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EARLY SCOTTISH HISTORY.

THE LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS.*

This work has been known for a considerable time to the more eminent living persons of the house of Lindsay, and to various antiquaries, and other parties who are interested in genealogies, heraldry, and history. It was printed for private circulation amongst the clan, and the learned in clan histories. In that form it was not, without consent, an object of criticism. It might contain valuable information, and yet be no more open to public use, stricture, or criticism, than manuscript volumes of private letters from a man to his "kith and kin." The work was the property of the Lindsays, to be used as best it could, like their family honours and mischances, for their personal behoof, warning, and edification. The author has altered the position of his book by its publication to the world; and the "Lives of the Lindsays" have become public property, to be used as such.

Family histories are necessarily wings, or contingents, to national histories. They either give, or they should afford, more detailed narratives connected with the old state and circumstances of small districts than may be found in works of general history; but they cannot minutely detail the events connected with one family, and omit a general review of circumstances connected with their contemporaries—sometimes their allies, often their rivals. The pride of birth, encouraged by such works, is of small consequence in the present day. No man is the worse for believing that he is come of decent people; and the probability is strong that he will be little better of supposing that some of his ancestors wore mail, and rode out to fight on barbed chargers. All that he can make out of the latter circumstance is, the combined prudence and wealth of these old gentlemen, who did not unnecessarily expose their bodies to blows from edge tools. The vassal who fought in woollens on their side was, perhaps, the bravest man; but certainly his courage was more directly tried, for he had less than his leader between him and danger and death. The pride of descent is, moreover, greatly checked by the limited length of the line in this country. Lord Lindsay is best known in the world by his excellent letters from the East. When collecting their materials he had for guides many Arabs who were proud, and would, necessarily, have been tattered, if their climate had made a great and steady demand on their resources for clothing of any sort. These Arabs would fairly out-reckon the Lindsay, the Lindeseye, or the Limesay—whatever orthography his lordship might adopt in the East—by two thousand years or more. They would never stop till they reached Ishmael; and Lord Lindsay could carry them on till Adam—from the head of their clans to the first of the world. Another consideration, and one of more importance in checking the aristocratic feeling arising from pride of birth, is the great number of people who can be fairly counted on as participating in the solid advantages which may accrue from this possession. Lord Lindsay writes lives of the Lindsays, and has some satisfaction in dedicating his work to Sir Coutts and Margaret Lindsay; but here in the directory is the firm of Lindsay and Company, Lindsays and Lindsays, Lindsays Brothers—Peter and James, William and John, George and David, as the case may be—drapers and clothiers, wine and spirit merchants, calico printers, button or doll-eye manufacturers, smiths and engineers—anything you please—but they are a respectable firm, who hold their account far more than square at their bankers', pay cash, and care nothing for nobody farther than serves to promote their own interest. Their grandfather was a Lindsay, and a decent hodman. Now, what have they to do with Earl David? Here is Peter Lindsay, the railway porter, an active, intelligent man—a credit to the family—who works duly from morn to night for fifteen shillings paid to him weekly. But, my lord, he may be as directly and honourably descended from Earl Beardie, the tiger, as yourself—he may be your own cousin, not very many degrees removed; and all the lapse between him and you, on the social scale, per the operation of the entail and primogeniture laws, may have occurred with no demerit on his part, and as little on that of his ancestry, and without any merit to you or yours. The porterage of the country is borne, in a large proportion, by the younger sons of younger sons, on whom the calamity of coming late into the world has fallen for eight or ten generations; or, as the present Governor-General of India, when a candidate for the representation of Edinburgh, expressed it, for twenty-seven generations. The division of ancestral merit or demerit does not even end here. The practice of

* By Lord Lindsay. In 3 vols. London: John Murray.

naming a man after his father being very uniform, is also very convenient. This is one of those cases in which whatever is, is right; still it admits of some doubt whether a child is not more likely to resemble its mother than its father. Even nurses, and the gossips of a neighbourhood, are sometimes compelled reluctantly to acknowledge that such is the case. Taking that view of affairs, how widely are the honours of the greatest houses circulated; and how little of them really remains to the person who, by virtue of the law, bears at present the representation of the old feudal barons! In order to ascertain anybody's claim on the good or bad deeds of these old Lindsays, a family map would require to be drawn, over an extent equivalent to the front of his house, and then examined. The House of Peers, in recent times, have been compelled to dig men out of the lowest places in society, to assume the coronet and the estate claimed for them by clever attorneys. "Then," say the Lord Lindsays of the present day, "we have the goods, the estate, the fortune of the house." So you have; and so has John Grubb, the retired cotton broker, goods, estate, and fortune equal, or more than equal, to your own. That is but the pride of riches—a mean feeling. And if you plead possession of the hereditary titles and privileges, we must acknowledge your veracity; but when her Majesty the Queen takes Sir Robert Peel by the hand, and places him amongst the Peers, which she will do whenever he pleases, his titles and privileges will equal your own; and the Lives of the Peels will begin, in our fathers' times, with that of an honest and worthy man.

A satirical passage in one of Dean Swift's sermons has been recently made familiar to newspaper readers. "Brethren," said the Dean, "three kinds of pride exist—pride of birth, pride of riches, and pride of talents. With the last-named vile wickedness, none of you are chargeable, and I shall say nothing on that subject." The sarcasm would be entirely inapplicable to Lord Lindsay's work, or to anything in which he engaged. The talent displayed in his works is unquestionable. Few more agreeable writers exist at the present day. He goes into all his subjects with an enthusiasm deserving praise, and worthy of imitation, and covers over disquisitions, naturally dry, with a mantle woven by a bright and sparkling genius.

We do not wish to stand amongst those who despise the research displayed in works of this character. The histories of families are the rills that compose the histories of nations—the great rivers of narrative that absorb all attention. The storied traditions of old houses are a succession of biographies formed from the salient points in the history of men who exercised great influence during their lives. Whatever advantage attaches to other biographies clings to them, with this difference, that we get at the corn generally without the chaff. They are full of data from which to judge the characteristics of society in bygone years; and, if they sometimes lay bare deeds of unpalliated wickedness, yet are these dark shades brightened by many noble gleams of truth and kindness; better than valour; nobler than cold, dry, stern wisdom.

These old houses run out like the great rivers of the world, very generally in diverse branches. They may have one deep channel in the lineal branch, on which old honours and properties centre; but many noble streams are traced to the parent river, that have wandered from it far away ere they meet the sea; while, of its waters, more still may have sunk into the earth, doing work not less valuable than that which glitters on the surface; and some may have disappeared amongst the intervening banks of the shore, forming, if their noble cousins please, the quicksands of our democracy, who may be not ineptly described, in the language of the old Hungarian constitution, as "*misera plebs contribuens.*"

We may turn to the lives of the Lindsays in particular, for they combine some of the most interesting passages in Scottish history. Lord Lindsay traces their origin to a Norman knight; and there they are lost. The most curious inquiry regarding all our aristocracy, and, of course, respecting the people, has yet crept no farther than the Baltic; but they did not originate on the shores of the North. They were there only pilgrims and strangers, emigrants on the route westward; but all these northern nations had a former home in the East, and the interval that elapsed from their disappearance out of Asia to their invasion of central and civilized Europe, from the North, is the period of which, as respects its character and duration, the greatest ignorance exists.

The researches into the early history of the clan may be passed over without a general expression of belief in their descendant's opinion, that they all came from France. That part of the book would hardly bear to be disputed, if we were to admit the statement, which is not proved (page 3, vol. 1), that the names of Lindsay and Limesay are identical, both of them implying "Isle of Limetrees;" for the Limesays are an old French family, whose descendant by the female line preceded the "Lindsay" here in publishing in France a history of the race half-a-century since. The Limesays of France failed, says Lord Lindsay, in the middle of the thirteenth century; and the expression means that a female succeeded to their estates, and married some baron with a different name, which was, of course, assumed by their descendants. The Limesays, on that account, failed not. They, doubtless, may be found in the faubourgs of Paris, amongst the looms of Lyons, on the quays of Marseilles, or the farms of the departments. "The name of a barony," says Skene, in his history of the Highlands, quoted in this work, "was exclusively used by its possessors and descendants; and the possession of a territorial name of barony as surely marks out a descent from some of the ancient barons as if every step of the genealogy could be proved." This assertion, quite consistent, we have no doubt, with truth, made by a most distinguished antiquarian, humbles all old aristocratic ideas of "blood and pedigree" to the Highland level: for they must be shared by many amongst us in the humblest positions at the present day, and the descendants of the Norman barons earn bread at the lowliest avocations.

Our author believes that the English "Lyndysays" shared the fate of the French Limesays—

that is, became extinct in the male branch; but he does not prove satisfactorily, and adduces no clear evidence from any other authority, that the "Lyndysays" did not exist and flourish in England before the arrival of the Normans—in other words, that the great district of Lindesey, in Lincolnshire, was not represented by a Saxon family of that name, and that the Scottish Lindsays are not descendants of the Saxon earl—who may have found a refuge in the court of Malcolm Caenmore, to which many Saxons fled with the royal Saxon family, and were kindly received, in gratitude for the entertainment of Malcolm Caenmore at the English court, during his exile.

A descent from a Saxon earl is not less creditable for all good purposes than one from a Norman baron; and, so far as the Scottish Lindsays are concerned, is the more probable turn in their genealogy. The existence of a French Norman family of the name of Limesay is proved. The extension of a branch of this family to England, with the Normans, is almost equally clear; but the existence of two names so nearly resembling each other as Lyndysay or Lyndeseye, and Limesay, does not prove them to be the same, although, at a subsequent period, they may have been confounded with each other, as was doubtless the case in England.

A chapter follows on the origin of the different races that people these islands; and Lord Lindsay adopts the views of those who suppose that the Celts are a mixed race, mixed in a more marked degree than the Teutonic, to which both Saxons and Normans belong—insomuch as that the descendants of Japheth and Ham are intermingled amongst the Celts—endorsing thus a curious legend in old Irish tradition. The origin of the Teutonic race is hidden in the deepest gloom. They came thundering down, we are told by Lord Lindsay, from the Persian mountains; and it may be true, but the subject requires, and would repay, more minute inquiry than it has ever yet received. If they came from the Persian mountains, they are in a fair way of completing the circle by the re-occupation of the same mountains again.

Lord Lindsay holds, "though it may be unpalatable to our national pride, that the Scoto-Pictish Kingdom was subjected, not in property, but politically, to the Saxon Kings;" and states, on what he calls "incontrovertible historical evidence," that the Saxon "Basileus," or "Emperor, held this superiority —not, as may be supposed, over provinces feudally held of England, but over the whole of the Scottish dominions of the Scottish kings—a superiority, it is to be remembered, purely political, and implying neither right to the soil, nor interference with the national laws, liberties, and manners—while the protection thus accorded to the Scottish kings in acknowledgment of their dependence, saved those laws and liberties, in instances innumerable, from annihilation." We can make nothing out of a superiority which was not to interfere with property, with laws, with national liberties, or national manners. Lord Lindsay might perceive that these exceptions preclude the possibility of its existence. They occupy the entire ground, without leaving to the superiority claimed the breadth of a needle point. This superiority could not have existed during the many hundred years of Roman occupation of England, and of the south of Scotland, when walls were formed from sea to sea, to build out the northern tribes. It could not have existed when the distressed ancient Britons and Roman colonists, whose descendants are still, we believe, existing in England and Scotland, begged a legion or two from Rome to save them from their destructive and irritated neighbours. It could not have existed during the Heptarchy; for to which of the Saxon kingdoms was Scottish fealty due? It was only after England began to be consolidated by Alfred, that any claim of this nature could have been possibly raised. History shows that the Saxon monarchs, from Alfred to Harold, never were in a condition to make any claim of that nature. It could not have grown up during the reign of Malcolm Caenmore's predecessor; and it could not have been preferred during the period immediately preceding that, for Scotland was divided amongst different chiefs, who exercised regal authority, and one of whom invaded England. The superiority claimed resolves itself into a defensive alliance, common amongst nations at all times; for a superiority that could not touch property, manners, laws, or liberty, is nothing, and *ex nihilo nihil fit*. The pretence originated in the circumstance that the Scottish kings were sometimes extensive English landowners, and, in that capacity, were as much feudatories of the English crown as any other owners of the English soil. The only "incontrovertible historical authority," quoted by Lord Lindsay is Sir Francis Palgrave! His lordship alleges that the historical fact—the imaginary superiority—may be "unpalatable to our national pride;" but we do not share that feeling. We cannot get over the facts that England is, and always has been, a larger, more populous, and wealthier country than Scotland; and these facts are not unpalatable. We cannot change them, and have no reason to be nationally ashamed of their existence. If, therefore, the Saxon emperors, as they are styled, had achieved a superiority of some kind, and the one claimed for them is impossible, the Scotch could have had no more reason to be hurt by the result, in their feelings of national pride, than any other small nation beaten by a great power. The conquest of Scotland was not an achievement calculated to reflect additional honour on the rivals of France. We treat the claim, therefore, as any other groundless statement put now in a form that could not be true. Lord Lindsay, indeed, says that Malcolm Caenmore failed in endeavouring to throw off this superiority at the date of the Conquest, and was compelled to do homage to William the Conqueror; while, in the same page, he informs us that Malcolm's successor, Edgar, assumed the title of "Bassileus," or Emperor of Britain, being the rightful heir to the English crown, by maternal descent; and we cannot help thinking that the Norman kings would have prevented the employment of any of their titles by one of their feudal dependants, if they had been in a condition to enforce obedience. A feudal inferior was not likely to advance such claims and

to use this title. We cannot doubt the civilizing results to Scotland from the influx of Saxon earls and refugees at the period of the Conquest. The security found by them north of the border evinces the utter hollowness of this claim for superiority on the part of the English crown. If superiority meant anything, it would carry the power to expel rebels against the English king from the boundaries of Scotland. If Malcolm Caenmore paid homage to William the Norman for the crown of Scotland, he would have been required to expel the Saxon refugees from his court and the country. This demand seems never to have been made, and certainly it was not conceded. The great immigration of Saxon refugees, "the noblest of the nation," into Scotland, after the Norman conquest, while it tended to advance the country, also fixed the implacable hatred to English power, entertained by those refugees, into the national feeling, and prolonged it for centuries after its origin was forgotten. The English and Scottish nations had no causes of quarrel; but the Scottish people represented, undoubtedly, the Saxon enmity to the Norman power, even after the latter had assumed the Saxon name. The number of Norman barons who are supposed to have found their way into Scotland is no evidence on this subject; for the alliance of Scotland with France was long and intimate, and Norman families reached this country direct from the Norwegian rocks and the Baltic shore. Lord Lindsay, in reference to this source of civilization, says:—

"The completion of the groundwork of Scottish civilization, by the introduction of the Norman element, the feudal law, and the monastic system, was reserved for David I., youngest son of Malcolm and Margaret, and successor of Alexander I.—the sainted son of a sainted mother, and allowed, even by Buchanan, to present the perfect model of a wise and virtuous sovereign. Educated in England among the most accomplished and chivalrous of the Normans, he had imbibed their character and principles; and even before his accession to the throne, during his administration of Strathclyde or Cumbria, he conceived the scheme of humanizing his country by introducing a new race of proprietors from Normandy and England—colonists, not conquerors—men who would diffuse the superior civilization of the South, foster the religious establishments he proposed to scatter over the land, and control the barbarism of the natives; and the wisdom and discrimination with which he selected these colonists are evinced by the superior happiness and prosperity enjoyed by Scotland during the reign of his successors down to the close of the thirteenth century. The whole history, in fact, of Scotland, subsequently to the reign of Alexander I., is that of the working out of the scheme first organised and brought into systematic action by St. David; and the mingling of races thus associated, the Celt, the Saxon, and the Norman, each strongly opposed in character, neither absolutely subjected to the others, and all of them contributing their quota or element to the formation of that national character which has been the result of their fusion, is the cause, in great measure, of those strong lights and deep shadows, of that strange antagonism of feelings and principles, sometimes in advance, sometimes in the rear, of the times, which renders the history of Scotland so picturesque and peculiar."

James the Seventh represented St. David as a "sair saunt for the crown;" but the introduction of all that was civilizing in the monastic system into Scotland occurred long before this period, and was the labour of love performed by the Culdees. Lord Lindsay surely does not mean to allege that the walls of old Iona were built by the Normans. The "Lives of the Lindsays" commences at this period—the beginning of the twelfth century—a comparatively modern date. In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Lindsays became connected with the district of Crawford—the barren ground intersected now by the Caledonian railway, and forming the highest summits, that have given the engineers the greatest trouble, and from which the Annan and the Clyde run south and west, in different directions, to the sea. The Earldom of Crawford was, therefore, long retained in the family of the Lindsays after their chief possessions were achieved in Forfarshire; and their principal residences were at Edzell, in Glenesk; and Finhaven, on the South Esk, in that county. The Lindsays, at a subsequent period, became the first Dukes of Montrose; although the title subsequently fell to "the gallant Graham," as did the lands of Crawford to the great family of the stern Douglasses.

We have already mentioned a feature, if not a peculiarity, in Scottish nationality that is calculated to reduce the pride of the highest and oldest of the noble families in their genealogies; for the honours of the proudest houses are, or they may be, shared with the humblest men. The tendency of the Scottish commonalty to trace back, and claim descent from, or connexion with, some great family, has been the subject of frequent satire. It has been most distinctly marked amongst the Highland clansmen, who had the most direct and legitimate right to such advantage and honour as they could derive from the claim; for, amongst the original Scots and Picts, the land was held in common—the chieftain was an elective official, whose power and privileges were derived from the suffrages of his neighbours and relatives, and who had no more right to alienate their property in his own favour, or in that of others, than the director of a public institution to appropriate its funds. Purists with titles look horrors at the presumed delinquencies of a Hudson; but if all could be proved that the committee of the York and North Midland write, nothing would be shown more corrupt than the manner in which some of their estates were obtained in early times. Their ancestors were appointed chairmen of the clans' directors, and they seized rails, stations, locomotives, waggons, carriages, and earthwork—the whole plant, and the whole receipts; charging their relatives "fares" for living upon and tilling their own land. These appropriations were greatly expedited by the introduction of the Norman or Saxon feudal system into Scotland; but they are not forgotten. Two years since, we heard an officer in her Majesty's service, a younger brother of a Highland chieftain, in a promiscuous assemblage, accuse the Highland landlords, not merely of a harsh, but of a dishonest, expulsion of their cottiers and clansmen. The traditions regarding the old state of Celtic property have had their effect in embittering the changes that have occurred on Highland estates; and it may be an apology for various atrocities in Ireland, that the perpetrators really believed themselves to be the avengers, by wild justice, of great wrongs. In the lowland districts of Scotland, the barons, as they were termed, were often nothing more than pilgrim fathers, whose descendants ramified into many tenantry,

and a few owners. At page 117, vol. 1, Lord Lindsay describes the result of these arrangements :—

"Thus far, the picture I have drawn bears a close resemblance to the feudalism of the Continent. But, owing to the mixture of Celtic and Norman blood, a peculiar element mingled from the first in the feudality of Scotland, and has left its indelible impress on the manners and habits of thought in the country. Differently from what was the case in England, the Scoto-Norman races were peculiarly prolific, and population was encouraged as much as possible. The Earl and Baron bestowed a fief, for an example, on each of his four sons, who paid him tribute in rent and service; each son subdivided his fief again among his own children, and they again among theirs, till the blood of the highest noble in the land was flowing in that of the meanest peasant, at no remote interval. This was a subject of pride, not shame, in Scotland. Within three or four centuries after their settlement in the North, above one hundred different minor houses, or families of Lindsays, were flourishing in Scotland, many of them powerful independent barons, holding *in capite* of the Crown—many more, vassals of the house of Crawford—the greater number settled in Angus, and the surrounding counties, yet others, in districts more remote, and in the extremity of the kingdom—all of them, however, acknowledging the Earls of Crawford as the chiefs of their blood, and maintaining constant intercourse with them, either by assistance in their feuds, or by sending their sons to seek service, either with them, or their more powerful kinsmen—the whole clan thus forming, collectively, more particularly during the fifteenth century, a great barrier and breakwater between the fertile Eastern Lowlands and the lawless clans of the Highlands. This is no imaginary sketch. The charters of the Earls of Crawford, and of their principal cadets, through several centuries, bear witness to the constant intercourse maintained, even with branches settled for generations in districts far removed from Angus, but whose claims of kindred were never forgotten by themselves, or overlooked by their chiefs; while a constant preference was given to priests, notaries, pedagogues, tradesmen, and even domestic servants, of the named blood of Lindsay. A principle of union and attachment thus reigned throughout the whole race; the tie of consanguinity was carefully acknowledged in each ascending stage—the meanest felt himself akin to the highest—the feudal bond was sweetened by blood, and the duty to their chief became the paramount principle of action; and it is to this mixture of feudalism and patriarchism, the result of the mingling of races above alluded to, and reigning throughout the whole social system, that much of that good faith, which a celebrated historian of France has recognised as the distinguishing and redeeming feature of feudal times in Scotland—passion and conviction bearing even a stronger sway than selfish interest—is attributable. The value for names, is, indeed, still strong in Scotland—a link of mutual interest between the upper and lower classes who bear the same patronymic. It is rare to find a Lindsay, a Hay, a Drummond, in the lower orders, who has not some tradition, at least, of descent, from the Houses of Perth, Errol, or Crawford. And these traditions form, not unfrequently, a strong moral motive, producing self-respect, exertion, and independence, and deterring individuals who inherit them, from doing aught unworthy of the race they attach them to. It has been the fashion of late years to undervalue feudal and patriarchal times. They exhibit, it is true, but a limited and partial stage of civilization; but no nation ever rose to enduring constitutional greatness without passing through feudalism, or something akin to it. And we must not forget that we always in a rude age hear of the bad rather than the good, of those who are the curse rather than the salt of society. There must have been much happiness and much virtue which we do not hear of."

So originated the old proverb that blood is thicker or stronger than water ; and it is creditable to the Lindsays, that they seem to have introduced and cultivated learning amongst their dependants and followers in Angus. At the end of the sixteenth, and early in the seventeenth century, many of the commonalty amongst the Lindsays could write well. We may remark, in passing, that one of the Lindsays, Earl Crawford, was the first baron to introduce the evil system of entails in Scotland. The fortunes of the family had risen and fallen by matrimonial alliances; and against further vicissitudes to the Lindsays by this cause, he entailed on the heirs male of his house, being Lindsays, excluding the female side, and so securing, as he believed, the perpetuity of his name in the land. Man proposes, and God performs. There are no Lindsays now in the braes of Angus; the name is hardly, we believe, on the roll of justices or commissioners of supply for Angus and Mearns, where the great Earls of Crawford, from their fortresses of Edzell and Finhaven, issued their commands with sovereign authority. The Ogilvys, who were sometimes their allies, and sometimes their foes, survive, and are represented by the Earl of Airly ; but the Lindsays are almost obliterated from that part of the land—a fate not unmeet in the case of those who, having an ambition to fulfil, made provision against the dealings of Providence in a way at once unnatural, and calculated to work, as it has wrought, the greatest harm to their country. The first act of entail was of necessity dishonest. The old castle of Edzell is now forgotten, and yet it was once " the finest and stateliest mansion in the east country." The new town of Edzell, designed by one of the last Earls Crawford, was never built ; and the visitor to the scenery of the North Esk at Gannochie—the pass of the river from the high to the low country—finds a village of a few houses, hidden from the busy world, where once " the Lyndsays held their court."

We do not comprehend the zeal of Lord Lindsay in endeavouring to establish that shadow of supremacy for England over Scotland claimed by the former power, unless it be to cover the conduct of his own ancestry; for, as he says, the admission rescues us from the " inevitable and surely more unpalatable alternative of confessing our ancestors in 1174 and 1290 to have been dastards and villains." We can explain the conduct of some of the nobles, and, amongst others, of more than one Lindsay, upon a different ground than either downright cowardice or villany. They were large holders of land both in England and Scotland at the same time, and they had learned to "gripe fast." They were willing to vindicate their northern independence, if they could still retain their southern wealth. Their circumstances were undoubtedly trying, and their position incompatible with their duty to Scotland, as subjects to England as feudal barons. Even the Scottish kings held possession of lands in England ; and, at one time, were the acknowledged feudal superiors of part of what is now embraced in the boundaries of that country. A regular war between England and Scotland involved a great sacrifice on the part of the Lindsays, who held wide and valuable estates in the former country. We are not, therefore, astonished at their attempts to reconcile conflicting interests by the acknowledgment of a claim by England, which was only offered as a shadow, until the dispute regarding the succession between Baliol and Bruce, when Edward of England gave greater solidity to the pretensions of that crown.

When Baliol succeeded to the crown, he was

compelled to resist the unjust aggressions of Edward—was forced into war, and defeated at Dunbar. The signature of the Ragman's Roll followed, on which the names of all the Lindsays were inscribed. In fact, all the names of the Scottish barons, with few exceptions, were placed there. Only two noted exceptions occur, those of Sir William Wallace and Sir Andrew Moray. The great barons had English lands which were dear to them, and their example influenced their minor followers. The common people had no temptation to swerve from their country's cause, and they loved it more than life. They were not left without a leader. The bravest and the purest knight on the rolls of Scottish chivalry became the instrument of working out his country's freedom. The annals of no nation contain greater or more disinterested achievements than those of William Wallace. In all his struggles he was well supported by the commonalty of Scotland—the men who have embalmed his memory in their traditions, and in the affections of successive generations, for well nigh a thousand years. It is right to add that the Lindsays did not all stand long on the side of power and tyranny; for some of them became the fastest friends of the champion to their land, and were, like him, excepted even from the mercy of their ruthless foe.

The deepest crime of Robert Bruce became the cause of his rising. The Red Comyn was a nearer heir to the crown than Bruce. His connexions were more powerful. His experience was greater. His means of opposing the English power more likely to be successful than those of the Bruce. This powerful chieftain was induced to meet young Robert Bruce in Dumfries. The sad story has been often told, and thus Lord Lindsay repeats it:—

"The circumstances which led to the decisive act which flung Bruce upon his fortunes, and led to the independence of Scotland, are unknown. All that can be ascertained is, that Comyn of Badenoch, popularly named the Red Comyn, his personal rival, and the leader of the Baliol interest, was at Dumfries at the same time with Bruce; that they held a secret conference in the church of the Minorites, or Franciscans; that a quarrel arose between them; and that Bruce, in a paroxysm of rage, stabbed him on the steps of the high altar. Rushing to the door, he met Sir James Lindsay and Roger Kirkpatrick, of Closeburn, who demanded what had disturbed him? 'I doubt,' replied Bruce, 'I have slain Comyn!' 'Have you left it doubtful?' replied Lindsay. 'I mak sicker,' or 'sure,' rejoined Kirkpatrick—wherewith they rushed into the church; and Kirkpatrick, asking the wounded baron whether he deemed he might recover, and hearing from him that he thought he might if he had proper leech-craft, stabbed him to the heart—a deed for which Bruce and his adherents were excommunicated as soon as the news reached the Holy See."

This murder has been excused and palliated by the partisans of Bruce on various grounds. But it was a foul and treacherous crime—the only evil deed laid to his charge; and its consequences wasted Scotland for many long years of unprofitable warfare, until the doom of blood was for a time removed, and the battle of Bannockburn cast the long-contested claim of English superiority in the negative. The partisans of the Red Comyn were disheartened by his violent death, yet they resisted, for many years, more successfully than Edward himself, the claims of Bruce; until, wearied at last with a contest that wrought woe to their common country, they appear to have acquiesced in what they may have well considered a minor evil. The fate of the coadjutors and completers of this great crime was singular and remarkable. The tradition regarding the question and the answer in the church of Dumfries at the moment of the slaughter of the Red Comyn is most probably imaginative. The question might have been put by a partisan of the murdered man, concealed within the building—some monk connected with its affairs, for example, one of the waking Franciscans—and the response might have come from a similar source;—yet how the latter should have been in the form, as events occurred, of a precise prophecy, is not clear by any means.

"Sir James, the accomplice in the murder of the Red Comyn in the church of the Minorites at Dumfries, was succeeded by another Sir James, his eldest son and heir, in whose person the sacrilege of the father was visited by a fearful retribution, as recorded by the ancient chroniclers. Sir James and Roger Kirkpatrick, as you may recollect, were partners in the deed. The body of the slaughtered Comyn was watched during the night by the Franciscans, with the usual rites of the Church; but at midnight the whole assistants fell into a deep 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,' says Sir Walter Scott, fifty-two years after Comyn's death, 'James of Lindsay was hospitably feasted in the castle of Caerlaverock, in Dumfries-shire, belonging to Roger Kirkpatrick. They were the sons of the murderers of Comyn. In the dead of the 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 James, thus untimely cut off, was succeeded by his son, Sir John Lindsay of Craigie and Thurston, whose daughter and heiress, Margaret, carried the property into the family of Riccardon, ever since designed 'of Craigie,' the representatives in the collateral male line of Sir William Wallace."

A rightful heir to the throne was cut off by treachery—and the slaughter of the Red Comyn was one of the darkest deeds, and done on one of the darkest days for Scotland in its history—because, except for the feud which it originated, a Bannockburn would probably have been fought much earlier; and Scotland might have been spared from all the calamities attendant on the Stuart race. Lord Lindsay asserts, indeed, that Comyn was not the nearest heir to the crown, and in proof mentions that Edward Baliol was still alive, and an English prisoner. Being an English prisoner, he was unable to assert his right—and being a Baliol, it may have been deemed a forfeit; and next Christiana de Lindsay, Lady of Lamberton, whose mother was an elder daughter of King John than Marjory, Comyn's mother. This tracing merely gives one part of Comyn's claim, and, at least, it was a superior claim to Bruce's. This transaction has not been frequently treated with the reprobation it deserved, on account of the glories of King Robert's reign; but he made a narrow escape from the fate of poor Macbeth—a worthy monarch, too, who asserted the independence of Scotland against the shadow of supremacy claimed by the English monarchs, and accorded, as is believed, by the "gracious Duncan"—a smaller

Baliol in his time. The following eulogy of Bruce is, nevertheless, elegant and true :—

"The aim of Bruce's life was now accomplished. Happier than the lawgiver of Israel, he had been permitted to accompany his chosen people to the last through all their troubles, till he had established them free denizens of a free country, the land of their children's love—he had crowned his work of patriotism—he had won the wreath of glory. His star hovered over him awhile as he leaned against the goal, weary with the race; but at last departed fairly—lingeringly, but for ever—while slowly, amid a nation's sobs, he sank into the arms of death, a willing prey. Well, indeed, might Scotland—well may mankind, revere King Robert's name; for never, save Alfred the Great, did monarch so profit by adversity. Vacillating and infirm of purpose, a courtier and a time-server at the footstool of Edward, during the days of Wallace, and betrayed into sacrilege and bloodshed on the very steps of the altar at Dumfries, he redeemed all by a constancy, a patriotism, a piety, alike in his troubles and his prosperity, which rendered him the pride and example of his contemporaries, and have been the theme of history and of a grateful posterity in all succeeding ages. 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 and tender as a woman's, we may indee d bless 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."

In reference to the claim of Christiana de Lindsay to the crown of Scotland, which has been mentioned by Lord Lindsay as better than that of the Red Comyn, we may mention that she was an English subject, and therefore would have been very properly excluded from the Scottish crown, at a time when the assumed and asserted supremacy of England over Scotland was the question at issue. Except for that claim, the Baliols were the nearest heirs. Their conduct forfeited the crown. They sold their country for the enforcement of their own claims; and the country expelled them. On the same grounds, which were good grounds, if the struggle was justifiable, Christiana de Lindsay, the Lady of Lamberton, had forfeited her claim also, and was incompetent for the crown; leaving, of course, the Red Comyn as the nearest heir in that line, to whom no exception could be raised that was not more obviously applicable to Bruce himself.

The battle of Bannockburn decided the struggle for Scottish independence, which left rankling between the nations a feeling of hatred and jealousy that four centuries scarcely served to quench, fed, as it ever was, by new wars and new embarrassments. Robert Bruce left to his successors a new struggle. The great barons, in aiding to achieve the independence of Scotland, almost succeeded in accomplishing their own. They became small kings, each within his own district and possessions. Civil wars were common between rival chieftains. The Douglasses, the Gordons, and other families and clans, resisted often, and sometimes successfully, the power of the crown. Soon after the death of Robert Bruce, the English openly espoused the cause of Edward Baliol; who entered Scotland at the head of a considerable body of men, and was feebly opposed until he reached Duplin, in Perthshire, where he defeated the adherents of young David Bruce. In this battle the Lindsays lost many men. Edward Baliol was soon after crowned at Scone. His enterprise was ultimately unsuccessful. He was obliged again to quit Scotland; and the Lindsays, continuing faithful to the cause of David Bruce, were rewarded in proportion to the value of their services. All the possessions that of right belonged to Christiana de Lindsay, the heir and claimant to the crown after Edward Baliol, were forfeited, and bestowed on the Scotch branch of the Lindsays. The lady left them to her son, Sir William, Sire de Coucy, who never obtained possession; but these family charters explain and illustrate the bitter feeling with which the English barons prosecuted the wars against Scotland. The struggle was personal. The barons who adhered to England lost rich possessions in Scotland. The Scottish nobles were in a similar position. Neither party would see and acknowledge the reasonable character of the division. They fought for more land; and their tenantry, who ere now had no interest in the question, were spoiled and slain to gratify their masters' territorial avarice. The wars between England and France were maintained from a similar spirit. The English nobles had inherited rich domains within the frontiers of France. They could not expect to maintain their possessions without a junction of the two crowns, and, therefore, they pressed the English monarchs to enforce, or at least to retain, their claims upon the French crown, and especially upon the French territory. The Scottish Lindsays, meanwhile, prospered on every hand. War and peace both seemed to accumulate for them great possessions. The fortune of war, and the favour of heiresses, helped their house, until Lord Lindsay thus describes their fortunes :—

"The star, in fact, of the House of Crawford was now in the ascendant. The barony of Crawford, with its dependencies, had been bestowed, as I have already mentioned on Sir Alexander, on the forfeiture of the Pinkeneys—many fair estates, and an hereditary annual rent of one hundred marks, then a very large sum, from the great customs of Dundee, were among the tokens of favour bestowed upon Sir David, by Robert Bruce; and by his marriage with Mary, co-heiress of the Abernethies, in 1325, he acquired a great accession of territory in the shires of Roxburgh, Fife, and Angus. He was entrusted, too, at one time, with the custody of Berwick Castle, and at another, with that of Edinburgh, which is especially mentioned by Wyntown, in praise of his orderly and prudent conduct while in that office:—

'Intil his time with the countrie,
Na riot, na, na strife made he.'

Nor was he ungrateful for these honours and distinctions, as witnessed by his donations to God and the church. He confirmed the grants of his predecessors, and more par-

ticularly of Sir Gerard de Lindsay to Newbattle, granting to the monks, for himself and his heirs, a charter of free barony over all the lands thus bestowed upon them, with all its privileges, and without any 'retinementum,' or claim in requital, save the suffrages of their prayers."

All the saints were deeply indebted to this Sir David Lindsay. St. Thomas the Martyr, St. Lawrence of the Byres, and another at Lindores, had money left them for wax candles, that were to burn perpetually. The fortunes of the family were remarkable:—

"Sir David left three surviving sons whose alliances and possessions I must here briefly enumerate, as it will render my narrative more distinct and clear hereafter. They had an elder brother, David, a very gallant youth, who had been killed several years before his father, unmarried, and aged only 21, at the disastrous battle of Neville's Cross, near Durham, where David II. was taken prisoner. He fought under the king's banner, and fell with the flower of the chivalry of Scotland in a vain struggle for his preservation. The eldest surviving brother, Sir James, married that same year his cousin, Egidia Stuart, sister of Robert II., and daughter of the High Steward, by the Princess Marjory, daughter of King Robert Bruce—a marriage for which, on account of their near relationship, a dispensation was obtained from Rome, at the request of King Philip of France. She bore him an only son, Sir Jas. Lindsay, afterwards Lord of Crawford, and a daughter, Isabella, wife of Sir John Maxwell, of Pollock. The third of Sir David's sons, Sir Alexander, married Catherine, daughter of Sir John de Striviling, or Stirling and heiress of Glenesk and Edzell, in Angus, and of other lands in Inverness-shire—by whom he had issue, Sir David, of Glenesk, the first Earl of Crawford, and Sir Alexander. He married, secondly, Marjory Stuart, niece of Robert II., who bore him two sons, Sir William of Rossie, ancestor of the Lindsays of Dowhill, still numerous in Scotland, and Sir Walter, besides a daughter, Euphemia. And, lastly, Sir David's youngest son, Sir William, whose appanage was the Byres in Haddingtonshire, acquired the barony of Abercorn, and other extensive estates, with his wife Christiana, daughter of Sir William Mure, of Abercorn; and inherited, moreover, by disposition from his elder brother, Sir Alexander, the offices of hereditary baillie and seneschal of the regality of the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's, offices retained for many centuries by his posterity, even subsequently to the Reformation, down, in fact, to the middle of the last century; and which gave them great power in Fifeshire, and wherever the Archbishops possessed property and influence."

The estate of Pollock has remained since that date in the hands of the Maxwells, while nearly all the other baronies mentioned have changed repeatedly the families of their possessors:—

"Each of these three surviving brothers—the sons of Sir David, Lord of Crawford—took, as we shall see, an active part in the affairs of their time. The two elder, Sir James and Sir Alexander, were especially active during the period immediately subsequent to 1350—Sir James, after his father's death, in negotiating his Sovereign's release, and Sir Alexander in seeking honour in the foreign wars; he obtained a safe-conduct to pass through England to the Continent in 1368, with a train of sixty horse and foot, probably to take part in the struggle between France and England for Aquitaine; and for some years we lose sight of him. He reappears shortly before the death of King David; and his seal, with that of his nephew Sir James, the son of his elder brother, long before deceased, is still attached to the famous instrument or declaration of the magnates of Scotland, immediately after the coronation of King Robert II., in 1371, by which they bound themselves to recognise his eldest son, the Earl of Carrick, as King of Scotland, after his death—a recognition by which the succession to the throne was virtually secured for ever to the House of Stuart. Sir William, the youngest of three sons, was also distinguished both in policy and war. We shall hear more of him hereafter. Sir David left a daughter, also, the wife of the chief of the House of Dalhousie, and mother of Sir Alexander Ramsay, a most distinguished warrior. And I ought to have mentioned previously, that he had had a sister, Beatrice de Lindsay, wife of Sir Archibald Douglas, brother of the "Good Lord James," and mother of William, the first Earl of Douglas—an alliance which became the ground, I presume, of the close fraternity that long existed between the Houses of Crawford and Douglas."

The particulars are interesting, as the starting points in the history of families that long combined to exercise great political influence; but, looking back at this period of the world, they afford different materials of reflection. The branch of the family that settled in Fifeshire was to be represented in course of a century and a half by the minstrel knight, whose sarcasms in verse did not less, perhaps, to commend the overthrow of Saints' shrines and wax tapers to the common people of Scotland, than the preaching of John Knox. The Lindsay of the Byres was to be followed in two centuries by a descendant, Lord Lindsay, of the Byres, the rough and stern noble who, in his zeal for the Reformation, compelled Mary to resign her crown. Before other two centuries passed, the possessions of the Lindsays were forfeited, or had passed away to other houses, partly from the maintenance, by their descendants, of the Stewarts' cause. These changes offer the means of making a romance out of a family history, and Lord Lindsay's work reads very like a book of that alluring character; yet the fate of the Lindsays was that of many Scottish families—nearly of all whose ancestors ranked amongst the Barons of the Ragman Roll.