

TALES

OF THE

WARS OF MONTROSE.

BY JAMES HOGG, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S WAKE."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES
IN THE LIFE OF
AN EDINBURGH BAILLIE,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

AN Edinburgh Baillie, a notable person, often mentioned in Scottish history as the staunch friend of Reform and the constant friend and abettor of Argyle, was of northern descent, and the original name of his family is said to have been Sydeserf. The first who wrote his name Sydeserf was one always styled Clerk Michael, who was secretary, chamberlain, and steward to the Earl Marischal. His second son, Andrew,

was made procurator of the Marischal College, where, it is presumed, he remained during his life, as it appears that our hero, Archibald, with eight other brothers and sisters, were born in that place. On the death of this Andrew, the family appears to have been all scattered abroad; and about that period Archibald was translated to Edinburgh, as under-secretary to the governor of the castle. He was a learned youth as times then went, and so were his brethren, for one of them was afterwards made a bishop, and one of them a professor, not to mention the subject of this memoir, who arrived at the highest distinction of them all. Two or more of those brothers left written memoirs of their own times, as was the fashion of the age with all who could indite a page a day, witness the number of voluminous tomes that lie piled in every college of the continent as well as in some of the public libraries of Britain.

Archibald's memoir, of which I have with much difficulty got possession, is insufferably tedious and egotistical; but I have abridged it more than one half, retaining only the things that appeared to me the most curious; for all relating to borough politics appeared to me so low and so despicable, that I cancelled them utterly, although they might have been amusing to some.

But the great and sanguine events in which the Baillie was so long engaged,—in which he took so deep an interest, and acted such a distinguished part, are well worth the keeping in record. Some of his personal adventures, certainly, bear tints of romance, but every part of his narrative relating to public events may implicitly be relied on. I have compared them with all the general as well as local histories of that period, and with sundry family registers relating to marriages, &c., which one would often think were merely

brought in for effect, yet which I have uniformly found correct ; and his narrative throws a light on many events of that stirring age, hitherto but imperfectly known. These, with the simplicity of the narration, will recommend the memoir to every candid and judicious reader. I pass over the two long chapters relating to his family and education, and begin transcribing where he commences his difficult career of public life.

The difficulties which I had to encounter on coming into Edinburgh Castle, were such as I could not have believed would have fallen to the lot of man : all which were occasioned by the absurdity of the deputy governor, Colonel Haggard. He was a tyrant of the first magnitude, and went about treating the various subordinate officers, as if they had been oxen or beasts of burthen. He was never sober, either night or day, and as for me, my

heart quaked, and my loins trembled, whenever I came into his presence. I had what was called a writing chamber assigned to me.—But such a chamber! It was a mere cell, a vile dungeon, in which I could not discern darkness from light—I was enclosed in a medium between them.

When I came first there, Haggard, who had great need of me, promised me this good thing and the other good thing, so that my heart was lifted up,—but, alas! soon was it sunk down again in gall and bitterness, for every thing was in utter confusion. In that dark abode I had the whole accounts of the expenditure of the fortress to keep, and the commissariat department to conduct. There were the State prisoners sending proudly for their allowances,—the soldiers cursing for their pay, and clerks every hour with long accounts of which they demanded payment. I had nothing to pay them with, and in the

mean time our caterers in the city took the coercive measures with us of stopping all our supplies until their arrears were paid up. Haggard did no more than just order such and such things to be done, without considering in the least how they were to be done. Then every one came running on me, while I had for the most part little or nothing to give them, and all that I could do was to give them orders on this or the other fund, which orders never were executed, and of course matters grew worse and worse every day.

As for Colonel Haggard, he was a beast, a perfect bull of Bashan;—he came daily open mouth upon me, roaring and swearing like a maniac. It was in vain to reason with him, that made him only worse, and had he held with cursing and damning me, although I abhorred that custom, it would not have been so bad. But he thought nothing of striking with

whatever came to his hand, and that with such freedom, that it was evident he cared nothing at all for the lives of his fellow creatures.

One day he came upon me fuming and raging as usual, and without either rhyme or reason enquired "why I did not pay this debt?" and "why I did not pay the other debt?" and "was he to be dunned and plagued eternally by the carelessness and indifference of a beggarly clerk—a dirty pen-scraper, a college weazel, a northern rat," and called me many other beastly names besides.

"Sir," says I, "if your honour will suffer the whole of the funds to come through my hands, I will be accountable for every fraction of them. But as you draw the largest share yourself, and spend that as you think fit, how am I to carry on my department? Let them all be paid to you if you choose, and make the payments through me, of which I shall keep

a strict account; unless they come all through my hands I will neither receive nor remit any more.”

He paid no attention, but went on as if he had not even heard the remonstrance. “If the onward detail of the business of the castle is to be interrupted in this manner by your obstinacy and awkwardness,—by the absurdity of such a contemptible urchin,—then, it is evident, that all subordination and prerogative is at an end, and there must be a regular turn out. But before this shall happen, you may depend on it, Mr. Puppy, that you shall suffer first. We are not all to lose our places for you.”

“I have paid all that I have, your honour, I have not even retained a merk for my own outlay; therefore, I will trouble your goodness for my own arrears, else I give the business up forthwith.”

“You? You give the business up? You, the bound servant and slave of the

State, as much as the meanest soldier under my command? Such another word out of your mouth, and I'll have you whipped. Hint but to go and leave your post, and I'll have you hung at the castle gate. You go and desert your post?—Let me see you attempt it. I would, indeed, like to see you run off like a norland tike! Pah. You gimcrack!—You cat! Pay up the arrears of the garrison instantly, I say.—Are the State prisoners, the first men of the land, to lack their poor allowance, that you may lay up the king's money by you, and make a fortune? Are the military to starve, that a scratchpenny may thrive? Is this business to go to sixes and sevens for your pleasure? I will have you tried for your life, you dog, before a military tribunal.”

There was no reasoning with such a beast, therefore I was obliged to hold my peace: I cared for no trial, for my books

were open to any who chose to examine them, and I could account for every bodle that had been paid to me; and as for the superior of whom I was the substitute, he never showed face at all, nor was he even in Scotland. He merely enjoyed the post as a sinecure, while the toil and responsibility fell on me. From that time forth, I had a disgust at our king James, and his government, and considered him no better than an old wife, and from that time to this on which I write down the memorial of these things, I have never been reconciled to him or one of his race.

But to return to my business at the castle: I was very miserable, my state was deplorable, for I had not one of the comforts of life, and so jealous was the governor, that for the most part neither ingress nor egress was allowed. My bed was a mat in the corner of my chamber, and my bed-clothes consisted of a single

covering not thicker than a wormweb. If I had worn it as a veil, I could have seen all about me. It may be considered how grievous this was to me, who had all my life been used to a good rush or heather bed in my father's house, and a coverlet worked as thick as a divot. How I did long to be at home again! —Ay, many a salt tear did I shed when none out of Heaven saw but myself, and many an ardent prayer did I put up for the kind friends I left behind me. At the same time, I resolved every day and every night to have some revenge on my brutal tyrant. I cherished the feeling with delight, and was willing to undergo any hardship, so that I might see my desire fulfilled on mine enemy. An opportunity at length offered, which proved a hard trial for me.

Among many illustrious prisoners, we had no less a man than the Marquess of

Huntly; and as the Lord Chancellor was his great friend, his confinement was not severe. By the reforming party it was meant to be rigid; but by the Catholic and high-church party, quite the reverse. With them it was merely a work of necessity, and they had resolved to bring the Marquess off with flying colours, but a little time was necessary to ripen their schemes. He was a great and powerful nobleman, and had struggled against the reformers all his life, plaguing them not a little, but ran many risks of his life, notwithstanding. And had our king, with all his logic, not been, as I said, merely an old wife in resolution, he never would have suffered that obstreperous nobleman to live so long as he did; for he thought nothing of defying the king and all his power; and once, in the highlands, came against the king's forces and cut them all to pieces. He also opposed the good work of re-

formation so long and so bitterly, that the General Assembly were obliged to excommunicate him.

My forefathers being men of piety, I was bred in the strictest principles of the Reformation; consequently the Marquess of Huntly was one whom I had always regarded with terror and abhorrence; so that when I found him, as it were, under my jurisdiction, I was anything but grieved, and I thought to myself, that with God's help, we might keep him from doing more ill for a time.

But lo and behold, a commission of the lords was summoned to meet at Edinburgh, headed by young Argyll and Hamilton, and it being obvious that the interest of the reformers was to carry every thing before it, the malignant party grew terribly alarmed for the life of the old Marquess, their most powerful support, and determined on making a bold effort for his delivery. Accordingly, a deputation

of noblemen came to our worthy deputy one evening, with a written order from the Lord Chancellor for Huntly's liberation. Haggard would not obey the order, but cursed, and swore that it was a forgery, and put all the gentlemen in ward together, to stand a trial before the lords commissioners.

The Marquess's family had been allowed to visit him, for they lived in the Canon-gate, and were constantly coming and going; and that night Lady Huntly comes to me, and pretends great friendship for me, names me familiarly by name, and says that she has great respect for all the Sydeserfs. Then she says, "That deputy governor of yours is a great bear."

"We must take him for the present as he is, madam, for lack of a better," says I.

"That is very wisely and cautiously spoken of you, young gentleman," said the

Marchioness. But it *is* for lack of a better. How would you like to be Deputy Governor yourself, and to have the sole command here? I have the power to hang your scurvy master over a post before to-morrow night."

"That would be a very summary way of proceeding certainly, madam," said I.

"I can do it, and perhaps *will* do it," added she; "but in the mean time I must have a little assistance from you."

Aha! thinks I to myself, this is some popish plot. Now Bauldy Sydeserf, since ladies will have your name, take care of yourself; for well do you know that this old dame is a confirmed papist, and wide and wasteful has the scope of her malignancy been! Bauldy Sydeserf, take care of yourself.

"You do not answer me," continued she. "If you will grant me a small favour, I promise to you to have your tyrannical

master made away with, and to better your fortune one way or another."

"You are not going to murder him, I hope, please your Highness?" said I.

"Made away with from his post, I mean only," said she, "in order that one better and younger, and more genteel than he, may be endowed with it."

"Oh! is that all, madam?" said I.

"Why?" said she, "would you wish to have him assassinated? I have a hundred resolute men in my husband's interest within the castle that will do it for one word."

Being horrified for papists, I thought she was come merely to entrap me, and get my head cut off likewise; and though I confess I should not have been very sorry to have seen the Catholics wreak their fury on my brutal tyrant, I thought it most safe to fight shy. "Pray in what can I serve you, madam?" said I. "If it is by

betraying any trust committed to me, or bringing any person into danger but myself, do not ask it, for, young as I am, nothing shall induce me to comply."

"What a noble and heroic mind in one so very young! You were born to be a great man, Mr. Secretary!" said the cunning dame; "I see it, and cannot be mistaken. Pray tell me this, brave young gentleman—Is my lord's correspondence with Spain, and with the Catholic lords in 1606, in your custody?"

"They are both in my custody at present, madam," said I; "but I have no power to show you those letters, it being solely by chance that the keys happen to be in my possession. I got them to search for a certain warrant, and they have not been again demanded."

"I want to have those papers up altogether, that they may be destroyed," said she; "that is my great secret. If you

will put them into my hands to-night, you have only to name the conditions."

"I put them into your hands, madam!" said I; "Good Lord! I would not abstract those documents for all the wealth of the realm."

"Pray of what value are they?" returned she. "Of none in the world to any one, save that they may bring ruin on my lord and his family, at his approaching trial. Your wretched governor will never miss them; and if he should, the blame of losing them will fall on him."

This last remark staggered me not a little, because it was perfectly true; but I held my integrity, and begged her not to mention the subject again, for no bribe should induce me to comply: she then tossed her head, and looked offended, and added, that she was sorry I was so blind to my own interest, though I was so to the very existence of the greatest family

of my own country; and then, with an audible sigh, she left me, muttering a threat as she went out. I was so much affected by it, that I have never forgot her words or manner to this hour.

“ Oh—oh—oh! and is it thus?” said she, drawing up her silken train: “ Oh—oh—oh! and is it thus? Well, young man, you shall be the first that shall rue it;” and with that she shut the door fiercely behind her.

“ Lord preserve me from these papists!” said I, most fervently. “ What will become of me now? I would rather come under the power of the devil than under their power any time, when they have their own purposes to serve.” I however repented me of this rash saying, and prayed for forgiveness that same night. This conversation with the Marchioness made so deep an impression on my mind, that I durst not lie down on my wretched bed, but bolted my door firmly, and sat up,

thrilled with anxiety at having run my head into a noose, by offending the most potent family in the land, and one, for all its enemies, that had the greatest power. Had they been true Protestants and reformers, I would have risked my neck to have saved them; as it was, I had done my duty, and no more.

While I was sitting in this dilemma, reasoning with myself, behold a gentle tap—tap—tap came on the door. My heart leaped to my shoulder bone, and stuck so fast that I could not speak. Another attack of the papists, thought I, and that after the dead hour of midnight too! I am a gone man! Tap—tap—tap! “Come in,” said I, that is, my lips said it, but my voice absolutely refused its office; for instead of the sound coming out, it went inwards. I tried it again, like one labouring with the night-mare, and at last effected a broken sound of “come in, come in.”

“I cannot get in,” said a sweet voice

outside the door. "Pray are you in bed?"

"N—n—no," said I, "I am not in bed."

"Then open the door directly," said the same sweet voice; "I want to speak with you expressly."

"What do you wish to say?" said I.

"Open the door and you shall hear," said she.

"Jane, is that you?" said I.

"Yes, it is," said she. "You are right at last. It is indeed Jane."

"Then what the devil are you seeking here at this time of the morning?" said I, pulling back the bolts and opening the door, thinking it was our milkwoman's daughter, when behold there entered with a smile and a courtsey the most angelic being I ever saw below the sun. I at first thought she was an angel of light; a being of some purer and better world; and if I was bamboozled before, I was ten times worse now. I could not return

her elegant courtsey, for my backbone had grown as rigid as a thorn, and my neck, instead of bending forward, in token of obeisance, actually cocked backward. I am an old man now, and still I cannot help laughing at my awkward predicament, for there I stood gaping and bending, and my eyes like to leap out of my face, and fly on that of the lovely object that stood smiling before me.

“ I think you do not recollect Jane now when you see her,” said she, playfully.

“ N—n—no, ma’am,” said I, utterly confounded. “ I t—t—took you for the skudjie. I beg pardon, ma’am, but I am very muckle at a loss.”—That was my disgusting phrase, I have not forgot it.—“ I am very muckle at a loss, ma’am,” says I.

“ *Muckle* at a loss are you?” said she. “ *Verra* muckle too? That’s what you *maunna* be, honest lad.” (She was mocking me.) “ My name is Jeanie Gordon. You may, perhaps, have heard tell of Jeanie

Gordon. I am the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Huntly, and your name is, I presume, Bauldy Sydeserf. Is that it?"

I bowed assent, on which she fell into such a fit of laughter, and seemed to enjoy the sport with such zest, that I was obliged to join her, and I soon saw she had that way with her that she could make any man do just what she pleased.

"It is a snug, comfortable, sort of name," said she; "I like the name exceedingly, and I like the young gentleman that wears it still better. My mother told me that you were exceedingly genteel, sensible, and well bred! She was right. I see it—I see it. Verra muckle in the right."

My face burned to the bone at the blunder I had made, for in general I spoke English very well, with haply a little of the Aberdeen accent, and there was a little bandying of words past here that I do not perfectly recollect, but I know they were not greatly to my credit. As for

Lady Jane, she went on like a lark, changing her note every sentence; but she had that art and that winning manner with her, that never woman in this world shall again inherit in such perfection. So I thought, and so I think to this day; for even when she was mocking me, and making me blush like crimson, I could have kissed the dust of her feet. She brought on the subject of the refusal I had given her mother, ridiculed it exceedingly, flew from it again, and chatted of something else, but still as if she had that and every thing else in the nation at her control. Heaven knows how she effected her purpose, but in the course of an hour's conversation, without ever letting me perceive that she was aiming at any object, she had thoroughly impressed me with the utter insufficiency of the king in all that concerned the affairs of the State, and the uncontrollable power of the house of Huntly. "My father is too potent not

to have many enemies," said she, "and he has many, but it is not the king that he fears, but a cabal in the approaching committee of the estates. Not for himself, but for fear of the realm's peace, does he dread them; for there is not a canting hypocrite among them that dares lift his eye to Huntly. He can lead a young man to fortune, as many he has led, but how can the poor caballing lords do such a thing, when every one is scratch, scratching for some small pittance to himself. His enemies, as you know, have brought a miserable accusation against him, of hindering his vassals from hearing such ministers as they chose, and with former correspondence which was all abrogated in open court, they hope to ruin the best, the kindest, and the greatest man of the kingdom. The letters are already cancelled by law, but when subjects take the law into their own hand, right and justice

are at an end. Do you give these papers to me. You will never again have such an opportunity of doing good, and no blame can ever attach to you."

"I would willingly lay down my life for you, madam," said I, "but my honour I can never."

"Fuss! honour! said she, "your honour has no more concern in it than mine has, and not half so much. You say you would lay down your life for me, but if you would consider the venerable and valuable life which you are endangering! If you would consider the opulent and high born family which you are going to sacrifice out of mere caprice!" I could not help shedding some tears at this bitter reflection; she perceived my plight, and added, "did you ever see the nobleman whose life and domains you now have it in your power to save from the most imminent risk?" I

answered that I never had had that honour. "Come with me, then, and I will introduce you to my father," said she.

"No — no — no — ma'am!" said I, mightily flustered. "No — no — no — I would rather be excused if you please."

"What?" said she, "refuse the first step to honour that ever was proffered to you? Refuse the highest honour that a commoner can hope for, an introduction to George, Marquess of Huntly?"

"But then, ma'am, I have nothing ado with his highness," said I, "I have no favour to ask of him, and none to grant."

"Hold your peace," said she, "and if you have any wish that you and I should ever be better acquainted, come with me."

That was a settler: I could make no answer to that, for my heart was already so much overcome by the divine perfections of the lady, that I viewed her as a being of a superior nature—a creature that was

made to be adored and obeyed. She took my hand, and though, perhaps, I hung a little backward, which I think I did, I nevertheless followed on like a dog in a string. There were two guards in attendance, who, lifting their bonnets, let Lady Jane pass; but the second seized me by the breast, thrust me backward, and asked me whither I was going so fast? I was very willing to have turned, but in a moment Lady Jane had me again by the hand, and with one look she silenced the centinel. "This is the secretary of the castle," said she, "and has some arrears to settle with my father before he leaves his confinement, which he does immediately."

I had now, as I thought, got my cue, and so, brightening up, I says, "Yes, Sir, I am the secretary of the castle, and I have a right to come and go where and how I please, Sir," says I.

"The devil you have, Sir," says he.

“ Yes, the devil I have, Sir,” says I ;
“ and I will let you know, Sir——”

“ Hush,” said Lady Jane, smiling, and laying her delicate hand on my mouth, “ this is no place or time for altercation.” I, however, gave the guardsman a proud look of defiance, and squeezed some words of the same import through the lady’s fingers, to let him know whom he had to do with, for I was so proud of ’squiring Lady Jane Gordon down the stair and along the trance, that I wanted to make the fellows believe I was no small beer.

In one second after that, we were in the presence of the great Marquess of Huntly, and in one word I never have yet seen a sight so venerable, so imposing, and at the same time so commanding, as that old hero, surrounded by the ladies of his family and one of his sons whom he called Adam. I shall never forget the figure, eye, and countenance of the Marquess. He appeared to be about fourscore years of

age, though I was told afterwards that he was not so much. His hair was of a dark, glittering, silver grey, and his eyes were dark, and as piercing, haughty, and independent as those of the blue hawk. They were like the eyes of a man in the fire and impatience of youth, and yet there appeared to be a sunny gleam of kindness and generosity, blended with all the sterner qualities of human nature. If ever I saw a figure and face that indicated a mind superior to his fellow-creatures, they were those of George the first Marquess of Huntly. And more than that, he seemed almost to be adored by his family, which I have found on long experience to be a good sign of a man. Those that are daily and hourly about him are the best judges of his qualifications, and if he is not possessed of such as are estimable, he naturally loses the respect due to inherent worth. He wore a wide coat of a cinnamon colour, and he was ruffled round the shoulders and round

the hands. He received me with perfect good nature, ease, and indifference, in much the same way any gentleman would receive a neighbour's boy that had popped in on him ; and spoke of indifferent matters, sometimes to me and sometimes to his daughters. He spoke of my father and grandfather, and all the Sydeserfs that ever lived ; but I remember little that passed, for to my astonishment I found that there were two Jeanie Gordons—two young ladies so exactly the same that I thought I could have defied all the world to distinguish the one from the other. There was not a shade of difference that eye could discern, neither in stature nor complexion ; and as for their dresses, there was not a flower-knot, a flounce, nor a seam in the one that was not in the other. Every thing was precisely the same. Whenever I fixed my eyes on one, I became convinced that she was my own Lady Jane, to whom I looked for a sort

of patronage in that high community ; but if ever by chance my look rested on the face of the other, my faith began to waver, and in a very short time again my direction centered on that one. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that I had ever seen or heard of. It seems these two young ladies were twin sisters, and as they surpassed all their contemporaries of the kingdom in beauty, insomuch that they were the admiration of all that beheld them, so were they also admired by all for their singular likeness to each other. For the space of six months after they came from nursing, their parents could not distinguish them from each other, and it was suspected they had changed their names several times. But after they came home from Paris, where they were at their education for seven years, neither their father nor brothers ever knew them from each other again. They generally, at their father's request, wore favours of dif-

ferent colours on their breasts, but by changing these, and some little peculiarities of dress, they could at any time have deceived the whole family, and many a merry bout they had at cross purposes on such occasions. It was often remarked that Huntly, when fairly mistaken, would never yield, but always persisted in calling Mary—Jane, and Jane—Mary, till deceived into the right way again. So much beauty and elegance I have never seen, and never shall contemplate again; and I found that I had lost my heart. Still it was to Lady Jane that I had lost it, although I could not distinguish the one from the other.

I must now return to my narrative, taking up the story where I can, as I really never did recollect almost aught of what passed in that august presence, where one would have thought I should have remembered every thing. The Marchioness, I noticed, shewed no condescension to me,

but appeared proud, haughty, and offended; and when she spoke of me to her lord, she called me *that person*. My angel Lady Jane (whichever was she) had now lost all her jocular and flippancy of speech; there was nothing but mimness and reserve in the Marquess's presence. At length, on my proposing to retire, the Marquess addressed me something to the following purport.

“ I believe, Sir, Lady Huntly and one of my daughters have been teasing you for some old papers at present in your custody. I will not say that they might not have been of some import to me in the present crisis, but I commend your integrity and faith in the charge committed to you. You are doing what is right and proper, and whatever may be the consequence, take no more thought about the matter.”

Here Lady Jane made some remark about the great consequence of these pa-

pers, on which he subjoined rather tartly, "I tell you, Jane, I don't regard the plots of my enemies. I can now leave this place when I please, and I shall soon, very soon, be beyond their reach."

The young lady shed a flood of tears, on which I said, that if I had the Deputy Governor's permission, I would with pleasure put these papers into his Lordship's hand. "No," said he; "I would not be obliged to such a bear for them, though certain that they were to save my head."

Lady Huntly said something bitterly about asking favours of low people, but he checked her with—"No, no, Henny! not another word on the subject. You have acted quite right, young man. Good night."

I was then obliged to take myself off, which I did with one of my best bows, which was returned only by Lady Mary; all the rest remained stiff and upright in their positions. Lady Jane followed me,

saying, " I must conduct him through the guards again, else there will be bloodshed." My heart thrilled with joy. She went with me to my apartment, and then asked me, with tears in her eyes, if I was going to let that worthy and venerable nobleman suffer on a scaffold for such a trifle. I tried to reason, but my heart was lost, and I had little chance of victory; so at length I said I durst not for my life give them up, unless I instantly made my escape out of the castle. She said that was easily effected, for I should go out in her father's livery to-morrow morning, and for that part, she could conceal me for the remainder of the night; she added, that once I was out, and under Huntly's protection and *her's*—I waited for no more;—" once you *are* out, and under Huntly's protection and *mine*," said she—I flew away to the register chest, where I had seen the papers but the day before, and soon found them in two triple sealed parcels, with these

labels, HUNTLY'S TREASONABLE CORRESPONDENCE WITH SPAIN. DITTO WITH THE CATHOLICK LORDS, &c.,—and flying away with them, I put them into the hands of Lady Jane Gordon.

That was the most exquisite moment of my life—true, I had played the villain; but no matter; I have never enjoyed so happy a moment since that time. Lady Jane seized the papers with an eagerness quite indescribable—she hugged them—she did not know where to hide them, but seemed to wish them within her breast. Gratitude beamed, nay it flashed in every angelic feature, till at length unable to contain herself, she burst into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me! Yes, I neither write down a falsehood, nor exaggerate in the least degree; I say the beauty of the world, the envy of courts, and the mistress of all hearts, once, and but once, kissed my lips! kissed the lips of the then young, vain, and simple Bauldy Syderserf.

It was a dear kiss to me ! but no more of that at present.

After this rapturous display, Lady Jane looked me no more in the face, but flew from me with the prize she had obtained, bidding me good night, without looking behind her. It was evident she deemed she had got a boon of her father's life. But there was I left in my dark, hateful chamber all alone, to reflect on what I had done.

May the Lord never visit any of his faithful servants with such a measure of affliction as it was my lot that night to bear. I cannot describe it, but I think I was in a burning fever, and all for perfect terror. I had forfeited life and honour, and all to serve an old papist, the greatest enemy of the blessed work of Reformation in the whole kingdom ; and what gratitude or protection was I to expect from the adherents to that cursed profession ? Alas ! not to the extent of a grain of mus-

tard seed. Then I fell into a troubled slumber, and had such dreams of Haggard hanging me, and cutting off my head, until waking I lay groaning like one about to expire until daylight entered. I then rose and began to cast about how I should make my escape ; for I knew if I remained in my situation another day I was a gone man. The castle being a state prison at that time, there was no possibility of making an escape from it, without a warrant from the authorities ; and I had begun to patch up a speech in my defence, which I was going to deliver before my judge, as soon as the papers were missed. But then, on considering that there would as certainly be another speech to compose for the scaffold, full of confessions and prayers for my enemies, Haggard among the rest, I lost heart altogether, and fell to weeping and lamenting my hard fate.

While I was in the midst of this dilem-

ma, behold there was a sharp, surly rap came on my door. I opened it in the most vehement perturbation of spirits, and saw there for certain an officer of justice, clad in his insignia of office. "Master," says he, "is your name Mr. Secretary Side-sark?"

"Yes, Sir," says I, "that is no; my name is not Side-sark; although it sounds a little that way."

"Well, well, back or side, short or long, it makes little difference," says he; "I have a little business with you. You go with me."

"What! to prison?" says I.

"Yes, to the prison," says he; "to be sure, where else but to the prison in the *mean* time?"

"Very well, Sir," says I; "show me your warrant then," says I.

"Certainly," says he; "here is *my* warrant," and with that he turned into a

corner of the trance, and lifted a large bundle—"there it is, master; you understand me now."

"No, on my faith and honour and conscience, I do not," said I. "What warrant is that?"

"Open and see, master, open and see," said he, wiping his brow; "pray have you any thing in the house that will drink? Yes, open and see; ay, that way, that way. Now you will soon get into the heart and midriff of the mystery."

On opening the parcel, I found a splendid livery complete, of green and gold, and my heart began to vibrate to the breathings of hope. "Now, Sir, make haste," said my visitor; "make haste, make haste. You understand me; now dress yourself instantly in these habiliments, and go with me. The family waits for you. You are to walk behind Lady Jane, and carry her fardel, or mantle perhaps, or some trifle. We two shall likely be better

acquainted. My name is David Peterkin, Mr. Peterkin, you know, of course, Mr. Peterkin. I am head butler in the family, steward's butler that is. You are to be gentleman-usher to the young ladies, I presume?"

Thus his tongue went on without intermission, while I dressed myself, unable to speak many words, so uplifted was my heart. I left my clothes, linens, every thing—my key in my desk—and the key of the register-chest within the desk, lying uppermost; and bringing all the public money that was in my possession away with me, as part of my arrears of wages, I followed Mr. David Peterkin to the apartments where I had been the night before.

Huntly's power and interest had been very great in the State at that time, notwithstanding his religious tenets, of which the popular party, his sworn enemies, made a mighty handle, in order to ruin him. They had got him seized and lodged

in the castle, thinking to bring him to his trial, at which fair play was not intended, but he had the interest to procure the Lord Chancellor's warrant for the removal of himself and suite from the castle, without lett or hindrance, on condition that he confined himself three weeks to his own house in the Canongate, to wait the charges brought against him. Haggard, the deputy-governor, who was the tool of the other party, refused to act on this warrant, pretending it was forged; but the very next day Huntly's interest again prevailed. He was not only liberated, but the outrageous Haggard was seized and lodged in gaol, on what grounds I never heard exactly explained. Indeed it was long ere I knew that such an event had taken place, and if I had, it would have saved me a world of terror and trouble.

I followed the family of Huntly to the Canongate, but to my grief found that I had nothing to do save to eat and drink.

I was grieved exceedingly at this, weening that they had no trust to put in me ; as how could they well, considering that I had come into their service by playing the rogue. I kept myself exceedingly close, for fear of being seized for the malversation committed in the castle, and never went out of doors, save when the young ladies did, which was but seldom. A great deal of company flocked to the house. It was never empty from morning to night ; for my part, I thought there had not been so many nobility and gentry in the whole kingdom, as came to pay court to the Marquess, his sons, his lady, and his daughters ; for all of them had their suitors, and that without number. That house was truly like the court of a sovereign ; and there were so many grooms, retainers, and attendants of one kind and another, that to this hour I never knew how many there were of us. We were an idle, dissipated, loquacious set, talking without intermis-

sion, and never talking any thing but nonsense, low conceits, ribaldry, and all manner of bad things ; and there neither was man nor woman among them all that had half the education of myself. I would have left the family in a short time, had it not been for one extraordinary circumstance— I was in love with my mistress ! Yes, as deeply in love with Lady Jane Gordon as ever man was with maid, from the days of Jacob and Rachel unto this day on which I write. I had likewise strong hopes of reciprocal affection, and ultimate success ; but an humble dependant as I then was, how could I declare my love, or how reward my mistress, if accepted ? No matter. A man cannot help that strongest of all passions. For my part, I never attempted it ; but finding myself too far gone in love to retreat, I resolved to give my passion full swing, and love with all my heart and soul, which I did. Strange as it may appear, I loved only Lady Jane,—

she that embraced me, and gave me a kiss,—but yet I never could learn to distinguish her from her sister; and I was almost sure that whenever I began to declare my passion, I was to do it to the wrong one. I hated Lord Gordon, her eldest brother, who was the proudest man I had ever seen, and dreaded that he never would consent to an union between his sister and one of the Sydeserfs. I was sure he would shoot me, or try to do it, but thought there might be means found of keeping out of his way, or of giving him as good as he gave. Lady Jane Gordon I was determined to attempt, and her I was determined to have.

All this time I heard no word from the castle, and began to be a little more at my ease; still I never ventured out of doors, save once or twice that I followed the young ladies, for I always attached myself to them, and to Lady Jane, as far as I could distinguish. Having saved a share

of money in the castle, I ordered a suit of clothes befitting a gentleman, and whenever a great dinner occurred, I dressed myself in that, and took my station behind Lady Jane's chair, but without offering to put my hand to anything. Lord Gordon, or Enzie as they called him, noted me one day, and after I went out, enquired who I was. This was told me by one of the valets. Neither the Marquess nor Lady Huntly answered a word, but both seemed a little in the fidgets at the query; but Lady Jane, after glancing round the whole apartment, answered her brother, that I was a young gentleman, a man of education and good qualities, who had done *her* a signal piece of service. That I had since that time attached myself to the family, but they did not choose to put me to any menial employment. On this the proud spirit of Lord Enzie rose, and he first jeered his angelic sister spitefully for requiring secret pieces of service from

young gentlemen and men of education ; and then he cursed me and all such hangers-on.

I never was so proud of any speech in the world as that of Lady Jane's, which made my blood rise still the more at the pride and arrogance of Lord Gordon ; and I hoped some time in my life to be able to chastise him in part for his insolence. Whether or not these hopes were realized, I leave to all who read this memoir to judge.

Shortly after that, Lady Jane went out to walk one fine day, with her brother Lord Adam Gordon ; I followed, as I was wont, at a respectful distance, clad in my splendid livery. In the royal bounds east of the palace, Lord Adam had noted me, for I saw him and his sister talking and looking back to me alternately. He was the reverse of his elder brother, being an easy, good-natured, and gentlemanly being as ever was born, with no great headpiece as

far as I ever could learn. Lady Jane called me up to her, and asked me if we could pass over to the chapel on the hill at the nearest. I saw Lord Adam eyeing me with the most intense curiosity, as I thought, which made me blush like crimson; but I answered her ladyship readily enough, and in proper English, without a bit of the Aberdeen brogue. I said, "I can't tell, Lady Jane, as I never crossed there, but I suppose it is quite practicable."

"Humph!" exclaimed Lord Adam, rather surprised at so direct and proper an answer.

"Then will you be so good as carry this fur mantle for me, Mr. Archibald?" said she, "as I propose to climb the hill with Auchendoun."

"Yes, Lady Jane," said I.

"But will it not warm you too much?" added she. "Because, if it will, I'll make my brother Adam carry it piece about with you."

I could make no answer, I was so overcome with delight at hearing that she put me on an equality with her brother; but taking the splendid mantle from her, I folded it neatly, took it over my arm, and took my respectful distance again. It was not long before the two were stopped by the extreme wetness of the bog, on which Lady Jane turned back; Lord Adam took hold of her, and would not let her, but wanted to drag her into the bog. She struggled with him playfully, and then called on me. "This unreasonable man will insist on my wading through this mire," said she; "pray, Mr. Archibald, could you find me a few steps, or contrive any way of taking me over dry shod."

"Yes, I can, Lady Jane," said I, throwing off my strong shoes, and setting them down at her ladyship's feet in one moment.

"Humph!" said Lord Adam, more surprised at my cleverness and good breeding than ever.

I believe she meant me to have carried her over in my arms, a practice very common in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh then. I believed so at the time, but I contrived a far more genteel and respectful method. She put on the shoes above her fine ones, smiling with approbation, and stepped over dry and clean, while I was obliged to wade over in my white stockings, which gave them an appearance as if I had on short boots. As soon as she got over to the dry hill, she returned me my shoes, thanked me, and said I was a much more gallant man than Auchendoun, who had so small a share of it, that she was sure he would live and die an old bachelor; but that *I would not*.

It is impossible at this time of life, when my blood is thin, and the fire of youth burning low, to describe the intensity of my love, my joy, and my delight after this auspicious adventure. I walked on springs—I moved in air—the earth

was too vulgar for my foot to tread on, and I felt as if mounting to the clouds of heaven, and traversing the regions and spheres above the walks of mortality. Yea, though clothed in a livery, and carrying her cloak over my arm, (vile badges of slavery!)—though walking all alone, and far behind the object of all my earthly hopes, I remember I went on repeating these words to myself, “She is mine! she is mine! The flower of all the world is my own! She loves me, she adores me! I see it in her eyes, her smile, her every feature; that beam only foretastes of heaven and happiness! She shall yet be mine! to walk by my side! smile in my face when there is none to see! rest in my bosom, and be to me as a daughter! O that it were given me to do some great and marvellous action, to make me worthy of so much gentleness and beauty!”

In this strain did I go on till it came to my reflection that she was older than me,

and that I had no time for the performance of any of these great actions, as all the young noblemen of the three kingdoms were at cutting one another's throats about her and her sister already. This was a potion so bitter that I could not swallow it, nevertheless I was compelled to do it, and then I lifted up my voice and wept.

I was three weeks in the family before I knew that the whole of its members were confirmed papists, and Huntly himself an excommunicated person, given over to Satan; and grievously was I shocked and tormented about it; particularly to think of the beautiful, angelic, and immaculate Lady Jane being a proselyte to that exploded, idolatrous, and damning creed. For my life, I could not think the less of her for this misfortune; for she was indeed all gentleness, kindness, and humanity; but I deplored her calamity, and resolved to spend life and blood to

effect her conversion to the truth, and then I knew the consolation she would experience would knit her inviolably to me for ever. Full of this great scheme, I set to the studying night and day how I might accomplish my purpose, but my plans were deranged for the present by an announcement that the family was to remove to the highlands; in consequence of which all was bustle and confusion for several days.

The day of our departure at length arrived, and that was such a cavalcade as Scotland hath but rarely witnessed, when the Gordons rode out at the west port of Edinburgh. The Marquess wanted to show a little of his power, and to crow over his enemies that day, for he had no less than forty noblemen in his company, including the sons of earls, every one of whom had numerous attendants, while he himself had five hundred gallant yeomen of Strathbogie as a guard. The gentle-

men rode all in armour, and the ladies on palfreys, and without doubt it was a noble sight. As we rode through the Grass-market, the crowd was excessive, and there was some disposition manifested of an attack on the noble family, which was very unpopular among the true reformers of that period; but we appeared in such strength that they durst do nothing but stand and gaze, while the adherents of the old principles rent the air with shouts of applause.

I had for my steed a good black country nag, with a white girth round his neck. He was lean, but high spirited, and I made a considerable figure among the multitude. After we were fairly out of the town, the ladies did not keep all together, but rode in pairs or mixed with the gentlemen. I then formed the design of watching an opportunity and slipping a religious letter that I had penned into Lady Jane's hand; but I watched in vain, for she was the

whole day surrounded by suitors, every one striving to get a word of her; so that I felt myself as nobody among that splendid group, and fell into great despondency. The more so, that I thought I discovered one who was a favourite above all others that day. He was tall, comely, and rode a French steed of uncommon beauty and dimensions, and being seldom or never from her side, I perceived a triumph in his eyes that was not to be borne; but I was obliged to contain my chagrin, not being able to accomplish any thing for the present.

[Mr. Sydeserf then goes on to relate every circumstance attending their journey, and the places at which they halted, which narrative is tedious enough, for he seems neither to have been in the confidence of masters nor servants. He complains greatly of want of accommodation and victuals by the way, and adds, that as for the troopers and common attendants, he could not discover what they subsisted

on, for he neither perceived that they got any allowance, or that they had any victuals along with them. The only thing worth copying in the journal (and it is scarcely so) is his account of a dinner which appears to have been at Glamis Castle, and the pickle David Peterkin was in for meat and drink.]

At Perth, we lodged at a palace of our own, (I am ignorant what palace this was,) but it was not stored with dainties, like our house in Edinburgh. All the establishments of the town were ransacked for viands, and a good deal of fish and oaten meal were procured; nevertheless the people were very hungry, and every thing vanished as fast as presented. Of the whole group there was not one so badly off as my old friend, Mr. David Peterkin, who could not live without a liberal supply of meat and drink, although, honest man, he was not very nice with regard to quality. The Marquess dined at

one, the head attendants at half-past one, and the lower servants at two, with David Peterkin at their head; but this day it was five before the first class sat down, and by the eager way in which the various portions were devoured, I saw there would not be much left for the second table, not looking so far forward as the third. At our table, every remnant of fish, fowl, meat, and venison vanished; the bones were picked as clean as peeled wood, and even the oatmeal soup went very low in the bickers. I could not help then noting the flabby and altered features of poor Peterkin, as he eyed the last fragment of every good bit reaved from his longing palate. His cadaverous looks were really pitiful, for he was so much overcome that his voice had actually forsaken him, and I have reason to believe, that saving a little gruel, he and his associates got nothing.

The next night we were at the castle of old Lord Lyon, where I witnessed a

curious scene, at least it was a curious scene to me. The dinner was served in a long dark hall, in which the one end could not be seen from the other, and the people took all their places, but nothing was set down. After the nobility were placed, two orderly constables came down among us, and pulling and wheeling us rudely by the shoulders, pointed out to us our various places. Down we sat, hurry-scurry, lords, ladies, servants, all in the same apartment, but all in due rank and subordination. Thinks I to myself, Lord Huntly will not like this arrangement, and Lady Huntly will like it still worse; but casting my eyes toward him at the head of the board, I never saw the old hero in better humour, and the suavity or sternness of his countenance spread always like magic over all that came within its influence, consequently, I knew at once that that would be a pleasant party. It was the first time I had sat at table with my mistress, and I being

among the uppermost retainers, my distance from her was not very great. I was so near as to hear many compliments paid to her beauty, but how poor they were compared with the idea that I had of her perfections.

To return to the dinner. The two officers with white sticks having returned back to our host, he inquired at them if all was ready, and then a chaplain arose, and said a homily in Latin. Still nothing was presented save a few platters set before the nobility, and David Peterkin being placed within my view, I looked at him, and never beheld a face of such hungry and ghastly astonishment. Presently, two strong men, with broad blue bonnets on their heads, come in, bearing an immense roasted side of an ox on a wooden server, like a baxter's board, and this they placed across the table at the head. Then there was such slashing and cutting and jingling of gullies, helping this and the other.

From the moment the side of beef made its appearance, David Peterkin's tongue began to wag. I looked to him again, and his countenance was changed from a cadaverous white into a healthy yellow, and he was speaking first to the one side then the other, and following every observation of his own with a hearty laugh. The two men and the broad bonnets kept always heaving the board downward until it came by the broad part of the table, and then there were no more wooden plates or knives. At first I thought our board was sanded over as I had seen the floors in Edinburgh, which I thought would be very inconvenient, but on observing again, I found that it was strewed thickly over with coarse salt. Then a carver-general supplied every man with his piece, with a dispatch that was almost inconceivable, and he always looked at every one before he cut off his morsel. When he eyed Peterkin, he cut

him a half-kidney, fat and all, with a joint of the back. How I saw him kneading it on the salted board! After the carver and beef, came one with a bent knife two feet in length, and cut every man's piece across, dividing it into four, then leaving him to make the best of it he could. A board of wedders, cut into quarters, was the next service, and the third course was one of venison and fowls, but that passed not by the broad table. After the first service, strong drink was handed round in large wooden dishes with two handles, and every man was allowed as much as he could take at a draught, but not to renew it; the same the next service, and thus ended our dinner. The party was uncommonly facetious, owing, I was sure, to the Marquess's good humour, which never for an instant forsook him, and convinced me that he had often been in similar situations. I enjoyed it exceedingly; but every thing came on me

by surprise, and the last was the most disagreeable of all. No sooner had we taken our last sup above mentioned, than the two imperious constables with the long white staves came and turned us out with as little ceremony as they set us down, hitting such as were unmindful of their warning a yerk with their sticks. They actually drove us out before them like a herd of highland cattle; and then the nobility and gentry closed around the broad table for an evening's enjoyment.

I never felt the degrading shackles of servitude and dependency so much as I did at that instant. To be placed at table with my mistress, with her whom I loved above all the world; to eat of the same food, and drink of the same cup, and then, when it suited the convenience of my superiors in rank, (though in nothing else,) and of my rivals, to be driven from her presence like a highland bullock, and struck

on the shoulders with a peeled stick! Why, Sirs, it was more than the spirit within a Sydeserf could brook! and but for love—imperious love—but for the circumstance that I was utterly unable to tear myself away from the object of my devotion, I would never have submitted to such humiliation, or the chance of it, a second time.

[On the Marquess and his retinue reaching Huntly Castle, it appears from the narrative that by some mutual understanding, all the gentlemen visitors withdrew, and left the family at leisure for some great preparation, the purport of which Mr. Sydeserf was utterly at a loss to comprehend; but it freed him of his rivals in love, and afforded him numerous opportunities of divulging the hidden passion that devoured him. Every day he attempted something, and every attempt proved alike futile; so that to copy the narration of them all would be endless.

But at length he accomplished his great master-stroke of getting his religious epistle into Lady Jane's hands by stratagem, which, he says, was filled with professions of the most ardent esteem and anxiety about her soul's well-being, and with every argument that ever had been used by man for her conversion from popery. While waiting, with the deepest anxiety, the effect of this epistle, things were fast drawing to a crisis with him, therefore a few of the final incidents must be given in his own words.]

Some days elapsed before I noted any difference in her manner and disposition; but then I saw a depth and solemnity of thought beginning to settle on her lovely countenance. I then knew the truth was beginning to work within her, and I rendered thanks to heaven for the bright and precious prospect before me, regretting that I had not subscribed my name to the momentous composition. She now began

to retire every day to a little bower on the banks of the Deveron, for the purpose, as I was at first positively convinced, of pouring out her soul in prayer and supplication, at the footstool of Grace. As soon as I found out her retreat, I went and kissed the ground on which she had been kneeling, I know not how oft. I then prostrated myself on the same sanctified spot, and prayed for her conversion; and also, I must confess, that the flower of all the world might in time become my own. I then spent the afternoon in culling all the beautiful flowers of the wood, the heath, and the meadow, with which I bedded and garnished the spot in a most sumptuous manner, arranging all the purple flowers in the form of a cross, which I hung on the back of the bower, so as to front her as she entered, thinking to myself, that since the epistle had opened the gates of her heart, this device should scale its very citadel. I could not sleep

on the following night ; so arising early, I went to the bower, and found every thing as I had left it. My heart had nigh failed me at the greatness of the attempt, but not doubting its ultimate success, I let every thing remain.

Then a thought struck me how exquisite a treat it would be to witness the effect of my stratagem unseen. This was easy to be done, as the bower was surrounded by an impervious thicket, so I set about it and formed myself a den close behind the bower, cutting a small opening through the leaves and branches, that without the possibility of being seen, I might see into the middle of her retreat. I thought the hour of her arrival would never come, and my situation and sufferings were dreadful. At length the entrance to the bower darkened, and on peeping through my opening, I saw the lovely vision standing in manifest astonishment. Her foot was so light that no sound for the listening ear

escaped from the sward where that foot trode. She came like a heavenly vision, too beautiful and too pure for human hand to touch, or even for human eye to look on; and there she stood in the entrance to the bower, the emblem of holy amazement. My breast felt as it would rend at both my sides with the pangs of love, and my head as if a hive of bees had settled on it. As soon as her eye traced the purple cross, she instantly kneeled before it, and bowed her head to the ground in prayer; but her prayer was the effusion of the soul, few words being expressed audibly, and those at considerable intervals. In these intervals she appeared to be kissing the cross of flowers; but I was not positive of this, for I saw but indistinctly; she then took a small picture of some favourite sweetheart from her bosom, looked at it with deep concern and affection, kissed it, and put it again in its place. This grieved me, but I took notice of the

mounting of jewels round the miniature so as that I was certain of knowing it again, and curious I was to see it.

She then sat for a space in the most calm and beatific contemplation, and I shall never forget the comeliness of that face as she looked about on the beauties of nature. How fain I would have dashed through the thicket and embraced her feet and kissed them, but my modesty overcame me, and I durst not for my life so much as stir a finger; so she went away, and I emerged from my hole.

My head being full of my adventure, I dressed up the bower anew with flowers that night; and as I lay in my bed, I formed the bold resolution of breaking in upon her retirement, casting myself at her feet, and making known to her my woful state. I resolved also to ravish a kiss of her hand,—nay, I am not sure but I presumed further, for I once or twice thought, have not I as good a right to

kiss her as she had to kiss me? So the next day I did not betake myself to my concealment, but waited till she was gone, and until I thought she had time to finish her devotions, and then I went boldly on the same track, to cast myself on her pity and learn my fate. Alas! before I reached the bower my knees refused to carry me, every joint grew feeble, my heart sunk into my loins, and instead of accomplishing my glorious feats of love, I walked by the entrance to the bower without so much as daring to cast my eyes into it.— I walked on, and in a short time I saw her leave it with a hurried step.

That evening, when I went to dress up the bower, behold I found the picture which I had before seen, and a small ebony cross which she had left in her perturbation at being discovered and having her sanctuary broken in upon. I seized the picture eagerly, to see if I could discover the name or features of my rival,

but behold it was the image of the Virgin Mary, with these blasphemous words attached to it—MOTHER OF GOD, REMEMBER ME! I almost fainted with horror at this downright idolatry in one of the most amiable of human beings, and for once thought within my heart, Is it possible that a God of mercy and love will cast away a masterpiece of his creation because she has been brought up in error, and knows no better? It was but a passing thought and a sinful one, for I knew that truth alone could be truth; yet though I deplored the lady's misfortune, I loved her rather the better than the worse for it, for my love was seasoned with a pity of the most tender and affectionate nature.

I put these sinful relics carefully up in my pocket, determined to have a fair bout with the conscience and good sense of their owner at the delivery of them. But the next day she cheated me, going to her bower by a circuitous route, and about

an hour and a half earlier than she was wont, for she had missed her costly relics, and been quite impatient about them. I discovered that she was there, and knew not how to do to come in contact with her. But I was always a man of fair and honourable shifts ; so I went and turned a drove of the Marquess's fat bullocks into the side of the Deveron to get a drink, for the day was very warm. The animals were pampered and outrageous, but still more terrible in appearance than reality ; and now Lady Jane could not return home in any other way than either by wading the stream, or coming through the middle of the herd, neither of which she durst do for her life. Now, thinks I, my dear lady, I shall make you blythe of my assistance once more. So I concealed myself, keeping in view the path by which she was necessitated to emerge from the wood ; she appeared once or twice among the bushes, but durst not so much as come

nigh the stile. I kept my station, but was harassed by Lady Jane's maid coming to look after her mistress, who had been longer than her usual time absent.

“Go away hame, you giglet,” said I. “The lady is without doubt at her devotions. I am watching lest she fall among these dangerous animals. A fine hand you would be to conduct her through them. Go away hame, and mind your broidery and your seam.”

“Oh mee gracioso Monsieur Longshirte,” said the French taupie, “how monstrouse crabeede you are dis day! Me do tink you be for de word of de pretty bride yourself. Ah you sly doag, is it not soa? Ha! come tell me all about it, cood Monsieur de Longshirte;” and with that she came and placed herself close down beside me; I was nettled to death, and knew not what way to get quit of her.

“Go away hame, I tell you, you foreign coquette,” said I, as good-naturedly as I

could ; “ you mouse-trap, you gillie-gawkie, I say go away hame.”

“ How very droll you be, good Monsieur de Longshirte,” said she ; “ but de very night before one you called me de sweet sweet rose, and de lilly, and de beautiful maamoselle Le Mebene ; and now I am de giglet, and trap-de-moose, and gillygawky ! And den it vas come, come, come wid me sweet Le Mebene ; but now it is go, go home vid you de French coquette ! How very droll you be, kind Monsieur Longshirte.”

After a great deal of tattle of the same sort, and finding it impossible to get rid of her, I ran off and left her, ensconcing myself in the middle of the herd of bullocks. I did not want to hear any recapitulations of idle chit-chat. Domestic in high life have ways and manners not much to boast of, and my heart was set on higher game. So I fled from the allurements of a designing woman into the fellowship of the

bulls of Bashan. They gathered round me, staring with their great goggle eyes, and made a humming noise as if to encourage one another to the attack, but none seemed to have courage to be the first beginner, but always as their choler rose to a height, they attacked one another either in sport or real earnest, and altogether they made a hideous uproar. Le Meben fled towards the castle, and afraid that she would raise the affray, I was forced to proceed to the only entrance by which Lady Jane could emerge from the wood, and cutting myself a great kebir, I took my stand there, and whistled a spring with great glee to keep my courage up, and let my mistress hear that her protector was at hand.

She was not slack in taking the hint, for she came to me with a hurried step, and a certain wildness in her looks that showed great trepidation. She commended me for my attention, blessed me,

and took my hand in hers, which I felt to be trembling. This I took to be the manifestation of an ardent and concealed love, and seizing it in both mine, I kissed it, kneeling at her feet; at the same time beginning a speech which I choose not here to relate; till looking up I perceived a blush on her face. I believe to this day it was the blush of restrained affection, but at the moment it had the effect of sealing my lips, having taken it for the red frown of displeasure.

“Do not mar the high sentiments I entertain of you, Mr. Archibald,” said she.

“My esteem for you is such, honoured lady,” said I, “that it knows no boundaries either in time or eternity.”

“I know it, I know it, young man,” said she, interrupting me again: “you have put my faith sorely to the test; but, blessed be the Mother of our Lord, I have overcome.”

My heart trembled within me with a

mixture of grief and awe, love and disappointment, and I lost the only chance ever I had of working the conversion of that most angelic of women, by sinking into utter silence before her eye. She seized the opportunity by momentarily reverting to her critical and dangerous situation, and asked if I durst undertake to conduct her through the herd?

I shouldered my great stick, answered in the affirmative, and assured her it was only a sense of her imminent danger that had brought me there.

“There is nothing in this world for which I have such a horror as bulls,” said she. “They are the most ferocious of all animals, and so many accidents occur every season from their untameable fierceness, that I declare my blood runs cold to encounter their very looks.”

The animals, as far as I understood, were oxen, not bulls, but I chose not to give the lie to a lady’s discernment, and

acquiesced with her in affirming that our country contained no animals so dangerous and terrible, and I added, "But what does the heart and arm of man fear, when put to the test in defence of beauty?"

"Bravo!" said she, "lead on, and God be our shield!"

I offered my protecting hand, but she declined it and took shelter behind me. She was covered with a tartan mantle, the prevailing colour of which was a bright scarlet, a colour which provokes the fury of these animals, but which circumstance was then unknown to me. They came on us with open mouths, bellowing and scraping with their fore feet on the earth, and always as they gazed at us the reflection of the mantle made their eyes as of a bloody red. I thought the animals were gone mad altogether, and never was so terrified from the day that I was born. Lady Jane clung to me, sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other, utter-

ing every now and then a smothered scream, and looked as pale as if she had been wrapt in her winding sheet.

“No fear, no fear, madam,” said I. “They had better keep their distance. Stand off, you ugly dog! stand off!” and I shouldered my tree. “Stand off, or I will teach you better manners.” No, they would not stand off, but in place of that came nearer and nearer, until they had us so completely beleaguered that we could neither advance nor retreat. “Collie choke a bull,” cried I, trying every method to disperse our adversaries, but trying them all in vain. I gave us up for lost, and I fear Lady Jane beheld my changing cheer, for she actually grew frantic with terror, and screamed aloud for assistance, as from some other quarter.

It was now high time for me to repent of my stratagem of the bullocks, which I did in good sincerity, and made a vow to

God in my heart, if he would but deliver me, thenceforward to act openly and candidly with all mankind, and womankind into the bargain. I made this experiment the more readily that Lady Jane was at the same time calling on the Holy Virgin, on whose intercession having no manner of reliance, but dreading the vengeance of Heaven for such palpable idolatry, I put up such a petition as a Christian ought, and sealed it with a vow. When lo! wonderful to relate! the outrageous animals fell a tossing their heads and tails in a wild and frantic manner, and in one minute they galloped off in every direction, as if under the influence of some charm. They cocked their heads, rolled their tails up in the air, and ran as if for a prize; some of them plunging into the Deveron, and others dashing into the woods. Our relief was instantaneous. I say nothing but the truth, and deny not that the phe-

nomenon might have been accounted for in a natural way, therefore, as a humble sinner, I take no merit to myself, but describe things precisely as they occurred. Whether the animals only came to gaze at us for their amusement, and started off simultaneously in pursuit of some higher fun, or if an army of hornets was sent by heaven to our relief, I pretend not at this distance of time to determine. But sorry have I been a thousand times that I could not keep that vow made in my greatest extremity. The times in which I have lived rendered it impracticable. Every thing was to be done by plot and stratagem, and he that could not yield his mind to such expedients was left in the lurch. True, it was a sin to break my vow, nevertheless it was a sin of necessity, and one of which I was compelled to be guilty every day. May the Lord pardon the transgressions of his erring servant!

One would have thought that now,

when our danger was clean gone, Lady Jane would have brightened up; but, in place of that, she grew quite faint and leaned on my arm without being able to speak. I bore her on for some time with great difficulty, and at last was obliged to let her sink to the earth, where for some time I had the ineffable delight of supporting her head on my bosom; and so much was I overcome with violent emotion, that for a long time I could not stir to attempt any means for her recovery. At length I judged it necessary to my credit to attempt something, so I cut the lacings of her stays, and soon after that she recovered.

I had not well raised her up, and was still supporting her with both my arms, when on an instant her brother, the Lord Gordon, and the Marquess of Douglas, appeared close at our hands. I expected Lady Jane to faint again, but the surprise acted like electricity on her, and

after an alternate blush of the rose and paleness of the lily, she quite recovered. Madam Meben had raised the alarm in the family, and the two lords came on the look out for her who was the darling of the whole house. But the proud eye of Enzie burnt with rage as he approached us. He had seen me rise first myself, raise the lady in my arms, and support her for a small space on the way, and it was manifest that his jealous nature was aroused, and that if it had not been for the presence of Lord Douglas, he would have run me through the body. I'll never forget the look he gave me when he threw me from his sister's side, and took my place. As for the attack made on her by bulls, as she related it, and of her fainting away, I could perceive that he regarded it all as a made up story, and thought more than he chose to express.

Lady Enzie was not at Castle Huntly on our arrival there from Edinburgh;

for the castle being then in ruins, and our residence only temporary barracks, we remained at our own home till about this time of which I am writing, when she came on a visit. Her maiden name was Lady Anne Campbell, she being eldest sister to the good Earl of Argyle; she had been married at an early age, and now looked like an old woman; her health and heart being both broken. She had been compelled to marry into a Catholic family, in order to effect some mighty coalition in the highlands which failed, and I fear she had little pleasure of her life, for her husband was the sworn enemy of her house, and a perfect demon in pride and irritability. She was a true Protestant, and had all the inherent good qualities of her noble lineage;—she had learned to temporize with those of a different persuasion, and all her sisters-in-law loved her with great tenderness and affection.

Now it so fell out that my religious epistle to Lady Jane had troubled that lady a great deal, and put her Catholic principles sore to the rack; therefore as a grateful present to her Protestant sister, she put the writing into her hands, at which she was greatly amazed, and not less delighted, testifying the strongest desire to forward the views of the writer. By what means this paper fell into her husband's hands, I do not know, but so it did, and I suspect, its history along with it. He had been jealous of my attentions to his sister of late, and this bold attempt at her conversion raised that jealousy to an exorbitant pitch. So one evening when I was standing in a circle of an hundred men and women, listening to a band of music, out comes Lord Enzie with my identical paper in his hand. I had heard of his lady's high approbation, and judged that now the time was come for my advancement; and though I would

rather have taken it from any other nobleman in the kingdom, yet knowing my epistle afar off by its form, I resolved on acknowledging it. It was a holiday, and we were all clothed in our best robes, when out comes the haughty and redoubted George Gordon, Lord of Enzie and Badenach, into the midst of us, and reading the address and superscription of the paper, he held it up and enquired if any in the circle could inform him who was the author of such a sublime production. Judging that to be my time, I stepped forward, kneeled on the green at my Lord Enzie's feet, and acknowledged myself the unworthy author: on which the proud aristocrat struck me unmercifully on the shoulders and head with his cane, accompanying his blows with a volley of the most opprobrious epithets. I was altogether unarmed, otherwise I would have made a corpse of the tyrant; so I fled backward and said, "My Lord, you

shall rue what you have now done the longest day you have to live. Do you know whom you have struck?"

"Know whom I have struck? Puppy! vagabond!" exclaimed he, and breaking at me, he struck me with such violence that he knocked me down. I fell quite insensible; but he had inflicted many kicks and blows on me after I was down, which I felt for many a day; and, as I was informed, dashed my epistle in my face, and left me lying.

When I came to myself, I was lying in a bed in the house of a poor weaver in the village, and a surgeon was dressing my head, which was fractured. I was extremely ill, and the violence of my rage at Lord Enzie made my distemper a great deal the worse.

As soon as I was able, I wrote to the Marquess complaining of the usage I had received in recompense for all I had ventured for him. He was a man of the

highest honour, and sent me a sum of money with an assurance that he would provide for me in a way that suited both my talents and inclination. He regretted what his son had done, whom no man could keep in bounds, but was willing to make me all the reparation that lay in his power, which I should soon see; so I was obliged to keep my humble bed and wait the issue.

A few days subsequent to that, I was visited by Lady Enzie and Lady Jane Gordon, who both condoled with me in a most affectionate manner, and reprobated the outrage committed by Lord Enzie, who had the day before that set off for France on some military expedition. After a great deal of kind commiseration, Lady Enzie said, "The plain truth is, clerk Archimbald, that you can never rise to eminence either in my husband's family, or under the patronage of any of its members, for (begging my lovely sister's pardon)

every one of that family are Catholics at heart, however they may have been compelled to disguise their sentiments, and they will never raise a man to wealth or power who is not confirmed in their own religious tenets. It is a part of their principle rather to retard him. But to my brother, the Lord Argyle, you will be quite a treasure. You will instruct his two noble sons in the principles of the reformed religion, for which no young man in the kingdom is so well fitted; learn them the art of composition in the English tongue; travel with them into foreign parts, and form their hearts and their minds to follow after truth. Or you can assist my brother in his great plans of furthering the Reformation. If you consent to this arrangement, as soon as you are able to travel, I will dispatch you to my brother with a letter which will ensure your good reception."

I testified my obligation to her lady-

ship, but added that I loved my young mistress and her father so well, I had no heart to leave them.

“The old Marquess, my father-in-law, is one of the noblest characters that ever bore the image of his Maker,” said she, “but he is necessarily on the verge of life; and then under my husband, your hopes are but small. As for Jane, she leaves her father’s house immediately as bride to a young Catholic lord, who would not have a Protestant in his family for half his estate.”

Here my heart sank within me, and I could not answer a word.

Lady Enzie went on. “In order that you may not refuse my offer, I tell you some of the secrets of the family without leave, of which I know you will make no ill use. These two young dames, so far celebrated for their beauty; as they were born on the same day, and christened on the same day, so they are to be wedded

on the same day, and in the same church; the one to a Scottish, the other to an Irish nobleman. Poor Lady Jane is destined for Ireland, to worship St. Patrick and the Virgin Mary, in a due preparation for purgatory as long as she lives."

"I'll go to the Earl of Argyle to-morrow or the next day at the furthest," said I.

The two ladies applauded my resolution, settling their plans between them, but seeing me unfit for further conversation they took their leave. Lady Jane gave me her hand and bade me farewell,—but I retained that dear hand in mine and could not part with it, neither did she attempt to force it away.—"Stay still with us a few moments, Lady Gordon," said I, "for I have something to give my young mistress before we part for ever."

"What have you to give me, Archy?" said Lady Jane.

"I have to give you first my blessing," said I, "and, afterwards, something you

will value more. Farewell, most lovely and fascinating of all thy race. May the Almighty God, who made thee so beautiful, make thee as eminently good, and endow thy mind with those beauties that shall never decay. And may he fit and prepare thee for whatever is his will concerning thee, for conjugal bliss or sorrow of heart:—for life, for death, for time, or for eternity.”

“Amen!” said both ladies, bowing,—
“and may thy blessings return double on thy own head.”

“I will henceforth revere thy religion for thy own sake,” continued I, “for the tenets that have formed such a mind must have something of heaven in them. May you be beloved through life as you are loving and sincere, and may your children grow up around you the ornaments of our nature, as you have yourself been its greatest. For me, bereaved as I hence must be of the light of your countenance,

—I care no more what fortune betide me, for I must always be like a blind man, longing for the light of that sun he is never more to see. Of this be sure, that there is always one who will never forget you, and of whose good wishes and prayers you shall through life have a share. And now here are some relics, too precious in your sight, which I fain would have ground to powder, and stamped the residue with my feet, but seeing the line that Providence has marked out for you, I restore them, and trust you to the mercy of Him who was born of a virgin.”

So saying, I gave into her hands the graven image of the Virgin, and the purple cross set with gold and diamonds, on which she gave me a last embrace, while tears of gratitude choked her utterance, on which Lady Enzie hurried her out, and left me a being as forlorn of heart as any that the light of heaven visited.

[Thus ended the Baillie's first love, which

seems to have been most ardent and sincere, yet chastened by that respect due to one so much his superior. This he never seems to take into account; the reason of which appears to be, that when he acted these things, he was in a very different line of life than when he wrote of them, and felt that at this latter time he was very nigh to Lady Jane's rank in life.

We must now skip over more than a hundred pages of his memoirs, as affording little that is new or amusing. He was engaged by the Earl of Argyle as his secretary, and assisted that nobleman with all his power and cunning, in bringing about a reformation, both in Church and State. He was likewise tutor to his two sons, and went over to Holland with Lord Lorn, and afterwards to London with Lord Neil Campbell; but in the tedious details of these matters, although there is a portion of good sense, or sly speciousness in its place, yet there is very little of it so

much better than the rest as to be worth extracting. There is one anecdote which he pretends to give from report, which appears not a little puzzling. He says :

“ While at this place (Armaddie) there were strange reports from Huntly Castle reached mine ears. The two lovely twin Gordons were married on the same day to two widowers, but both young and gallant gentlemen, Lady Mary to the Marquess of Douglas, and Lady Jane to Lord Strathbane ; (who in the world was this ?) but on the evening of the wedding, the latter missed his bride, and following her out to her bower, he found her in company with a strange gentleman, who was kneeling and clasping her knees ; on which Lord Strathbane rushed forward, and ran the aggressor through the body with his sword. The utmost confusion arose about the castle. Lady Jane fainted, and went out of one fit into another, but would never tell who that gentleman was, deny-

ing all knowledge of him. The body was likewise instantaneously removed, so that it was no more seen; but Lord Strathbane, supposing he had committed a murder, fled that night, and the marriage was not consummated for full seven weeks. The story was never rightly cleared up."

We do not much wonder at it, considering how quickly the body, or rather the wounded gentleman, made his escape; but even at this distance of time, we have a shrewd suspicion that it might be the Baillie himself, especially as he says in another place—"The Marquess (of Argyle) would fain have had me putting on sword-armour that day, both for the protection of my own person, and for the encouragement of the covenanters. *But by reason of a wound in my right side, which I got by accident more than a dozen of years before, I could never brook armour of any sort,*" &c.

The getting of this wound is never mentioned, and we find by his own confused dates, that the marriages he mentions took place about twelve years previous to this engagement of which he is speaking; so that, without much straining, I think we may set down the Baillie as the strange gentleman whom the jealous bridegroom ran through the body in the wood.

There is another incident he records which marks in no ordinary degree the aristocratic tyranny of that day.]

When I arrived at Edinburgh, says he, I still felt a little suspicion that the affair of the castle would come against me, and the first thing I did was to make enquiry who was deputy governor of the fortress at the time being, and what was become of the former one, my old tyrant, Haggard. I soon found out that Ludovico Gordon, one of the house of Huntly, occupied that station, so that there I was quite safe; but how was I amazed at finding that Huntly's influence

had actually brought Haggard to the gallows,—at least, so far on the way that he then lay under condemnation. Whether it was through fear of the history of the papers that I stole being discovered, or merely out of revenge for some small indignity offered, I know not, but the Marquess and the rest of the Catholic party got him indicted. The other prevailing party did not think it worth their while to defend him, and so the fellow strappèd. But the oddest circumstance of the matter was, that my disappearance from the castle was made one of the principal reasons for bringing on his condemnation. It was proved to the satisfaction of the judges, that he had frequently threatened me with his utmost vengeance, to have me whipped and hung at the flag-staff, &c.—and that I had disappeared all at once in the dead of the night, while all my clothes, even to my shirt and nightcap, were found lying in my chamber next day,

so that there was no doubt I had been made away with, in order to cover his embezzlement of the public monies. Haggard was in great indignation at the charge, but not being able to prove aught to the contrary, the plea was admitted, and he was cast for execution,—a circumstance not much accounted of in those days.

I was greatly tickled with this piece of information, and he having been the man who, of all others, used me the worst, save Lord Gordon, or Enzie, as he was called, so I resolved never either to forgive the one or the other. Of course I made no efforts towards a mitigation of the brute Haggard's sentence.

His execution had been fixed for the 26th of May, but before that period, I had been called express to Stirling on the Marquess's business, in order to further the correspondence on the Antrim expedition, of which Argyle, my patron, was in great

terror. However, I took a horse on the 25th, and riding all night, reached the Grass Market in good time to see the ruffian pay kane for all his cruelties and acts of injustice; and from that day forth, I was impressed with a notion that Providence would not suffer any man to escape with impunity who had wronged me, and inherited my curse and malison. I had done nothing against Haggard, saving that at one time I had wished ill to him in my heart, and now, behold, I saw even more than my heart's desire on mine enemy. I enjoyed the sight a good deal, nor was I to blame;—a man should always do that which is just and proper. I never saw such a wo-begone wretched being as he looked on the scaffold;—no man could have believed that a character so dissipated and outrageous could ever have been reduced to such a thing of despair. He harangued the multitude at great length, and in my opinion, to very

little purpose,—merely, I was persuaded, for the purpose of gaining a few more minutes of miserable existence.—Again and again did he assert his innocence relating to the murder of the young man commonly called Clerk Archibald, wished well to the Marquess of Huntly, and prayed for his forgiveness.

During the time of this harangue, and when it drew nigh to a close, I chanced to come in contact with Mr. Alexander Hume, baker, with whom I had some settlements to make while I was in the castle. He was one whom I esteemed as an honourable man, and I could not help speaking to him, asking how he did?—and what he thought of this affair? He answered me in some confusion, so that I perceived he did not know me,—or was greatly at a loss to comprehend how I should be there. Judging it, therefore, as well to be quit of him, I made off a little, but he stuck by me, and the crowd being so great, I could

not get away, for I was close to the foot of the gallows.

“Think of it, squire?” said he, “Why, I suppose I think of it as others do; that the fellow was a rascal, and brought himself under the lash of the law, and is suffering justly the penalty of his iniquities. Our judges are just, you know, and our exactors righteous—do you not think the same?”

“You had a good deal of business with Haggard, Mr. Hume,” says I, “and must know. Did you find him an arrant rascal in his dealings?”

“No—I do not say so, I was not called to give oath to that effect, and if I had, I could not have sworn he was.”

“Then you know that, as to the murder, he *must* have been innocent of that.”

“How?—What?—How can you prove that? Good and blessed Virgin, is not this Clerk Archy himself?”

I nodded assent, when he seized my

hand as if it had been in a vice, and went on without suffering me to rejoin a word—“How are you? Where have you been? You have been kidnapped, then? Come this way—this way, a wee bit. Colonel Haggard! Hilloa, Colonel, speak to me, will ye.”

The Colonel had taken farewell of the world, of the sun and the moon, and the stars, and the spires of Edinburgh castle. The bedesman and executioner were both sick of his monotonous harangues, and waited with impatience the moment when he should give the signal. Still he had not power, and at that terrible crisis Hume fell a bawling out to him,—“Hilloa, Colonel, speak to me, will ye, speak to me just for a wee bit—hilloa, you there, Mr. Sherriff and Mr. Chaplain, loose the Colonel’s een, will ye?”

The sheriff shook his head, on which Hume saw there was not a moment to lose, and having resolved to save Hag-

gard's life, merely, I dare say, for the novelty of the thing, he called aloud to the sheriff to stop the execution till he, Mr. Hume, spoke a word in his ear. With that he sprung to the ladder with an agility of which no man would have supposed him possessed,—the sheriff beckoned the centinel to let him pass, on which he intimated something very shortly to that dignitary, and flew to the prisoner, who, poor man! stood with his eyes covered, the tow about his neck, his hands hanging pendulous, and the fingers of the right one closed on the signal with the grasp of death. The officious baker, who seemed to have lost his reason for a space, instantly fell to relieving the culprit, turned the napkin up from his eyes, and would also have loosed the tow from about his craig had he been permitted, and all the while he was speaking as fast as his tongue could deliver. I could not hear all he said, but these were some of the words,—

“ It’s a fact that I tell you, Sir, look to yoursel—he’s stannin there at the fit of the gallows. You’re a betrayed man, Sir. See, there he is, Sir, looking you in the face, and witnessing the whole affair.—Mind yoursel, Sir, for, Holy Virgin! there’s nae time to lose, ye ken.”

The poor wretch tried to look and to find me out in the crowd, but he only stared, and I could easily perceive that he saw nothing, or at least distinguished no one object from another,—his eyes were like those of a dead person, casting no reflection inwardly on the soul. Mr. Hume, as I said, in the height of his officiousness, had begun unloosing the cord from about the convict’s neck, but was withstood by the executioner. That was a droll scene, and contributed no little to the amusement of the tag-rag and bob-tail part of the citizens of Edinburgh. “ Let abee, Sir,” said the executioner; “ wha baud ye tak that trubble.—Naeboddy’s fingers touch

tow here but mine, onest man. Stand back, an it be your wull. Who the muckle deevil are ye?"

"Wha im I, Sir!" cried the baker,—
 "Wha im I, say ye?—My name, Sir, is Alexander Hume, I'm one o' the auld baillies, and deacon convener o' the five trades o' the bee Calton, a better kind man than you, Mr. Hangie, or ony that ever belanged to you, an' never kend for ony ill yet,—mair than some focks can say! Wha am *I* troth!—Cornel look to yoursel, Sir, or you 're a murdered man.—I'll stand by you, I like to see a man get justice."

The poor colonel, judging it necessary to do or say something for himself in this extremity, appeared like a man struggling in a horrible dream, but his senses being quite benumbed, he could only take up the baker's hint, and a bad business he made of it, for he began with—

"O good Christian people, it is true, it is true. I am a murdered man!—an in-

nocent murdered man!—And as a proof of it, the man whom I murdered is standing here looking me in the face and laughing at my calamity. And is not this, good Christians, such usage as flesh and blood cannot endure?—to be murdered by spiteful papists and enemies,—murdered in cold blood!—O murder!—murder!—*murder!*”

“G—’s curse, what’s all this for!” exclaimed the hangman, and turned the poor wretch off. The baker called out, “Stop, stop!” and caught wildly at the rope, but he was taken into custody, and the colonel, after a few wallops, expired. In an hour after, I left the city to attend the Marquess’s business, but the matter caused a great deal of speechification in Edinburgh for a season, the most part of the lieges trowing that it had been my ghost that the baker had seen at the foot of the gallows; for it was affirmed that my naked corpse had been taken from a well in the

castle along with other two bodies, all murdered by Haggard. I did not believe that Haggard murdered one of them; me, I was sure, he did not murder, and I was very glad that it was so.

[Argyle, as the head and chief of the reformers, now carried every thing before him; and we find that, principally for political purposes, he placed the Baillie in Edinburgh as a great wine and brandy merchant, and by that means got him elected into the council of the city, where he seems to have had great influence both with ministers and magistrates. The king nominating the baillies then, Argyle or Huntly, precisely as their parties prevailed, had nothing further to do than go to the king, or the commissioners after the king's restraint, and bring down the list, in which case the honourable council seems never to have objected to any of those named; but if we take the Baillie's word

for it, he seems to have been a conscientious man, for he says :]

From the time I entered the council, I considered myself as acting for others. Not for others, abstract from myself, but at all events, for others besides myself; and oftentimes was I greatly puzzled to forward the views of my party without injuring my own interest. I determined to support the reformers against all opposition, but the first time I was in the council and the magistracy, we were sorely kept in check by the great influence of the old Marquess of Huntly. The combined lords would gladly have brought him to the scaffold, for he was a bar in their progress which it was impossible to get over. I believe there was never a nobleman in Scotland who had so many enemies, and those so inveterate; but his friends being so much attached to him, on the other hand, the Protestant party could make little progress as long

as he lived. I felt this, and though I had the offer of being made Lord Provost, and knighted in 1633, I declined the honour, and retired from the magistracy until I saw a more favourable season for furthering the views of the reformers, and of my own great and amiable patron in particular. Besides, I really had such a respect for the old Marquess, papist as I believed him to be at heart, that I could not join in the conspiracies against him which I heard broached by one or other every day. I could not bear to see the noble old veteran dogged to death, which was the real cause why I left co-operating with the violent part of the reformers for several years. I never refused Argyle's suggestions, but those of all others I received with great caution.

In the beginning of the year 1635, the worthy old Marquess was again brought before the council, on a charge of harassing and wasting the lands of his Protestant

neighbours. I attended the examinations of the witnesses, and was convinced in my mind that the Marquess had no hand in the depredations complained of. True he had not punished the aggressors, but that I considered no capital charge; and was grieved when I saw him shut up once more in close confinement in the castle, in the very same apartment from whence I had before been the means of delivering him. Then a fair trial by jury was instituted, and among all the forty-eight nominated by the sheriff, there was not one to my knowledge who was not of the party opposed to Huntly. Though ever so zealous in forwarding the reformation, I did not like to see it forwarded by unjust means; for in such cases, men can hardly expect the blessing of heaven to attend their labours. There were only four commoners named as jurymen, and I being chosen and sworn, as one of the most staunch reformers, yet I determined within myself to give my

voice for nothing of which I was not fully convinced. Wariston's indictment represented the old Marquess as the most notorious tyrant and offender living. He was accused of murder, fire-raising, and every breach of order,—and all the witnesses sworn, spoke to the same purpose; but there were two, Major Creighton and John Hay, whom, as a juryman, I took the liberty of questioning over again. The Marquess looked fiercely at me, quite mistaking my motive; nor did I at all explain myself then, but being chosen foreman of the jury, as I knew I would, I refused to retire till I heard three men of the Gordons shortly examined, and then I made it clear to the jurymen, on our retiring, that Major Creighton and Mr. John Hay had both man-sworn themselves, for that neither the Marquess nor one of his family had been proved in the foray; and as for Patrick Gordon, who had been proven there, it was *almost* proven that he could

not possibly have had instructions from Huntly.

I then put the question, first to Sir William Dick, a just man and a good, who at once gave his voice—*not guilty*. My coadjutors were thunderstruck, for they all knew we were placed there to condemn the Marquess of Huntly, not to justify him. The next in order tried to reason the matter over again with Dick and me, but got into a passion, and at length voted guilty. Several followed on the same side, and it was merely the influence which Sir William and I possessed in the city, and with the reformers in particular, that caused some of those present to vote the Marquess not guilty,—now when they found they had their greatest opponent in their power. I was certain they thought there was some scheme or plot under it, which they did not comprehend, and that Sir William Dick and I were managing it, whereas we had nothing at heart but

justice. Our point was awhile very doubtful, so much so, that I feared the Marquess was lost, which would have been a great stain on our court of justice; but every thing was managed by intrigue, and the power or advantage of one party over another was the ruling cause that produced the effect.

When the vote came to Baillie Anderson, of Leith, I looked in his face. I saw he was going to vote guilty in support of our faction, but I gave him a look that staggered him, and I repeated it at every turn of his eye. He called the state of the vote to gain time; then I saw that Patie durst not vote against me, and accordingly his voice decided it by one.

I then returned joyfully into the court with the state of the vote in my hand, and said, "My lord, the jury by a plurality of voices find George Gordon, Marquess of Huntly—Not Guilty." Never did I see a whole bench so astounded;

the matter had been settled and over again settled with them all, and the justice's clerk had composed, it was said, a condemning speech of so tremendous a nature, that it was to astonish all the nations of the world, and even convert the Pope of Rome; but I baulked them all for once, and my lord justice clerk's speech was lost.

The Marquess had had a powerful party in the house, all desponding; for when the sentence of the jury was heard, the voices of the audience rose gradually to a tumult of applause, at which the judges were highly offended; but the old hero, turning round, and bowing to the crowd with the tear in his eye, the thunders of approbation were redoubled. I never rejoiced more, nor was prouder of any thing than of the brave old peer's acquittal, and I perceived that his feelings nearly overcame him. He looked at me with an unstable and palsied look, as if striving in

vain to recognise me ; but that very afternoon he sent his chariot to my house, with a kind request that I would visit him, which I did, and found himself surrounded by the chief men of his clan, all crazed with joy, and almost ready to worship me. He shewed them the state of the vote with pride, proving that my two votes and influence saved his life. I did not deny it, but acknowledged that I had striven hard for it, and at one time had given him up for lost. I then told him the story of Patie Anderson, at which he laughed very heartily, but still he did not recognise me as his old attendant.

At length, when we were going to part, he said, “ You have indeed saved my life, Baillie, from a combination of my inveterate enemies, and if ever it lie in my power to confer a benefit on you or yours, you shall not need to ask it, but only find means of letting me know of such a thing.”

“ I have saved your life before now, my lord,” said I ; “ and though I got no reward then, nor look for any now, yet if it lie in my power I would do the same again.”

He looked unsteadily and anxiously at me, and bit his lips, as if struggling with former reminiscences ; and I then noted with pain, for the first time, how much the old chief was altered. He seemed, both in body and mind, no more than the wreck of what he once was.

“ I think I remember the name,” said he ; “ but it is so long ago, and my memory is so often at fault now-a-days. Yet the name is a singular one. Are you not brother to the Bishop of Galloway ?”

“ I am, my lord,” returned I ; “ and the same who risked his honour and his neck in saving your life from imminent danger, the last time you were a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle. You cannot have forgot that adventure?—at least I never shall.”

“ I remember every circumstance of it quite well,” said he; “ and I thought you were the man, or nearly connected with him; but I thought it degrading to you to allude to it. I could not believe that the young adventurer who escaped with me, and followed me to the North, could now be the first man in Edinburgh, both in influence and respectability. Well, I cannot help being struck at the singularity of this case. It is very remarkable that I should have been twice indebted for my life to one who had no interest in preserving it, and in whom I took no interest. I fear I requited you very indifferently, for as I remember nothing of our parting, I am sure I must have used you very ill.”

“ Your son used me very ill, my lord,” said I; “ yea, behaved to me in a most brutal manner; but I never attached any of the blame of that to your lordship. Be assured that I shall live to pay him back

in his own coin; and that with interest. None have ever yet escaped me, either for a good turn or a bad one. As for you, my lord, I have always admired your character for bravery and for honour; and, dreaded as you are by the party whose principles I have espoused, yet I scorned to see you wronged and persecuted to the death. You and I are quits, my lord, but not so with your son Enzie."

"George is a hot-headed, obstinate fool," said he. "But no more of that. I leave him to take care of himself. In the mean time, you shall accompany me to the North once more, and I will let you see some little difference about Castle Huntly since the last time you saw it. I want to introduce my deliverer to all my friends."

"I fear I shall lose credit with my own party if I attach myself thus closely to your lordship," said I. "I have already astounded them a good deal by my efforts

for your acquittal, and must not bick at them altogether.”

“ I understand, I understand,” said he, thoughtfully. “ Well what may alter the view I took of the matter. But I really wish it had been otherwise, and that you had gone. It might—it *should* have turned out for your good.”

“ Nay, my lord, I am not established here on a foundation so shallow as to fear any party for an act of justice. I will think of your invitation, and probably accept of it.”

I then took my leave, for I saw the old man like to drop from his chair with frailty and fatigue of spirits. He squeezed my hand, and held it for a good while in his without speaking, and he could not so much as say good night when I went away. I saw now that he was fast waning away from this life; and judging from his manner, that he meant to do me some favour, I judged it prudent to put

myself in the way, and accompany his lordship home. I was never a man greedy of substance, but I account every man to blame who keeps himself out of fortune's way; so the very next day I called on his lordship, but he was confined to bed, and engaged with two notaries; therefore I saw him not. He grew worse and worse, and I was afraid he never would see Castle Huntly again. It was in the spring of 1636 that the abovementioned trial and acquittal took place; and about the beginning of summer, the Marquess supposing himself better, requested the fulfilment of my promise, and again repeated that it should be for my good. I did not think him better, for I thought him fast descending to the grave, as he looked very ill, and had the lines of death deeply indented on his face; but judging that it might be requisite for my behoof that he should be home before his demise, to arrange and sign some documents, I

urged his departure very much, and as an inducement, stated that unless he went immediately, I could not accompany him, nor see him in the North for the space of a whole year.

Accordingly we set out, as far as I remember, on the 3d of June; but we made poor speed, for the Marquess could not bear his chariot to go much faster than at a snail's pace, and only on the most level ways. So, after a wearisome course, we arrived at Dundee on the 10th, and the next day the Marquess could not be removed. There were none of his family but one son-in-law of our retinue, and I was applied to for every thing, so that I had a poor time of it. "Ask the baillie." "Enquire at the baillie." "The baillie must procure us this thing and the other thing;" was in every body's mouth. Had I been six baillies, not to say men, I could not have performed all that was expected of me.

I had now lost all hope of my legacy,

and would gladly have been quit of my charge, but could not think to leave the old hero in so forlorn a state; for Lord Douglas having posted on to Castle Huntly, I had the sole charge, as it were, of the dying man. I rode with him in his chariot the last day he was on the road; after that, he took all his cordials from my hand, and on the afternoon of the 13th, he died in my arms in the house of Mr. Robert Murray, a gentleman of that place; for though his lady had arrived the day before, she was so ill, she could not sit up.

He was a hero to the last, and had no more dread of death than of a night's quiet repose; but I was convinced he died a true Catholic, for all so often as he had been compelled to renounce his religion by the Committee of Estates and the General Assembly.

Mr. Bannerman and Mr. Stewart, two notaries public, arrived from Edinburgh,

and took charge of the papers and deeds which the deceased carried with him. I wanted to return home, but these gentlemen dissuaded me, and I confess that some distant hopes of emolument prevailed on me to await that splendid funeral, which certainly surpassed all I have ever yet beheld, and which I shall now attempt to describe as truly as a frail memory retains it.

[The Baillie's description of the funeral procession from Dundee to the cathedral at Elgin, is minute and tedious; but if true, it is utterly astonishing in such an age of anarchy and confusion. Some part of the management of the charities having been assigned by appointment to the Baillie, his old friend Lord Gordon of Enzie, now the Marquess of Huntly, and he, came once more in contact. But honest Archy, now being head baillie and chief moving spring in the council and city of Edinburgh, and in the hope of be-

ing Lord Provost next year, all by the influence of Argyle, also a privileged man, went through his department without taking the least notice of the heir and chief of the family for whom he was acting; but the Marquess discovered in the end who he was and all their former connection, and certainly treated him scurvily. I must copy his account of this.]

On the Tuesday following, the will and testament of the late Marquess was read in the great hall, and all the servants and officers were suffered to be present; but when the new Marquess cast his eyes on me, he asked "what was my business there?"

I answered "that his lordship would perceive that by and by; and that at all events I had as good a right to be there as others of his father's old servants;" and being a little nettled, I said what, perhaps, I should not have said, "for," added I, "it is possible that neither

yourself nor any of them ever had the honour of twice saving your father's life as I have had."

"You saved my father's life, Sir? You saved *my* father's life?" said he, disdainfully. "You never had the power, Sir, to save the life of one of my father's cats. Leave the mansion immediately. I know you well for a traitor and a spy of the house of Argyle."

A sign from Mr. Bannerman, the agent, now brought me up to him, before I ventured a reply. He gave me a hint of something that shall be nameless, and at the same time waved me toward the door, that the Marquess might think I was ordered out by the notary as well as himself. So I went toward the hall door, and before going out, I turned and said—

"This castle and hall are your own, my lord, and you must be obeyed. I am therefore compelled reluctantly to retire,

but before going, I order you, Mr. Robert Bannerman and Mr. Robert Stewart, again to close up these documents, and proceed no farther; no, not so much as in reading another word until you do it in my house in Edinburgh, before a committee of the lords of session."

The Marquess laughed aloud, while his face burnt with indignation; but to his astonishment the men of law began folding up their papers at my behest.

"Gentlemen, pray go on with the business in hand," said he; "sure you are not going to be silenced by this mad and self-important citizen?"

The men, after some jangle of law terms, declared they could not go on but in my presence, as I was both a principal legatee, and a trustee on many charities and funds. The great man's intolerable pride was hurt; he grew pale with displeasure; and as far as I could judge, he was within an hair's breadth of ordering

his marshal to seize both the men and their papers, and myself into the bargain. The men thought so too, for they began enlarging on the will being registered and inviolable, save by a breach of all law and decorum; and that same Dame Decorum at length came to the proud aristocrat's aid, and with a low bow, and a sneer of scorn on his countenance, he pointed to one of the chairs of state, and requested me to be seated.

I did as I was desired, for in a great man's presence, I accounted it always the worst of manners to object to his request, and I saw by the faces of the assembly, that I had more friends, at that moment, than the new-made Marquess himself.

Well; the men went on with the disposal of lands, rents, and fees; all of which seemed to give great satisfaction, till they came to the very last codicil, wherein the late worthy Marquess bequeathed to me his palace in the Canongate with all that

it contained; and all because I had, at two different times, saved him from an immediate and disgraceful death. It has been alleged by some that I have been a proud and conceited man all my life; but it is well known to my friends that the reverse of this is the truth. I never was, however, so proud of worldly recommendation and worldly honours, as I was at that moment. Mr. Stewart, who was then reading, when he came to the clause, made a loud hem, as if clearing his voice, and then went on in a louder tone.

“ I give, leave, and bequeath to the worthy and honourable Baillie Archibald Sydeserf, my house in the Canongate, with all its appurtenances, entrances, and offices, and all within and without the houses that belongeth to me, save and except the two stables above the water gate, and the bed of state in the southern room, all of which were presents from the Duke of Chatelherault, my grandfather, to me and

mine, and must therefore be retained in my family. The rest I bequeath, &c., &c., to the worthy Mr. Sydeserf, and all for having twice, of his own accord and free will, and without any hope of reward, farther than the love of honour and the approbation of a good conscience, delivered me from immediate death by the hands of my implacable enemies.”

I confess when I heard this read out in a strong, mellow and affecting tone, I could not resist crying; the tears ran down my cheeks, and I was obliged to dight them with my sleeve, and snifter like a whipped boy. I at length ventured to lift my eyes through tears to the face of the new Marquess, sure of now spying symptoms of a congenial feeling; but instead of that, I perceived his face turned half aside, while he was literally gnawing his lip in pride and vexation; and when the clerk had finished, he said with a burst of breath, as if apostrophizing him-

self—"I'll be d——d if he shall ever inherit it, or ought that it contains."

Now the devil is in this man, thought I. Surely the spirit that worketh in the children of disobedience hath taken full and free possession of his haughty mind, else he could never be so void of all respect both for the dead and living.

After this proud exclamation there was a pause. "Humph!" said the clerk; "humph!" said a dozen and more of voices throughout the hall. "Humph!" said I, by way of winding up the growl, and gave my head a significant nod, as much as if I had said, "We'll see about that, my lord." My heart again burnt within me, and I resolved once more to be even with this haughty chief, if ever it lay in my power.

I lodged that night in the town of Huntly, waiting on Messrs. Bannerman and Stewart, for we had conjointly hired a guard to attend us to Aberdeen; but in

the middle of the night my landlord came in to me with a crazed look, and asked me if I was sleeping; I said "yes." "Then," said he, "you must waken yourself up as fast as you can, for there is a gentleman in the house who has called expressly to see you. For God's sake, sir, make haste and come to him."

"A gentleman called on me!" said I; "pray, sir, who takes it on him to disturb me, a stranger, at these untimeous hours? Tell him I'll see him to-morrow as early as he likes."

"Oh, God bless your honour, it is to-morrow already," said mine host with apparent trepidation, "and therefore you must come to him without a moment's delay."

"What is the matter, sir?" said I. "Who is it?—what is the matter?"

"Oh, it is one of the chieftains of the Gordons," said he; "and that you will

find. I know very well who it is, but as to what is the matter, there you puzzle me; for unless it be some duel business, I cannot conceive what it is. All that I can come at is, that your life is in danger—hope you have not offended any of the Gordons, sir?”

“I will not leave my room, sir, at this untimeous hour,” said I, rather too much agitated. “It is my domicile for the present, and I debar all intrusions. If it is on an affair of duelling, you may tell the gentleman that I fight no duels. I am a magistrate, a Christian, and an elder of the reformed Church, and therefore it does not become such a man as me to fight duels.”

“God bless your honour,” said the fellow, laughing with the voice of a highland bull. “Come and tell all this to the gentleman himself, I am no judge of such matters. An elder of the reformed Church

are you? What church is that? Are you for the king or the covenant? I should like to know, for all depends on that here."

I have forgot what answer I made to this, for while I was speaking, a furious rap came on my chamber door; I was so much alarmed that I could neither breathe nor speak for a short space, nevertheless I took the matter with that calm resolution that became a man and a magistrate.

"Yes, sir, yes; coming, sir," cried mine host. Then whispering me—"for mercy's sake get up and come away, sir," said he; and he actually took hold of my wrist, and began a-pulling to bring me over the bed. I resisted with the resolution of keeping my ground, but a voice of thunder called outside the door, "George, you dog, why don't you bring the gentleman away as I orderèd you?"

"He will not come, sir. He'll not stir a foot," said the landlord.

“ But he must come, and that without a moment’s delay,” said the same tremendous voice.

“ I told him so, sir,” said the landlord ; “ but for all that he will not stir. The gentleman, sir, is a magistrate, and an elder of the reformed kirk, and never fights any duels.”

“ G—d’s everlasting curse !” cried the impatient monster, and burst open the door. He was a man of gigantic stature, between sixty and seventy years of age, and covered with a suit of heavy armour. “ I’ll tell you what it is, sir,” said he ; “ you must either arise on the instant, and dress yourself and come along with me, else I will be under the disagreeable necessity of carrying you off as you are. Don’t ask a single question, nor make a single remark, for there is not a moment to lose.”

“ Well, well, sir, since it must be so, it shall be as you desire,” said I, rising and

dressing myself with perfect coolness. I even joked about the Gordons, and their summary mode of proceeding with strangers; and hinted at some of the late decrees in counsel against them.

“The Gordons care very little what is decreed against them in Edinburgh,” replied he; “particularly by a set of paltry innovators.”

“I fear they are much altered for the worse since I lived among them,” said I.

“It is the times that are altered for the worse, and not we,” said he. “The character of men must conform to their circumstances, Mr. Sydeserf. Of that you have had some experience, and you will have more ere long.”

He said this in a sullen and thoughtful mood, and I was confounded at thinking whereto all this tended, though I was certain it could not be towards good. The most probable conjecture I could form was, that the Marquess had sent for me, either

to shut me up in one of the vaults of the old castle, or throw me off the bridge into the river, to let me know how to speak to a Gordon in the hows of Strathbogie. But there was no alternative for the present; so I marched down stairs before the venerable and majestic warrior, in perfect good humour; and lo, and behold! when I went to the door, there was a whole company of cavalry, well mounted, with drawn swords in their hands, and my horse standing saddled in the midst of them, held by a trooper standing on foot.

“ Good morrow to you, gentlemen,” said I heartily.

“ Good morrow, sir,” growled a few voices in return.

“ Now mount, sir, mount,” said the chief of this warlike horde; I did so, and away we rode I knew not whither.

It was about the darkest time of a summer night when we set out, but the night being quite short, it soon began to

grow light, and I then could not but admire the figure of the old chieftain, who still kept by my left hand and at the head of the cavalcade. He appeared sullen and thoughtful, was clad in complete heavy armour, rode with his drawn sword in his hand, a pair of pistols in his belt, and a pair of tremendous horse pistols slung at his saddle-bow. He appeared likewise to be constantly on the look-out, as if afraid of a surprise; but all this while I took matters so coolly, that I never so much as enquired where he was conveying me.

However, about the sun rising, to my great wonder, I came into the ancient town of Inverary, which I knew at first sight, and in which I had friends. This was the very way I wanted to go, and could not comprehend to what fate I was destined. We halted behind a thicket on the right bank of the way, and a scout was sent into the town, who instantly

returned with the information that it was occupied by a party of the rebels. How heartily I wished myself in the hands and power of these same rebels ; but such a thing was not to be suffered. The veteran ordered his troop to make ready for a charge, and putting me from his right hand into the middle of the body, he made choice of some of his friends to support him, and we went into the town at a sharp trot. No man meddled with us, but we saw there was a confusion in the town, and people running as if mad here and there. However, when we came to the old bridge over the Don, it was guarded, and a party of infantry were forming on the other side. To force the bridge was impossible, for scarcely could two troopers ride abreast on it, and they had scaffolds on each side, from which they could have killed every man of us. I was terrified lest our leader should have attempted it, for he hesitated ; but, wheeling to the left,

he took the ford. The party then opened a brisk fire on us, and several of the Gordons fell, one of them among my horse's feet, to my great hazard. I thought the men were mad, for I could not at all see what reason they had for fighting, and am certain a simple explanation on either side would have prevented it. The Gordons rode out of the river full drive on the faces of their enemies, discharged their carabines and pistols, though not with much effect, as far as I could judge, for few of the party fell; however, they all fled toward a wood on a rising ground close by, and a few were cut down before they entered it. From that they fired in safety on the Gordons, who were terribly indignant, but were obliged to draw off, at which I was exceedingly glad, for I expected every moment for more than an hour to be shot, without having it in my power either to fight or flee.

We rode into Kintore, and the old

veteran, placing a guard at each end of the town, led me to the hostel along with six of his chief men and friends, and entertained us graciously. The strong drink cheered up his grave and severe visage, and I thought I never saw a face of more interest. All men may judge of my utter amazement, when he addressed me in a set speech to the following purport.

“No wonder that my heart is heavy to-day, worthy sir; hem! I have had a most disagreeable part to perform.”—I trembled.—“So I have, hem! I have lost my chief, who was as a brother, a father to me from my childhood,—who was a bulwark around his friends, and the terror of his enemies. Scotland shall never again behold such a nobleman as my late brave kinsman and chief. You may then judge with what feelings I regard you, when I tell you that I have met you before, though you remember me not. I was in the mock court of justice that day when the

old hero was tried by a jury of his sworn enemies, and when your unexampled energy, honour, and influence alone saved his life. I met you at his house that evening, and had the pleasure of embracing you once. I had nothing to bestow on you but my sword; but I vowed to myself that night, that if ever you needed it, it should be drawn in your defence. The usage you received yesterday cut me to the heart. I heard more than I will utter. Lord Gordon is now my chief, and I will fight for him while I have a drop of blood to spend; but he shall never be backed by old Alexander Gordon in any cause that is unjust. I neither say that your life was in imminent danger, nor that it was not; but I trembled for it, and resolved to make sure work. You are now out of the territory of the Gordons, and lose not a moment's time until you are fairly in Edinburgh. You will find some there from Castle Huntly before you.

It cuts me to the heart that I should ever have been obliged to do a deed in opposition to the inclinations and even the commands of my chief—but what I have done I have done. Farewell; and God be your speed. You and old Glen-bucket may haply meet again.”

My heart was so full that I could not express myself, and it was probably as well that I did not make too great a palaver; for I merely said in return, that there was nothing in nature that I revered or admired so much as a due respect for the memory of the good and the great that had been removed from this scene of things; and on that ground principally I took this act of his as the very highest compliment that could have been paid me.

[The Baillie then hasted to Edinburgh, where he found matters going grievously to his injury. His party had combined against him, in the full persuasion that he had joined the adverse side, and for

all his former interest, he could never force himself forward again until Argyle's return from London. The Marquess of Huntly had moreover taken possession of his father's house, and shut the doors of it in the Baillie's face, and then a litigation ensued, which perhaps more than any thing renovated his influence once more in the city.

Argyle never lost sight of his dependant's interest, and appears to have paid a deference to him that really goes far to establish the position which the Baillie always takes in the estimation of himself. There is, at all events, one thing for which he cannot be too much praised. The king had been accustomed to nominate the Provost and Baillie of Edinburgh each year. From this we may infer, that some favourite nobleman engaged in the administration of Scottish affairs, and who had some object to gain in and through the magistrates of Edinburgh, gave the king

in such list as he wanted, and then that his Majesty signed this list, and sent it to the counsel, with order to choose their men. The Baillie was the first man to withstand this arbitrary procedure, and he carried his point, not perhaps by the fairest and most open means, but he *did* gain it, which was a privilege of high moment to the city, if the inhabitants had made a good use of it; but the tricks of one party against another were not more prevalent, nor more debasing, than it appears they are at this day of boasted freedom and enlargement; only the nobles had then to canvass for the magistrates, whereas the magistrates have now to canvass for themselves. But in fact, some of the Baillie's narratives, if copied, would be regarded as satires on the proceedings of the present age.

We shall therefore pass over this part of the memoirs, and proceed to one of

greater import, which commences with the beginning of the civil wars in Scotland. The Baillie had taken the covenant at an early period, and continued firm and true to that great bond of reformation. The great Montrose was, it seems, at one time, a strenuous covenanter; for the Baillie says he was present at St. Andrew's when the said Montrose swore the covenant; and that there was a number of gentlemen and noblemen took it on the same day of April 1737, and that forthwith he began to raise men in his own country, all of whom he forced to take the covenant before they were embodied in his army.]

The Marquess of Huntly, continues the Baillie, having raised an army in the North, for the avowed purpose of crushing the covenanters, I was very strenuous at that meeting that they should take him in time, and rather carry the war into his own country than suffer

him to wreak his pride and vengeance on his covenanting neighbours. The thing being agreed to, the gentlemen of Fife and Angus instantly set about raising men, and I returned to Edinburgh, and engaging Sir William Dick, the lord provost, and all the counsel in the same cause, in the course of nine days we raised a hundred and seventy-two men, whom I undertook to lead to our colonel, which I did with the assistance of two good officers—but I had a captain that was worse than nobody.

If it had not been for Lieutenant Thorburn, who had served abroad, these men would never have been kept in subordination by me, for they were mostly ragamuffins of the lowest order; drinkers, swearers, and frequenters of brothels; and I having the purse a-keeping, never engaged in such a charge in my life. Truly I thought shame of our city covenanters, for

they were a very bad-looking set of men. They had good arms, which they did not well know how to use, but save a cap they had no other uniform. Some had no shoes, and some had shoes without hose, while others had no clothing at all save a ragged coat and apron. We lodged a night at Inverkeithing, and there being no chaplain, I said prayers with them, and desired to see them all at worship again by six in the morning. I then paid them at the rate of half a merk a-piece for two days. But next morning at the appointed time, of my whole army only thirteen appeared at head-quarters to attend worship. I asked of these where all the rest were, and they replied that the greater part of them were mortal drunk. I asked if my officers were drunk likewise, and they told me that Thomas Wilson, the tallow-chandler, was the drunkest of any; but as for Thorburn, he was doing all

that he could to muster the troop, to no purpose.

I then stood up and made a speech to the few men that I had, wherein I represented to them the enormous impropriety in men, who had risen up in defence of their religion and liberties, abandoning themselves to drunkenness, the mother of every vice. I then begged heaven for their forgiveness, in a short prayer, and forthwith dispatched my remnant to assist the lieutenant in rousing their inebriated associates.

“ You must draw them together with the cords of men,” said I; “ and if necessary, you must even use the rod of moderate correction; I mean, you must strip off their clothes, and scourge them with whips.”

The men smiled at my order, and went away promising to use their endeavour. I followed, and found Thorburn in a back ground to the west of the town, having

about the half of the men collected, but keeping them together with the greatest difficulty. As for Wilson, he was sitting on an old dike laughing, and so drunk I could not know what he said; I went up and began to expostulate with him, but all the apology I could get was vacant and provoking laughter, and some such words as these—"It is really grand!" then "he, he, he, Baillie. I say, Baillie, it is really grand! What would Montrose say if he saw—if he saw this? Eh? O, I beg his pardon; I do, I do, I beg his pardon. But after all it is really grand! he—he—he," &c.

Those that were at all sober continued to drag in their companions to the rendezvous; but some of them were so irritated at being torn from their cups, that they fought desperate battles with their conductors. One of them appeared so totally insubordinate, that I desired he might be punished, to which Thorburn assenting at

once, he was tied to a tree, and his shirt tirdled over his head. He exclaimed bitterly against this summary way of punishment, and appealed to the captain. I said to Thorburn I certainly thought it as well to have Wilson's consent; and then a scene occurred that passes all description. Thorburn went up to him, and says, "Captain, shall I or shall I not give John Hill a hundred lashes for rioting and insubordination?"

"For what?" says Wilson, without lifting his head that hung down near his knee—"some board in the nation! what's that?"

"He has refused to obey orders, sir, and rebelled."

"Lick him, lick him weel! thresh him soundly. Refused to obey orders and rebelled! he's no blate! Thorburn, I say, lick him weel; skelp him till the blood rins off at his heels."

The order was instantly obeyed, but

the troop, instead of being impressed with awe, never got such sport before. They laughed till they held their sides, and some actually slid off at a corner to have a parting glass in the mean time.

“Thorburn, what shall be done to get these men once more embodied and set on the way?” said I.

“Faith, sir, there are just two ways of doing it, and no more,” said he. “We must either wait patiently till their money is spent or set the town on fire; and on mine honour I would do the latter, for it is a cursed shabby place, and the people are even worse than ours.”

“That would be a desperate resource, sir,” says I. “It is not customary to sloken one fire by kindling another. Cause proclamation to be made at the drum’s head, that every man who does not join the troop in marching order in a quarter of an hour, shall be taken up and punished as a deserter.”

This brought together the greater part, but sundry remained, and I left a party to bring them up as deserters, unluckily the captain was one of them. Him I reprimanded very severely, for he was in the council, and being a poor spendthrift, had got this office for a little lucre, which I considered no great honour to our fraternity.

Nothing further occurred during the next two days, and the third we reached the army, which was drawing to a head about Brechin, Fettercairn, and Montrose. Our colonel, who was then only Earl of Montrose, met me at Brechin, and many were the kind things he said to me. I told him I was ashamed to meet him, for that I had brought him a set of the greatest reprobates that I believed ever breathed since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, and that I really was afraid they would entail a curse on the army of the church.

He smiled good naturedly, and said, "Keep your mind at ease about that, Baillie, if the church and the land in general can both establish their rights and purge themselves at the same time, there are two great points gained. Are they able, well-bodied men."

"Their bodies are not so much amiss, my lord," said I, "but as to their immortal part I tremble to think of that." He joked with me, and said something about soldiers' souls which I do not choose to repeat, as it had rather a tincture of flippancy and irreverence for divine things. He expressed himself perfectly well pleased with the men, saying, "he would soon make them excellent fellows, and begged that we would send him thrice as many greater ragamuffins if I could get them, for that he would reform them more in one year than all the preachers in Scotland would do in twenty." I said he did not yet know them, and gave him a hint of

their horrid insubordination. My lord was not naturally a merry man, but mild, gentlemanly, and dignified, nevertheless he laughed aloud at this; saying, "it was I that did not know them, for he would answer to me for their perfect subordination."

I then sounded him on his plans of carrying on the war, and tried all I could to induce him to an instant attack on the Marquess of Huntly. But I found him not so easily swayed as the town council of Edinburgh, for when I could not manage them by reason, I found it always possible to do so by intrigue and stratagem; but here my reasoning failed me, and I had no further resource. He assured me that Huntly was more afraid of us than we were of him, and though he was encouraging the Aberdeenians to their own destruction, he would take care not to meddle with our levies; and, therefore, that these should not be led into his

bounds until they were fairly drilled, so as to be a match for the best men in Strathbogie. "How could I lead these men into battle at present?" added he.

"If you could, my lord," said I, for I wanted to lose my arguments with as good a grace as I could: "If you could, my lord, you could do more than I could, for, notwithstanding all the influence I seemed to have possessed with our people, notwithstanding threats and scourges, I could not get them out of Inverkeithing, where there was some wretched drink, almost for a whole day; nay, not till Lieutenant Thorburn came to me with a grave face, and requested permission to fire the town about them."

He laughed exceedingly at this; nay, he even laughed until he was obliged to sit down and hold a silk napkin to his face. Thus were all my arguments for instant and imperious war with Huntly lost, in the hopes of which alone I had

taken the charge of these recruits to the north, yea, even though I assured Montrose, from heaven, that in any engagement with Huntly in which I took a part there was a certainty of ample and absolute success, so perfectly assured was I of having day about with him. He answered me that there was no gentleman of whose counsel and assistance he would be happier to avail himself in such an emergency, but that the harvest was not yet ripe, nor the reapers duly prepared; but whenever these important circumstances fitted, I should be duly apprised, and have his right ear in the progress of the war.

I have dwelt rather longer on these reminiscences, because he turned out so great a man, and so great a scourge to the party he then espoused with so much zeal. Sorry was I when he deserted the good cause, and though some of our own side were the primary cause of his defect, yet I comforted myself with this, that he had

not been chosen by the Almighty to effect the freedom of this land. But often did I think with deep regret that if the covenanting party had still been blessed with Argyle's political talents, and Montrose's warlike and heroic accomplishments, we had remained invincible to all sects, parties, and divisions. As for the great and supreme Marquess of Huntly, I despised him as much as I hated him, well knowing that his intolerable pride would never suffer him to co-operate with any other leader, and what could the greatest chief of the kingdom do by himself.

Montrose was as good as his word, for early in the spring, he wrote for some ammunition and mortars, and requested that I might be permitted to bring the supplies, as a siege of Aberdeen and a battle with Huntly could be no longer postponed; and he added in a postscript, "Inform my worthy friend the Baillie that Captain Thorburn and a detachment of the Edin-

burgh troop shall meet him at Inverkeithing, as a suitable escort to the fire-works.”

Accordingly, on the 3d of February, 1639, I again took the road to the north, at the head of a good assortment of warlike stores, the most of which our new General Lesley had just taken out of the Castle of Dalkeith. Money was sorely wanting, but some of the leading men of the committee contrived to borrow a good round sum. My friend Sir William Dick lent them in one day no less than 40,000 marks, against my counsel and advice. They likewise applied to me, but I only shook my head; Argyle was even so ungenerous as to urge it, but I begged his lordship, who was at the head of the committee, to show me the example, and I would certainly follow it to the utmost of my power. This silenced his lordship, and pleased the rest of the committee well,

for the truth is, that Argyle would never advance a farthing.

Well, north I goes with the supplies, and, as our colonel had promised, a detachment of my former rascals under Thorburn, met me at Inverkeithing. Had all the committee of estates sworn it, I could not have believed that such a difference could have been wrought on men. They were not only perfect soldiers, but gentlemen soldiers; sober, regular, and subordinate, and I thenceforward concluded, that no one could calculate what such a man as Montrose was capable of performing.

He welcomed me with the same gentlemanly ease and affability as formerly, but I could not help having a sort of feeling that he was always making rather sport of me in his warlike consultations. He had a field-day at Old Montrose, on a fine green there, and at every evolution

he asked my opinion with regard to the perfectness of the troops in the exercise. I knew not what to say sometimes, but I took the safe side; I always commended.

At our messes we spoke much of the approaching campaign. The men of Aberdeen had fortified their city in grand style, and depending on Huntly's cooperation without, they laughed at us, our army, and tenets, beyond measure. There was a young gentleman, a Captain Marshall, in our mess, who repeated their brags often for sport, and as he spoke in their broad dialect, he never failed setting the mess in a bray of laughter. Montrose always encouraged this fun, for it irritated the officers against the Aberdeen people and the Gordons, beyond measure. I positively began to weary for the attack myself, and resolved to have due vengeance on them for

their despite and mockery of the covenant.

On the 27th of March, we set out on our march in the evening. The two regiments trained by Montrose took the van; men excellently appointed, most of them having guns, and the rest long poles with steel heads as sharp as lancets, most deadly weapons. Lord Douglas's regiment marched next, and the new-raised Fife and Mearns men brought up the rear. I went with the artillery and baggage. During our march, men were placed on all the roads that no passenger might pass into Aberdeen with the news of our approach. Parties were also despatched to the North roads, who got plenty to do; for the heroes of Aberdeen having got notice of our advance, sent messengers off full speed by every path, to apprise Huntly of their danger, and request his instant descent. Our men caught these fellows galloping

in the most dreadful desperation, and took all their despatches from them. One after another they came, and no doubt some of them would find their way, but never one came from Huntly in return. I saw one of these heralds of dismay caught myself by our rear guard near a place called Banchary, for they were trying even that road, and I was a good deal diverted by the lad's running, which, had it not been for his manifest alarm, would have deceived some of us. They brought him to me in the dusk of the evening, no chief officer being nigh at the time. He was mounted on a grey pony, and both that and he were covered over with foam and mud. Something of the following dialogue ensued.

“Where may you be bound, my good lad, in such a hurry and so late?”

“Oo fath, sur, am jeest gaun a yurrant o mee muster's. That's a', sur: jeest a buttie yurrant o' mee muster's.”

“ Who is your master ? ”

“ Oo he’s a juntlemun o’ the town, sur.”

“ The provost ? ”

“ The previce ! Him a previce !
Nhaw.”

“ You are not a servant of the provost’s, then ? ”

“ Am nae a survunt to nee buddy.”

“ How far are you going ? ”

“ Oo am jeest gaun up to the brugg o’ Dee yunder.”

“ What to do ? ”

“ Oo am jeest gaun to bring three or four horse lads o bruggs and sheen that’s needit for the wars. There will mawbe be some beets among them tee aw, cudna be saying for that, for they ca’t them jeest bruggs and sheen. But aw think its luke-ly there will be some beets. Me muster was varra feared that the rubels wud chuck them fra ma is aw cum down, but he was no feared for them tucking mysell.”

This was a great stretch of low cunning. He perceived we needed the shoes, and thought we would let him pass, that we might catch him with them on his return, and some of our serjeants winked to me to *let* him go, but I suspected the draught.

“Have you no letters or despatches about you, young man?” rejoined I; “for if you have you are in some danger at present, notwithstanding all your lies about the brogs and shoes and small mixture of boots.”

“Oo aw wut weel, sur, I ha nee duspatches, nor naithing o’ the kind, but jeest a wee buttie lattur to the sheemuker.”

“Show it me.”

“Fat have ye to dee wi’ the peer sheemuker’s buttie lattur?”

I ordered two officers to search him, but they that had seen his looks when a packet was taken from his bosom with this direction!

“ TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

AND MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY.”

I read out the direction in his hearing. “ Ay, my lad !” added I, “ this is a head shoemaker with whom your people deal for their *bruggs* and their *sheen*.”

He scratched his head. “ Dumm them !” said he ; “ they tulled mee that lutter was till a sheemucker.”

What more could be said to the poor fellow ? He was taken into custody, and the packet forwarded to our commander.

All the despatches manifested the utmost trepidation in the good folks of Aberdeen. They urged the Marquess, by every motive they could suggest, to come down on Montrose’s rear while they defended their city against him ; and that between two fires, he and his army would be easily annihilated, while if he (Huntly) suffered that single opportunity to pass,

their city would be sacked and burnt, and then Montrose would turn his victorious arms against him, and root out him and his whole clan.

Montrose perceived from these the necessity of despatch, and accordingly on the morning of the 30th of March he invested the city at three points with a celerity of which I had no conception. There were likewise detachments put to guard the two ferries of the Don and Dee, so that none might escape. As I took no command on me in the battle, I went with the laird of Cairn-Greig and a few others to the top of an old ruin to see the bombardment, and truly I never beheld such an uproar and confusion as there prevailed on the first opening of our mortars and guns. Their three entrances were all pallisaded and made very strong with redoubts, and without dispute they might have defended themselves against an army double our strength, and so perhaps they would, could

they have depended on Huntly, which no man ever did who was not disappointed. But moreover the attack from within was more violent than that from without. There were thousands of women and children came rushing on the rear of the defenders of their city, screaming and crying to get out to throw themselves on the mercy of Montrose, rather than stay and be burnt to ashes. The provost, who stood at the post of honour, and commanded the strongest phalanx at the place of greatest danger, was so overpowered by ladies, apparently in a state of derangement, that he was driven perfectly stupid. Reasoning with them was out of the question, and the provost could not well order his garrison to put them to the sword.

Montrose led his own two regiments against the provost. Lord Douglas attacked the middle part, and the Fife and Strathmore regiments the north one, de-

fended by the brave Colonel Gordon. All the points were attacked at once:—the agonized cries of the women rose to such an extent that I actually grew terrified; for I thought the uproar and confusion of hell could not be greater. It was impossible the provost could stand out, though he had been the bravest man on earth. I must say so much for him. Colonel Gordon withstood our men; boldly repelled them, and had even commenced a pursuit. Montrose either had some dread or some wit of this, for he pushed the provost with such force and vigour that in a very short time, maugre all his efforts, men and women in thousands were seen tearing down the fortifications, levelling them with the soil; and a deputation was sent to Montrose to invite him to enter. But first and foremost he had measures to take with Colonel Gordon, who in a little time would have turned the flank of our whole army,

but that hero being now left to himself, was soon surrounded, and obliged to capitulate.

Our men were now drawn up in squares in all the principal streets, and stood to arms, while a council of war was held, in which the plurality of voices gave it for the city to be given up to plunder. The soldiers expected it, and truly the citizens, I believed, hoped for nothing better. I confess I voted for it, thinking my brave townsmen would have enjoyed it so much. I know it was reported to my prejudice, that I expected a principal share of the plunder myself; and that it was for that single purpose I went on the expedition. Whoever raised that report, had no further grounds for it than that I voted with the majority, several of them ministers and servants of the Lord. I did vote with them, but it was for an example to the other cities and towns of our country, who still stood out against emancipation.

Montrose would, however, listen to none of us. His bowels yearned over the city to spare it, and he did spare it; but to plague us, he made magistrates, ministers, and every principal man in the city, swear the covenant on their knees, at the point of the sword; and also fined them in a sum by way of war charges, of which he did not retain one mark to himself.

We now turned our face toward the highlands, to take order with Huntly, and with a light and exulting heart did I take the way, assured of victory. I missed no opportunity, by the way, of reprobating that chief's conduct in first stirring up the good Aberdeenians to resist the measures of the Scottish parliament and the committee of estates, and then hanging back and suffering them to lie at our mercy, when, in truth, he might have come with the whole highlands at his back to their relief; for at that time, save the Campbells and the Forbes's, there

was not a clan in the whole highlands sided with us.

Montrose could say nothing for Huntly, but neither would he say much against him, till he saw how he would behave. The honest man had, however, most valiantly collected his clansmen (who had long been ready at an hour's warning) for the relief of Aberdeen on the evening after it was taken! Ay, that he had! He had collected 1700 foot, and 400 gallant horsemen under the command of old Glenbucket, and his son, Lord Gordon, and had even made a speech to them; and set out at their head, a distance of full five miles, to create a stern diversion in favour of the gallant and loyal citizens of Aberdeen. At the head of this gallant array, he marched forth, until, at a place called Cabrach, he was apprised by some flyers whom he met on the way, that the Earl of Montrose with a gallant army was in full march against him—that Aber-

deen was taken and plundered, and all the magistrates, ministers, and chief men put to the sword.

I would have given a hundred pounds, (Scots I mean,) to have been there to have seen my old friend Enzie's plight, now the invincible Marquess of Huntly. He called a parley on the instant; ordered his puissant army to disappear, to vanish in the adjoining woods, and not a man of them to be seen in arms as the invaders marched on! and having given this annihilating order, he turned his horse's head about and never drew bridle till he was at the castle of Bogie in the upper district of the country. Thence he despatched messengers to our commander, begging to know his terms of accommodation.

But these messengers would have been too late to have saved Huntly and the castle, had it not been for the valour and presence of mind of old Glen-bucket and his young chief, the Lord Gordon, who,

venturing to infringe the Marquess's sudden orders, withstood Montrose, and hovering nigh his van, kept him in check for two whole days and a night. Montrose perceiving how detrimental this stay would be to his purpose of taking his redoubted opponent by surprise, sent off a party by night round the Buck, to come between the Gordons and the bridge. The party, led by one Patrick Shaw, who knew the country well, gained their point, and begun to fire on the Gordon horse by the break of day. Glen-bucket somewhat astounded at this circumstance, drew aside to the high ground, but perceiving Montrose coming briskly up on him from the south-east, he drew off at a sharp trot, and tried to gain the town, but there he was opposed by the foot that had crossed by the hill path. There was no time to lose. We were coming hard up behind them when Glen-bucket, and Lord Gordon rushed upon our foot at the

head of their close body of horse. They could not break them although they cut down a number of brave men, and the consequence was that all the men of the three first ranks were unhorsed, and either slain or taken prisoners; amongst the latter were both young Lord Gordon and old Glen-bucket; the rest scattered and fled, and easily made their escape. The conflict did not last above six minutes, yet short as it was, it was quite decisive.

I addressed old Glen-bucket with the greatest kindness and respect, but with a grave and solemn aspect regretted his having taken arms against so good a cause. He seemed offended at this, smiled grimly, and expressed his wonder how any good man could be engaged in so *bad* a cause as that of the Covenant. He seemed much disappointed at the coldness of my manner. I knew it would be so, but I had to take the measure of him and his whole clan ere

I parted with them, and behaved as I did on a principle of consistency.

We took in the town of Huntly, and there we received Huntly's messengers. Montrose's conditions were absolute, namely, that the Gordon and all his clan should take the covenant, and acquiesce in every one of the measures of the committee; and the very next day Huntly came in person, with a few of his principal friends, and submitted. I was sorry for this, for I wanted to humble him effectually; however, he and I had not done yet.

Montrose, anxious to deal with him in a manner suiting his high rank, did not oblige him to take the covenant on his knees like the burgesses of Aberdeen, but causing me to write out a paper, he told me he would be satisfied if the Marquess signed that on oath, in name of himself, his clan, and kinsmen. I made it as severe as I could, nevertheless he signed it, subscribing the oath.

Matters being now adjusted, and the two great men the greatest of friends, Huntly and his friends accompanied us to Aberdeen on our way home, every thing being now settled for which we took up arms: but when the Marquess came there, and found that the city was *not* plundered, nor the ladies outraged, nor the magistrates put to the sword, nor even so much as the tongues of the ministers cut out that preached against the covenant, why the Marquess began to recant, and rather to look two ways at one time. He expected to be at the lord provost's grand funeral. Lord help him! the provost was as jolly, as fat, and as loquacious as ever! He expected to find all the ladies half deranged in their intellects, tearing their hair, and like Jephthah's daughter, bewailing their fate on the mountains; he never found the ladies of Aberdeen so gay, and everyone of their mouths was filled with the praises of Montrose, his liberality, his

kindness, and his gallantry ! This was a hard bone for the proud Marquess to chew—a jaw-breaker that he could not endure ; for the glory of a contemporary was his bane ; it drove all the solemn league and covenant in his galled mind to a thing little short of blasphemy. Moreover, he expected to have found all the college professors and ministers of the gospel running about the streets, squeaking and jabbering with their tongues cut out, and instead of which the men seemed to have had their tongues loosed, all for the purpose of lauding his adversary, and preaching up the benefits of the new covenant. Huntly saw that the reign of feudalism was at an end, and with that his overbalancing power in the realm ; and then reflecting how easily he might have prevented this, he was like to gnaw off his fingers with vexation : and perhaps the thing that irritated his haughty mind most of all, was the finding of that worship and

reverence formerly paid to him in Aberdeen now turned into scorn, while the consciousness of having deserved it made the feeling still more acute.

In a word, the Marquess took the strunt, and would neither ratify some further engagements which he had come under, nor stand to those he had subscribed on oath, but begged of Montrose, as a last favour that he would release him from the bond of the covenant, the tenor of which he did not understand, and the principle of which he did not approve.

Montrose tried to reason calmly with him, but that made matters worse. Then he told him, that he would yield so far to him as release him from his engagement for the present, but that indeed he feared he would repent it. Grahame then rose, and bringing him his bond in his hand, presented it to him with some

regretful observations on his noble friend's vacillation.

Huntly began to express his thanks, but was unable, his face burnt to the bone, for he was so proud he could never express gratitude either to God or man, but he was mightily relieved from his dilemma when Montrose, with a stern voice, ordered him to be put in confinement, and conducted a close prisoner to Edinburgh! I could hardly contain myself at the woful change that this order made on his features. It was marrow to my bones to see him humbled thus far at the moment. I thought of his felling me down, and kicking me in the mud, when I was in a situation in which I durst not resist; argued likewise of the way he used me with regard to his worthy father's bequest. So as Montrose was striding out with tokens of displeasure on his face, I called after him, "My Lord Montrose, as I lie under some

old obligation to the noble Marquess, your prisoner, may I beg of you to be honoured with the charge of conducting him to the gaol of Edinburgh?"

"With all my heart, Baillie," returned he; "only remember to see him strictly guarded; for it is now manifest that he is a traitor to our cause."

Having till now shunned the Marquess's presence, he never knew till that moment that I was at his right hand amongst the number of his enemies; and then he cast such a look of startled amazement at me! It was as if one had shouted in the other ear, The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! I was cheated if at that moment the Marquess would not have signed ten solemn leagues and ten covenants of any sort, to have been fairly out of his friend the Baillie's clutches, and at the head of his clan again. But it would not do; he was obliged to draw himself up, and submit to his fate.

Lord Aboyne and the Lords Lewis and Charles, Gordon of Glen-livet, and other three of the name, took the oaths for themselves, and were set at liberty; but Lord Gordon and old Glen-bucket, having been taken in arms fighting against the army of the estates, were likewise conducted in bonds to Edinburgh.

[The Baillie's inveteracy against the Marquess of Huntly continues the string on which he delights to harp through the whole of these memoirs, and it is perhaps the most amusing theme he takes up. I hope the character of that nobleman is exaggerated; indeed it must be so, drawn by one having such a deadly prejudice against him. For my part, having never, as far as I remember, learned any thing of that nobleman further than what is delineated in these manuscripts, I confess they have given me an idea of him as unfavourable as that of his father is exalted. It is a pity the Baillie should have

been a man possessed of such bitter remembrances, and a spirit of such lasting revenge, for otherwise he seems rather to have been a good man, if measured with the times. An acute and clear-headed man he certainly was in many respects, but of all men the worst fitted for that which he appears to have valued himself most on, *the conducting of a campaign against the enemies of the covenant*. Indeed I cannot be sure for all that I have seen, for what purpose the leaders took him always to be of their counsel on such occasions, but there can be no doubt of the fact. We must give one further little relation in his own words, before we have done with him at this time, and then we shall accompany him into actions of greater moment.]

I had settled every thing with my Lord Montrose how I was to act when I came to Edinburgh; accordingly I committed Huntly and his gallant son to the castle, where they were put into close confine-

ment as state prisoners. Glen-bucket besought me to suffer him to accompany them, but I informed him that my strict orders were to take him to a common gaol in the high street. He said it was but a small request that he might be suffered to accompany his chief, which he knew my interest could easily procure for him, and he again intreated me to use it. I promised that I would; but in the mean time he must be content to go as directed, to which he was obliged to submit, but with his accustomed gravity and gloominess.

When we came to the gate of the castle, I perceived Sir William Dick, our provost, and Baillie Edgar, whom I had appointed to meet us, so I turned and said to my prisoner, "Sir Alexander, I do not choose to expose you in bonds on Edinburgh street at noon-day."

"It does not signify, sir," said he; "I am quite indifferent."

“ I cannot yield to have it so,” said I. “ Soldiers, take off his chains ! and do you walk on before us as a guard of honour. Yes, as a guard of honour, for honour is a sufficient guard for the person of Sir Alexander Gordon, of Glen-bucket.”

Morose and sullen as he was, he could not help being pleased with this : he rose as it were a foot higher, and as soon as the soldiers removed his bonds I returned him his sword. At that moment the Lord Provost accosted him, but his mind being confused he made a slight obeisance, and was going to pass on.

“ Sir Alexander,” said I, “ this is my friend, the honourable Sir William Dick, Lord Provost of Edinburgh ?”

Glen-bucket started, and then, with the politeness of two courtiers, the two old knights saluted one another. I then introduced Baillie Edgar and Mr. Henderson, and after that we walked away, two on each side of Glen-bucket. He did not

well understand this apparent courtesy, for I perceived by his face that he thought it a species of mockery. He spake little. I only remember of one expression that dropped from him as it were spontaneously. It was an exclamation, and came with a burst of breath—"Hah! on my honour, this is a guard of *honour* indeed!"

As we approached the Tolbooth he cast a look at the iron gratings, and was going to stop at the principal entrance, but I desired him to walk on, for his apartment was a little farther this way. When we came to my house, which was one short stair above the street, I went before him to lead the way, and on opening the house door, the trance (passage) was completely dark by chance, none of the doors leading from it being open. "Come this way, sir," said I, "follow me, and take care of the *steps*." I looked behind me, and saw, between me and the light, his tall athletic form, stooping as if aware

of some danger by a quick descent; he had an arm stretched out and a hand impressed against each wall, and was shovelling his feet along the trance for fear of precipitating himself down some abyss or dungeon. I could hardly help bursting out into a fit of laughter, but I stood at the inner door till his great hands came upon my head grasping his way, I then threw open my dining-room door and announced my prisoner by name, Sir Alexander Gordon, of Glen-bucket, and he walked in.

Nothing could equal the old warrior's surprise when he was welcomed by nine of the most elegant and most respectable ladies of the land! Some of them even took him in their arms and embraced him, for none present were ignorant of the noble part he had acted with regard to me. All were alike kind and attentive to him. I introduced several of them to him by name. "This, Sir Alexander, is my sister, Lady Sydeserf; this, sir, is Lady Camp-

bell, younger, of Glenorchy; this is Lady Dick," &c., &c. His bow to each was the most solemn and profound imaginable, at length he bolted straight up as with a jerk, and turning to me said in what he meant for a very sprightly manner, "On mine honour, Sir Baillie, but you have a good assortment of state prisoners at present. Are these, sir, all rebels against this new government, called the 'committee of estates?' Hey? If so sir, I am proud to be of the number."

"These are all my prisoners for the day and the night, and all happy to see you are of their number, Sir Alexander."

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than the hilarity of the old warrior that night. He was placed next to my sister-in-law at the head of the table, the company consisted of twenty-three, the wine circulated freely, and Glen-bucket fairly forgot for that evening the present cloud under which the Gordons lay, and that

there were such things as covenanters and anti-covenanters in the realm.

After the ladies retired, he took fits of upright thoughtfulness ; [these are the Baillie's own words,] as still not knowing how he was to act, or what state he occupied. I perceived it, and taking him aside into a private room told him that he was free and at liberty to go and come as he chose, either to his chief or to his home, or to remain at large in Edinburgh, where my house and all my servants should be his own.

He thanked me most politely, but refused to accept of his freedom, save on the condition that he should be at liberty to fight for his king and his chief whenever called upon. This was rather above my commission, but seeing that good manners compelled me, I conceded, without hesitation taking the responsibility on myself, and we then joined our jovial friends, and spent the evening in the utmost hilarity.

[It is well known that the annals of that day are of a sanguine description. The Bailie took a deep interest in the struggle, and often describes the incidents manifestly as he felt them. The amazement of the country on learning that the king was coming with a powerful army to invade it; the arrival of his navy in the Firth of Forth, and the wiles made use of to draw the king's commander-in-chief, the Marquess of Hamilton, over to the covenanting party, in which they seem to have succeeded; for there seems to have been no faith kept in that age, and less with the king than any other person; these are all described by the Baillie with his usual simplicity. He describes two meetings that he and some others had with the Marquess, one on board his ship, and one at midnight on shore, and these disclosures show how the poor king's confidence was abused. He had 3,000 soldiers on board, and twenty

large ships well manned, yet the Marquess would not suffer one of them to stir a foot in support of the king. The Lord Aboyne hearing of this strong armament, and grieved that his father and elder brother should still be kept in bonds by the covenanters, raised the Gordons once more, and sent word to Hamilton to join him, and they could then get such conditions for the king as he should require of the covenanters. But the latter worthies had made sure of Hamilton before. He sent evasive answers to Aboyne, suffering him to raise his clan and advance southward in hopes of support, till lo! he was met by his late adversary Montrose, at the Bridge of Dee, with a great army, though not very well appointed.

The Baillie was not personally in this battle, for the best of reasons, because the Marquess of Huntly was not there in person to oppose him. The Baillie had his great enemy safely under lock and key, else

there is little doubt that the former would have been at the battle, which he however describes as taken from the mouth of his friend Captain Thorburn.

He says, the army of the Gordons amounted to about 2,500 men, among whom were two strong bodies of horse. Montrose had 4,000, but all new raised men, though many of them inured to battle in former times. The Gordons were well posted on the two sides of the river Dee, but Montrose took them somewhat by surprise, which he seldom failed to do with his enemies. The battle was exceedingly fierce. Three times did the body of the Gordons on the south side of the river repel the attack of Montrose's squadrons, and defend the bridge; and the third time, if the Gordons durst have left their station, they had so far disordered the main or middle column of the covenanters, that without all doubt they might have put them to the rout. Mon-

trose was terribly alarmed at that instant, for a general attack of the Gordons which he half confessed would have been ruin. But the young Lord Aboyne, with all the bravery of a hero, wanted experience; he lost that opportunity, and with it the battle. For Montrose, being left at leisure, new-modelled his army; and some field-pieces which he had formerly left at Brechin Castle arriving at that instant, he advanced once more, won the bridge of Dee, and in a short time gained possession of the field of battle. Still the young lord drew off his troops to the high grounds with such skill, that the conquerors could make no impression on them. The carnage was nearly equal on both sides.

The Baillie never speaks favourably of the king. He says, in one place, they were more plagued with him than any thing else. They never derived good from his plans, which tended always much more to derange their measures than cement

them. But of the jealousies and heart-burnings of the covenanting lords, he expresses himself with real concern.]

The falling off of Montrose from our party, (says he,) was a great grief of mind to me, though some of our leaders seemed to rejoice at it. Lesly and Argyle bore all the blame, for they were jealous of his warrior fame and brilliant successes, and took every opportunity that occurred to slight him. Yea, and as I loved the man, I was not more sorry at his loss to us than for the loss of his soul; for he had now broken his most solemn oaths and engagements, and lifted up the heel against the Most High, setting him as it were at defiance, after all the zeal he had shown in his cause. I had great fears that a curse was gone forth against us, because of the leaguings of men together, whom I knew to be of very different principles; and, among other things, it was matter of great grief when Hamilton

and General Ruthven, leaguuing together, set the Marquess of Huntly and his son the Lord Gordon both at liberty; whereas it was manifest to every well-disposed Christian, that the good cause would have been much better served by cutting off both their heads. Argyle might have hindered this, but chose not to intermeddle, Huntly being his brother-in-law, but it was all sham, for he both dreaded him and hated him as much as I did. Indeed I was so much displeas'd with my Lord Argyle's carriage at this time, that I at one time resolv'd to decline his patronage for the future, and also to cease supporting him in his political views, which I had uniformly done hitherto. He cheated the men of Athol, and falsifying his honour, took their leaders prisoners, and then marching a whole army of hungry highlanders down among the peaceable inhabitants, plundered and laid waste the whole country, burnt Castle Farquhar be-

longing to the Earl of Airly, and also sacked Airly Castle, spoiling some even of Montrose's own kin. Was it any wonder that the latter was disgusted at such behaviour? But the country was now getting into a state of perfect anarchy and confusion, so that after Montrose's imprisonment and hard trial about signing the Cumberland bond, I perceived that we had for ever done with him."

[We must now pass over several years, the history of which is entirely made up of plot and counterplot, raising and disbanding of armies, projects of great import, all destroyed by the merest accidents,—truculent treaties, much parade, and small execution; and follow our redoubted Baillie once more to the field of honour, the place of all others for which he was least fitted, and on which he valued himself most. Indeed, if we except his account of the last parliament which the king held in Scotland, and the last dinner which he gave

to his nobility, there is nothing very original in the memoir. The description of these is affecting, but as the writer was a professed opponent to the king's measures, it might not be fair to give such pictures as genuine.]

In April 1644, being then one of the commission of the general assembly, I was almost put beside myself, for we had the whole business of the nation to manage; and my zeal both for our religious and civil liberties was such that I may truly say I was eaten up with it. The committee of estates attempted nothing without us, *with* us they could do every thing. We had been employed the whole of the first day of our meeting in receiving the penitences and confessions of the Earl of Lanark, who had taken a decided part against the covenant. We dreaded him for a spy sent by the king, and dealt very severely with him; but at length he expressed himself against the king with so

much rancour, that we knew he was a true man, and received him into the covenant with many prayers and supplications.

On retiring to my own house, I sat down all alone to ponder on the occurrences of the day, and wondered not a little when a chariot came to my door, and softly and gently one tapped thereat. I heard some whispering at the door, as with my servant maid, and then the chariot drove off again. I sat cocking up my ears, wondering what this could be, until a gentleman entered wrapped in an ample cloak. He saluted me familiarly, but I did not know him till he had laid aside his mantle and taken me by the hand. It was my lord the Marquess of Argyle; I was astonished, and my cogitations troubled me greatly. "My lord," said I, "God bless you! Is it yourself?"

"Did you not know me, my dear Baillie?"

“ How could I, not knowing you to be in this country? I took you to be in London, watching over our affairs there in parliament, and I was very loath to believe it was your ghost.”

“ Well, here I am, Baillie, post from thence, and on an affair that much concerns every friend to the covenant and the reformed religion. Our affairs with his majesty are all blown up. This we expected and foresaw, and we must now arm in good earnest for our country and religion. Our affairs go on well in general; but, O Baillie! I have received heavy news since my arrival. Montrose has set up the king's standard on the Border, and is appointed governor and commander-in-chief in Scotland, and my brother-in-law Huntly, that most turbulent and factious of all human beings, is appointed lieutenant-general for the whole realm under him; and while the former is raising all the malignants on the two sides the Bor-

der, the latter is raising the whole north against us. What think you of these news, Baillie? Have we not great reason to bestir ourselves, and unite all our chief men together, in interest as well as principle, and that without loss of time?"

"I tremble at the news, my lord," returned I, "but merely for the blood that I see must be shed in Scotland; for I am no more afraid of the triumph of our cause than I am of a second deluge, having the same faith in the promises relating to them both. Besides, my lord, the danger is not so great as you imagine from the coalition. The Marquess of Huntly, friend as he is of yours, will never act in subordination with any created being, for his pride and his jealousy will not let him. He may well mar the enterprises of the other, but never will further them. The other is a dangerous man, I acknowledge it. His equal is not in the kingdom; but he is a

foresworn man, and how can such a man prosper? I blame you much, my lord, for the loss of him. Your behaviour there has been so impolitic, that I could never trust you with the whole weight of our concerns so well again."

"Why, Baillie," returned he impatiently, "that man wanted to be every thing. I made all the concessions I could ultimately, but they would not do; the time was past. He was a traitor to the cause at heart, so let that pass. Let us now work for the best. To-morrow the danger must all be disclosed, both in the committee and the Assembly's commission, and I desired this private conference with you, that what I propose in the one, you may propose in the other."

"It was prudently and wisely considered, my lord," said I; "for our only safeguard in this perilous time, is a right understanding with one another. That

which either of us proposes will not be put off without a fair trial; and when it turns out that we have both proposed the same thing and the same measures, these must appear to our coadjutors as founded in reason and experience."

"Exactly my feelings," added he; "and neither of us must give up our points, but bring them to a fair trial by vote, should there be any opposition. There must be two armies raised, or embodied rather, without delay. Who are to be the commanders?"

"Your lordship is without doubt entitled to be the commander of one," said I.

"Granting this, whom are we to propose for the other?" said he.

"Not having previously thought of the matter, I am rather at a loss," said I.

"It rests between the Earls of Callander and Lothian," said he.

"Then I should think the latter the

most eligible," returned I: "Callander has already refused a command under our auspices."

"We *must not* lose that nobleman, Baillie, make what sacrifice we will. Besides, he has the king's confidence, and the circumstance of his being our general, will be an excellent blind to those who are still wavering. Do you take me, Baillie? Did your clear long-winded comprehension never take that view of the matter?"

"You are quite right, my lord," said I. "The justice of your remark is perfectly apparent. I shall, then, propose you for the northern army, and Livingstone for the southern."

"Very well," said his lordship, "and I shall propose Livingstone, as you call him, for the south, and Lothian for the north; for I'll rather give up my privilege to him than lose his interest. It is most *probable* I will be nominated in his place. On this then we are agreed. But there is

another thing, my dear Baillie, which I want done without delay, and I beg you will have the kindness to propose and urge it to-morrow. We must loose all the thunders of the church against our enemies. I have already seen how it weakens their hands. We must have the great excommunication pronounced on them all without delay; and as the proposal will come better from you than me, I entrust you with it."

"It is a dreadful affair that, my lord," said I; "I am not very fond of the honour. It leaves no room for repentance. Neither do I as yet know on whom to have it executed."

"The church is at liberty to take it off again on the amendment of the parties," said he; "and as I have full intelligence of all, I will give you a list of the leading malignants, against whom to issue the curse."

I was obliged to acquiesce rather against

my inclination, and he gave me the list from his pocket. "Now be sure to fix on a divine that will execute it in the most resolute manner," added he. "It will mar their levies for once."

"It is a terrible affair," said I, "to be gone deliberately about for any sinister purpose."

"It is what they justly deserve," said he. "They are renegades and reprobates, every man of them; liars and covenant-breakers; let the curse be poured out on them. And now, my dear friend, if it turns out that I must lead the covenanting army against my brother-in-law, I will not proceed a foot without your company. You shall be my chief counsellor, and next to myself both in honour and emolument. In short, you shall command both the army and me. Give me your promise."

"I think I can serve you more at home, my lord," said I.

"No you cannot," said he. "You have

an indefinable power over Huntly. I have seen extraordinary instances of it. He has no more power to stand before you than before a thunder-bolt. Your very name has a charm over him. I was in his company last year when your name chanced to be mentioned. To my astonishment, every lineament of his frame and feature of his countenance underwent a sudden alteration, becoming truly diabolical. ‘Wretch! poltroon! dog that he is!’ exclaimed he, furiously; ‘I’ll crush the varlet with my foot, as I would do the meanest reptile!’”

“I will go with you, my lord,” said I. “There shall be nothing more of it. We will let him see who can crush best. Crush me with his foot! The proud obstreperous changeling! I will let him see who will take the door of the parliament-house first, ere long! They would not cut off his head when they had him, though I brought him in chains to them

like a wild beast, and told them what he was."

"That's right," said the Marquess; "I like to see you show a proper spirit. Now remember to push home the excommunication. The great one let it be. Give them it soundly."

"It shall be done, my lord," said I, "if my influence and exertion can bear it through. And moreover I will lead the van of your army in the northern expedition myself in person. I shall command the wing or centre against Huntly, wherever he is. It is not proper that two brothers command against each other."

We then conversed about many things in a secret and confidential manner till a late hour, when I likewise muffled myself up in a cloak and conveyed his lordship home.

The very next day, as soon as the prayer was ended, I arose in my seat, and announced the news of the two risings in

opposition to the covenant, and all our flourishing measures; and proposed that we should, without a moment's delay, come to a conclusion how the danger might be averted. I was seconded by the Rev. Mr. Blair, who confirmed my statement as far as related to the north. Of Montrose none of them had heard. I assured them of the fact, and proposed the Earl of Callander to levy and lead the army of the south, and Argyle that of the north; at the same time stating my reasons for my choice, which I deemed unanswerable. There was not one dissentient voice, provided the convention of estates acquiesced in the choice.

I then made a speech of half an hour's length, recommending that the sword of the Spirit should likewise be unsheathed against them, and that, as a terror to others, these rebels against the true reformed religion should be consigned over to the spirit of disobedience, under whose

influence they had thus raised the bloody banner of civil war. I was seconded by Mr. Robert Douglas, a great leader of our church; but we were both opposed by Sir William Campbell, another ruling elder like myself, and that with such energy that I was afraid the day was lost, the moderator, Mr. David Dickson, a silly man, being on his side. We carried it, however, by a majority, and Mr. John Adamson was chosen for the important work.

The crowd that day at the high church was truly terrific, and certainly Mr. Adamson went through the work in a most imposing and masterly manner. My heart quaked, and all the hairs of my head rose on end; and I repented me of having been the moving cause of consigning so many precious souls to endless perdition. I could sleep none all the following night, and had resolved to absent myself from the commission the next day, and spend it in

fasting and humiliation, but at eleven o'clock I was sent for on express to attend, and on going I found new cause for grief and repentance.

I had given in a list of eight for excommunication, precisely as Argyle gave them to me. I did not so much as know some of them, but took them on my great patron's word. They were the Marquess of Huntly, of course he was the first; the two Irvines, of Drum; the Laird of Haddo, and his steward; the Lairds of Skeen and Tipperty; and Mr. James Kennedy, secretary to Huntly. Judge then of my grief and confusion, when on going into my place I found Mr. Robert Skeen there, entering a protest against our proceedings, in as far as related to his brother, the Laird of Skeen, whom he assured us was as true to the cause as any present; and he gave us, as I thought, indubitable proofs of it.

I was overcome with confusion and

astonishment, and wist not what to say for myself, for I could not with honour disclose the private communication between Argyle and me. I got up to address the meeting, but my feelings and my conscience were so much overcome, that I could not come to any point that bore properly on the subject. Whereon Sir William Campbell, who had opposed the motion from the beginning, rose and said, "Mr. Moderator, it is evident the gentleman is nonplussed, and cannot give any proper explanation. I'll do it for him; the gentleman, sir, is like ourselves, he acts by commission; yes, sir, I say like us, he acts by commission. We do so with our eyes open, in the name and by the appointment of all our brethren; but he acts, sir, with his eyes shut; he acts, sir, blindfolded, and solely by the direction of another. Is it any wonder, sir, that such a man should run into blunders? But since the thing hath happened, why let it pass.

What is a man's soul to us? Let him go to the devil with the rest, I see very little difference it makes."

This raised a laugh in the court at my expense, so loud, and so much out of reason, that the moderator reprimanded the court at large, and called Sir William to order. But I stood corrected, humbled, and abashed, never having got such a rub before. After all, the gentleman turned out a rank malignant, and was as active against the covenanting principles as any man of the day.

Argyle, whose influence with the churchmen was without a parallel, and almost without bounds, soon raised three strong regiments, and could have raised as many more. The ministers of Fife and Angus preached all the Sunday on the glory of standing up for the good work of the heart, and whosoever did not rise for the work of the Lord, and contribute less or more according to his means, would be

blotted out of the book of life; they likewise, every one of them, announced the eternal curse laid on their enemies. It was a time of awe and dread, and fearful workings of the spirits of men.

The consequence of these preachings and anathemas was, that on the Monday whole multitudes of the people came to the ministers to enrol themselves for the war, so that the latter had nothing ado but to pick and choose. Many came with forty's and fifty's, one or two with a hundred, and the minister of Cameron, honest man, came with three. Accordingly, some day early in May, I have forgot the day, we proceeded once more to the north, against the Marquess of Huntly. We had 3,000 foot, and nearly 500 horse, and I believe every man's blood in the army, as well as my own, was boiling with indignation and resentment against the disturber of the public peace.

I went in the character of Argyle's

friend and counsellor, but he was so kind, that he frequently caused me to issue the general orders myself, and all his servants were at my command. We had three companies of the black coats with us, raised by the church, and dressed in her uniform; and, though the malignant part of the country laughed exceedingly at them, my opinion was, that they were a very valuable corps;—mostly the sons of poor gentlemen and farmers, well educated, fearless, resolute fellows, excellent takers of meat, and good prayers. I looked on their presence as a great safeguard for the army.

Well, as soon as we crossed the Tay, I took one of these fellows, named Lawrence Hay, a shrewd clever fellow, and dressing him smartly up as an officiating clergyman, with cloak, cocked hat, and bands, I despatched him away secretly into the middle of the country of the Gordons, to bring me intelligence of all

that was going on there, knowing that he would meet with nothing but respect and reverence in his route. I likewise gave him letters to two covenanting clergymen of my acquaintance, but told to none of them the purport of my black cavalier's mission, which he executed to a wonder. He had even had the assurance to go into the midst of Huntly's host, as a licentiate for the episcopal church, and converse with his officers. After an absence of three nights and days, he returned to me at the fords of the Dee, and very opportunely did he arrive.

It will easily be conceived, that I had not that full confidence in my present commander that I had in my former one; and for one main reason—I saw that he had not that full confidence in himself; so that I was obliged to venture a little on my own bottom. Well, when we came the length of the Dee, Argyle was at a stand, not having heard aught of Huntly's

motions or strength, and he proposed that we should turn to the east, to take in Aberdeen and the populous districts, and prevent Huntly's levies there.

At that very important nick of time my private messenger arrived, and gave me the following account.—Huntly's officers were loading us with the most horrid curses and invectives, on account of the excommunication. The people in the villages, instead of enlisting, fled from the faces of the officers, as from demons; and that even of the force they had collected, there were few whose hearts and hands were not weakened; and that Huntly's sole dependence lay on getting reasonable terms of accommodation, and for that only he with difficulty kept his forces together. This was the substance of all he had gathered, principally from the country people, and he assured me I might rely on it. This was blithe news to me.

He told me, likewise, that he was called

in before Huntly, who examined him regarding all the news of the south. At length he came to this.

“ Know you aught of the covenanters’ army ? ”

“ I was in St. Johnston when they were there, my lord ; saw all their array, and heard the names of the leaders, some of which I have forgot.”

“ What may be the amount of their army ? ”

“ The numbers are considerable. I think Mr. Norris, with whom I lodged, said they amounted to 5,000, but they are badly equipped, badly trained, and far worse commanded. Your troops may venture to encounter them one to two.”

“ Why, I heard that Argyle had the command.”

“ Not at all, my lord, he has the least command in the army ; he only commands the horse. Lord Kinghorn has a regiment, he is no great head, you know ; Lord

Elcho has another. But the commander-in-chief is, I assure you, a ridiculous body, a Baillie of Edinburgh."

"Thank you kindly for the character, Mr. Hay," said I; "thank you kindly." I was, however, highly pleased with the fellow's ingenuity. "Thank you kindly, Mr. Lawrence," said I. "Well, what did the Marquess say to that?"

"Say to that!" exclaimed he. "Why, the man went out of his reason the moment I mentioned your name. I never beheld any thing equal to it! I cannot comprehend it. His countenance altered; his eyes turned out, and his tongue swelled in his mouth, so that he could hardly pronounce the words. Then he began and cursed you for a dog of hell, and cursed, and cursed you, till he fell into a sort of convulsion, and his officers carried him away. What in this world is the meaning of it?"

"The meaning of it is, sir," said I,—and I

said it with a holy sublimity of manner—
 “The meaning of it is, sir, that he knows I am born to chastise him in this world, and to be his bane in a world to come.”

The poor fellow gaped and stared at me in dumb amazement. I made him a present of 100 merks, and the horse that he had rode on, which he accepted of without again moving his tongue.

This was at midnight, and the next morning early, Argyle called a council of war, and proposed turning aside from the direct route, and strengthening ourselves to the eastward. The rest of the officers acquiesced, but I held my peace and shook my head.

“What! does our worthy friend the Baillie not approve of this measure?” said Argyle.

“I disapprove of it mainly and decidedly,” said I. “Or, if you will lead the army to the eastward, give me but Freeland’s Perth dragoons, and as many

chosen men foot soldiers, and I will engage with these few to push straight onward, brave the wild beast in his den, scatter his army of hellish malignants like chaff; and if I don't bring you Huntly, bound head and foot, his horse shall be swifter than mine. I know the power that is given me, and I will do this, or never trust my word again."

"My lords and right trusty friends," said Argyle, "you have all heard our honoured friend the Baillie's proposal. You have likewise witnessed the energy with which it has been made,—so different from his accustomed modest, mild, and diffident manner,—a sure pledge to me that he is moved to the undertaking by the Spirit of the Most High; I therefore propose that we should grant him the force he requests, and trust him with the bold adventure."

"If my cavalry are to be engaged,"

said the Laird of Freeland, " I must necessarily fight at their head."

" That you shall, and I will ride by your side, sir," said I. " But remember, you are to fight when I bid you, and pursue when I bid you; as to the flying part, I leave that to your own discretion."

" Well said, Baillie!" cried Argyle; " you are actually grown a hero of the first order." The officers wondered at me, and the common men were seized with a holy ardour, and strove who should have the honour of going on the bold expedition. I was impatient to be gone, having taken my measures, and accordingly I got 400 cavalry, among whom was the three companies of black dragoons, and mounting 400 foot soldiers behind them, I took the road at their head, telling them that, save to feed the horses, we halted no more till we drew up before the enemy. The Laird of Freeland led the horse, and young Charteris of Elcho, the foot. We rode

straight on to the north, and at even crossed the Don at a place called the Old Ford, or Auldford,—a place subsequently rendered famous for the triumph of iniquity.

The weather was fine, and the waters very low ; and I proposed, after feeding our horses, that we should travel all night, and surprise the Gordons early in the morning. Accordingly we set out, but on leaving the Dee, we got into a wild mountain path, and there being a thick dry haze on the hills, we lost our way altogether, and knew not whither we were journeying, north or south. At length we arrived at a poor village, having a highland name, which I could not pronounce, and there asked a guide for the town of Huntly. The men were in great consternation, running from one house to another; for our array through the haze appeared, even to my own eyes, to increase sevenfold.

We at length procured a guide by sheer

compulsion ; I placed him on a horse before a dragoon, with orders to kill him if he attempted to make his escape, and I assured him, that on the return of day, if I found that he had not led us by the direct path, I would cut him all into small pieces. Finding out that the hamlet belonged to the Gordons, I was very jealous of the fellow, and kept always beside him myself. “ Now are you sure, you rascal, that you are leading us in a straight line for Huntly ? ”

“ Huhay ; and tat she pe. She pe leating you as straight, sir, as a very tree, as straight as a whery rhope, sir.”

“ Had we deviated much ere we arrived at your village ? ”

“ I dhont knhow, sir. Far did you pe casting them ? ”

“ Casting what ? ”

“ Why them divots you speaked of.”

“ I mean, had we gone far astray ? ”

“ Hu, very far indheed, sir, you could

not have gone as far astray in the whole world."

One of my black dragoons, a great scholar and astronomer, now came riding up and says, "I can tell your honour that I got a glimpse of the heavens through the mist, just now, and saw the polar star; this fellow is leading you straight to the north-west, in among the mountains, and very near in a direct line from Huntly."

"Fat's the mahn saying?" cried the guide.

I seized him by the throat, and taking a naked sword in my hand, I said, "Swear to me by the great God, sirrah, that you are conducting me straight to Huntly, else I run you through the body this instant."

"Huhay, she will swear py te muckle Cot as lhong as you lhike."

I then put the oath to him, making him repeat it after me, which he did till I came to the words *straight to Huntly*. To

these he objected, and refused to repeat them ; I asked the reason, and he said, “ Cot pless you, sir, no man can go straight here py rheason of the woots, and te rhocks, and te hills, and te mhountains. We must just go or we can find an opening.”

“ The man speaks good sense,” said I, “ and we are all fools ; lead on, my good fellow.”

When he found that he was out of danger for the present, his natural antipathy against us soon began again to show itself, and he asked at me sneeringly,—

“ And pe tat your *swear* in te sassenach ? Tat is your creat pig oath, I mean.

I answered in the affirmative.

“ Phoo, phoo !” cried he, “ Ten I would nhot kive a podle for an hundred thousand of tem. You will nhot pe tat bittie stick in my hand te petter of it. Put you will soon pe an fhine rhoats nhow, and haxellent speed you will pe.”

He was laughing when he said this, and the trooper who was behind him, perceiving that he was leading straight on a thicket, asked him what he meant by that, but all that he said was, "Huhay, you shall soon be on haxellent rhoats now;" so saying, he plunged his horse into a bog, where it floundered and fell. The dragoon that guarded the guide threw himself off, and tumbled heels-over-head; but the guide, who was free of the stirrups, flung himself off more nimbly, and the next moment dived into the thicket. Sundry pieces were let off after him, but they might as well have shot against a brazen wall. He laughed aloud, and called out, "Huhay, fire away, fire away; you pe te fery coot shotters, and you pe an haxellent rhoats now, ha, ha, ha, you pe an ta haxellent rhoats nhow."

We saw no more of our guide, and knew not what to do; but finding a fine green recess in the wood, we alighted and

baited our horses, the men refreshed themselves, and at day-break I sung the six last verses of the 74th Psalm, in which the whole army joined me, making most grand and heavenly music in that wild highland wood. I then prayed fervently for direction and success against our enemies, while all the army kneeled around me on the grass. After that the men rose greatly encouraged, and in high spirits.

We rushed from the hills straight upon Huntly before noon, but met no army there. We got intelligence that the army of the Gordons had divided; that Sir George Gordon had led one of the divisions to the eastward, into the braes of the Ithan, and had fortified the castle of Haddo, and that the ministers were raising the whole country around him to join Argyle, for the sentence of excommunication had broken the arms of the Gordons. That the Marquess of Huntly had retired up the country with the rest, and had

stationed them in fastnesses, while he himself lay in the castle of Auchendoun. We rode straight on for Auchendoun, in hopes still to take him by surprise, although our friends assured us that our approach was known last night through all the rows of Strathbogie, for it seemed the men of the village we came to among the hills had run and raised the alarm.

About noon we came in sight of the Gordons, drawn up on a hill to the south of the river, but owing to the inequalities of the ground, we could form no right estimate of their numbers. Young Elcho was for an immediate attack, but that I protested against as a thing impracticable, owing to the situation of the ground. The hill was full of shelves, lying all one above another, so that they served as natural bulwarks, and to surmount them with troops of horse was impossible; therefore, I proposed to march straight on the castle, to take order with the Mar-

guess himself, for the whole bent and bias of my inclination led me to that. Charteris grumbled, and would fain have been at handcuffs, but the Laird of Freeland agreeing with me, we rode on, and the army of the Gordons kept its station, only saluting us with a few volleys of musquetry as we passed, which did not wound above five men, and killed not one.

The castle of Auchendoun being difficult of access by a regular army, we formed our men at a little distance to the north-east, and I sent Major Ramsay with a trumpet to summon the Gordons to surrender. The constable asked in whose name he was thus summoned,—Ramsay replied, “In the name of the king, and the committee of estates.” The constable said, “That as to the latter he had not yet learned to acknowledge its power, but he had no orders from his lord to hold out the castle against the king, whose true

and loyal subject he ever professed to be." After a good deal of reasoning, the gentleman, on having Ramsay's word, came over to me and conversed with all freedom. I remember little of what passed, for there was only one thing that struck me to the heart: *the Marquess had left the castle that morning, with six horsemen only in his company!!*

There was a stunning blow for me! I thought I had him in the lurch, but behold he was gone, I wist not whither. I instantly chose out twenty of my black dragoons, and leaving the officers to settle with the Gordons as best they could, I set off in pursuit of their chief. I soon got traces of him, and pursued hotly on his track till the fall of evening, when I lost him in this wise.

He had quitted his horse, and crossed the Spey in a boat, while two of the gentlemen who rode with him led off the rest of the horses down the south side of

the river. I followed in the same direction, but could never discover at what place these horses crossed the river, for no ford we could find, the banks being all alike precipitous, and the river tumbling and roaring through one continuous gullet. We passed the night most uncomfortably, in an old barn, and the next morning, getting a ford, we proceeded on the road to Elgin, but lost all traces of the object of our pursuit. My troopers tried to persuade me to return, but I would not listen to them, and therefore I turned westward again, until I came to the very boatmen who had ferried Huntly over the water the evening before. They told me that he left them on foot with four attendants, and that they were all so laden with gold and silver, that if their horses did not come round in a circuit and meet them, they could not travel two miles further.

This sharpened our stomachs exceedingly, and we set out after the enemy at

a bold gallop. We had not ridden far, till we were informed by a hind, that the Marquess and his friends were lodged in a farmer's house straight before us, occupied by a gentleman named John Gordon; that the Marquess had changed his name, but several there knew him, and that it was reported they were laden with treasure, which they were unable to carry with them. In an instant we were at the house, which we surrounded and took by assault, there being none in it but John Gordon and a lad, and two maidens, all of whom we took prisoners. We searched the house but and ben, outside and inside, but no Marquess nor Lord found we, but we found two bags, in which were contained a thousand crowns of gold. I then examined all the prisoners on oath, and released them; but Mr. Gordon was very sore displeased at the loss of the gold, which I carried with me. "Sir, that gold is neither yours nor mine," said he; "it

was left me in charge; I swore to hide it, and return it to the owner when called for, and it shows no gentleman nor good Christian to come and take away other people's gold without either ceremony or leave."

"This money, Mr. Gordon, belongs to a traitor to the state," said I,—“to one that with the help of it was going to kindle up the flames of rebellion and civil war, and in taking it, I do good service both to God and man; and, therefore, do you take care, Mr. Gordon, that I do not cause your head to be chopped off, for thus lodging and furthering a malignant and intercommuned traitor. For the money, I will answer to a higher power than is vested in you, or him that deputed you the charge; and will cause you in a few days, if I return in peace, to be taken up and tried by the legal authorities.”

In the mean time one of my black dragoons had been busy kissing one of John

Gordon's maidens, and from her he had learned many particulars that came not out on oath. She told him the colours of all the horses and the dresses of the men. The Marquess was dressed in tartan trews of the Mackintosh stripes, had a black bonnet on his head, and was entitled the Major. She told the way the men went, and much of their conversation over-night which she heard. The man they called the Major acknowledged that he was bewitched, and the rest joined with him, marvelling exceedingly at a power some hellish burgess of Edinburgh exercised over him; and sundry other things did this maiden disclose.

But from one particular set down here, it was evident the Marquess was impressed with a horrid idea that I was to work his destruction, and feared to look me in the face more than he feared the spirits of the infernal regions. I had the same impressions. I knew I would some time

or other vanquish him, and have my full revenge for all his base and unworthy dealings toward me. A good lesson to all men in power to do that which is just and right. As it was, my very name unmanned him, and made him desert his whole clan,—who, amid their native fastnesses, might have worn us out, or cut us in pieces,—bundle up his treasures, and gallop for his life.

Had I ridden straight for Forres that morning, I would have been there long before him; but suspecting that he had fled westward into the highlands, I returned to Gordon's house, and was now quite behind him. On we rode, without stop or stay, to the town of Forres, having speerings of the party all the way; but when we came there, they were still a-head of us, having ridden briskly through the town without calling. We pushed on to the town of Finran, but there our evil luck predominated, no such people having been

seen there. We wist not then where to turn, but thought of pursuing up the coast; and as we were again setting out, whom should we meet but my worthy friend Master John Monro, minister of Inveral-len, who was abroad on the business of the estates. From him we learned, that five gentlemen at the village on the other side of the bay were making a mighty stir about getting a boat,—that they seemed pursued men, and that two of the party who arrived first were so much alarmed, that they took to the boat provided for the whole, and had left their friends to their shift.

As there were only five of the party we were pursuing, I now suspected that two had been despatched the night before to procure this boat, and knowing the Marquess to be of the latter party, I was sure he was left behind. We made all the speed to the place that our horses were able, but they were sore forespent, and

just as we arrived we saw a great bustle about the quay, and a small boat with four oars left it. I immediately discovered the Marquess, with his tartan trews and black bonnet, and hailing the boat, I desired her to return. The helmsman and rowers seemed disposed to obey, but a great bustle arose in the boat, and one of the rowers who leaned on his oar was knocked down, a gentleman took his place, and away shot the boat before the wind. I ordered my party to fire into her, but then a scene of riot and confusion took place. The men and all the women of the village flew on us like people distracted, seized on our guns, took my black dragoons by their throats, scratched their faces, tore their hair, and dared them, for the souls that were within them, to fire one shot at the boat manned by their own dear and honest men.

It was vain to contend: the boat was soon out of reach, so I was obliged to yield

to these rude villagers and make matters up with them as well as I could; but I was indeed a grieved man for having taken so much trouble in vain, and letting the great disturber of the country's peace escape again and again, as it were, from under my nose.

We took some rest and refreshment at the village, and after communing long with myself, I determined still to keep on the pursuit; to ride westward, cross the Firth to Rothiemay, and ride towards Sutherland, to intercept the Marquess on his landing. Accordingly, we set out once more, much against the opinion of my men, who contended that we were too small a party to penetrate into those distant regions; but nothing could divert me from my purpose, knowing as I did that Inverness, and all those bounds, were in favour with our party and true men. But behold that very night we were all surprised and taken prisoners in the town

of Nairn, by Captain Logie and a full troop of the Gordons, who, getting some intelligence of their chief's danger, had been on the alert for his rescue.

When I was brought before this young officer to be examined, I found him a very impertinent and forward fellow, although I answered all his questions civilly. When I told him I was pursuing the Marquess of Huntly, to bring him to suffer for all his crimes, he cursed me for a dog, and said the times were come to a sad pass indeed when such a cur as I dared to pursue after the Marquess of Huntly, a nobleman whose shoes I was not entitled to wipe. He called me a puny burgess, a canting worthless hypocrite, and every opprobrious title that he could invent; took all my hoard of gold, tied my feet and the feet of my black dragoons below the bellies of our horses, and led us away captives into the country of the Gordons. I gave the young gentleman several hints

to beware how he maltreated me, for that I was a dangerous personage, and never missed setting my foot on the necks of my enemies; but all my good advice tended only to make him worse. He used us very ill, and at length brought us prisoners to the castle of Haddo, commanded by Sir George Gordon, and fully provided for a siege.

We lay for some days without knowing what was going on, often hearing the din of muskets and some cannonry, whereby we understood that Argyle or some of his officers had come before the castle, and sorely did we regret that we had it not in our power to let our state be known to our friends.

But there was one thing that I discovered which could scarcely have been kept from our ears; I perceived there were divisions within the castle, and that the other chieftains of the Gordon race were disgusted with Haddo's procedure. On

this subject I kept my mind to myself, and the third day after we were immured, we had a little more liberty granted us, and were rather more civilly treated,—then I knew the besieged were afraid, and wished to make their peace. I was right. Argyle had heard from our friends in Morayshire of our capture, and insisted on our release before he would enter into any accommodation with the besieged. We were accordingly liberated, and all my gold restored to me, and joyfully was I received by Argyle and his friends, who lauded my zeal exceedingly, although they did make some sport of the expedition of my black dragoons and me, which they denominated “*the black raed.*”

By this time, master John Gordon was brought in a prisoner, as also two of the boatmen who carried the Marquess over to Caithness, where they had left him, still posting his way to the north. Such a violent fright did that great and proud person

get from a man whom he had bitterly wronged, and his few black dragoons, that he never looked over his shoulder till he was concealed among the rocks, on the shores of the northern ocean.

Finding that Lord Gordon, the Marquess's eldest son, had, either through choice or compulsion, joined his uncle Argyle, I got John Gordon, and before his face, Argyle's, and several others, consigned to the young lord his father's treasure that I had captured, for which I got great praise. I knew well enough Argyle would not suffer any part of it to revert to the Huntlys again. The brave young lord looked much dissatisfied; I was rather sorry for him, for our troops had wasted his father's lands very much.

It is only necessary to note here, that the 800 men whom I left at Auchendoun met with little opposition in those parts. They entered the castle and plundered it of a good deal of stores, and then

marched rank and file on the army that was encamped on the shelvy hill, but that melted away before them, for the men saw they had nothing for which to fight.

As soon as I got private talk with Argyle, I informed him of the strength of the castle, and the likelihood there was that we would lose many lives before it; but I added, "I am convinced that Sir George's violent measures, are any thing but agreeable to the greater part of the gentlemen within, for he is a boisterous and turbulent person, and they cannot brook his rule. My advice therefore, is, that you offer all within the castle free quarter, providing they will deliver up the laird, and the insolent captain Logie, to answer for their share in this insurrection."

Argyle returned for answer, "that he approved of my pacific measures, having no wish to shed his countrymen's blood, but that surely the soldiers would never be so base as to give up their leaders."

I said, “that I conceived the matter deserved a trial, as the sparing of human blood was always meritorious in the sight both of God and man.”

Accordingly Argyle, who never in his life rejected my counsel but once, which he afterwards repented,—he, I say, came before the castle, and by proclamation offered the terms suggested by me. The proffer was no sooner made than the gates were thrown open, Argyle and his friends were admitted, and sir George Gordon and captain Logie delivered into our hands, well bound with ropes. I asked the captain how he did; but he would not speak, and afterwards, when he did speak, he answered me as proudly and as insolently as ever. My kind friend and patron did me the honour that day to say, before sundry noblemen and gentlemen, that he esteemed my advice as if one enquired at the oracles of God.

And now the rebels being wholly either

reduced or scattered, we returned straight to Edinburgh with our two prisoners, and had their heads chopped off, publicly, on the 19th of July, at the Market Cross.

[This was summary work with a vengeance! If this narrative of the honest Baillie's detail, as it professes, nothing but simple literal facts, it is certainly an extraordinary story, and may well be denominated a remarkable passage in his life. But without all doubt, his stories of the Marquess of Huntly must be swallowed with caution; for such a rooted hatred and opposition could not fail to produce exaggeration. The idea which the writer entertains of having a power over the destiny of that nobleman, invested in him by the Almighty, as a reward for former injuries, is among the most curious superstitions of the age.

In the following parliament, a sir John Smith, and our friend the Baillie, represent the city of Edinburgh; on which

occasion, the latter has the honour of knighthood conferred on him. We must, notwithstanding, still denominate him by our old familiar title, *the Baillie*, as it sounds best in our ears, and gives a novelty to the great events in which he was engaged.

His details of parliamentary business are jumbles of confusion and absurdity, and contain many decrees unworthy the councils of a nation struggling for their liberties, civil and religious; we must therefore follow the Baillie to his next great exploit in the field, and leave his civic and parliamentary annals to those curious in such matters.]

Some day about the close of the year, [this must have been, A.D. 1644,] I received a letter from Argyle, entreating me to attend him in the west highlands, as he never stood more in need of my counsel and assistance, than at that instant; he be-

ing about to set out on an expedition against a powerful army, commanded by dangerous and experienced leaders.

I answered that I liked not having any thing to do with Montrose, for I knew his decision, and stood in dread of him, therefore I judged my assistance would rather be prejudicial to the good cause and my noble friend, than otherwise; and that moreover, I had no liberty of absence from the council of the nation; but I would never lose sight of furthering his supplies and interests where I was.

But all this would not serve, I got another letter express from Dumbarton, adjuring me to come to him without any loss of time, for in my absence he found a blank in his counsels and resolutions which could not otherwise be supplied; and to bring my reverend friend, Mr. Mungo Law with me, to assist us with his prayers. To whet me on a little more he added, that Huntly had again issued from his

concealment, and had crossed Glen-Roy at the head of a regiment of the Gordons, to urge on and further Montrose's devastations.

This kindled my ardour to a flame, and without this instigation I would not have gone; for I felt assured, even in the most inward habitation of my heart, that I was decreed and directed from above, to be a scourge to Huntly, and an adder in his path, until I should bring his haughty brow to the dust. Accordingly, Mr. Law and I set out, in the very depth of winter, and after a difficult journey we arrived at Dumbarton Castle, where we found our principal covenanting leaders assembled in council, and a powerful army in attendance.

Argyle's plan was to march straight into Mid-Lorn, which the royal army then wasted without mercy; and in this proposal he was joined by General Baillie. At this momentous crisis, Mr. Law and I

arrived, and were welcomed by Argyle with open arms.—“ Now, my lords,” said he good-naturedly, “ we have had *one Baillie’s* opinion, let me now request that *of another*, and if he gives the same verdict, my resolution is fixed, for this has been always an Achitophel to me.”

“ My lord,” said I, “ the counsel of Achitophel was at last turned to foolishness, so may that of mine, or of any man however eminent for wisdom ; for we are all erring and fallible creatures, vain of our endowments, and wise in our own conceits ; but we can do nothing but what is given us to do. Nevertheless, my lord, my advice shall be given in sincerity, and may the Lord direct the issue.”

My lord of Argyle was well pleased with this prelude, for besides that he loved a simple speech, he strove always to exalt me in the eyes of his compeers ; and so, bowing and beckoning me to proceed, he took his seat, while I spoke as follows :

“ My lords, and most worthy committee of directors of this inspired expedition ; it appears to me quite immethodical to transport the whole of this brave army into the west highlands, at this inclement season, and leave the whole of the populous districts to the eastward exposed and unprotected. You will see that no sooner have we penetrated those snowy regions, and reached the shores of the western sea, than Montrose and his army of wild highlanders, who account nothing of seasons, will instantly stretch off like a herd of deer, and fall on the towns and fertile districts to the eastward ; leaving us entangled among the fortresses of the mountains, from whence we may not be able to extricate ourselves before the approach of summer. My advice therefore is, that all the army, save the 500 ordained by the committee to assist Argyle, do return with their leaders, and defend the populous and rich districts of the east ; and no

sooner shall Argyle appear in his own country than his own brave clan will flock to him in such numbers, that Montrose and his ragamuffins will never dare to face them, and then shall we have them between two fires that shall enclose and hem them in, and destroy them root and branch."

Lord Balcarras spoke next, and approved of my plan without hesitation. Crawford Lindsay doing the same, it was approved and adopted without delay, though not much, as I thought, to Argyle's satisfaction. Three regiments returned to Angus, and 500 men went with Argyle. We lingered about Rossneath for three days, until a messenger arrived with the news of Colonel Campbell, of Auchenbreck, having arrived from Ireland, with twenty other experienced officers, who were raising the country of Kintyre. We then hastened away, and after a most dreadful march, came in upon the shores of Loch-

fine. What a woful scene was there presented to us of devastation and blood! the hamlets smoked in every direction; beasts lay houghed and dying in the field by hundreds; whole troops of men were found lying slain and stripped, while women and children were cowering about the rocky shores, and dying of cold and want. Cursed be the man that promotes a civil war in his country, and among his kindred; and may the hand of the Lord be on him for evil and not for good!

The Lauchlans and Gregors were still hanging over the remnants of that desolated place, but they fled to the snowy hills, and loaden as they were with spoil, we were not able to follow them. At Ouchter we met with the brave Sir Duncan Campbell, of Auchenbreck, who had already raised 400 gallant men, so that we were now above 1000 strong, and with these we marched to Inverary. The frost continued exceedingly sharp, but the

snow not being so deep as on the hills to the east, the people flocked in to us from all directions, every one craving to be led against the devourers of their country. The complaints were grievous, and not without cause; it was a shame that the plundering of that fine and populous country had not been put a stop to sooner. Suspected the Marquess greatly to blame. As for Sir Duncan, he was out of all temper on perceiving the desolation wrought in the country, and breathed nothing but vengeance against the northern clans. I verily believe, if arms could have been had, that Argyle might have raised six, if not ten thousand men; but the greatest part of the arms was carried off or destroyed. As it was, he had his choice of men, and selected none but the stoutest and bravest of the clan, many of them sons of gentlemen; so that when the army separated at Loch-Awe we had not fewer than 3,400 fighting men.

Our greatest loss of all was the want of information relating to the state of the country. Notwithstanding the turmoil that was in the land, we knew nothing of what was passing beyond the distance of a few miles; but all accounts agreed that Montrose was flying rapidly before us, his clans being loaded with booty, and eager to deposit that at their homes. Of course, we knew that a dispersion of his army must take place in the first instance, and eager we were to harass him before he could again collect them.

As to the affairs of the east, we knew nothing with certainty, save that we had *one* good army in that quarter, though whereabouts we did not know. We heard the Gordons were up, but knew nothing of their motions, or whether they had joined with Montrose. The Frazers and M'Kenzies were also in arms, but whether for the king or the covenant we did not know, as some said the one way

and some the other. All we knew for certain was that Montrose was flying, that his highlanders must disperse for awhile, and that it was our duty to keep up with him, and do him all the evil we could. This was also the desire of the whole army, for never were men marched against an enemy held in more perfect detestation.

I went with the western division of the army, which passed next to the sea and the provision ships: so also did Argyle, Niddery, and Provost Campbell; but the bold Sir Duncan led the other division by wilds almost impervious, through the country of the M'Keans. We plundered the country of the Stuarts of Appin, and our drivers brought in sundry small preys. When we came to Kinloch-Leven, we learned that Sir Duncan of Auchenbreck had crossed over into Lochaber before us, and was laying the country of the Camerons altogether waste. We followed on

in his track, and overtook him at even, lying by the side of a frith awaiting our arrival. He had been withstood by the Camerons of Glen-Nevis, who beat in his drivers, killed several of them, and still hung over his array in the recesses of the hills above.

On the 30th of January at noon, we reached a fine old fortress, where we pitched our camp, and here we were at a great loss how to proceed. Our water-carriage failing us here, we could not transport our necessary baggage farther. The wind had turned round to the north-east, straight in our faces, and therefore, to pursue Montrose in that direction any farther, seemed impracticable for the present. A council of war was called; Auchenbreck urged a speedy pursuit, as did sundry other gentlemen of his kindred; but he was an impetuous man, and therefore I took the opposite side, more to be a check on his rashness than from a disap-

proval of his measures, and Argyle instantly leaned to my counsel.

But we were now in an enemy's country to all intents, and every precaution was necessary; accordingly Argyle and Auchenbreck stationed the army in divisions, in the most secure and warlike manner. This was on the Friday evening, and on the Saturday Auchenbreck pushed on our advanced guard about seven or eight miles forward on Montrose's track, for his desire was either to overtake Montrose by the way, while his troops were scattered with the spoil, or reach Inverness and join the army there in garrison. But now the strangest event fell out to us that ever happened to men.

On the Saturday, about noon, two men were brought in prisoners that had escaped from Montrose's army, and were returning to Moidart: from them we learned that Montrose had reached Loch-Nigs—that his army was reduced more than one

half by desertions and leaves of absence—that the remainder were greatly dispirited, as he meditated a march into Badenoch, and from that to Buchan, a dreadful march in such weather. We swallowed all this for truth, and I believe the men told the truth as far as they knew. But behold, at the very time Argyle was questioning them in my presence, there comes news that the advanced guard of Montrose's army and ours had had a sharp encounter at the ford of the river Spean; that the latter had been defeated with a severe loss, and was in full retreat on the camp.

“Secure the two traitors,” cried Sir Duncan, and mounting, he galloped through the camp, marshalling the troops under their several officers in gallant style. Argyle, Kilmere, and myself, remained questioning the deserters. They declared the thing impossible, as they had come in the very line of march, and neither saw nor

heard of a retrograde motion, and offered to answer with their lives for the truth of their statement.

Argyle was convinced, so was I; so were all who heard the men's asseverations, and the simplicity with which they were delivered. The captain of the advanced guard was sent for, and strictly examined. He could not tell whether the army of Montrose had returned, and came against us or not. "I had led my men over the river Spean, on the ice," said he, "lest it should break up, as a thaw seemed to be coming on. They went sliding over in some irregularity, and all the while I perceived the bare heads of a few fellows peeping over the ridge, immediately before us. I took them for boys, or country people; yet still, as the men came over, I drew them up on the opposite side to this. When about two-thirds were over, a whole regiment of armed men came rushing down on us at once,

running with all their force, and uttering the most terrible shouts. We had firm footing, and I thought might have repelled them, but some of our men who were scrambling on the ice at the time returned, and began a making for this side. Flight, of all things, is the most contagious. I have often seen it, and on seeing this I lost hope. In five minutes after this my regiment broke, and ran for it; and many were killed, or taken floundering on the ice. We, however, drew up on the near bank, and retreated in order. I there got a full view of the men, and knew them for a regiment of the M'Donalds; but whether Keppoch's men of the Braes, or M'Ranald's, I could not distinguish."

We were all convinced that this check was nothing more than the Lochaber clans trying to impede our march, till Montrose got out of the fastnesses of the mountains; but Auchenbreck was doubtful, and

caused our army to rest on their arms all night, sure of this, that if Montrose had returned, he would try to surprise us by a night attack. The night passed in quietness, save the commotion of the elements, which became truly awful. The evening had been light; for the sky, though troubled like, was clear; and the moon at the full. But at midnight the thaw commenced; the winds howled, and the black clouds hung over the pale mountains, and whirled in eddies so terrific, that my heart was chilled within me; and my spirit shrunk at the madness of mankind, to be thus seeking one another's lives, amid the terrors of the storm and the commotion of conflicting tempests. I spent the night in fasting and prayer, fervently committing us and our cause to the protection of the Almighty.

My noble friend had no more rest than myself. He lodged in the same house with me down on the shore, but in a dif-

ferent apartment ; messengers arrived every half hour, and still he was impatient for the return of the next. About four in the morning he sent for me, and on hasting to his apartment, I was grieved to the heart at seeing him so much agitated. He was lying on his field couch with all his clothes on, save his coat, and his head swathed with flannel above his tasselled night cap. When I went in, he was complaining to his attendants of the uncertainty in which Sir Duncan kept him, and saying it was most strange that it could not be ascertained whether an army withstood us, or only an adverse clan. I saw he wished it the latter, and that with an earnestness that greatly discomposed him ; his attendants seemed even shy of communicating their true sentiments, and sided with their lord in conjecturing that the troops that opposed our march, was only a party raised by some of the chieftains of Lochaber, to impede and harass us in the pursuit.

When the Marquess perceived me, he called me to him, and addressed me with his wonted courtesy, asking how I did, and how I had rested, but, without giving me time to answer, began a complaining of headach and fever: said it was most unfortunate in our present circumstances, but that it behoved not him to complain, seeing it was the Lord's will to lay that affliction on his unworthy servant. My heart failed me when I heard him speak in this guise. I could not answer him, but taking his hand, I felt his pulse, and found both from that, and the heat on his skin, that he was fevered to a considerable degree. I knew it arose sheerly from agitation and want of rest, but I had not the face to tell him so, only I desired him to compose himself until the morning, and that then the fresh air and the exercise of the muster would invigorate his spirits; and that in the mean time I would go out

and see that all was safe, and the martial lines in proper order.

I took my cloak, mounted my horse, and with a heavy heart rode out to the plain on which our army lay in close files, flanked by the old fortress and a bay of the Firth on the left, and an abrupt steep on the right. The morning was dismally dark, and the rain and sleet pouring in torrents, but the wind was somewhat abated. I rode about for some time among the lines, and was several times challenged in Gaelic, for in the hurry at head quarters, I had neglected to bring a guide with me. I tried to find my way back again, but could not make it out, for not a man could I find who could speak English, until at length I was brought to the young laird of Kilkreman, and he spake it but right indifferently. I asked him to lead me to Auchenbreck, he replied as well as he could, that it might not be easily done, for

he had been moving about all night from line to line, keeping every one on the alert.

I asked him sir Duncan's opinion of this army that seemed to have risen out of the earth.—

“ Sir Duncan is shy of giving his opinion,” said he, “ but from the concern that he manifests, it is apparent that he dreads danger.”

“ What is your own opinion ?” said I.

“ I would not give a rush for the danger,” said he. “ It is merely caused by Keppoch's men, and the tail of the Camerons, collected to harass us a little. I will undertake with my Glenorchy regiment alone, to drive them like a herd of deer. If Montrose have come from Lochness since Friday morning, across the Braes of Lochaber, he and his army must have come on wings.”

Not knowing the country, I had nothing to say ; but in searching for sir Duncan, we came among the lowland regiment,

which we brought with us from Dumbar-ton. A group of these were in warm discussion on the present state of affairs. Campbell addressed them in Gaelic; but I held my peace, eager to hear their sentiments.

“Wha is they?” whispered one.

“Hout, hout,—twa o’ our heeland offisher’s,—they dinna ken a word we’re speakin.”

“Then, David, what have ye to say to my argument?”

“I have to say, John Tod, that nane kens what Montrose will do but them that hae foughten under him, as I hae doon. His plans are aboon a’ our capacities: for let me tell ye, John, if ye be gaun to calculate on ony o’ Montrose’s measures, ye maun fix on the ane that’s maist unlikely to a’ others that could be contrived be mortal men.”

“But dear Davie, man, the thing’s impossible.”

“ It’s a grit lee, man. I tell ye, John Tod, he does a thing the better that it’s impossible.”

“ .Hout, hout ! there’s nae arguifying wi’ you ava gin ye say that. But Davie, ye see, if the way be that lang, an’ that rough, that a single man coudna’ travel it in a black-weather day, how could a hale army traverse it through snaw and ice ?”

“ It’s a’ that ye ken about the matter, John Tod. Do ye no ken that Montrose’s army’s a’ cavalry ?”

“ What ? his fit sodgers an’ a’ ? Are a’ his bare hurdied clans muntit on horses ?”

“ Ay, that they ir, John. Fit an’ horse an’ a’ is turned cavalry. Have nae they ta’en awa near three thoosand o’ the pick o’ the horses in a’ Argyle ? Ay, when they came down the deel’s stairs, every man had a pony to ride, an’ ane to carry his wallet : and let me tell ye, Jock Tod, thae ponies can travel a *hundir* mile i’ the day ; an’ for roads, they like an ill ane far

better nor a good ane. I'm neither a prophet, nor a prophet's son, but I venture to predict that Montrose, an' a' his clans at his back, will rise out o' the stomach of that glen the morn, an' like a flood frae the mountains, bear the red-haired Campbell's, an' us wi' them, into the waves o' the sea."

"Fat pe te Sassenach tog saying?" said young Kilrennan.

"He is threatening to drive his enemies into the waves of the sea," said I.

"He will drive them to the rocks in te first place," said Campbell. Shortly after that we found Sir Duncan of Auchenbreck, whose care and concern for his kinsmen could not be equalled, and with him I had a conference of considerable length. He had been able to discover nothing. If there was an army, it was kept in close concealment, but he was disposed to think there was one, else the flying parties would not have been so bold and forward.

“ They are at this moment,” said he, “ hovering so nigh our columns there on the right, as to be frequently exchanging volleys with them by way of salutation. A band of Caterans would scarcely dare to do so. But if God spare us to see the light of day, our doubts shall soon be at an end.”

“ Do you mean to begin the attack, or to await it ?” said I.

“ I never wait an attack,” returned he ; “ for my kinsmen have not experience in military tactics enough to repel one, by awaiting it firmly, or forming and wheeling at the word of command, in which one single mistake would throw all into irremediable confusion. I *must* begin the attack, and then I can depend on my Campbells for breaking a front line to pieces with the best clans among them.”

I then took him aside, and in his ear told him of the state in which I left the Marquess ; that he really *was ill*, and, as I judged, somewhat delirious.

He sighed deeply, and said a sight of him mounted at the head of his men, was better than a thousand spears; that he never could understand his chief, for he had seen instances in which he shewed the most determined courage, but that, most unaccountably, he had not the command of it at all times, and never when most required. “As it is,” continued he, “we must never expose him in his present nervous state, to set a ruinous example to the men, who adore him. Do you, therefore, detain him till the battle is fairly begun, and then, when the first step of the race is taken, you shall see him the bravest of the brave.”

I applauded the wisdom of Sir Duncan, and said it was the very step I was anxious for him to take, being certain that the Marquess, in his present state of trepidation, would only derange his measures; and, at all events, I was sure he

would not suffer the army to be moved out of their present strong position to be led to the attack.

“ In the name of God keep him to yourself,—keep him to yourself,” said he vehemently. “ Do you call that a strong position? It is the very reverse for a highland army. We are too closely crammed together, and an attack of an hundred horse from that ridge would ruin our fine array in one instant. That a strong position! I would not give you ridge of rock for a thousand of such positions. Good morrow. My kindest respects to my chief, and tell him all is safe. I must be going, and see what is going on yonder ;” for at that time some volleys of musketry echoed fearfully among the rocks up towards the bottom of Ben-Nevis.

I called Sir Duncan back for a moment, and intreated him not to engage in battle till the sabbath was over, if it lay in his

power to avoid it; for I dreaded that the hand of God would be laid in a visible manner on the first who broke that holy day by shedding the blood of their brethren and countrymen. But he only shook his head, and said, with his back towards me, "We warriors are often compelled to that which we would most gladly shun."

The day began to break as I left him, and I could not help contemplating once more the awful scene that hung impending over these ireful and kindred armies. The cliffs of the towering hills that overhung them were spotted by the thaw, which gave them a wild speckled appearance in the grey light of the morning, and all their summits were wrapt in clouds of the deepest sable, as if clothed in mourning for the madness of the sons of men. The thought, too, that it was a sabbath morning, when we ought all to have been conjoined in praising and blessing the name

of our Maker, and the Redeemer of our souls ;—while, instead of that, we were all longing and yearning to mangle and deface the forms that bore his image, and send their souls to their great account out of the midst of a heinous transgression. The impressions of that sabbath-morning will never depart from my heart ; and since that day, February the 2d, 1645, I have held gloomy impressions as a sure fore-token of bad fortune.

There were 500 Glenorchy men, commanded by my late acquaintance young Archibald Campbell, of Kilrennan, son to Campbell, of Bein-More, with whom he had lately threatened to annihilate the whole host that beleaguered us. These, at day-break, were advanced toward the right, to take possession of a ridge that commanded the last entrance from an hundred glens and ravines behind. They were attacked in a tumultuous and irregu-

lar manner, apparently by a body of men squatted here and there on the height, which, as soon as the Campbells gained, they quitted, retreating toward the hills, and calling in Gaelic to one another. I saw this movement and retreat, and never beheld aught more conclusive. I was convinced they were a herd of caterans, sent to harass us and retreat to their inaccessible fastnesses on the approach of danger. With this impression fixed on my mind, I went in again to my noble friend, in excellent spirits. I found him equipped for the field, but looking even worse than before, though pretending that he was a great deal better. I assured him of what I believed to be the truth, that the opposing army was nothing more than some remnants of the malignant clans collected after depositing their spoil, to attend us on our march, and impede it as much as lay in their power; for that I

had myself seen them put to flight by the Glenorchy regiment, and chased to the hills like so many wild goats or ragged kyloes.

The spirits of the Marquess brightened up a little, but there either was a lurking disease, or a lurking tremor, that had overcome him. He lifted his hand to his brow, and gave thanks to God that we were thus allowed to enjoy his holy day in peace and quietness; he then asked for Mr. Law, and being told that he was on board the galley, he proposed that we should go to him, and join in our morning devotions.

The Marquess's splendid galley, **THE FAITH**, lay within a half bowshot of the shore, immediately behind the house where we quartered, but the store-ship lay farther away beyond the mouth of the river. A little gilded boat with pennant and streamers, and having **THE HOPE** painted in golden letters on her

stern, bore us on board, and we had not well put off from the shore till the thunders of musketry and field-pieces began anew to echo among the rocks. The Marquess lifted his eyes to Ben-Nevis, and remarked what a tumultuous sound was produced by the storm and the rushing torrents; (for by this time the floods of melted snow that poured from the mountains were truly terrific;) he made no allusion at all to the sounds of the battle that mingled in the uproar, which were then quite audible, although it was but partially commenced.

He was the first conducted on board. There were eight or nine of us, and I was about the last, or rather I think the very last. Every one having something to take on board with him, I had a good while to sit astern, and I observed the Marquess lift his eyes to the hill, and instantly his countenance changed from dark to a deadly paleness, and from that to a livid blue.

My very hairs rose on my head, for I had bad forebodings, and I dreaded that his fine army was broken. I hasted on board, and soon was aware of the cause of his alarm. It was the bray of trumpets audibly mixing with the roar of the elements, producing an effect awfully sublime, but appalling to those who but now hoped to spend a sabbath in the exercises of devotion.

“Is not that the sound of trumpets I hear?” said Argyle.

“It is, my lord,” said I.

“In the name of God, what does it portend?” said he.

“It portends, my lord, that Montrose is leading a regiment of horse to the onset.”

“Then God prosper and shield the right,” cried he emphatically; “Mr. Law, let us to our devotions shortly, and commit our cause to the Lord of Hosts. Then to

the battle-field, where our presence may be much wanted."

Mr. Law led the way to the cabin. I did not go down. I could not; for with all the desire to join in prayer that a poor dependent creature could inherit, I wanted the ability; so much were my thoughts and my eyes riveted on the scene before me.

The Marquess had a curious gilded tube on board, with glass in it, which brought distant objects close to the eye. I got possession of this, and saw the battle with perfect accuracy. Auchenbreck had put his troops in motion to the right, in order to begin the attack; he had also taken a position on a broken rising ground behind the valley. The Glenorchy regiment of 500 men still kept their position in advance to the right, and it was there the battle began. They were attacked by a regiment of Irish,

headed by some brave officers, and as they out-numbered ours, the Glenorchy men lost ground reluctantly, and were beaten from their commanding station. They were forced to give way, but were in no-wise broken. There appeared to be no horses in this part of the battle, but the three regiments of M'Donalds, who were all on the right, were flanked on both sides by strong bodies of horse. The Camerons, Stewarts, and some other inland clans, formed the centre, and the other two Irish regiments were behind. Our lowland regiment was on the left, the rest being all Campbells. I cannot now distinguish them by the names of their colonels; but, to give them justice, they appeared all alike eager and keen on the engagement; and there is not a doubt but their too great intensity on revenge ruined the fortune of the day.

The Glenorchy regiment, as I said, was beaten back, and this being in view of the

whole army, there was an instant call, from rank to rank, for support to brave young Bein-More. Auchenbreck ordered off the third line to reinforce the Glenorchy regiment, and then such a rush took place towards that point, that it appeared like utter madness and insubordination. But so eager were the Campbells to make up the first appearance of a breach in their line, that they left both their centre and left wing uncovered and weakened. Montrose lost not a moment on beholding this: he galloped across in front of the M'Donalds, and shouted to them to charge. They were not slack; pouring down into the valley, in three columns, they attacked the Campbells with loud shouts. The latter received them bravely; their lines bowed and waved, but did not break; and I could not distinguish that very many fell on either side. But Montrose now, at the head of a large body of horse, made a dash off at the right, with

a terrible clang of trumpets and other noisy sinful instruments, as if he meant to place himself in the rear of our army.

The pangs that I felt at this moment are unutterable. When the Campbells made the rush to the right, they quickly repelled the Irish, and drove them out of my sight; but when Montrose and the M'Donalds came with such force on our left, then quite weakened, little as I knew of military tactics, I trembled for the fate of the day. Auchenbreck was as brave an officer as lived, but he had been used to command troops regularly trained, and he tried to manœuvre this army in the same manner. It would not do. In bringing his force round to support the left, now in such jeopardy, the whole body of the troops got into most inextricable confusion, very much occasioned by the clamour and appearance of the horse. Alack! if they had known how little they had to fear! The greater part of the horses was merely an

appearance, and no more ; they were new listed, and sufficiently awkward, as were also the men who rode them. I saw them capering and wheeling, and throwing their riders, affrighted almost to madness at the trumpets and shots ; yet with these ragged colts did that mighty renegade amaze the hearts of the army of the covenant.

If Auchenbreck had but called out—“ See, yonder are the M'Donalds beating our brethren, run down the slope, and cut them all to pieces,” I am sure they would have done it or fallen in the attempt ; but, in place of that, he tried to manœuvre the army by square and rule, till the whole went wrong, and then every man saw he was wrong without the power of putting himself right. The whole army was, for the space of an hour, no otherwise than an immense drove of highland kyloes all in a stir, running hither and thither ; sometimes with a swing the one way and

sometimes the other, as if driven by blasts of wind. All this while, they never thought of giving way, although the Camerons were in the midst of them, slaughtering them like sheep; the fierce M'Donalds breaking through and through their irregular line, and the horse flanking them on the side next the sea.

For a long time I could distinguish Montrose's front in regular columns bearing onward through a mass of confusion, but at length the two armies appeared to mingle in one, and to move southward with a slow and troubled motion. Still the army of the Campbells did not break up and run. Every man seemed resolved to stand and fight it out, could he have known how to have done it, or found support on one side or the other. They knew not the art of flight; they reeled, they staggered, and waved like a troubled sea, but no man turned his back and fled. To

rally the front was impossible, for the clans were through and through it; but I saw several officers attempting to rally lines in the rear, and so glad were the Campbells of anything like a rallying-point, that they rushed towards these embryo files with an eagerness that in a few minutes annihilated them.

The lowland regiment, commanded by Colonel Cobron, behaved exceedingly well. It was never broken: when the retreat began, I saw that regiment defile to its left, lean its left wing on the southwest turret of the huge old castle, and sustain for a space the whole power of Montrose's right wing. The horse never attempted to break them, but a strong regiment of the M'Donalds, by some styled the Ranald regiment, drew up in front of the lowlanders. These either did not like their appearance, or liked better to smite the Campbells, for they passed on to the gene-

ral carnage, and the lowlanders kept their ground, and took quiet possession of the castle.

The only other thing that I noted in the general confusion was a last attempt of Auchenbreck to turn the left of Montrose's line up nigh to the bottom of the steep. A highland regiment was pushing onward there, said by some to be the Stewarts, whether of Athol or Appin I wot not, as if with intent to gain the glen and cut off the retreat. Against these Sir Duncan went up at the head of a small number of gentlemen, but the gallant hero was the very first man that fell, and the rest fought over him till they were all cut down. The rout by degrees became general, and the brave and high-spirited Campbells were slaughtered down without the power of resistance.

However much was said to mitigate the loss sustained that day, it was very great; for in fact that goodly army was almost

annihilated. When the flyers came to the river of Glen-Levin, it was roaring like a sea, and covered with floating snow and ice. It was utterly impassable by man or beast. The Campbells had no alternative, for they chose rather to trust the God of the elements than the swords of their inveterate foes. They plunged in like sheep into the washing-pool. Scarcely a man of them escaped! They were borne by the irresistible torrent into the ocean in a few moments, where we saw their bodies floating in hundreds as we sailed along. And moreover, in endeavouring to drag a large body on board, the rope broke, and they were all drowned likewise.

This is a true description of that fatal engagement, which need not be doubted, for, though I write from memory, the impressions made on my mind that day were not such as to be ever obliterated. I cannot state the loss, for I never knew it, nor

do I believe the Marquess ever knew it or inquired after it. As far as I could judge, from a distant view, there was not a man escaped, save a few hundreds that forced their way to the steep, and scattered among the rocks on the south and west sides of Ben-Nevis.

I must now return back to where I left off; namely, at the commencement of prayers on board of Argyle's meteor galley *The Faith*.

Mr. Mungo Law, instead of making the prayers short that morning, as the Marquess had ordered him, made them as long again as usual, for which he was sharply reproved afterwards; but after my lord the Marquess had kneeled down and joined in the homily, he could not with any degree of decency leave it.

When he came up, two pages were waiting orders. They had been sent express from the army. I heard him saying —“ Tell Sir Duncan *not* to attack, but

keep his strong position in which I placed him. But I will go with the orders myself."

"No, no, my lord, do not mention it now," said I. "It is too late. The battle will be won or lost before you can reach it and give an order."

"I will go; I must go;" said he, vehemently. "No man shall hinder me, to go and either conquer or die at the head of my people."

I held him by the robe. The two henchmen waited in the boat. "Speak to him, Mr. Law," cried I. "Speak to my lord: Would it not be madness in him to go ashore now, and perhaps derange Sir Duncan's plan of fight, and then, whatever evil betides, my lord will be blamed."

Mr. Law, who was a powerful man, —though not so tall as the Marquess, yet twice as thick,—came forward, and clasped his brawny arms round above the Marquess's, at the same time addressing him in

the words of Scripture—"Nay, thou shalt not depart; neither shalt thou go hence; for if these thy people fly, they will not care for them, and if half of them die they will not care for them, for lo! art thou not worth ten thousand of them; therefore, is it not better that thou succour them out of the ship?"

The Marquess, thus compelled, was obliged reluctantly to give up his resolution, which he did with many groans and grievous complaints. I was resolved he should not go, for I knew Sir Duncan dreaded him, and so did I; therefore I carried my point half by wiles.

It has been reported all over this country that he was in the battle, and fled whenever he saw his rival Montrose and the royal standard. No such thing: he never was in the field that morning. He arranged all the corps the evening before, and gave out general orders; slept at headquarters, and only went on board when

he believed Montrose to be a hundred miles off, and the army of the Campbells to be in no danger. He was afterwards restrained by main force from going ashore, which would only have been selling his life for nothing, as the day was, in effect, irrecoverably lost at an early hour. The lowland regiment defended themselves in the old fortress against the whole of Montrose's conquering army, till he was obliged to grant them honourable terms, and they all returned to their homes in peace. The strength of the mighty, the brave, and the Christian clan Campbell, was by that grievous blow broken for ever. The Faith and Hope sailed disconsolate down Lochaber. Argyle and I, and seven others, bore straight to the Clyde, and from thence hasted to Edinburgh, where we were the first to lay the matter before the Committee of Estates, and received the nation's thanks for our good behaviour.

[I had great doubts of the Baillie's sincerity in this, till I found the following register in Sir James Balfour's Annals, vol. iii. p. 272-3 :

“ Wedensday, 12 Feb. Sessio I.

“ This day the Marquese of Argyle came to the housse and maide a fulle relatione of all hes praceidingis sence his last going away from this.

“ The Housse war fully satisfied with my lord Marquese of Argyllis relatione and desyred the pressydent in their names to rander him hartly thankis for his grit painis and trauellis takin for the publicke weille and withall intreated to continew in so ladable a coursse of doing for the goode peace of the countrey.”

The battle was on the 2d; this was on the 12th; so that before they sailed round the Mull of Kintyre they must have lost very little time in examining the loss sustained or the state of that ruined country.

days. From that time forth he had no more heart for business; and his political interest in the city being at an end, he retired from society and traffic, and pined in secret over the miserable and degraded state of his country, and the terrors that seemed once more to hang over the reformed religion. He could not go to his door without seeing the noblest head in the realm set up as a beacon of disgrace; the lips that had so often flowed with the words of truth and righteousness falling from their hold, the eye of majesty decaying in the socket, and the dark grey hairs bleaching in the winds of heaven. This was a sight his wounded spirit could not brook, and his bodily health and strength decayed beneath the pressure. But he lived to remove that honoured head from the gaol where it had so long stood a beacon of disgrace to a whole country; to carry it with all funeral honours into the land which it had ruled, and deposit it in

“ From the first day that Charles resumed the sceptre of his fathers, nay from the hour that Argyle placed the crown on the young monarch’s head, the fortunes of my noble friend began to decline. He soon perceived that the king was jealous of him, and therefore he parted from his company, and left him to his fate. He had for twenty years been at the head of Scottish affairs, both in church and state; and much labour and toil did he undergo for the good of his country, but now the summer of his earthly glory was past, and he was left like a withered oak standing aloof from the forest he had so long shielded from the blast.

“ When General Dean brought him prisoner to Edinburgh, I got liberty to attend him in his confinement, and not a day passed over my head in which I did not visit him. I had always regarded him both as a good and a great man, with some few constitutional failings; but his

These are the most notable passages in the life of this extraordinary person ; and it is with regret that I must draw them to a close, in order to variegate this work with the actions of other men. He was a magistrate ; a ruling elder of the church ; sat in three Scottish parliaments, and lived to see many wonderful changes and revolutions. He at length triumphed over his old inveterate foe the Marquess of Huntly, receiving him at the Water Gate as a state prisoner, and conducting him to that gaol from which he never again emerged till taken to the block. But the lively interest that the Baillie took in this bloody affair, both with the church and state, I am rather inclined to let drop into oblivion ; while, on the other hand, the manner in which he speaks of the death of his old friend and benefactor, does honour to his heart and the steadiness of his principles. I shall copy only a few sentences here, and no more.]

tive. But during a long life I learned to view our state trials of Scotland as a mere farce; for what was a man's greatest glory and honour this year, was very like to bring him to the block the next. What could be a surer test of this than to see the good Marquess of Argyle's grey head set upon the same pole on which his rival's, the Marquess of Montrose, had so lately stood."

[The other circumstances mentioned by the Baillie are recorded in every history of that period. But he prayed with and for his patron night and day during his last trial; dined with him on the day of his execution, took farewell of him at the foot of the scaffold, and running home, betook him to his bed, from which he did not rise for a month. He could not believe that the country would suffer a deed so enormous to be committed as the sacrificing such a man as Argyle, nor would he credit the account of his death for many

character never rose so high as when he was plunged in the depth of adversity.

“ When he and I were in private, and spoke our sentiments freely, he did not think highly of the principles or capacities of Charles the Second ; for his principles, both civil and religious, inclined him to a commonwealth, or a monarchy greatly restricted. It was said the young king soon discovered something so contracted and selfish in his character, that he was glad to be rid of his company ; but I knew his character better than the profligate monarch did, and such a discovery never was made by me. There was no man truer to his friends or more generous to his dependants, and from the support of the Protestant religion he never once swerved. I was twice examined on his trial, and could have told more than I did regarding him and Cromwell. One could not say that his trial was unfair, admitting the principle on which he was tried to have been rela-

the tomb where the bones of the noble martyr were reposing. Then returning home, the worthy Baillie survived only a few days. He followed his noble and beloved patron into the land of peace and forgetfulness. His body was carried to Elgin, the original burial-place of his fathers, and by a singular casualty, his head laid precisely at the Marquess of Huntly's feet.]

END OF VOL. I.