for me, and vpon these grounds you shall, with the concurrence of the L<sup>d</sup> Jermin, demande in my name as king of Scotland such assistances as may be most probably obtayned, and may be most vsefull to me, and sutable to the condition of that kingedome.

“ If it be found seasonable, you are, with the L<sup>d</sup> Jermin's concurrence, to make applications to the protestants in France; giue them right impressions concerning my affection to them, and my constant resolution to adheare to the true protestant religion, and vse all the arguments that can be drawne from conscience, honore, and interest, to persuade them to afforde me such assistance as are in there power, and may be vsefull and of advantage to me.

“ You are to acquainte me, from time to time, of the condition of affaires there, what progresse you make, and what further authority,

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life; and how ‘ impossible it was for him to live there with security or with bealth; that, if sickness did not destroy him, which he had reason to expect from the ill accomodation he must be there contented with, he should in a short time be betrayed and given up.’ And in this debate, he told him that melancholic conclusion which David Lesley made at Warrington Bridge, which is mentioned before, when he told the king ‘ that those men would never fight,’ which his majesty had never, he said, told to any body before. However, he said, ‘ if his friends would advise him to that expedition, he would transport himself into the Highlands; though he knew what would come of it, and that they would be sorry for it:’ which stopped the chancellor from ever saying more to that purpose. And it was not long after that news came of Middleton's baving been like to be given up to the enemy by the treachery of that people, and of the defeat his troops had received, and that he should be at last forced to quit that miserable country; which, however, he resolved to endure, as long as it should be possible.”—*Clarendon*, vii. 109—11. Clar. edit.

wise, yet Lord Clarendon, head of the high-church

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by commission, letters, or instructions, the queene shall finde necessary for you in the managing the trust committed to you in the particulars mentioned.

“ You are, as soone as your stay at Paris can be of no more vse to me, either my desires being obtayned or the appearing no probability of the same, to returne to me where you shall learne me to be for the time. Cologne, Oct. the 20. 1654.

CHARLES R.”

The utter defeat of Middleton accounts for our hearing no more of this project.

Of the two following letters from the duke of York, (neither of them perhaps worth inserting, except as testimonies of the esteem in which Lord Balcarres was held by that unfortunate prince,) the first has reference to similar private negotiations.

“ Being confident of your integrity and affection to the king’s service, and of your readynesse to make it appeare upon any good occasion, I signed and seald a commission and some instructions for you at Bruxcelles, the 8 of June last. Before now I hope they are in your hands, and I desire you to go about the prosecution of them with all speede, service, and industrie you can. I assure you shall find me very thankfull to you for your paines and care in this matter, and that you shall always find me in the sence of it. From the campe at Ableu, August the 10. 1657.

JAMES.”

“ Breda, Jan. 11. 1659.

“ My lord,

Here passed by this way, in his way to Bruxcelles, Tom Blagge, with whom I had some discourse of you, and of the continuation of the affection you haue to our family. I assure you nobody has

party, once got the better of him, and he was dismissed

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a greater sence of it then I, as well for that as for the particular you haue shewd to me. You know yourself the condition I am in, so that I can hardly any other way then this assure you of the sence I have of the obligations I haue to you; but I hope one day I shall be better able to lett you see it. In the meane-tyme, you may be assured that I shall euer be

Your very affectionate friend,

JAMES."

I subjoin two warm-hearted letters from Mary princess of Orange, King Charles's suster, to Lady Balcarres:—

" My Lady Belcarres,

You may bee confident, that if it had layne in my power, as much as in my desires, to assist your lord and you, you had not been in that ill condition you are in, for truly the only cause why I have not sent you what I intended hes been caused by the want of ready mony; therefore the proposition you make to me is so good that, if you will find out any persone that will aduance you the mony, I will giue an assurance under my own hand to see it payed in the space of two months, and to that end I shall give Oudart order to draw vp a paper which I will sign and send to you tomorrow night or Munday morning—for in all occasions you shall find me to bee,

My Lady Belcarres,

Your most affectionate friend,

MARIE."

" My Lady Belcarres,

If it had been in my power, you should have found before this time the effects of that true esteem I haue for your persone, for I may assure you with truth that the want of those occasions did much trouble mee, and now more than euer, finding how much you are

the court at Cologne but soon recalled.\* The king thus expresses himself in a letter to Lord Arlington,—‘ Our

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sattisfied with those very little ciuilitis I was able to performe when I was with you, which I am so ashamed you should take notice of that I will leaue this subject, and tell you that the kindness of the queen’s invitation of mee to come to her is very well able alone to ouercome all endeauors of hindering mee from that hapines, if I had not a most passionate desire of waitting upon her ma<sup>tie</sup>, which I hope to do very shortly in spit of all designes to the contrayry; and whereeuere I go, let mee desire you to beleue that I shall always striue to show you the reallity of my being,

My Lady Belcarres,

Your most affectionate friend,

“ Hage, 13 December.”

MARIE.”

(To say that the Stuarts were ungrateful !)

\* —“ At last Cromwell drove them (Balcarres and his wife) out of Scotland, and they went together beyond sea to the king, where they long followed the court, and he was taken for the head of the presbyterians with the king, and by evil instruments fell out with the lord chancellor, who prevailing against him upon some advantage, he was for a time forbidden the court,” &c.—*Baxter*.

Conf. Clarendon, vii. 59, Oxf. ed., and Sir James Turner’s *Memoirs*, p. 105.

Lord Clarendon’s first impressions of Balcarres were more favourable, —see his letter to Sir Edward Nicholas, Paris, 24 April, 1654. “ I have yet had very little conference with my Lord Balcarres, but he appears a civil and a sober person, and the king thinks he will be wholly governed by his majesty, without suffering himself to be wrought upon by any others; he seems to have some prejudice to the Lord Glencarne, but professes great esteem of Lt. General Middleton,” &c.—*State Papers*, vol. iii.

little court are all at variance, but Lord Balcarres will soon return and heal us with his wisdom.’”

He did not live to see the restoration, or reap the reward of his services and sufferings in the royal cause. Whether illness prevented his return, or whether in those evil days evil tongues had succeeded a second time in depriving him of the king’s confidence, I know not ; but the last I think most probable from the fact of his death having taken place at Breda, and from “the seeming displeasure of his prince” being enumerated along with the ruin of his country and the distress of his family—“added,” says Baxter, “to the distempers he had contracted by his warfare on the cold and hungry mountains,” as a grief that hastened his being taken by God’s favour out of this world into a better.

This season of sorrow “he spent,” says his biographer, “with such advantage to his own soul and the edification of others,” that “there are many yet living that will, with all gratitude, acknowledge their conversation with him, his heavenly discourses, and holy example, put them much into the way of following him thither.”

The following sketch of the character and latter days of our good and loyal ancestor, cannot, I think, fail to interest you. “We will pass by,” says the writer, “his carriage in war, making conscience of all his actions as if every day he was to render an account to Him that made him : he was most faithful and loyal to his prince, which well appeared in his indefatigable diligence in his service ; his patient suffering also shewit he served him

only out of love to his person and duty : he was zealous of the honour and welfare of his country, which was obvious to all, and in nothing did this more shew itself than in his being so much against the giving up the king at Newcastle, and so concerned for its late misfortunes, which was the occasion of many sad thoughts to him ; and in his dexterous management of that juncture wherein one half of the kingdom had secluded and banished the other half upon the accompt of the Engagement, which difference by his prudence and conduct was principally reconciled into the common interest of the kingdom, and both parties united to the king's service.

“ He was tender to his wife, affectionate to his friends, compassionately forgetting his enemies, kind to all his relations. He had his times of devotion three times a day, except some extraordinary business hindered him : in the morning from the time he was dressed until eleven o'clock, he read upon the Bible and divinity books, and prayed and meditate ;—then at half an hour past till near seven ; then at ten o'clock to eleven. The last year of his life his thoughts were but little upon the world ; neither the joys nor griefs thereof did move him. He saw it was but his inferior part was subject to its changes ; no kind of affliction could bereave him of the courage and vigour of mind God enriched him with, which schew so great strength to govern his soul, that, though he saw evils great and present, yet he mitigat them so with rectified reason, and with the serious consideration of the goodness and wisdom of Him that had

appointed all for him, that he with the greatest ease, by the assistance of his blessed Lord and Redeemer, overcame all; thus, wisdom, grace, and virtue in this well-ordered mind did produce the greatest tranquillity imaginable, so that grace and glory was what he was wholly taken up with the last eight days of his life.

“When death seemed to be near, all time was spent either in prayer or praising his blessed Lord for His free love to mankind, and to him in particular, and in comforting his family, and in instructing and advising his friends to live holily. He was so taken up with heaven, that the way he took to comfort his nearest and dearest relation, was to tell her, ‘she ought to rejoice, because he might say, as his blessed Saviour did when He was to depart from his disciples, “Let not your hearts be troubled, for I go to my heavenly Father; I go from persecution and calumny to the company of angels and spirits of just men made perfect,”’—then said he, ‘How sweet is rest to a wearied soul, and such a rest as this is that I am going to! Oh blessed rest! where we shall never cease day nor night from saying “Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!”—where we shall rest from sinning but not from praising!’

“This was upon the Friday before the Lord took him, in which he made a long prayer for the king, his mother the queen, the royal family, and all that had befriended him in his affliction, and for all his relations, the kingdom, and the kirk of Scotland. That day he sent a message by a friend to the king, which was, ‘that now he

was before it were long to answer at the tribunal of the Searcher of all hearts, before whom it was to be thought he wald not make a lie, therefore, in His presence, he wald say that he had served the king faithfully; and that he believed there were few men, if they wald search the corners of their hearts, could say they did any action of their life without something at self;—yet he could say in this one he did, he served the king in favour and disfavour without the least thought of himself, as if he had the greatest encouragements in the world; though he did differ from some men, yet he had followed the dictates of his own conscience, which gave him peace, and that he died a very faithful subject to him.’—So it appeared well, for he prayed not only for him, that the Lord wald bless him with principles of grace and virtue above all had been before him, but that He wald bless all whose endeavours were to establish him who was the righteous king in all the three kingdoms; he prayed to forgive them that had forgot so soon their coronation and other oaths to defend him in his right. Not long after this, one Master Patrick Forbes, a honest-hearted holy man, asked him, ‘My lord, do you forgive all your enemies, that have so maliciously persecute you?’—‘Aye, aye, Mr. Forbes,’ said he, ‘long ago,—I bless God that is not to do!’

“All this while, or eight days, his heart and eyes were fixed upon heaven, but so far as others diverted him; he slept but little, and when he did, it might be said his heart waked. The last day of his life his wife asked

him, 'My love, how is it with you now,—have you gotten that measure of assurance you desired?'—to which he said, 'All I can answer to you is, that, I bless my Redeemer for it! I am as full of joy with the assurance I have that my Redeemer is mine and I am his, as ever mine heart can hold.'—After some little struggling with death, he called to his wife, who was always by him, and said, 'My dear, I follow a good Guide, who will never quit me, and I will never quit Him.'—'My dear,' said she, 'hold you there, for there you are safe; He is a shield and buckler to them that trust in Him, He is the munition of rocks.'—Often did he say that afternoon the Lord called him,—'Come, Lord Jesus, thou tarriest long!'—His wife, finding him near his blessed end, said to him, 'Have courage, my love! your redemption draws near, your blessed Lord is making fast ready, accompanied with his angels, to attend you to that mansion He prepared for you before the world was; He will go through the valley of the shadow of death with you.' At that he laid his two weak hands about her neck, and, with the small strength he had, drew her in to him, and said, 'I must take my last farewell of thee, my dearest!'—After he had said somewhat that schew much his kindness to her, he said, 'My dear, pray that the passage may be easy.' After that, he looked up whither he was going, and prayed to Him with whom he was to live for ever, and so went away to that blessed Lord that made him what he was, and what he now is, a glorified saint in heaven. He finished his course upon Tuesday, the 7th

of September, *stilo novo*, 30th of August,—who made it his study to glorify God; he fought the good fight of faith,—henceforth is laid up for him a crown of glory. ‘Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace!’ ”—

Thus died, at the early age of forty-one, Alexander Lindsay, earl of Balcarres, “a lord,” says Baxter, “of excellent learning, judgment, and honesty, none being praised equally with him for learning and understanding in all Scotland.” His body was brought home for interment, and on the 12th of June, 1660, while Scotland and England were still ringing with the shouts that proclaimed King Charles once more a monarch over his fathers’ land, the remains of his tried and faithful follower were consigned by his widow and children to their last resting place in the chapel of Balcarres. That sacred edifice is now in ruins, every pinnacle, wall, and buttress overgrown by the clustering ivy that hangs like a banner over “Earl Saunders’ ” grave.

His memory was embalmed in song by Cowley, the minstrel of the cavaliers.

“UPON THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF BALCARRES.

’Tis folly, all that can be said  
 By living mortals of th’ immortal dead,  
 And I’m afraid they laugh at the vain tears we shed.  
 ’Tis as if we, who stay behind  
 In expectation of the wind,  
 Should pity those who passed this streight before,  
 And touch the universal shore.

Ah, happy man ! who art to sail no more !  
 And, if it seem ridiculous to grieve  
 Because our friends are newly come from sea,  
 Though ne'er so fair and calm it be—  
 What would all sober men believe,  
 If they should hear us, sighing, say,  
 ' Balcarres, who but th' other day  
 ' Did all our love, and our respect command,  
 ' At whose great parts we all amazed did stand,  
 ' Is from a storm, alas ! cast suddenly on land ' ?

If you will say—few persons upon earth  
 Did, more than he, deserve to have  
 A life exempt from fortune and the grave ;  
 Whether you look upon his birth  
 And ancestors, whose fame's so widely spread—  
 But ancestors, alas ! who long ago are dead,—  
 Or whether you consider more  
 The vast increase (as sure you ought)  
 Of honour by his labour bought,  
 And added to the former store :—  
 All I can answer, is, That I allow  
 The privilege you plead for, and avow  
 That, as he well deserved, he doth enjoy it now.

Though God, for great and righteous ends,  
 Which his unerring providence intends  
 Erroneous mankind should not understand,  
 Would not permit Balcarres' hand,  
 (That once, with so much industry and art,  
 Had closed the gaping wounds of every part,)  
 To perfect his distracted nation's cure,  
 Or stop the fatal bondage 'twas t' endure ;  
 Yet, for his pains, He soon did him remove  
 From all th' oppression and the woe

Of his frail body's native soil below,  
 To his soul's true and peaceful country above.  
 So God-like kings, for secret causes, known,  
 Sometimes, but to themselves alone,  
 One of their ablest ministers elect,  
 And send abroad to treaties, which they intend  
 Shall never take effect ;  
 But, though the treaty wants a happy end,  
 The happy agent wants not the reward  
 For which he laboured faithfully and hard ;  
 His just and gracious master calls him home,  
 And gives him, near himself, some honourable room.

Noble and great endeavours did he bring  
 To save his country, and restore his king ;  
 And whilst the manly half of him, (which those  
 Who know not love to be the whole suppose,)  
 Performed all parts of virtue's vigorous life ;  
 The beauteous half, his lovely wife,  
 Did all his labours and his cares divide,  
 Nor was a lame nor paralytic side ;—  
 In all the turns of human state,  
 And all the unjust attacks of fate,  
 She bore her share and portion still,  
 And would not suffer any to be ill.  
 Unfortunate for ever let me be,  
 If I believe that such was he  
 Whom, in the storms of bad success,  
 And all that error calls unhappiness,  
 His virtue and his virtuous wife did still accompany !

With these companions 'twas not strange  
 That nothing could his temper change.  
 His own and country's ruin had not weight  
 Enough to crush his mighty mind ;

He saw around the hurricanes of state,  
Fixed as an island 'gainst the waves and wind.  
Thus far the greedy sea may reach ;  
All outward things are but the beach ;  
A great man's soul it doth assault in vain !  
Their God himself the ocean doth restrain  
With an imperceptible chain,  
And bids it to go back again.  
His wisdom, justice, and his piety,  
His courage both to suffer and to die,  
His virtues, and his lady too,  
Were things celestial. And we see  
In spite of quarrelling philosophy,  
How in this case 'tis certain found  
That heaven stands still, and only earth goes round !”

## SECT. II.

WELL might the poet class Lady Balcarres among “things celestial,”—“a known truth, though it be in verse,” as honest Isaac Walton says. The excellent Richard Baxter, who knew her well, gives the following interesting account of his friendship with her.—“When the earl of Lauderdale,” Lord Balcarres’s “near kinsman and great friend, was prisoner in Portsmouth and Windsor Castle, he fell into acquaintance with my books, and so valued them that he read them all, and took notes of them, and earnestly recommended them to the earl of Balcarres, with the king. The earl of Balcarres met, at the first sight, with some passages where he thought I spake too favourably of the papists, and dif-

ferred from many other protestants, and so cast them by, and sent the reason of his distaste to the earl of Lauderdale, who pressed him but to read one of the books through, which he did; and so read them all, (as I have seen many of them marked with his hand,) and was drawn to over-value them more than the earl of Lauderdale. Hereupon his lady reading them also, and being a woman of very strong love and friendship, with extraordinary entireness swallowed up in her husband's love, for the books' sake, and her husband's sake, she became a most affectionate friend to me before she ever saw me. While she was in France, being zealous for the king's restoration, (for whose cause her husband had pawned and ruined his estate,\*) by the earl of Lauderdale's direction, she, with Sir Robert Moray, got divers letters from the pastors and others there, to bear witness of the king's sincerity in the protestant religion. Her great wisdom, modesty, piety, and sincerity made her accounted the saint at the court. When she came over with the king, her extraordinary respects obliged me to be so often with her as gave me acquaintance with her eminency in all the aforesaid virtues. She is of a solid

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\* The king being in poverty, Lord Balcarres had sold his plate for £2000, to defray the expenses of the general assembly, to which he was deputed by him High Commissioner, and the following year borrowed £6000 more, which he spent in advancing the royal interest in the Highlands during the last stand against Cromwell; this sum was afterwards repaid by his son Earl Colin out of his first wife's fortune. —*Letter of James earl of Balcarres to his son, quoting the original account.*

understanding in religion for her sex, and of prudence much more than ordinary, and of great integrity and constancy in her religion, and a great hater of hypocrisy, and faithful to Christ in an unfaithful world, and she is somewhat overmuch affectionate to her friend, which hath cost her a great deal of sorrow in the loss of her husband, and since of other special friends, and may cost her more when the rest forsake her, as many in prosperity use to do those that will not forsake their fidelity to Christ." . . . "Being my constant auditor and over-respectful friend, I had occasion," he adds, "for the just praises and acknowledgments which I have given her."

On the death of her husband, King Charles had written her a kind letter of condolence:—"I hope," says he, "you are so well persuaded of my kindnesse to you as to believe that there can no misfortune happen to you, and I not have my share in it; I assure you I am troubled at the losse you have had, and I hope that God will be pleased to put me into such a condition before it be long, as I may lett you see the care I intend to have of you and your children, and that you may depende upon my being very truly,

Madame,

Your affectionate frinde,

CHARLES R."

Amply did he redeem his promise as soon as it was in his power to do so, by settling on Lady Balcarres and the longest liver of her two sons a pension of £1000 a

year, on her giving up during their minority the patent of the hereditary government of the castle of Edinburgh. —“I have been young and now am old,” sang the sweet psalmist of Israel, “and yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.”

Nor was the daughter of Henri Quatre, the queen of the martyred Charles, less kindly attentive to the widowed countess:—“The losse you have made”—she writes, “is very sensible to me as well as to you; therefore you may be easily persuaded that I take a particular part in it with you: I wish I could meet some occasion to lett you see the esteem I had of my Lord Belcaris, and how willing I should be to contribute any thing to your consolation. In the meane space I pray God to give you all necessary ones, and intreat you to believe I am veretruilly, my Lady Belcaris,

Your vere good and assured friend,

HENRIETTE MARIE R.”

—“I have writ to my daughter,” she says about three weeks afterwards, “too desire her to assure you againe of her goode intentions for you: and from mee you may be confident that I shall not lett anie occasion passe wherein I may lett you see the estime I haue of you.”\*

After residing for some months in London, Lady Bal-

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\* —“*Pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres!*”

I subjoin here, though certainly of later date by some years, the fol-

carres prepared for her return to Scotland, and "being deeply sensible of the loss of the company of those friends which she left behind her, desired me," says Baxter, "to preach the last sermon she was to hear from me on those words of Christ, 'Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered every man to his own, and shall leave me alone; and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.' " A trial of bitter agony retarded her departure,—the conversion of her eldest daughter to popery. The Jesuits about the court, (and the queen mother appears to have been privy to it,) had bewildered the poor girl (she was but sixteen) with their sophistries—Baxter strove, but in vain, to induce them to meet and discuss the question with him in her presence—at last they stole her away secretly from her mother in a coach, conveyed her to France, and there

lowing pleasing letter from Anne duchess of York, mother of Mary of Orange and Queen Anne:—

" January 12.

" My Lady Balcarres,

I have receiued your letter, and assure you take the concern you appeare to haue for my afflictions uery kindly. It has pleased God of late to lay soe great a number of them vpon me that I haue need of the prayers of all my friends, that I may beare them with that submission I ought to the hand that sends them; and truely I haue received soe great a blessing in the recouery of the duke, that I hope I shall euer submit with patience to whateuer els can happen to me. But I will not keepe you longer vpon soe sad a subject, but desire you to beleeeue that I take your concern for me very kindly, and that I am

Your affectionate friend,

ANNE."

put her in a nunnery, "where," says he, "she is since dead.—Not long after her departure she sent a letter to her lady mother, and subscribed 'Sister Anna Maria.'—It contained the reasons of her perversion, and though I knew they were not likely to suffer her to read it, I wrote an answer to it at her mother's desire, which was sent to her by her mother."\*—"This," he adds, "was the darling of that excellent, wise, religious lady, the widow of an excellent lord, which made the affliction great, and taught her to moderate her affections to all creatures."†

The loss of her daughter was followed, five months after her return to Scotland,‡ by that of her eldest son, Earl Charles, "a very hopeful youth,"|| of twelve years old, who, with his brother Colin, had resided at Balcarres during the recent troubles, ten pounds a year being al-

\* "We shall have leave to pray for you," he writes, "though we cannot have leave to instruct you, and God may hear us when you will not; which I have the more hopes of, because of the piety of your parents, and the prayers and tears of a tender mother poured out for you, and your own well-meaning, pious disposition."

† *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, pp. 219—29.

‡ Lamont faithfully chronicles the arrivals and departures from Balcarres.—The remains of Lord Balcarres, he says, were "landed at Elie, 2 Dec. 1659, and some days after were carried to Balcarres, and this 12 June, were interred at Balcarres in the ordinar burial-place there, with suiting solemnity. July 12, 1660, his lady took journey from Balcarres to go for London with her children. In May, 1662, viz., the sixth day, the said lady returned to Balcarres, her two sons having come some months before."

|| Baxter.

lowed them out of the sequestered estate of their father.\*—"I have sent your lordship with my Lord<sup>d</sup> St. Andrews," writes Lady Balcarres to her cousin Lauderdale, "a poor pledge for so rich a jewel; this is all I have now for my dear child, my little saint, I may rather say, who is now, I hope, a star of the first magnitude. O my sweet child! how distressed, how sorrowful has he left me, with an afflicted family! I could say much of my losses of my two dear Lord Balcarreses, but I know it is not so civil as pleasant to me, and the rather when I remember it's to your lordship, whose they both were almost as mine."

"I knew," says Baxter, in his beautiful address prefixed within two months after her affliction to his treatise on the "Divine Life,"—"I knew of many and great afflictions which you had undergone in the removal of your dearest friends, which made this subject seem so suitable and seasonable to you at that time; but I knew not that God was about to make so great addition to your trials in the same kind by taking to himself the principal branch of your noble family. . . . I hope this loss also shall promote your gain, by keeping you nearer to your heavenly Lord, who is so jealous of your affections, and resolved to have them entirely to Himself; and then you will still find that you are not alone nor deprived of your dearest or most necessary friend, while the Father, the Son, the sanctifying and comforting Spirit is with you. And it should not be hard to reconcile us to the dispo-

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\* Memoirs of James Earl of Balcarres.

sals of so sure a guide. Nothing but good can come from God, however the blind may miscall it, who know no good or evil but what is measured by the private standard of their selfish interest, and that as judged of by sense. Eternal love, engaged by covenant to make us happy, will do nothing but what we shall find at last will terminate in that blessed end. He envied you not your son, as too good for you, or too great a mercy, who hath given you His own Son, and with Him the mercy of eternal life. Corporal sufferings with spiritual blessings are the ordinary lot of believers here on earth, as corporal prosperity with spiritual calamity is the lot of the ungodly. And, I beseech you, consider that God knoweth better than you or I, what an ocean your son was ready to launch out into, and how tempestuous and terrible it might have proved, and whether the world, that he is saved from, would have afforded him more of safety or seduction, of comfort or calamity? Whether the protraction of the life of your truly noble husband, to have seen our sins and their effects and consequents, would have afforded him greater joy or sorrow?—Undoubtedly, as God had a better title to your husband, and children, and friends than you had, so it is much better to be with Him than to be with you or with the best or greatest upon earth. The heavenly inhabitants fear not our fears, and feel not our anxieties. They are past our dangers, and out of the reach of all our enemies, and delivered from our pains and cares, and have the full possession of all those mercies which we pray and labour

for. Can you think your children and friends that are with Christ are not safer and better than those that remain with you? Do you think that earth is better than heaven for yourself? I take it for granted you cannot think so, and will not say so; and if it be worse for you, it is worse for them. The Providence which, by hastening their glorification, doth promote your sanctification, which helpeth them to the end and helpeth you in the way, must needs be good to them and you, however it appear to flesh and unbelief. O madam! when our Lord hath shewed us (as he will shortly do) what a state it is to which He bringeth the spirits of the just, and how He doth there entertain and use them, we shall then be more competent judges of all those acts of Providence to which we are now so hardly reconciled! Then we shall censure our rash censurings of those works of God, and be offended with our offences at them, and call ourselves blind, unthankful sinners for calling them so bad as we did in our misjudging misbelief and passion. We shall not wish ourselves or friends again on earth among temptations and pains, and among uncharitable men, malicious enemies, deceitful flatterers, and untrusty friends!"\*

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\* See Baxter's Practical Works,\* vol. xiii.—This excellent treatise is divided into three parts, "The Knowledge of God," "Walking with God," and "Converse with God in solitude," the latter being the sermon

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\* "A treasury of christian wisdom."—*Wilberforce*.

Charles earl of Balcarres died on the 15th, and was buried in the chapel of Balcarres on the 21st of October, 1662, "in the night season."\* His brother Colin succeeded him, and for several years resided with his two surviving sisters, under his mother's care, at Balcarres. Her maternal duties fulfilled, she became the second wife of Archibald the unfortunate earl of Argyle, who perished on the scaffold in 1685, and whom also she survived. During a long and active life she had but few gleams of unalloyed earthly happiness, and it was well for her that her hopes were anchored on another and a better world, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

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(enlarged) which he had preached at Lady Balcarres's desire, on her approaching departure for Scotland, and which she had desired him to give her in writing, with the intention of publishing it.

\* Lamont.

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APPENDIX.

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## APPENDIX.

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### I.

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“IN 1214, four years after the death of Acharius, abbot of Peterborough,

“ROBERT DE LYNDESHEYE,

“monk and sacrist of the monastery, was clected to succeed him. This worthy man appears to have paved the way to his preferment by the most assiduous attention in his office as sacrist, at which time he is said to have glazed more than thirty windows of the church, which till that time had been stuffed with reeds and straw to keep out the weather. He made one window also of glass in the parlour of the monastery; another in the chapter-house, on the side where the prior sat; nine in the dormitory; and three in the chapel of St. Nicholas. He built also the chancel of the church at Oxney. . . . Dr. Patrick has translated from Swapham a minute detail of Robert de Lyndesheye's alterations in the buildings as well as in the internal administration of the monastery.

“In 1215, Robert de Lyndesheye went to Rome, to attend the fourth council of Lateran; on his return he continued his exertions to improve the discipline and credit of his abbey. He died October the 25th, 1222.

“Gunton says he was not very rich in books, his library consisting only of these few: ‘*Numerale Magistri W. de Montibus cum aliis rebus; Tropi Magistri Petri cum diversis summis; Sententiæ Petri Pre-tanensis; Psalterium glossatum; Aurora; Psalterium non glossatum; Historiale.*’ One of these, the ‘*Psalterium glossatum,*’ containing a calendar prefixed, with numerous obits of the abbots of Peterborough in the margin, is now among the manuscripts in the library of the Society of Antiquaries.”—*Dugdale’s Monasticon*, ed. Ellis, i. p. 354.

## II.

LIST OF FAMILIES AND LANDED PROPRIETORS, OF THE  
NAME OF LINDSAY, IN SCOTLAND AND ELSEWHERE.

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N. B. This list, made up chiefly from the published *Retours of Service and Acts of Parliament*, and the *Register of the Great Seal*, (down to 1554,) must be considered very imperfect.—The line of succession only is noticed, without reference to younger brothers. Except where the mark †, signifying “died,” occurs, the dates merely express the years in which the individuals referred to are mentioned.

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ALICHT, (Perth.)—David L. of A. and his spouse, 1492.

ANNATLAND.—See *Lives*, i., 215—8.—Sir Jerome L. of A., King-at-arms, (son of David bishop of Ross, † 1613; son of Alex., second son of Walter younger of Edzell, † 1513,) married, first, Margaret Colville, († before 10 May, 1603,) and had issue David, baptized 2 Jan., 1603,—secondly, Agnes, daughter of Sir David L. of the Mount, King-at-arms, and was father of James L. of the Mount, who married, in 1650, Anne, daughter of Sir Pat. Hay, of Pitfour.—Lindsay of the Mount, 1710.

ARDINBATHY, (Perth.)—Descended of Evelick.—Pat. L. of A., 1600.—John L. of A., 1690.

AUCHINSKEOCH, (Kirkcudb.) Descd. of Fairgirth?—John L. of Auchin-hay, &c. (lands possessed by James L. of Auchinskeoch, in 1628,) 1493.—John L. of Auchinskeoch, 1585 . . . 1614.—James L. of A., 1628.—Andrew L. of A., 1648.

AUCHNADAY, (Angus.)—David L. elder, and David L. younger, of A., 1638.

— AUGSBURGH.—See Lives, i., 81.

BACHBER, (Banff.)—Alex. L. of B., temp. Rob. III.

BALCARRES, (Fife.) Earls of —. From John, second son of Sir Dav. L. of Edzell, earl of Crawford. See Lives, i., 180, sqq., and Douglas's Peerage.

*Arms.*—Those of the earls of Crawford, within a bordure, azure, charged with fourteen stars, or. *Crest* :—On a wreath, a pavilion azure, semée of mullets, or,—the canopy and fringes of the last,—ensigned on the top with a pennon, gules. *Supporters* :—Two lions, seiant guardant, gules, each gorged with a collar azure, charged with three mullets, or. *Motto* :—Astra castra, numen lumen, munimen. *Nisbet*.

BALGAWIES, (Angus.)—From Sir Walter, fourth son of Sir David L. of Edzell, eighth earl of Crawford, — father of Dav. L. of B., 1607 . . 1615.—William, son of David L. of B., 1630.

BALHELVY, (Aberd.)—Alex. L. of B., 1475.

BALMUNGIE, (Fife.)—Alex. L., Esq., now of B., son of Will. L. of B., nat. son of Will. L. of Feddinch.

BALQUHARRAGE, (Stirl.)—See Blacksolme.

BARCLOY. The designation, from 1505 to 1593, of the Lindsays of Wauchopedale, deprived during that period of the greater part of their estate.

— BARNYARDS, or of the HALCH (or HAUCH) of TANNADYCE, (Angus.) the hereditary constables of Finhaven Castle. See Lives, i., 75.—Philip L. de le Halche, and constable, 1453-68-74.—Alex. L., constable, and John his brother, 1494.\*—Alex. L., captain of Finhaven, 1550.—David L. of Hauch, 1555.—Dav. L. of B., 1569-71, father of Pat. L. of B., served his heir, 1596,—whose grand-nephew Robert, son of James L. of Glenquiech, was served his heir, 1692.

BARRES, (Angus ?)—John L. of B., 1607.

BELSTAIN.—Descd. of Covington. (*Roll's Life of John earl of Craw-*

\* "18 June, 1494. "The Lords" [of Council] "decree that Alex. L., constable of Finhevin, and John, his brother, do wrong in the occupation of the lands of the Halch of Tannadys, called the Berneyards, and that they shall devold the same, to be bruikit by John Schevez of Dempstertown," &c.—*Acta. Dom. Con.*

*ford.*)—Col. James L. of B., governor of Edinburgh castle, 1641—of Berwick castle, 1644, &c.—Will. L. of B., 1661-72.

BIRNE, (Aberd.)—L. of B., close of seventeenth century.

BLACKSOLME, or BLACKHOLM, and BALQUHARRAGE.—Descd. of Dunrod.—John L. of Blacksolme, † 1618.—Geo. L. of B., minister of Roseneath, † Nov. 1644, leaving two sons, Robert and Walter.—Geo. L. of Balqu., 1690.—Alex. L. yr. of Balqu., 1698.—Will. of Balqu., 1728.

“Dunrod is now represented by Will. L., late of Blackholm and Balquharrage, who bears the arms.” *Nisbet*. His arms, as recorded in the Lyon Register, are gules, a fesse-cheque, arg. and az., in chief a label of three points of the second. *Crest* :—a withered branch of oak, sprouting forth green leaves, proper.

*Motto* :—Mortua vivescunt.

BLAIKERSTOUN, (Berw.)—Dav. L. of Bl., (son of Pat. Abp. of Glasgow, † 1638,) dying without issue, was succeeded in that barony by his brother, Mr. James L. of Leckaway, served his heir, 1633,—and Mr. James by his son, served his heir, 1665.

BLAIRFEDDAN, (Angus?)—Mr. John L. of B., 1535-9.—John L. of B., Sir John Ogilvie of Inverquharitie, concerned in his slaughter, had a remission, 21 Feb. 1588.—Harry L. of B., 1600.

BONNEIL, BALLUL, or BONHILL, (Dumbarton.)—From Patrick, son of Dominus Hugo de L., fl. before 1333. See Lives i. 19.—Mungo L. of B., 1533-44-64.—Mungo L. of B., 1604.—Mungo L. of B., 1643-9.

BONYTOUN, (Angus.)—Dav. L. of B., 1588.

BRENWEVIL, (Fife.)—David L. of B., c. 1233. Probably the same with David L. of Crawford.

BROADLAND, (Kincard.)—John L. of B., 1456-7.—Alex. L. of B., 1562.—Alex. L. of B., 1601.

*Arms*.—Gu., fesse-ch. arg. and az.; in chief, a fleur-de-lys, arg.

*Sir David Lindsay*.

BUCKSTED, (Sussex.)—Edw. L. of B., (son of Miles L. of Dent, son of Thomas L. of Dent,) fl. 1608.

*Arms*.—Or, an eagle displayed sable, armed az., a chief vairé.

*Crest* :—An eagle displayed sable, beaked and legged or,

charged on the breast with a cross-patée of the last. *Edmondson*. For the probable descent of the English Lindseys, see *Lives*, i., 10.

CAIRN, (Angus.)—Descd. of Pitcairlic. —Dav. L. of C., 1550.—John L. of C., served heir of his father, Henry L. of C., 1698.

*Arms*.—Quarterly, first and fourth gules, fesse-cheque, within a bordure, componed arg. and azure,—second and third, for Abernethy. *Crest*.—Two stalks of wheat, disposed saltier-wise, proper. *Motto*.—Non solum armis. *Nisbet*.

CARSLEUCH, (Dumfries.)—Descd., apparently, of Fairgirth.—James L. of C., 1483.—Eliz. L., heiress of C., married, before 1546, to Rich. Browne.—James V. granted, in 1538, to James L., his master falconer, (who held that office, under Mary of Guise, and Mary Q. of Scots, for twenty years after his death,) part of the lands of Westshaw, in Lanarksh., resigned by Elizabeth L. of Carsleuch.

CAVILL, (Kinross.)—John son of Alex. L. of C., 1399. See *Lives*, i. 42.—Rob. L. of C., and Geo. fewar of C., 1598.—James L. of C., 1710.

*Arms*.—Those of the earls of Crawford, within a bordure, quartered or and gu., and charged with eight martlets, counter-changed. *Crest*.—An ostrich-head erased, proper. *Motto*.—Sis fortis! *Nisbet*.

COLBY, (Norfolk.)

*Arms*.—Or, an eagle displayed, gu. *Crest*.—An unicorn, seiant regardant, or, armed, hoofed, maned, and ducally gorged, az. *Edmondson*.

CORALHILL, (Fife.)—James L. of C., 1586.—Dav. L. of Quarrelhill, 1598-9.

— CORSBASKET, (Lanark.)—Probably from Alex. L. of C., ("filius carnalis" of Alex. L. of Dunrod,) 1485-94-1504-1506.—Alex. L., younger of C., 1509.—Alex. L. of C., 1537-40, and Robert L. his son and app. heir.

*Arms*.—Gu., fesse-cheque arg. and az., two mullets in chief arg., in base a cinquefoil, arg. *Sir David Lindsay*.

COVINGTON, (Lanark.)—See *Lives*, i. 82.—Will. L. of C., 1435.—James L. of C., 1444.—John L. of C., 1471 . . 74.—John L. of Cock-

burn, son and heir of John L. of Cov., 1476.—John L. of Cov., 1478 . . . 93, (when he gave a charter of Earl's-orchard, co. Peebles, to his son David;)—before 1498, had become heir of Mr. James L., provost of Lincluden;—1500,—John L. of C. grants a charter to Dav. L. of Earl's-orchard, his *uncle*, 1504.—Sir John L. lord of Cov., 1511.—John L. of C., 1531-34-40-41-55.—Thomas? L. of C. c. 1563.—John L. of C., served heir, 1602, of John L. of C., his grandfather.—Geo. L. of C., served heir, 1623, of John L. of C., his father.—John L. of C., served heir, 1629, of Geo. L. of C., his father.—Will. L. of C., served heir, 1646, of his brother, John L. of C., and, 1677, of his grandfather, John L. of C.

*Arms.*—Gu. fesse-cheque, arg. and az., in base a mascle, or. *Sir D. Lindsay* and *Sir J. Balfour*. But Crawford says the fesse-cheque was carried between three mascles, argent.

CRAIGIE and THURSTON, (Ayr and Berw.)—See Lives, i., 12.

CRAWFORD, (Lanark.) Earls of —. See Lives, *passim*, and Douglas's Peerage.

*Arms.*—Quarterly, first and fourth, gu. a fesse-cheque, arg. and az., for Lindsay; second and third, or, a lion rampant, gules, debruised with a ribbon, sable, for Abernethy. *Crest*:—An ostrich proper, holding in its beak a key, or. *Supporters*:—Two lions sejant, gules, armed, or. *Motto*:—"Endure furth," or "Endure fort." *Douglas*.\*

CRAUFURD, (Lanark.)—John L. de C., 1463.

CREVOCHE, (Ayr.)—Dav. L. in Crevoche, witness, 1547, to a charter of

\* The Abernethy arms had not, however, been quartered in 1371,—the seal of Sir James L. of Crawford, (attached to the deed of parliament, settling the succession to the crown,) bearing simply the Lindsay coat. The crest, on that seal, (as also on that of Alex. earl of Crawford, 1445,) is a helmet, mantled, with an ostrich head and neck, issuing—and without the key, which is supposed to have been first assumed by David earl of Crawford, on being appointed governor of Berwick, 1473. No supporters appear on Sir James's seal, but that of his cousin, Sir Alex. of Glenesk, appended to the same document, has the two lions, ever since borne by his descendants. Sir Alexander's coat has, in chief, on the sinister side, a star for distinction.

Rob. L. of Dunrod.—Arch. L. of C., father of Arch. L. of C., served his heir in 1608.

CULDRANY.—Dav. L. of C., 1521-3.—Alex. L. in Coltrany, served heir, 1607, of Alex. L. in C., his father.

CULSH, (Aberd.)—Descd. of Dowhill.—Will. L. of C., father of Will. L. of C., who was served heir, 1672, to his grandfather, James L. of Cushnie.\*—William's son and heir, William, (the third of that name,) d. without issue, and the estate was carried, in marriage, by his sister Lilius, to the Fordyces of Gask.—Now represented by Arthur Dingwall Fordyce, Esq., of Culsh.

*Arms.*—Same as those of Dowhill, with a base undé, surrounded with a bordure engrailed, or. *Crest*:—A tower proper, ensigned with a crescent, arg. *Motto*:—Firmiter maneo.

DENT, (York.)—See Bucksted.

DERTEFORD, (Kent.)—Will. L. of D., (son and heir of Rich. L. nuper de D.,) 12 Edw. IV.

DOWHILL, (Kinross.)—See Lives, i., 42.—Descd. from Sir William of Rossie, (also styled “of Crambeth,” and “of Logie,”) younger brother of David, first earl of Crawford. Sir William had issue, John L. of Crambeth, 1447,—father of David, † 1472,—father of John L. of C. and Dowhill—father of Adam L. of D. (who succeeded in 1501, æt. 15, and † 1544,)—father of John L. of D. † 1566,—father of James L. of D., who † 1591, leaving two sons, of whom John, the eldest, had issue Adam, who † unm., after having been for many years deprived of his estates by his uncle, John L. of Kinloch, second son of James L. of D.—This John, designed of Dowhill and Kinloch, † 1629, leaving issue, James, († 1638,)—father of John L. of D., born 1623, (whose son, James L. of D. †, without issue, 1705,) and of William bishop of Dunkeld, † 1679, whose son, James, succeeded his cousin, as laird of Dowhill, 1705. His son, Martin, was father of

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\* William L., who erected, 1583, in the old church of Turriff, adjoining the barony of Auchterless, in which Cushnie is situated, a monument to the memory of his father, William, who † 1579, and of his mother, Barbara Mouat, who † 1558—may have been the father of James L. of Cushnie.—*Inform. from M. W. Lindsay, Esq.*

1664.—James L. of F., served heir of James L. of F., his father, 1680.

FESDEW.—Alex. L. of F., 1600.

FEDDINCH, (Fife.)—From William L. of F., second son of Pat. L. of Wormestone, taken prisoner at Worcester, 1651. See Lives, i, 268.

GARNOCK, Viscounts.—See Lives, ii., 17, and Douglas's Peerage.

GARTALLARTANE, (Perth.)—John L. of G., 1507.

GASK.—John L. of G., 1667.

GLENESK. See Lindsay of Edzell.

GLENMURE, (Ayr.)—Gilbert L. of G., father of John L. of G., living in 1505. The family ended in four coheiresses, c. 1536.

GLENQUIECH, (Angus.)—Descd. of Barnyards.—Rob. L. of G., served heir, 1664, to his father, James L. of G., and to his great-uncle, Pat. L. of Barnyards, 1692.—See Lives, i, 75.

GRANGE.—Bernard L. of the G., 1605.

GUNTON, (Norfolk.)—Edmund Lyndsey, (who bore “or, an eagle displayed, gu., beaked, &c., azure,”) married Marg. daughter and heiress of Rob. Berney, lord of Gunton, who † 1559.

*Arms.*—Or, an eagle displayed, within a bordure gu., charged with ten cinquefoils, arg. *Edmondson.*

HOLLY-MOUNT, (Mayo.)—Thomas Spencer L., Esq., of H.

*Arms.*—Gu. fesse-cheque, arg. and az., in chief two mullets, and in base one, of the second. *Crest and Motto*, those of Crawford.

IFIELD, (Kent.) Lindseys of —.

*Arms.*—Or, an eagle displayed, sable, within a bordure gu., charged with eight cinquefoils, argent. *Edmondson.*

KENT.—A branch, apparently, of the Lindseys of Ifield.

*Arms.*—Or, an eagle displayed, sable; on the breast, a mullet of the second; within a bordure, gules, charged with eight cinquefoils, argent. *Edmondson.*

KILCONQUHAR, (Fife.)—Sir Henry Bethune, (paternally Lindesay,) Bart., of K., (representative of the Lindsays of Pyetstone and Wormestone, and heir-male and representative of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres,) is grandson of Henry L. of Wormestone, (who sold that estate to his younger brother, Patrick, father of the present

laird of Wormestone,)—son of George L., Esq., of W., by Mary, daughter and heiress of Tho. Bethune, Esq., of Kilconquhar. See Lives, i., 105, 267, 268, and Douglas's Scottish Baronage, art. L. of Wormestone.

KILQUHISS, (Fife.)—Norman L. of K., third son of John fifth lord L. of the Byres, had issue Pat. L. of K., whose son, James L. of K., was served heir to his grandfather, Norman, 1617, and had issue James L. of K., served his father's heir in 1669,—who sold K. to — Cheape, Esq., of Rossie. James and his younger brother, Norman, are supposed to have died without issue.

KILSPINDIE, (Perth.)—Cadets of Evelick.

KINGSGAIT.—John L. of L., 1638.

KINNETTLES, (Angus.)—Descended from Evelick, according to Crawford.—David L. of K., 1582.—David L. of K., 1614.—The family (according to Mr. Rolt) ended in Thomas L., Abp. of Armagh, 1713, —son, (says Anth. à Wood,) of John L., a Scot, minister of Blandford, in Dorsetshire.

KIRKFORTHAR, (Fife.)—From David, third son of John master of Lindsay, eldest son of Pat. fourth Lord L. of the Byres.—See Lives, i. 103, and Douglas's Baronage.

*Arms.*—Gules, fesse-cheque, arg. and az., between three stars in chief, and a hunting-horn in base, arg. *Crest*:—An ostrich with a key in its bill. *Motto*:—Live but dread.

LAMBERTON, (Berwick.) &c.—See Lives, i. 4.

*Arms.*—Christiana de L., the heiress of this family, bore a barry of six, vairée and gules.

DE LA LEE ET COURTHALL. (Warw.)—Rich. L. of —, 15 Edw. II.

LENSTOKEN.—James L. of L. had issue, James L. of L., and John, served, 1623, his brother's heir of conquest.

LETHNOT, (Angus.)—David L. of L., 1458,—father (by Marg. Fentoun heiress of Baky,) of David L. of L. and Baky, 1458-79.—Thomas L. of L., 1549.

LINBANK, (Lanark.)—Descended of Dunrod.—David L. of Lekprevy exchanged, in 1539, the lands of Lekprevy for those of Linbank. His son, — L., married Elizabeth Lindsay, heiress of Linbank, whose

1664.—James L. of F., served heir of James L. of F., his father, 1680.

FESHEW.—Alex. L. of F., 1600.

FERRINCH, (Fife.)—From William L. of F., second son of Pat. L. of Wormestone, taken prisoner at Worcester, 1651. See *Lives*, i., 268.

GARNOCK, Viscounts —. See *Lives*, ii., 17, and Douglas's Peerage.

GARTALLARTANE, (Perth.)—John L. of G., 1507.

GASK.—John L. of G., 1667.

GLENESK. See Lindsay of Edzell.

GLENMURE, (Ayr.)—Gilbert L. of G., father of John L. of G., living in 1505. The family ended in four coheiresses, c. 1536.

GLENQUIECH, (Angus.)—Descd. of Barnyards.—Rob. L. of G., served heir, 1664, to his father, James L. of G., and to his great-uncle, Pat. L. of Barnyards, 1692.—See *Lives*, i. 75.

GRANGE.—Bernard L. of the G., 1605.

GUNTON, (Norfolk.)—Edmund Lyndsey, (who bore “or, an eagle displayed, gu., beaked, &c. azure,”) married Marg. daughter and heiress of Rob. Berney, lord of Gunton, who † 1559.

*Arms.*—Or, an eagle displayed, within a bordure gu., charged with ten cinquefoils, arg. *Edmondson*.

HALLYMOUNT, (Mayo.)—Descended of Loughrea.—Thomas Spencer L. Esq., of H.

IFIELD, (Kent.) Lindseys of —.

*Arms.*—Or, an eagle displayed, sable, within a bordure gu., charged with eight cinquefoils, argent. *Edmondson*.

KENT.—A branch, apparently, of the Lindseys of Ifield.

*Arms.*—Or, an eagle displayed, sable; on the breast, a mullet of the second; within a bordure, gules, charged with eight cinquefoils, argent. *Edmondson*.

KILCONQUHAR, (Fife.)—Sir Henry Bethune, (paternally Lindesay,) Bart., of K., (representative of the Lindsays of Pyetstone and Wormestone, and heir-male and representative of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres,) is grandson of Henry L. of Wormestone, (who sold that estate to his younger brother, Patrick, father of the present laird of Wormestone,)—son of George L., Esq., of W., by Mary, daughter

and heiress of Tho. Bethune, Esq., of Kilconquhar. See Lives, i., 105, 267, 268, and Douglas's Scottish Baronage, art. L. of Wormstone.

KILQUHISS, (Fife.)—Norman L. of K., third son of John fifth lord L. of the Byres, had issue Pat. L. of K., whose son, James L. of K., was served heir to his grandfather, Norman, 1617, and had issue James L. of K., served his father's heir in 1669,—who sold K. to — Cheape, Esq., of Rossie. James and his younger brother, Norman, are supposed to have died without issue.

KILSPINDIE, (Perth.)—The property and designation of two or three younger brothers of the house of Evelick.

KINGSAIT.—John L. of K., 1638.

KINNETTLES, (Angus.)—Descended from Evelick, according to Crawford.—David J. of K., 1582.—David L. of K., 1614.—The family (according to Mr. Rolt) ended in Thomas L., Abp. of Armagh, 1713, — son, (says Anth. à Wood,) of John L., a Scot, minister of Blandford, in Dorsetshire.

KIRKFORTHAR, (Fife.)—From David, third son of John master of Lindsay, eldest son of Pat. fourth lord L. of the Byres.—See Lives, i. 103, and Douglas's Baronage.

*Arms.*—Gules, fesse-cheque, arg. and az., between three stars in chief, and a hunting-horn in base, arg. *Crest* :—An ostrich with a key in its bill. *Motto* :—Live but dread.

LAMBERTON, (Berwick.) &c.—See Lives, i. 4.

*Arms.*—Christiana de L., the heiress of this family, bore a barry of six, vairée and gules.

DE LA LEE ET COURTHALL. (Warw.)—Rich. L. of —, 15 Edw. II.

LENSTOKEN.—James L. of L. had issue, James L. of L., and John, served, 1623, his brother's heir of conquest.

LETHNOT, (Angus.)—David L. of L., 1458,—father (by Marg. Fentoun heiress of Baky,) of David L. of L. and Baky, 1458-79.—Thomas L. of L., 1549.

LINBANK, (Lanark.)—Descended of Dunrod.—David L. of Lekprevy exchanged, in 1539, the lands of Lekprevy for those of Linbank. His son, — L., married Elizabeth Lindsay, heiress of Linbank, whose

son, David L. of Linbank, was served heir to his mother, 1600,—to his grandfather, David L. of Linbank, 1607,—and, the same year, to his great-great-grandfather, Robert Lekprevik, of that ilk. The Lindsays of Linbank were hereditary sergeants and coroners “per totam regalitatem domini de Kilhride.”

*Arms.*—Gules, a fesse-cheque arg. and az., between two stars in chief, and a hunting-horn in base, of the second. *Sir D. Lindsay* and *Nisbet*.

LINDSAY OF THE BYRES.—The lords —. From Sir William, fourth son of Sir David L. of Crawford, and uncle to the first earl. See *Lives*, i. 27, &c. &c., and Douglas's Peerage, art. Crawford and Lindsay.

*Arms.*—Gules, a fesse-cheque, arg. and azure; three stars in chief of the second. *Crest*:—A swan with its wings expanded, proper. *Supporters*:—Two griffins, gules, armed and membered, or. *Motto*:—Live but dread.

LOCHHILL, (Midlothian.)—See *Lives*, i. 175.—Bernard L. of L., in Scotland, and of Drum and Craigballie, in Tyrone, Ireland,—groom of the chamber to James I.,—was son of Thomas L., searcher of Leith, and Snowdon herald, 1592, who bore the arms of the Lindsays of the Byres. He left issue two sons, Capt. Thomas L., groom of the chamber to Charles I., and Bernard, searcher of Leith, 1623.

LOGIE, (Fife.)—David L. of Logie, 1457.

LOGIES, (Perth.)—Thos. L. of L., father of Thomas L. of L., dead before 1614, when his sister Margaret was served his heir.

LOUGHREA, or TULLY-OGE, alias MANOR-LINDSAY, (Tyrone.)—See *Lives*, i. 175.—Robert L. of Loughrea, second surviving son of Thomas L., searcher of Leith in 1563, (vide Lochhill,) was father of Rob. L. of L., an officer in the royal army at Worcester, † 1674 æt. 70—father of Rob. L. of L., and of Alexander, ancestor of a branch, now represented by the Rev. Alex. L., rector of Rathdrummin, co. Louth, and of which General Effingham L., and the Rev. John L., of Dulwich College, are descendants. The elder brother, Robert, who took refuge in Londonderry during the siege, 1689, † 1691, leaving issue, Rob. L. of L., born 1679, justice of the Common

Pleas, &c., † without issue, 1742, and John L. of L., † 1761, great-grandfather of John Lindsay, Esq., now of Loughrea.

*Arms.*—Those of the Lords Lindsay of the Byres, with a crescent in base.

LUFFNESS, (Hadd.)—See Lives, i. 3.

MAINS, (Kirkcudb.)—Herbert L. of the Mains, 1589.—John L. of M., father of Will. L. of M., served his heir, 1688.—Will. L. of M., 1690—1704.

MAUCHLINEHOLE,—the last representatives of Dunrod,—see Lives, i. 13.

MOLESWORTH, (Huntingdon.)—See Lives, i. 20.—

MONTEGO.—John L. of M., 1541. The same as John L. of Evelick ?

MONZEKY, (Angus.)—Alex. L. of M., 1516.—Mr. John L. of M., 1528.

MOUNT, (Fife.)—See Lives, i. 107, sqq.—From Andrew L. of Garmylton, natural son of Sir Will. L. of the Byres,—father of Wm. L. of G., father of David L. of the Mount, † 1507, father of the poet, who, dying without issue, was succeeded by his brother, Alex. L. of the M., and he, in 1576, by his son, Sir David L. of the M., crowned Lion-king, 1592, and † 1623; his eldest d., Agnes, carried the Mount in marriage to Sir Jerome Lindsay of Annatland—which see.

*Arms.*—Gules, a fesse-cheque, arg. and az., between three stars in chief, and a man's heart in base, arg. *Crest* :—A man's heart, in flames, gules, transfix'd with an arrow, and surmounted by a scroll, "Caritas, caritas, caritas." *Supporters* :—Faith and hope, ("Fides" and "Spes,") as two maidens proper. *Motto* :—J'ayme. *Sir D. Lindsay's Heraldry*.\*

NEWTON OF NYDIE, (Fife.)—From Norman L., chamberlain, in 1627,

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\* The charter to Andrew L. of Garmylton, natural son of Sir William of the Byres, is particularly specified by Chalmers as No. 33 of the Garmylton title-deeds, and yet, as Mr. Frederick Lindesay observes with great justice—how comes it that Sir David bears the three mullets in chief, which were the arms of Sir William's wife, Christian Mure of Abercorn ? He was liable to a heavy penalty for using arms to which he was not entitled, and the second Sir David of the Mount was directed by act of parliament, 1593, "to enquire into the right of all persons bearing arms, and to distinguish and discern them with congruent differences," &c.

to John tenth Lord Lindsay of the Byres,—father of John L. of N., burghess of Anstruther.—John L. of N. c. 1720.

NORTHFLAT.—Probably descended. of Covington.—Alex. L. of N., 1554.

OVERSCHEILLIS, (Lanark.)—Descended, I believe, of Dunrod.—Alex. L. of O., father of James L. of O., served his heir, 1616.—James L. of Scheillis, 1620.

PITCAIRLIE, (Angus.)—From John of Brechin, † 1453, (see Lives, i. 67, 81,) fifth son of Alex. second earl of Crawford.—David L. of Pittarlie, 1544.—Alex. L. of Pitterlie, 1639, father of Alex. L. of P., served his heir, 1655.

PITRODDY.—Sir James L. of P., 1593-97.

PITSCANDLIE, (Angus.)—Mr. Dav. L. of P., 1646, father of John L. of P., served his heir, 1656.—John L. younger of P., 1699-1711.—John L. of P., 1715

*Arms.*—Gules, a fesse-cheque arg. and az., a dirk or dagger, paleways, in base, proper: and, in chief, a mullet for difference.

*Nisbet.*

PITSCOTTIE, (Fife.)—Said to be descended of Pyetstone.—Rob. L. of P., the historian. See Lives, i., 107.—Christopher L. of P., son of umquhile Rob. L. of P., his marriage-contract dated 1592.

—PYETSTONE, (Fife.)—See Lives, i. 105.—From William, second son of Pat. fourth Lord L. of the Byres, who gave him the lands of Pyetstone. Will. (still living in 1542) had issue, David L. of P., (served his heir in 1561,) John, ancestor of the Lindsays of Wormestone, Andrew and Patrick; David L. of P., the elder brother, was one of the parties concerned in Rizzio's murder, and was still living in 1593.—The laird of P. died 11 Sept., 1605.—Will. L. of P. got a charter of P. from Robert ninth Lord Lindsay, in 1612,—father of William L. of P., living 1640,—father of Geo. L. of P.—On the judicial sale of Pyetstone, in 1699, Lindsay of Wormestone was called in to support it.

*Arms.*—Gules, fesse-cheque arg. and az., three mullets, argent, in chief, and, in base, a mascle, argent. *Sir D. Lindsay.*

RASCARRELL, (Kirkcudb.)—Descd. of Fairgirth.—James L. of R., murdered 1596,—succeeded by his brother, Andrew L. of R.—Henry

L. of R. served heir, 1647, of his mother, Agnes, daughter of Charles, fourth son of Sir Charles Murray, of Cockpool, Bart., and wife of — L. of R.—Agnes and Mariota L., served heirs-portioners of Henry L. of R., their father, 1694.

RICKERBY.—Thomas Linsey of R., gent.,—his estate forfeited, 1652.

SCOTTISTOUN, (Fife?)—David L. of S., 1532.

SCRYNE, (Angus.)—Descd. of Evelick apparently.—Walter L. of S., 1516.

SERGIRTH, (Kirkcudb.)—Descended of Fairgirth?—Andr. L. of S., 1585.

SHERIFFBANK.—David L. of S., 1555,—the same, I believe, with David L. of Cairn.

SKEGBY, (Notts.) and of Kent. Lyndseys of —.

*Arms.*—Argent, on a chief, sable, three griffins' heads, erased of the field. *Edmondson.*

SPYNIE, Lords —. From Sir Alex. L., fourth son of David ninth earl of C., killed in 1607. See *Lives*, i., 173, sqq., and Douglas's *Peerage*.

— THORNTON.—Descended of Dunrod.—David L. of T., father of Alex., who witnesses a charter of Alex. L. of D., in 1494, "filio suo carnali, Alex. L. de Corsbasket."—Andr. L. of T. 1573.

— TULLIALLAN, (Perth.)—Duncan L. of T., grandfather of Adam L. of T., served his heir, 1673.

TULLICHEWIN, or TULLIQUHONE-LINDSAY, (Dumb.)—Descd. of Bonhill. —Dav. L. of Ferrie, served heir, 1581, to James L. of T. Wester, his brother; father of Adam L., served his heir, 1599.

VAYNE, or VAINVY, (Angus.)—From Sir Alex. L. of V., second son of Sir Dav. L. of Edzell, who † 1527.—Alex. L. "now of Vain," 1532. —Alex. L. of V., (sometimes designed "of Keithock,") 1550-61-71-75-80-83-97.—Dav. L. of V., served heir of his grandfather, Alex. L. of V., 1614.—Alex. L. of V. served heir of his grandfather, Dav. L. of V., 1617.—Alex. L., "sometime of Vain," frequently mentioned, about 1640, by Spalding.

VICCARLAND.—Alex. L. of V., dead in 1666.

WAUCHOPEDALE, (Dumfr.) and of WYKINGBY and MERSTON, in Lincolnshire.—See *Lives*, i., 20.—Wauchopedale was forfeited by Sir Simon (son of John de) Lindsay, temp. Rob. Bruce, and restored to his son,

Sir John.—Sir Alex. L. of W., 1388.—Sir John L. de W., 1394.—John L. of W., 1490-94.—John L. of W., forfeited in 1505, father of John L. of Barclay, 1552, father of James L. of Barclay, restored, in 1593, to the family property.—James L. of B. and W., served heir, 1607, to his father, James L. of B.—John L. of W., served heir, 1661, to James L. of B. and W., his grandfather.

*Arms.*—Gules, a fesse-cheque, arg. and az., in chief, a label of three points, arg. *Nisbet.*

WOLVERLEY.—See Lives, i., 10.

— WORMESTONE, (Fife.)—From John, second son of William L. of Pyetstone, second son of Pat. fourth Lord L. of the Byres. For the genealogy of this family, see Douglas's Baronage.

*Arms.*—Gules, fesse-cheque, arg. and az., with three stars in chief, and in base a mullet, arg. *Crest* :—An ostrich, proper, with a key in its bill. *Motto* :—Patientia vincit.

## III.

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## EXTRACT

FROM "THE CONTRACT BETWIX THE EARL AND MASTER OF CRAWFORD,  
15 APRIL, 1546."

"FORSAMEIKLE," says the master, as the late Earl of Crawford, my grandfather, ["regretting the great ingratitude, injuries and wrongs of umquhile Alexander, then master of Crawford, my father, . . . (through the whilk the said umquhile Alexander, my father, of law and consuetude, forfalted and tint the succeeding of his father, and made himself unable to bruik his heritage and earldom of Crawford,) and other considerations," &c.]—"resignit all and haill his lands, rents, and heritage of the said earldom of Crawford in our sovereign lord's hands, (of good mind, whom God assoil!) that last deceasit, for infefting to be made for David, now earl of Crawford, nearest heir of tailzie not forfaltand, his right of succession, be his highness thereof, as the said infeftment at mair length proports,"—yet "nevertheless the said David, now earl of Crawford, moved of good zeal and pity, and remembering the hearty love and kindness of the said umquhile David earl of Crawford, and in good mind to recompense the samyn to his offspring . . . has adoptit and acceptit me in his son, and has resignit all and sundry the lands underwritten in our sovereign lady's and my lord governor's hands in favour of me, for heritable infeftment of fee to be made to me and my heirs-male lawfully to be gotten of my body thereof, whilks failing, to the heirs-male of tailzie of the said David, now earl of Crawford, specifiet in his said infeftment of fee and great charter-tailzie made lately by our said umquhile sovereign lord (that last deceasit)

to him thereupon :”—Therefore, for these “ causes, I, (with authority, consent, and assent of noble and mighty lords, John Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and Walter Lord St. John, my curators,) binds and obliges me faithfully, my heirs and assignees, to be good sons,” &c. “ to David earl of Crawford, for all the days of his life;” &c. &c. “ And if I put violent hands in the said earl to his slaughter, dishonour, or down-putting, or commits exorbitant reif and spulzie of his lands tenements, to the maist part of the reuts thereof, assieges his places and withholds the samyn by the avise of the said earl—(as God forbid I do!)—in that case, I bind and oblige me faithfully, (with consent and assent of my said curators,) my heirs and assignees, to the said David, now earl of Crawford, his heirs and assignees, that, what time and whensoever I failzie in the premises or ony point thereof, (the said failzie being notour and lawfully proven be honest and unsuspect gentlemen, to sufficient number, before the lords of council as judges competent thereto, as effeirs,) the said David earl of Crawford, his heirs and assignees, contents and pays to me, my heirs and assignees, on a day betwixt the sun rising and downpassing of the samyn, haill together, in numerate money, upon the altar within the parish-kirk of Dundee, upon forty days’ warning, as use is, the sum of two thousand pounds, usual money of Scotland, having course of payment for the time, then to resign, overgive, freely deliver, quit claim, and discharge for me, my heirs and assignees, to the said David earl of Crawford, his heirs and assignees, all and sundry the lands, baronies, annualls, lodging, with towers, places, milnes, fishings, superiorities, advocation and donation of benefices, chaplainries, tenants,” &c. &c., “ but fraud or guile;—and if we absent us fra receipt of the said sum, warning being lawfully made, as said is, then it shall be leisome to the said earl, his heirs and assignees, to have full and free regress in and to the property and possession heritable of the said lands,” &c.,—“ siclike as he had of the samyn before my heritable infeftment thereintil, and assignation and alienation foresaid,—and I, my heirs and assignees, (the fault being lawfully proven, as said is,) fra thenceforth to be secludit therefra for our ingratitude for ever.”

## IV.

VOL. I., PAGE 173.

## EARL CRAWFORD.

*(From Buchan's Ancient Ballads of the North of Scotland, vol. i., p. 61.)*

## I.

OH we were seven bonnie sisters,  
As fair women as fair could be,  
And some got lairds, and some got lords,  
And some got knights o' high degree,—  
When I was married to Earl Crawford,  
This was the fate befel to me.

When we had been married for some time,  
We walked in our garden green,  
And aye he clapped his young son's head,  
And aye he made sae much o' him.

I turned me right and round about,  
And aye the blythe blink in my e'e,—  
It was ae word my merry mou' spake  
That sinderit my guid lord and me!

He call'd upon his stable-groom  
 To come to him right speedilie—  
 “ Gae saddle a steed to Lady Crawford,  
 Be sure ye do it hastilie ;

“ His bridle gilt wi' gude red gowd,  
 That it may glitter in her e'e,  
 And send her on to bonnie Stobha',  
 All her relations for to see.”

## II.

Her mother lay o'er the castle-wa',  
 And she beheld baith dale and down ;  
 And she beheld her, Lady Crawford,  
 As she came riding to the town.

“ Come here, come here, my husband dear !  
 This day ye see not what I see ;  
 For here there comes her, Lady Crawford,  
 Riding alane upon the lea ! ”

When she came to her father's yetts,  
 She tirmed gently at the pin,—  
 —“ If ye sleep, awake ! my mother dear,  
 Ye'll rise, let Lady Crawford in.”

—“ What news, what news ? ye Lady Crawford,  
 That ye come here so hastilie ? ”  
 —“ Bad news, bad news, my mother dear,  
 For my guid lord's forsaken me ! ”

—“ Oh wae's me for you ! Lady Crawford,  
 This is a dowie tale to me,—

Alas! you were too young married  
To thole sic cross and misery."

—" Oh haud your tongue, my mother dear !  
And ye'll let a' your folly be,—  
It was ae word my merry mou' spake,  
That sinderit my guid lord and me."

—" But haud your tongue, my sister dear,  
And ye'll let a' your mourning be,  
I'll wed you to as fine a knight  
That is nine times as rich as he."

—" Oh haud your tongue, my brother dear,  
And ye'll let a' your folly be,  
I'd rather ae kiss o' Crawford's mouth  
Than a' his gowd and white monie.

" But saddle to me my riding steed,  
And see him saddled speedilie,  
And I will on to Earl Crawford's,  
And see if he will pity me."

## III.

Earl Crawford lay o'er castle-wa',  
And he beheld baith dale and down,  
And he beheld her, Lady Crawford,  
As she came riding to the town,

He called ane of his liverymen,  
To come to him right speedilie,—  
" Gae shut my yetts, gae steek my doors,  
Keep Lady Crawford out frae me !"

When she came to Earl Crawford's yetts,  
 She tirl'd gently at the pin,—  
 "Oh sleep ye, wake ye, Earl Crawford—  
 Ye'll open, let Lady Crawford in?"

"Come down, come down, oh Earl Crawford,  
 And speak some comfort unto me,—  
 And, if ye winna come yoursel',  
 Ye'll send your gentleman to me."

—"Indeed I winna come mysel',  
 Nor send my gentleman to thee;  
 For I tauld you when we did part  
 Nae mair my spouse ye'd ever be."

She laid her mouth then to the yetts,  
 And aye the tears drapt frae her e'e,—  
 Says, "Fare ye well, Earl Crawford's yetts!  
 You again I'll nae mair see."

## IV.

Earl Crawford called on his stable-groom  
 To come to him right speedilie,  
 And sae did he his serving-man  
 That did attend his fair bodie,—

"Ye will gae saddle for me my steed,  
 And see and saddle him speedilie;  
 And I'll gang to the Lady Crawford,  
 And see if she will pity me."

Lady Crawford lay o'er castle-wa',  
 And she beheld baith dale and down,

And she beheld him, Earl Crawford,  
As he came riding to the town.

Then she has called aye of her maids  
To come to her right speedilie, —  
“Gae shut my yetts, gae steek my doors,  
Keep Earl Crawford out frae me!”

When he came to Lady Crawford's yetts,  
He tirl'd gently at the pin,—  
“Sleep ye, wake ye, Lady Crawford?  
Ye'll rise and let Earl Crawford in.

“Come down, come down, oh Lady Crawford!  
Come down, come down, and speak wi' me!  
And gin ye winna come yoursel',  
Ye'll send your waiting-maid to me?”

—“Indeed I winna come mysel',  
Nor send my waiting-maid to thee,—  
Sae take your ain words hame again  
At Crawford Castle ye tauld me.

—“Oh mother dear! gae make my bed,  
And ye will make it saft and soun';  
And turn my face unto the west,  
That I nae mair may see the sun.”

Her mother she did make her bed,  
And she did make it saft and soun',—  
True were the words fair Lillie spake,  
Her lovely eyes ne'er saw the sun.

The Earl Crawford mounted his steed,  
Wi' sorrows great he did ride hame;  
But ere the morning sun appeared  
This fine lord was dead and gane.

Then on ae night this couple died,  
And baith were buried in ae tomb;  
Let this a warning be to all  
Their pride may not bring them low down.

## V.

VOL. I., PAGE 216.

## EXTRACTS

FROM "THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE MOST TRIUMPHANT, AND ROYAL ACCOMPLISHMENT OF THE BAPTISM OF THE MOST EXCELLENT, RIGHT HIGH AND MIGHTY PRINCE, HENRY FREDERICK, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, PRINCE OF SCOTLAND, AND NOW PRINCE OF WALES, AS IT WAS SOLEMNIZED 30 AUG. 1594," AT STIRLING.—*Reprinted in Buchanan's Scotia Rediviva*, Vol. i., p. 470.

PRINCE Henry's baptism appears to have been celebrated with singular magnificence. The royal chapel, we are told, was hung with rich tapestry, the king being seated at the north-east end, and the foreign ambassadors near him, while a pulpit was erected in the centre, beneath which sat Mr. David Cunningham, bishop of Aberdeen, Mr. David Lindsay, minister of Leith, and Mr. John Duncanson, with a table covered with yellow velvet before them.

When all things were in readiness, the king and his nobles took their seats, passing through a guard of hackbutteers, "the youngers of Edinburgh," who lined the passage of communication between the prince's chamber door and that of the chapel. In the meanwhile, the ambassadors had been marshalled to the prince's chamber, where he was lying on his bed of state, which, we are informed with laudable minuteness, was carefully embroidered "with the story of Hercules and his travels." The ambassador of England took the young prince in his arms, the trumpets sounding melodiously, and Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lyon King-at-arms, escorting them to the chapel.

After a discourse on the sacrament of baptism, that holy rite was administered, and the child christened by the names of "Frederick-Henry, Henry-Frederick," which Sir David repeated thrice with a loud voice, "and his brethren, with trumpets sounding, confirmed the same." They then returned to their places, and Mr. David Lindsay, minister of Leith, delivered "a learned speech in French to the ambassadors," wherein the king's relationship to each prince whose representative was present, was genealogically set forth and commented upon. The blessing having been given, Sir David cried with a loud voice, "God save Frederick-Henry, Henry-Frederick, by the grace of God, prince of Scotland;" and the rest of the heralds repeated the same after him. "Then the king, the prince, the ambassadors, the nobles, and ladies of honour, retired forth of the chapel in such order as they entered, and repaired towards the king's hall;—during their passage the cannons of the castle roared that therewith the earth trembled, and other smaller shot made their harmony after their kind."

In the king's hall the young prince was dubbed knight, and crowned with a ducal coronet, and was again proclaimed by Sir David Lindsay, "The right excellent, high, and magnanime Frederick-Henry, Henry-Frederick, by the grace of God, knight and baron of Renfrew, lord of the Isles, earl of Carrick, duke of Rothesay, prince and great steward of Scotland." After this ceremony, John Lindsay of Dunrod, and several other gentlemen, received the accolade of knighthood, and were proclaimed on the terrace of the castle, "with sound of trumpets, and great quantity of divers especes of gold and money cast over amongst the people."

About eight o'clock in the evening, the banquet was served in the great hall of the castle. Sir David Lindsay, "with his trumpets sounding melodiously before him," marshalled the guests, the king, queen, and ambassadors being "placed all at one table, formed of three parts after a geometrical figure, in such sort that every one might have a full sight of the other." Ladies, nobles, ambassadors, all addressed themselves to the feast, "and betwixt every nobleman or gentleman stranger was placed a lady-of-honour or gentlewoman."

When the first course was ended, there came in a black-a-moor draw-

ing, by traces of pure gold, a triumphal chariot, on which "was finely and artificially devised a sumptuous covered table, decked with all sorts of exquisite delicacies and dainties of *pâtisserie*, fruitages, and confections." Around the table were stationed "six gallant dames, who represented a silent comedie," their names being *Ceres*, *Plenty*, *Faith*, *Concord*, *Liberality*, and *Perseverance*. This chariot, we are informed, "should have been drawn in by a lion, but because his presence might have brought some fear to the nearest, or that the sight of the lights and torches might have commoved his tameness, he was supplied by a Moor." *Plenty*, *Liberality*, and their colleagues, delivered the dishes to the noblemen who acted as sewers to the party, and, having performed this service, withdrew.

Presently in sailed a ship! She measured eighteen feet long and forty high; the sea she stood on was twenty-four feet long, and "her motion was so artificially contrived within herself, that none could perceive what brought her in." *Neptune* stood on the stern with his trident and crown, and near him were *Thetis* and *Triton*, "with his wilke trumpet," and round about the ship were "all the marine people," with the *Sirens*, "decorated with all the riches of the seas, as pearls, corals, shells, and metals, very rare and excellent." This noble vessel was laden, like the chariot, with sweetmeats disposed "in chrystalline glass, gilt with gold and azure; her masts and cordage were red, with golden pullies, her ordnance thirty-six brass cannon, her anchors silver gilt, and all her sails of white taffetas, with the arms of Scotland and Denmark embroidered on the main-sail,"—her mariners were dressed "in changeable Spanish taffetas, and her pilot in cloth of gold." The rest of her freight consisted of fourteen musicians, apparelled in taffety of his majesty's colours, and *Arion* with his harp. She sailed slowly and gracefully up to the table, to the accompaniment of *Triton's* conch, the master's whistle, and the discharge of her own ordnance.—All this was, of course, allusive to the king's recent visit to Norway.

The vessel, having arrived at her destination, gave up her stores, comprising "all sorts of fishes, herrings, whittings, flukes, oysters, buckies, lampets, partans, lapstars, crabs, spoutfish, clammes, &c., made of sugar, and most lively represented in their own shape." While these

good things were being transferred to the banquet-table, Arion, who was sitting "upon the galley-nose, which resembled a dolphin-fish," played on his harp; a concert of hautboys, and afterwards of viols, succeeded, to which ensued "a still noise of recorders and flutes," and, lastly, a general grand crash of all the finest instruments.

When the banquet was ended, and grace had been said, the hundred and twenty-eighth psalm was sung "with most delicate dulce voices and sweet harmony, in seven parts with fourteen voices." The ship then retired, and the party soon afterwards broke up about three in the morning.

Such was a royal christening in 1594, but the prince, in whose honour these rejoicings were held, died young, and so universally lamented that "even unto this day, (1687,) when women in Scotland do lament the death of their dearest children, to comfort them it is ordinarily said, and is past into a proverb, 'Did not good Prince Henry die?' "\*.

See, for a very interesting biographical notice of him, Lodge's *Portraits of Illustrious Personages*, vol. 4.

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\* Preface to the reprint of the above tract, 1687.

## VI.

VOL. I., PAGES 80 and 244.

*Ninian (after a pause.)*

"You do gaze--

Strangers are wont to do so--on the prospect.

Yon is the Tay roll'd down from Highland hills,

That rests his waves, after so rude a race,

In the fair plains of Gowrie--further westward,

Proud Stirling rises--yonder to the east,

Dundee, the gift of God, and fair Montrose,

And still more northward lie the ancient towers--

*Waldhara. --OF EDZELL."*

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Scottish, and, still more, the Lindsay reader may be interested by a few particulars concerning the estate and the residence of the old chieftains of Glenesk.

The estate embraced the three parishes of Edzell, Lethnot, and Lochlee. The castle or place of Edzell "is an excellent dwelling," says Ochterlony of Guinde, (towards the close of the seventeenth century)--"a great house, delicate garden, with walls sumptuously built of hewn stone polished, with pictures and coats of arms in the walls, with a fine summer-house with a house for a bath, on the south corners thereof, far exceeding any new work of thir times;--excellent kitchen-garden and orchard, with divers kinds of most excellent fruits and most delicate,—new park, with fallow-deer, built by the present laird. It lies close to the hills, betwixt the water called the Wast-water, and the water of North-Esk, which, joining together, make as it were a

demi-island thereof. It hath an excellent outer-court, so large and level that, of old, when they used that sport, they used to play at the foot-ball there; and there are still four great growing trees, which were the dools (goals.)\* It is an extraordinary warm and ear (early) place, so that the fruits will be ready there a fortnight sooner than in any place of the shire, and hath a greater increase of bear (barley), and other grain, than can be expected elsewhere.—West from Edzell lies Lethnot, and north-west from Lethnot lies Lochlee, both Highland countries, but pay a great rent. . . There is abundance of venison, muir and heath fowls, in the forest thereof, [and] great plenty of wood.—In Lochlee is the great and strong castle of Invermark, upon the water of North-Esk. It is very well peopled, and upon any incursions of the Highland caterans, (for so those Highland robbers are called,) the laird can, upon very short advertisement, raise a good number of weel-armed pretty men, who seldom suffer any prey to go out of their bounds unrecovered.”—*Information anent the shire of Forfar, for Sir Robert Sibbald. MS., Advocates' Library.*

Some years, however, before this description was written, John of Edzell, David's nephew and successor, had had visitors not so easy to get rid of, in the troopers of Montrose,—“the rebel army,” he says in a petition to the parliament for exemption from contributing to the new levies raised in 1649—having been “for a long time encamped and quartered upon the lands of Edzell and Glenesk, to the utter ruin and destruction of my lands and tenants, the whole corns being burnt in the barnyards, and the whole store of cattle and guidis killed or driven away, whereby the haill lands of Glenesk, which were worth of yearly revenue nine thousand marks,† have ever since been lying waste be

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\* “There are still many spots of natural wood. But there is not a doubt this parish once abounded with fine oak and beech, as stately trees are often found in the mosses. There is a tradition that the elevated grounds, dividing the upper and lower quarter of the parish, were formerly clothed with wood; now they bear only heath. Previous to 1714, there were some avenues to the castle of most stately beech, of which hardly a vestige now remains.”—*Stat. Acc.*, x., 103.

† In a letter dated 15 Feb., 1630, Lord Lauderdale speaks of the estate of Edzell as “worth better nor ten thousand l. a year.”

reason the tenants have not been able to labour the same, insomuch that the particular amount of my losses, which was clearly instructit to the committee of common burdens, did amount to the sum of fourscore thousand marks, or thereby; besides great charges and expences which I have hitherto been forced to sustain for maintaining three several gar-risons for a long time to defend my tenants, whereof many in their own defence were most cruelly and barbarously killed; as likewise, ever since, a constant guard of forty men for defending my lands and tenants from the daily incursions of enemies and robbers."—*Acts of Parliament*;—16 March, 1649.\*

A state of things, in general, which will remind the reader of some of the scenes and sketches in Waverley.

The Edzell family, says Pennant, "were remarkable for being chief over a numerous set of small tenants."†—Many of them, I take it, were of their own name; many even of the domestic servants of the families of Edzell and Balcarres, during the early part of the seventeenth century, having been Lindsays.—"Not sixty years are past," continues Mr. Pennant, "since the laird kept up the parade of being attended to church by a band of armed men, who served without pay or maintenance, such duties being formerly esteemed honourable."—He concludes with mentioning a grant, by one of the lairds, of the hereditary beadle-

\* Two years afterwards, the castle was seized by Cromwell's troops. There was no sermon at the church from the 28th September "until the last day of November, by reason the English army had taken up their quarters at Edzell, and scattered the people of God to gather corn and forage for their horses."—*Parish Register*.

† "There is ground to believe that population in the last" (the seventeenth) "century was at least equal to what it now is. From the entry of baptisms in the old record, it appears that the village (Slateford) was then more populous than now. There are intimations of other villages, of which there is now little more than a vestige. Many farms are named which do not now exist; and the adjoining farms have not received a proportional increase. The foundations of buildings are frequently found where there is not now a house. Indeed it would not be surprising that population should flourish in the immediate vicinity of a powerful family, so able, in turbulent times, to protect its retainers, and disposed to encourage settlers by the appointment of village-fairs, markets, and otherwise."—*Stat. Acc. of Scotland*, x., 106.

ship of the parish of Edzell, "as an instance of the affectation of royalty in these *reguli*, who made their grants and conferred places with all the dignity of majesty,"—a reflection arising out of ignorance of the peculiar system of society then existing.

Peace be with them! Edzell and Glenesk became the property of the earls of Panmure the year before the rebellion of 1715, and the last of the line, David Lindsay—like his father, a staunch Jacobite, and whose adherence to the episcopalian faith had till then prevented the settlement of a presbyterian minister in the parish—died, it is said, in poverty and destitution, in 1744.—I possess one or two letters, written by him to his kinsmen of Balcarres, which tend to give the impression that he was not forgotten in his distresses by those who had little beyond sympathy to impart to him.

The following minute description of Edzell Castle, as it exists in the present day, is given by the editor of the "Views," &c., recently published at Edinburgh:\*

"The castle of Edzell is an extensive ruin, consisting of two towers, which are connected together by what has been once a range of magnificent apartments. The square tower towards the south, called 'STIRLING'S TOWER,' is evidently of much older date than the rest of the building, and must anciently have been one of those lofty square insulated keeps which were so necessary for safety and retreat in feudal times. Tradition reports that it was built and inhabited by a family of the name of Stirling, from whom it descended by marriage to the Lindsays of Glenesk. The great hall was a lofty arched apartment, which ran along the whole front of the building connecting the towers, and, after the revolution, was used as a chapel for the episcopalian part of the population, which was indeed the religious profession of very nearly the whole inhabitants of the parish.† The opposite tower is round, and the most ruinous part of the building now standing. The

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\* Views of Edzell Castle, Forfarshire. Edinb. fol. 1838.

† In 1745, says a cotemporary periodical, "it cost some pains to save Glenesk from being burnt from end to end, being a nest of Jacobites."

more ancient tower is the least decayed of the whole, and has yet a firmer wall than any part of the more modern structure. There are still the remains of apartments which have receded from the two towers, particularly from the round one, to a considerable distance backwards ; but the whole interior of the castle has been completely dismantled, and the materials carried off. It appears to have been habitable in 1745, and was occupied by a party of Cumberland's soldiers in 1746, under the command of Major de Voisel, a French refugee officer, but since that time it has become so ruinous as to be entirely uninhabitable.

"The garden, or pleasance of the castle, is a square inclosure of about sixty paces, and upon three sides the wall is decorated with various emblematical figures and coats of arms of the Lindsays, which seem, from the dates upon the shields, to have been designed about the beginning, and towards the middle, of the seventeenth century.

"Immediately above a door in the north-east corner of the garden is a shield, containing the arms of Lindsay and Forbes, apparently bearing date, 1604, and intimating the marriage of Sir David Lindsay of Edzell, formerly mentioned as a lord of session, with Dame Isabel Forbes, his second wife. The shield has a knight's helmet for crest, and surmounted with a scroll bearing the motto, *DUM SPIRO SPERO—while I breathe, I hope.* On each side of this slab, and indeed on each side of all the sculptures in the garden, there are carved stones projecting several inches from the wall, and apparently intended as pedestals for supporting pillars or statues, but it does not appear that any thing of the kind had ever been placed upon them.

"The other sculptures on this side of the garden are rude emblematical representations of the planets, alternated with chequers,\* and surmounted with three stars, each having seven rays. . . One of the sculptures is a rude and grotesque representation of Saturn, to which the sculptor has somewhat gratuitously added *a wooden leg.* The figure is very flat and but little relieved ; the frame in which it stands, as well as that of all the others, is surmounted with an arched niche, having carved mouldings surrounding it, and which seems to have been intended

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\* The Lindsay fesse-cheque.

to contain a bust or vase; but these niches are all empty. The other figures on this wall are so covered with fruit-trees nailed against them, and so much mutilated, as to be scarcely discernible, and have all been executed in a style very inferior to the sculptures on the other walls of the garden. The garden-house,\* situated at the south-east corner, is an ancient building, forming part of the garden-wall, and is decorated in a similar manner with sculptures, surmounted by a window of very beautiful proportions, and elegantly carved frame.

“The south wall is ornamented with seven figures in high relief, which are well designed, considering the state of the art in Scotland at that period. They stand at equal distances, being alternated with chequers, surmounted with three stars, and immediately above each of these is a niche, as in the other wall. The figures represent CHARITY, RHETORIC, LOGIC, ARITHMETIC, MUSIC, GEOGRAPHY, and JUSTICE—five sciences, flanked by two cardinal virtues. Immediately behind each piece of sculpture, there is an aperture in the wall, apparently made to contain a slab with a coat of arms or inscription, but these have either been removed, or, perhaps, were never inserted; indeed, the whole three sides of the wall impress one with the idea, that it had either never been finished, or that certain parts of its decorations had been carefully removed.

“The west wall is not so long as the other two, in consequence of ‘Stirling’s Tower’ projecting considerably into the north-west corner of the garden. This wall has four principal sculptures, with the same decorations and accompaniments as those on the other walls. These are the remaining sciences and cardinal virtues, but so much mutilated and defaced that the outline of the figures can scarcely be discerned. They appear neither to have been so highly relieved, nor so carefully finished, as those on the south wall. Some of them have fallen from their places, and the whole seem hastening fast into oblivion. The north wall, which is shorter than the others by the whole breadth of ‘Stirling’s Tower,’ has never had either sculpture or inscription upon it, but seems merely to have been part of the ancient wall of the castle.

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\* The summer-house of Ochterlony’s description.

“ It is impossible to behold a scene of more melancholy desolation, or one which reads a more humbling lesson to human pride, than that which the castle of Edzell presents. On the one side, the lofty tower, with its massy wall and narrow windows, speaks of the proud feudal baron, whose will was law among his retainers,—whose right was the sword among his peers, and who, secure within the walls of his strong-hold, could bid defiance to all the arts of attack known in the military practice of the period. The more modern buildings, less massy in their construction, more convenient in the disposition of their parts, and displaying the elegances of more refined life and manners, yet not altogether without the means of defence, indicate the progress of successful ambition, and the operation of salutary laws, tending in some measure to restrain the license and rapaciousness of feudal cupidity and injustice ; while the richly sculptured wall of the pleasance proclaims the recognition of vested rights under the protection of just and equal laws—by which the arts of peace could be cultivated with success, and the elegances of life enjoyed without fear. It is well that the courtyard of the castle should no longer echo with the war-cry of the mailed warrior issuing to battle, or ring with the tramp of his charger ; but it is deeply to be regretted that the proud name of its once lordly proprietors should have also departed, or should be heard only in the traditional tale which the hoary sire teaches his children. The hospitable fire is now quenched, the hearth is desolate, and the lofty arched hall has disappeared for ever. One little page in their country’s history, darkly and imperfectly narrated, is all that remains of the glorious deeds and daring enterprises of the house of LINDSAY ; while a shattered wall, a ruinous moss-grown battlement, and a mutilated statue, only survive of all the imposing grandeur of their ancient and favourite residence.

‘ Out upon time ! who for ever will leave  
But enough of the past for the future to grieve  
O’er that which has been, and o’er that which must be ;  
What we have seen, our sons shall see ;  
Remnants of things that have passed away,  
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay.’ ”

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Alexander Ross, author of "The Fortunate Shepherdess," a poem of much merit, written in the Angus-shire dialect,\* was, for above half a century, schoolmaster of Lochlee, the Highland dependence of the Lindsays of Edzell,—though in his time the estates had passed away from the name for ever. I subjoin some extracts from the life of this estimable man, prefixed to his poem by his grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson of Lentrathen, and which, as descriptive of the manners of the inhabitants of this remote district, as they existed in primitive simplicity about a century ago, will, I think, be interesting even to those who never felt their hearts throgh with pleasure at the name of the braes of Angus.

"The parish of Lochlee, in which our author lived for fifty-two years, is situated in the north-west corner of the county of Angus. The loch, from which, as well as from the small river Lee, running into it, the parish derives its name, appears very near its west end. It is reckoned a Scotch mile in length from east to west, and half a mile in breadth from north to south. This heautiful piece of water, excepting on the east, is surrounded by mountains. These are so remarkably high and steep, particularly on its north and south sides, as to command the attention of every stranger, who is struck with the romantic grandeur of the scene. The summit of two of these mountains, one on the north, and another on the south side of the loch, is inaccessible to a traveller who would attempt to ascend directly from it. He can only get to the top of either, who has leisure and patience to take a wide circuit for that purpose.

"Our author's habitation was situated very near the east end of the loch, close by the foot of a high and steep mountain, fronting the south. Another mountain directly opposite, the base of which, not a quarter of a mile from his house, was likewise so high as to prevent the sun from shining upon it for thirty days in winter. During that gloomy period, our author could only be consoled with the hope of a pleasure to come; knowing that the sun would be the more welcome when he again made his appearance.

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\* Published at Dundee, 8vo., 1812.

“This retired place, about twenty miles N. W. of Brechin, the nearest market-town, is generally uncomfortable during the winter months, buried in deep snow, and exposed to boisterous winds from the loch. But good substantial houses, which many of the inhabitants were careful to build for themselves, and with some taste, as well as excellent peat and turf, to which many of them had easy access, rendered their situation more comfortable than otherwise it would have been, and, in the words of the celebrated author of the Seasons,

‘Sitting happy by the social fire,  
They heard the excluded tempest idly rave along!’

“Their favourite amusements in winter were music and dancing. These regularly began about the Christmas holidays, and continued occasionally during the time that nothing could be done without doors in the way of improving their little farms. They were excited to devote more of their time to the amusement of dancing than perhaps they would otherwise have done, by the fascinating music of a celebrated performer on the violin, John Cameron, descended of a respectable family of that name, and a native of the parish of Crathy, in Aberdeenshire. He resided most of his time in Glenmuick, a place distant only a few miles from Crathy where he was born; but, for the space of forty years, if not more, he came regularly every winter, when the weather would permit, to the parish of Lochlee.

“When he arrived in this hospitable and happy country, about the beginning of December, every one of the inhabitants, the old as well as the young, rejoiced to see him; and though sometimes, on account of deep snow which rendered it very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to travel over the Grampian mountains, his stay was protracted beyond the time when he wished to return home, this was always most agreeable to the young people. A considerable number of the men were musicians themselves, who had been taught by him, and were very desirous to improve, and therefore they were always the better pleased the longer he favoured them with his company and with his music.

“Our author, though he had not the most correct ear, yet as he

played a little on the violin himself, was always glad to see John Cameron, and listened to his tunes with pleasure ; but, as this musician was of very correct behaviour, agreeable in his manners, entertaining in his conversation, and remarkable particularly for communicating some curious facts characteristic of the Highlanders and discovering their genius, his company was equally acceptable to many on that account.

“ Our author used to mention what this good old man had often told him was a practice in the united parishes of Crathy and Braemar, about the time of his first appearing in the capacity of a musician at weddings and other public meetings where music and dancing commonly prevailed. Not later than the year 1720, he said that the people in this Highland district not only expressed their mirth but their sorrow by moving to music. . . . When any member of a family died, a musician was immediately sent for, and before the interment, as soon indeed as possible after the person had expired, the whole family, excepting the children, were desirous to vent their sorrow by a kind of dancing. The musician accordingly played on the violin, or bagpipe, slow plaintive music ; the nearest friends of the deceased appeared first on the floor, took the first dance, and expressed their grief by their motion as well as by their tears.\*

“ The honest man, who communicated the account of this custom to our author, likewise told him that it was just about wearing out at the time when he was first employed as a musician ; that in this capacity he was called to three or four of these houses of mourning ; and that the custom, though very prevalent before in that country, was soon after universally discontinued. . . .

“ The people of Lochlee,” however, “ only sixteen miles south of this Highland country, never had, so far as can be learned from tradition, the least tendency to this mode of expressing their grief ; and instrumental music was never employed by them but to express mirth and joy.

“ With such entertainments as were harmless and inoffensive now and then taking place, the gloomy season of winter slipped insensibly away,

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\* See Logan's *Scottish Gael*, ii., 374.

when more serious exercises in the field succeeded, and such a mode of agriculture as was then practised engaged the attention of every one fit for labour.

“As their farms were then generally small, each consisting of between twelve and sixteen arable acres, let for two nineteen years and a life, and rented at a mere trifle, with the advantage of very extensive and valuable sheep-pastures, and as they had liberty to sub-let on as lucrative terms as possible, they were not disposed, nor, as they themselves conceived, under the necessity of subjecting themselves to hard and tedious labour; but, though higher rents and greater industry would doubtless have rendered them more affluent, yet the most of them were in easy circumstances, not desirous to accumulate, and literally taking no thought for to-morrow.

“They were people, in general, who distinguished themselves by their benevolence, friendship, and readiness to serve and assist one another. They were free and hospitable to strangers, especially to such as they were satisfied, from what they had heard or could learn of them, merited attention. But they were rather shy and reserved to those whom they knew nothing about; and such independent minds did they generally discover, that they paid no sort of homage to any person who had the appearance of a gentleman, when they happened to meet him on the road or had occasion to speak to him, if they did not know him to be a gentleman,” &c. &c.

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It is among this primitive people that the scene of “Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess,” has been laid by the ingenious author; but his estimate of their prowess in repelling incursions of the Highland caterans is considerably lower than Ochterlony’s, above cited, as will appear from the following rough analysis of the poem.

Rosalind and Helenore—in more familiar speech, Lindy and Nory—have grown up together as lovers until the respective ages of seventeen and sixteen, when a band of Sevilians, or Highland robbers, having

broken down from the mountains and driven away the whole cattle of the district, Lindy pursues and overtakes them, but is overpowered, severely beaten, and left bound with ropes at a distance from the village.

Nory, meanwhile, hearing of the *creagh*, and that the shepherds were slain in defence of their property, flies in despair to the hills, and, after wandering all night, is discovered by the gallant young squire, Olimund, laird of Bonnyha', sleeping under a tree. Her beauty makes a deep impression on him—she wakes—he courteously accosts her—supplies her with food, and conducts her to the house of his aunt, hard by, where she is kindly received by the old lady and her daughter. The young women being gone to bed, Olimund's aunt rather abruptly informs him that his father is dead, which does not, it appears, grieve him much, the avaricious old laird having been enforcing on him, sorely against his will, the expediency of a match with a very ugly and disagreeable heiress, whose property (her only recommendation) lay contiguous to his own. Relieved from his fears on this score, Olimund confides his passion for Nory to his aunt, who engages on her part to do her best to detain her as her guest during the few days that his father's unexpected death requires him to pass at home.

The story now returns to the unfortunate Lindy. Three days passed before he could extricate himself from the ropes with which the robbers had left him bound. He staggers homeward till he reaches the house of Nory's mother, Jane, whom he finds in deep grief, not only at her daughter's absence, but that of her husband, Colin, who had gone in search of her two days before, but had not yet returned. Lindy, after taking some refreshment, starts in quest of her, following the track of the "hership," or stolen cattle, westward—thinking it most likely that Nory had gone in that direction, instead of the course she had actually taken, to the eastward. He overtook the caterans, but they immediately seized him, bound his arms, and drove him before them, with the stolen cattle, till they reached their home, where he was immediately locked up, and found the old shepherd Colin (who had been similarly captured) the companion of his prison.

They were kept to hard labour and fed very scantily. Bydby, however, the comely, frank-hearted, and out-spoken daughter of the house, smitten with Lindy's good looks, declares her love for him, and offers to accomplish their escape, on condition that he would marry her. Colin, a pitiful time-server, (and indeed Lindy's whole conduct argues him little better,) presses him to do so, and on Lindy's pleading his love for Nory, urges the expediency of at least feigning to agree to Bydby's proposal, and that it would be easy to give her the slip when once at liberty. Lindy, therefore, subscribes to the conditions, and from this moment sinks in our esteem.

The following night, Bydby steals the key of their prison from under her brother's pillow, and lets them out; they start together for Flavinia, the name given throughout the poem to the braes of Angus, or, in a more restricted sense, the district of Locblee. They have scarcely gone two miles, when Lindy suddenly stops, scratches his head, and pretends to miss his new Sunday's coat—Bydby, unsuspecting of the *ruse*, runs back for it, on their promise to wait for her return, but the moment her back is turned, they proceed on their way, and in due time reach their native glen in safety.

Bydby, returning to the spot, and finding she has been deceived, determines to pursue them, fearing to return home, and fixed in her purpose of enforcing her claim on Lindy. She starts immediately, and travels all the next day till evening, when, weary, hungry, and thirsty, but still carrying Lindy's coat—

(" For wi't she wadna part,  
Because it gae some gladd'ning till her heart," )

she reaches a brook, and after quenching her thirst at it, and her hunger with juniper-berries, falls asleep under a clump of birch-trees, in spite of her fears of fairies and hobgoblins, which would have made any one "eerie" at such a time and place.—But this passage I must insert at length, being the most imaginative in the poem :—

Thus making at her main,<sup>a</sup> and lewdring on,<sup>b</sup>  
 Through scrubs<sup>c</sup> and craigs, wi' mony a heavy groan,  
 Wi' bleeding legs and sair massacred shoon,  
 Wi' Lindy's coat aye feltring<sup>d</sup> ber aboon,  
 Till on a high brae-bead she lands at last,  
 That down to a how<sup>e</sup> burnie pathlins<sup>f</sup> past.  
 Clear was the burnie and the bushes green,  
 But rough and steep the brae that lay between;  
 Her burning drowth inclined her to be there,  
 But want of maughts<sup>g</sup> and distance eek'd her care.  
 Now by this time the evening's falling down,  
 Hill-beads were red, and hows<sup>h</sup> were eerie<sup>i</sup> grown.  
 Yet wi' what pitb she had, she taks the gate,  
 And wan<sup>k</sup> the burn, but it's now growing late.  
 The birds about were making merry cheer,  
 She thinks their music sang, "Ye're welcome here!"  
 With the cauld stream she quenched ber lowan<sup>l</sup> drowth,  
 Syne of the etnagh-berries<sup>m</sup> ate a fouth<sup>n</sup>  
 That black and ripe upon the busses<sup>o</sup> grew,  
 And were new watered wi' the evening dew.  
 Then sat she down aneath a birken<sup>p</sup> shade  
 That spread aboon her and hang<sup>q</sup> o'er her head,—  
 Couthie,<sup>r</sup> and warm, and gowany<sup>s</sup> the green,  
 Had it, instead o' night, the day-time been;  
 But grim and gousty,<sup>t</sup> and pit-mark,<sup>u</sup> wi' fright  
 A' thing appeared upon the dead o' night.  
 For fear she covered like maukin<sup>v</sup> in the seat,  
 And dunt for dunt<sup>w</sup> her heart began to beat.  
 Amidst this borror, sleep began to steal,  
 And for a wee her flightring<sup>x</sup> breast to heal,—  
 As she half-sleeping and half-waking lay,  
 An unco<sup>y</sup> din she hears of fouk<sup>z</sup> and play.

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|--|----------------------------------|--|---------------------------------|
| <sup>a</sup> Moan.                     | <sup>b</sup> Moving heavily on.  | <sup>c</sup> Stumps of heather or roots.               | <sup>d</sup> Entangling.        |
| <sup>e</sup> Deep.                     | <sup>f</sup> By a steep descent. | <sup>g</sup> Strengtb.                                 | <sup>h</sup> Knolls.            |
| <sup>i</sup> Exciting fears of ghosts. |                                  | <sup>k</sup> Reached.                                  | <sup>l</sup> Flaming.           |
| <sup>m</sup> Juniper-berries.          | <sup>n</sup> Quantity.           | <sup>o</sup> Busbes.                                   | <sup>p</sup> Birchen.           |
| <sup>q</sup> Hung.                     | <sup>r</sup> Comfortable.        | <sup>s</sup> Covered with gowans, or mountain daisies. |                                 |
| <sup>t</sup> Ghostly.                  | <sup>u</sup> Pitch-dark.         | <sup>v</sup> The hare.                                 | <sup>w</sup> Stroke for stroke. |
| <sup>x</sup> Throbbing.                | <sup>y</sup> Strange.            | <sup>z</sup> Folk.                                     |                                 |

The sugh<sup>a</sup> they made garred<sup>b</sup> her lift up her e'en,  
 And O! the gathering that was on the green!  
 Of little foukies clad in green and blue,  
 Kneefers and trigger<sup>c</sup> never trod the dew;  
 In mony a reel they scampered here and there,  
 Whiles on the yird<sup>d</sup> and whiles up in the air;  
 The pipers played like ony touting-horn,<sup>e</sup>—  
 Sic sight she never saw since she was born.  
 As she's behadiug<sup>f</sup> a' this mirthful glee,  
 Or e'er she wist, they're dancing in the tree  
 Aboon her head, as nimble as the bees  
 That swarm, in search of honey, round the trees.  
 Fear's like to fell<sup>g</sup> her, reed<sup>h</sup> that they sud fa'  
 And smore<sup>i</sup> her dead, afore she wan awa';  
 Syue in a clap,<sup>k</sup> as thick's the motty sin,<sup>l</sup>  
 They hamphised<sup>m</sup> her wi' unco fyke<sup>n</sup> and din.  
 Some cried, "Tak ye the head, I'se take a foot,  
 We'll lear<sup>o</sup> her upon this tree-head to sit  
 And spy about her,"—others said, "Out-fy!  
 Lat be, she'll keep the king of Elfin's ky."  
 Anither said, "O gin she had but milk,  
 Then sud she gae frae head to foot in silk,  
 Wi' castings<sup>p</sup> rare and a gueed nooriss-fee,<sup>q</sup>  
 To nurse the king of Elfin's heir Fizzee."  
 Syue ere she wist, like house aboon her head,  
 Great candles burning, and braw table spread;  
 Braw dishes reeking,<sup>r</sup> and, just at her hand,  
 Trig green-coats sairing,<sup>s</sup> a' upon command.  
 To cut they fa', and she amang the lave;<sup>t</sup>  
 The sight was bonnie, and her mou' did crave.  
 The mair she ate, the mair her hunger grew,  
 Eat fat<sup>u</sup> she like, and she could ne'er be fu';  
 The knible<sup>v</sup> elves about her ate ding-dang,  
 Syne to the play they up, and danced and flang;

<sup>a</sup> Rustling sound.<sup>b</sup> Made.<sup>c</sup> Activer and trimmer.<sup>d</sup> Earth.<sup>e</sup> Blowing-horn.<sup>f</sup> Beholding.<sup>g</sup> Kill.<sup>h</sup> Lest.<sup>i</sup> Smother.<sup>k</sup> Moment.<sup>l</sup> The motes in the sun-beam.<sup>m</sup> Surrounded.<sup>n</sup> Strange bustle.<sup>o</sup> Learn, teach her.<sup>p</sup><sup>q</sup> Good nurse's fee.<sup>r</sup> Smoking.<sup>s</sup> Serving.<sup>t</sup> Rest.<sup>u</sup> What.<sup>v</sup> Nimble.

Drink in braw cups was ca'd about gelore,<sup>a</sup>  
 Some fell asleep, and loud began to snore.  
 Syne, in a clap, the fairies a' sat down,  
 And fell to crack<sup>b</sup> about the table roun'.  
 Ane at anither speered,<sup>c</sup> "Fat tricks played ye,  
 Whan in a riddle ye sail'd o'er the sea?"  
 Quoth it, "I steal'd the king of Sweden's knife,  
 Just at his dinner, sitting hy his wife,  
 Whan frae his hand he newlins<sup>d</sup> laid it down;  
 He blamed the steward, said he had been the lown.<sup>e</sup>  
 The sakeless<sup>f</sup> man denied, syne yeed<sup>g</sup> to look,  
 And lifting aff the table-claith, the nook  
 I gae a tit,<sup>h</sup> and tumbled o'er the bree,<sup>i</sup>—  
 Tam gat the wyte,<sup>k</sup> and I gat the tehee!<sup>l</sup>  
 I think I never saw a better sport,  
 But dool fell'd Tam, for sadly he paid for't."  
 —"But," quoth another, "I play'd a better prank:  
 I garred a witch fa' headlins in a stank<sup>m</sup>  
 As she was riding on a windle-strae;<sup>n</sup>  
 The carline gloffed,<sup>o</sup> and cried out 'Will awae!'"  
 —Another said, "I coupet<sup>p</sup> Mungo's ale  
 Clean heels o'er head, fan it was ripe and stale,  
 Just whan the tapster the first chapin<sup>q</sup> drew;  
 Then bade her lick the pail, and aff I flew:  
 Had ye but seen how blate<sup>r</sup> the lassie looked,  
 When she was blamed, how she the drink miscooked!"  
 —Says a gnib<sup>s</sup> elf, "As an auld carle was sitting  
 Amang his bags, and loosing ilka knitting<sup>t</sup>  
 To air his rousty coin, I loot a claught,<sup>u</sup>  
 And took a hundred dollars at a fraught.  
 Whan wi' the sight the carle had pleased himsel,  
 Then he began the glancing heap to tell.  
 As soon's he missed it, he rampaged red-wood,<sup>v</sup>  
 And lap and danced, and was in unco mood,—

<sup>a</sup> Driven about in abundance.<sup>b</sup> Chat.<sup>c</sup> Asked.<sup>d</sup> Newly.<sup>e</sup> Loon, knave.<sup>f</sup> Innocent.<sup>g</sup> Then went.<sup>h</sup> Snatch.<sup>i</sup> Broth.<sup>k</sup> Blame.<sup>l</sup> The laugh.<sup>m</sup> Headlong in a pond.<sup>n</sup> Reed.<sup>o</sup> Took sudden fright.<sup>p</sup> Overturned.<sup>q</sup> Quart.<sup>r</sup> Sheepish.<sup>s</sup> Glib, quick.<sup>t</sup> Tape.<sup>u</sup> Made a snatch.<sup>v</sup> Stormed about in frenzy.

Ran out and in, and up and down; at last  
 His reeling een upon a raip<sup>a</sup> he cast,  
 Knit till a bauk,<sup>b</sup> that had hung up a cow,—  
 He taks the hint, and there kings<sup>c</sup> he I trow.”

As she's behading ilka thing that past,  
 Wi' a loud crack the house fell down at last;  
 The reemish<sup>d</sup> put a knell into her heart,  
 And frae her dream she wakened wi' a start;  
 She thought she couldna 'scape o' being smored,  
 And at the fancy loudly cried and roared.  
 Syne frae the tree she lifted up her head,  
 And fand, for a' the din, she wasna dead;  
 But sitting body-like, as she sat down,  
 But<sup>e</sup> ony alteration, on the groun'.

Pursuing her way the next morning, Bydby arrives about night-fall in the neighbourhood of the old lady's house, where Nory is still residing as a guest. Nory, accidentally meeting her in the wood, and hearing her story, determines to guide her herself to Flavinia. Off, therefore, they start in company. On approaching the village, Nory desires Bydby to go first and announce herself to Lindy,—intending to follow presently, and discover by their manner whether Lindy (as she is half inclined to suspect) has played her false or not. Bydby opens the door and walks in, to Lindy's consternation—is received coldly, but asserts her rights with such spirit, backed by threats of visits from her Highland kin to enforce them, that he knows not what to answer her, but consents to her proposal of referring the question to Colin's decision, trusting that it will be in his favour. At this juncture, Nory appears at the door, and Lindy's delight at seeing her, (though damped by her averted looks,) at once reveals to Bydby the state of the case. Bydby, however, relaxes not a jot in her pretensions, and a great deal of argument ensues, during which Lindy cuts a very poor figure, and sinks every moment in Nory's esteem, her regard for the elegant and honourable Squire Olimund, (who had already, unconsciously to herself, supplanted him,) rising in

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<sup>a</sup> Rope.

<sup>b</sup> Beam.

<sup>c</sup> Hangs.

<sup>d</sup> Rumble.

<sup>e</sup> Without.

proportion. This her description of him in a short conversation with her father and mother, during a few minutes' retreat from the scene of discussion, clearly enough betrays; and the sagacious old shepherd, on re-entering the cottage, has no scruple, therefore, in joining Lindy's own father and all their brother shepherds (by this time congregated there,) in urging on the "blate and bumbazed" youth their fears of a Highland feud, Bydby's good looks, and her rightful claim on his hand. At this moment, Olimund himself arrives "in armour sheen," and with five or six running footmen—declares his love for Nory—and adds his voice to those of Bydby's advocates, which ultimately prevail, Lindy herself, we are glad to find, being much softened in her favour by her very decided admiration for his ruddy cheeks and yellow hair. The priest is sent for, and the two couples are married forthwith.—The ceremony is scarcely over when the Sevilians, or Highlanders, arrive in warlike guise in quest of their kinswoman, but, on being informed of the recent events, exchange their vows of vengeance for those of friendly alliance, and engage to restore, for Bydby's sake, the whole drove of which they had plundered their late antagonists.

The following morning, the squire carries his bride home. His old nurse, at whose house they stop, half-way, to refresh themselves, recognizes in Jane, Nory's mother, the late laird's sister, who had been stolen away in childhood by the gypsies—Nory, therefore, is Olimund's cousin-german—of gentle blood, consequently, and the scandal of a *mésalliance* is done away.

"So hame they went, and led a blythesome life,  
Happy as ever yet were man and wife.  
A blooming offspring frae this marriage sprang,  
That honoured virtue and discouraged wrang."

WIGAN :  
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