

BAILLIE THE COVENANTER.

The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, A.M., Principal of the University of Glasgow, 1637—1662. Edited from the Author's Manuscripts, by David Laing, Esq. 3 vols. (Vols. i. and ii.) Robert Ogle, Edinburgh, 1841.

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EARLY in the seventeenth century of our era, a certain Mr. Robert Baillie, a man of solid wholesome character, lived in moderate comfort as Parish Minister of Kilwinning, in the west of Scotland. He had comfortably wedded, produced children, gathered Dutch and other fit divinity-books; saw his duties lying tolerably manageable, his possessions, prospects not to be despised; in short, seemed planted as for life, with fair hopes of a prosperous, composed existence, in that remote corner of the British dominions. A peaceable, 'solid-thinking, solid-feeding,' yet withal clear-sighted, diligent, and conscientious man,—alas, his lot turned out to have fallen in times such as he himself, had he been consulted on it, would by no means have selected. Times of controversy, of oppression, which became explosion and distraction; instead of peaceable preaching, mere raging, battling, soldiering; universal shedding of gall, of ink, and blood: very trou- 10
blous times! Composed existence at Kilwinning, with rural duties, domestic pledges, Dutch bodies of divinity, was no longer possible 15
for a man. 20

Till the advent of Laud's Service-book into the High Church of Edinburgh (Sunday the 23rd of July, 1637), and that ever-memorable flight of Jenny Geddes's stool at the head of the Dean officiating there, with "Out, thou foul thief! wilt thou say mass at my lug?"—

5 till that unexpected cardinal-movement, we say, and the universal, unappeasable riot, which ensued thereupon over all these Kingdoms,—Baillie, intent on a quiet life at Kilwinning, was always clear for some mild middle course, which might lead to this and other blessings. He even looked with suspicion on the Covenant when it was started; and

10 was not at all one of the first to sign it. Sign it, however, he did, by and by, the heat of others heating him ever higher to the due welding pitch; he signed it, and became a vehement, noteworthy champion of it, in such fashion as he could. Baillie, especially if heated to the welding pitch, was by no means without faculty. There lay motion in

15 him; nay, curiously, with all his broad-based heaviness, a kind of alacrity, of internal swiftness and flustering impetuosity,—a natural vehemence, assiduous swift eagerness, both of heart and intellect: very considerable motion; all embedded, too, in that most wholesome, broad-based love of rest! The eupeptic, right-thinking nature

20 of the man; his sanguineous temper, with its vivacity and sociality; an ever-busy ingenuity, rather small perhaps, but prompt, hopeful, useful; always with a good dash, too, of Scotch shrewdness, Scotch *canniness*; and then a loquacity, free, fervid, yet judicious, *canny*,—in a word, natural vehemence, wholesomely covered over and tempered

25 (as Sancho has it) in 'three inches of old Christian *fat*,'—all these fitted Baillie to be a leader in General Assemblies and conclaves, a man deputable to the London Parliament and elsewhere. He became a prominent, and so far as the Scotch Kirk went, pre-eminent man; present in the thick of all negotiations, Westminster Assemblies,

30 Scotch Commissions, during the whole Civil War. It can be said too, that his natural faculty never, in any pitch of heat or confusion, proved false to him; that here, amid revolt and its dismal fluctuations, the worthy man lived agitated indeed, but not unprosperous. Clearly enough, in that terrible jostle, where so many stumbling fell, and

35 straightway had their lives and fortunes trodden out, Baillie did, according to the Scotch proverb, contrive to 'carry his dish level' in a wonderful manner, spilling no drop; and indeed was found at last,

even after Cromwell and all Sectaries had been there, seated with prosperous composure, not in the Kirk of Kilwinning, but in the Principalship of Glasgow University; which latter he had maintained successfully through all changes of weather, and only needed to renounce at the coming in of Charles II, when, at any rate, he was too old for holding it much longer. So invincible, in all elements of fortune, is a good natural endowment; so serviceable to a man is that same quality of motion, if imbedded in wholesome love of rest,—hasty vehemence dissolved in a bland menstruum of oil! 5

Baillie, however we may smile at him from this distance, was not entirely a common character: yet it must be owned that, for anything he of himself did, or spoke, or suffered, the worthy man must have been forgotten many a year ago; the name of him dead, non-extant; or turning up (as the doom of such is) like the melancholy mummy of a name, under the eye of here and there an excavator in those dreary mines,—bewildered, interminable rubbish-heaps of the Cromwellian Histories; the dreariest perhaps that anywhere exist, still visited by human curiosity, in this world. But his copious loquacity, by good luck for him and for us, prompted Baillie to use the pen as well as tongue. A certain invaluable ‘Reverend Mr. Spang,’ a cousin of his, was Scotch minister at Campvere, in Holland, with a boundless appetite to hear what was stirring in those days; to whom Baillie, with boundless liberality, gives satisfaction. He writes to Spang, on all great occasions, sheet upon sheet; he writes to his Wife, to the Moderator of his Presbytery, to earls and commoners, to this man and to that; nothing loath to write when there is matter. Many public Papers (since printed in Rushworth’s and other Collections) he has been at the pains to transcribe for his esteemed correspondents; but what to us is infinitely more interesting, he had taken the further trouble to make copies of his own Letters. By some lucky impulse, one hardly guesses how,—for as to composition, nothing can be worse written than these Letters are, mere hasty babblements, like what the extempore speech of the man would be,—he took this trouble; and ungrateful posterity reaps the fruit. These Letters, bound together as a manuscript book, in the hands of Baillie’s heirs, grew ever more notable as they grew older; copies, at various times, were made of parts of them; some three copies of the whole, or almost the whole, 10 15 20 25 30 35

whereof one, tolerably complete, now lies in the British Museum.¹ Another usefuller copy came into the hands of Woodrow, the zealous, diligent Historian of the Scotch Church, whose numerous Manuscripts, purchased partly by the General Assembly, partly by the
 5 Advocates' Library, have now been accessible to all inquirers, for a century or more. Baillie, in this new position, grew ever notabler; was to be seen quoted in all books on the history of that period; had to be read and searched through, as a chief authority, by all original students of the same. Half a century of this growing notability issued
 10 at last in a printed edition of Baillie; two moderate octavo volumes, published, apparently by subscription, at Edinburgh, in 1775. Thus, at length, had the copious outpourings, first emitted into the ear of Spang and others, become free to the curiosity of all; purchasable by every one that had a few shillings, legible by every one that had a
 15 little patience. As the interest in those great transactions never died out in Scotland, Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, one of the best remaining illustrations of them, became common in Scottish libraries.

Unfortunately, this same printed edition was one of the worst. A tradition, we are told, was once current among Edinburgh booksellers that it had been undertaken on the counsel of Robertson and
 20 Hume; but, as Mr. Laing now remarks, it is not a credible tradition. Robertson and Hume would, there is little doubt, feel the desirableness of having Baillie edited, and may, on occasion, have been heard saying so; but such an edition as this of 1775 is not one they could
 25 have had any hand in. In fact, Baillie may be said to have been printed on that occasion, but not in any true sense edited at all. The quasi-editor, who keeps himself entirely hidden in the background, is guessed to have been one 'Mr. Robert Aiken, Schoolmaster of Anderton,'—honour to his poor shadow of a name! He went over Baillie's
 30 manuscripts in such fashion as he could; 'omitted many Letters on

¹ As in this Museum transcript, otherwise of good authority, the name of the principal correspondent is not 'Spang,' but 'Strang,' and we learn elsewhere that Baillie wrote the miserablest hand, a question arises, Whether *Strang* be not, once for all, the real name, and *Spang*, from the first, a mere false reading, which has now become inveterate? *Strang*, equivalent to *Strong*, is still a common name in those parts of
 35 Scotland. *Spang* (which is a Scottish verb, signifying *leap violently, leap distractedly*,—as an imprisoned, terrified kangaroo might leap) we never heard of as a Christian person's surname before! 'The Reverend Mr. *Leap-distractedly*,' labouring in that dense element of Campvere, in Holland? We will hope not, if there be a ray of hope! The Bannatyne Club, now in a manner responsible, is adequate to decide.—Spang is the name, persist they (A. D. 1846).

private affairs;’ copied those on public matters, better or worse; and prefixing some brief, vague *Memoir of Baillie*, gathered out of the general wind, sent his work through the press, very much as it liked to go. Thanks to him, poor man, for doing so much; not blame that, in his meagre garret, he did not do more! But it is to be admitted, few books were ever sent forth in a more helpless condition. The very printer’s errors are numerous. Note or comment there is none whatever, and here and there some such was palpably indispensable; for Baillie, in the hurry of his written babblement, is wont to designate persons and things, often enough, in ways which Spang and the world would indeed understand at the time, but which now only critics and close investigators can make out. The narrative, watery, indistinct, flowing out in vague diffusion, at the first and best, fades now too frequently into the enigmatic, and stagnates in total obscurity if some little note be not added. Whom does the Letter-writer, in his free and easy speed, intend to designate by such phrases as ‘his Lordship,’ ‘the Lord Marquis,’ his Grace, precious Mr. David, the Reverend Mr. H. of N.? An editor ought to tell; and has not tried there to do it. Far from doing it, he has even mistaken some of the initials themselves, and so left the natural dimness changed into Egyptian dark. Read in this poor Anderton edition, Baillie, in many passages, produces the effect, not of a painting, even of the hugest sign-post painting, but of a monstrous, foamy smear, resemblance of no created thing whatever. Additional outlays of patience become requisite, and will not always suffice. It is an enigma you might long guess over, did not perhaps indolence and healthy instincts premonish you that, when you had it, the secret would be worth little.

To all which unhappy qualities we are to add, that this same edition of 1775 had, in late times, become in the highest degree difficult to get hold of! In English libraries it never much abounded, nor in the English book-markets; its chief seat was always its native one. But of late, as would seem, what copies there were, the growing interest of whatsoever related to the heroes of the Civil War had altogether absorbed. Most interesting to hear what an eye-witness, even a stupid eye-witness, if honest, will say of such matters! The reader that could procure himself a *Baillie* to pore over, was lucky. The price in old-book shops here in London had risen, if by rare chance any copy turned up, to the exorbitancy of two guineas!

And now, under these circumstances, the Bannatyne Club, a private reunion of men who devote themselves expressly to the rescue and re-printing of scarce books and manuscripts, with or without much value, very wisely determined to re-edit Baillie; first, for their own private behoof; and secondly, as is their wise wont in some cases, and as in every case is easy for them (the types being already all set, and the printer's 'composition' accomplished, as it were, gratis), for the behoof of the public that will buy. Very wisely too, they appointed for this task their Honorary Secretary, the Keeper of the Edinburgh Signet Library, Mr. David Laing, a gentleman well known for his skill in that province of things. Two massive Octavos, in round legible type, are accordingly here; a Third and last is to follow in a few months; and so Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, finally in right reading condition, becomes open, on easy terms, to whoever has concern in it. In right reading condition; for notes and all due marginal guidances, such as we desiderated above, are furnished; the text is rectified by collation of three several Manuscripts, among others, Baillie's own, of the 'evil handwriting' of which an appalling fac-simile gives evidence; the various Letters relating to private affairs are not excluded in this edition, but wisely introduced and given in full, as deserving their paper and ink perhaps better than the average. On the other hand, public Papers, if easily accessible elsewhere, are withheld, and a reference given to the *Rushworth*, *Hardwicke*, *Thurloe*, or other such *Collection*, where they already stand; if not easily accessible, they are printed here in appendixes; and indeed not they only, but many more not copied by Baillie, some of them curious enough, which the editor's resources and long acquaintance with the literature of Scotch History have enabled him to offer. This is the historical description, origin, and genesis of these two massive Octavos named *Baillie's Letters and Journals*, published by the Bannatyne Club, which now lie before us; thus are they, and thence did they come into the world.

It remains now only to be added, critically as well as historically, that Mr. Laing, according to all appearance, has exhibited his usual industry, sagacity, correctness in this case, and done his work well. The notes are brief, illuminative, ever in the right place; and, what we will praise withal, not over plenteous, not more of them than needed. Nothing is easier than for an antiquarian editor to seize too eagerly any chance or pretext for pouring out his long-bottled antiquarian

lore, and drowning his text, instead of refreshing and illustrating it; a really criminal proceeding! This, we say, the present editor has virtuously forborne. A good index, a tolerable biography, are to be looked for, according to promise, in the Third Volume. Baillie will then stand on his shelves, accessible, in good reading condition: a fact which, since it is actually a fact, may with propriety enough be published in this journal, and in any and all other journals or methods, as widely as the world and its wants and ways will allow.

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We have no thought here of going much into criticism of Baillie or his Book; still less of entering at all on that enormous Business he and it derive their interest from,—that enormous whirlpool on which, the fountains of the great deep suddenly breaking up, the pacific, broad-based Minister sees himself launched forth from Kilwinning Kirk, and set sailing, and epistolizing! The Book has become curious to us, and the Man curious; much more so on a riper acquaintance than they were at first. Nevertheless our praise of him, hearty enough in its kind, must on all sides be limited. To the general, especially to the uninformed or careless reader, it will not be safe to promise much ready entertainment from this Book. Entertainment does lie in it, both amusement and instruction do; but rather for the student than the careless reader. Poor Baillie is no epic singer or speaker,—the more is the pity! His Book is like the hasty, breathless, confused *talk* of a man, looking face to face on that great whirl of things. A wiser man—would have talked *more* wisely! But, on the whole, this man too has a living heart, a seeing pair of eyes; above all, he is clearly a veracious man; tells Spang and you the truest he has got to tell in such a bustling hurry as his. Veracious in word; and we might say, what is a much rarer case, veracious in thought too; for he harbours no malignity, perverse hatred, purposes no wrong against any man or thing; and indeed, at worst, is of so transparent a nature, all readers can discern at all times where his bias lies, and make due allowance for that.

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Truly, it is pity the good man had not been a little wiser, had not shown a little more of the epic gift in writing: we might then have had, as in some clear mirror, or swift contemporaneous *Daguerreotype* delineator, a legible living picture of that great Time, as it looked and was! But, alas, no soul of a man is altogether such a ‘mirror;’ the highest soul is only approximately, and still at a great distance, such.

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Besides, we are always to remember, poor Baillie wrote not for us at all; but for Spang and the Presbytery of Irvine, with no eye to us! What of picture there is, amid such vaporous, mazy indistinctness, or indeed quite turbulent, weltering dislocation and confusion, must be
 5 taken as a godsend. The man gazes as he can, reports as he can. His words flowing out bubble-bubble, full of zealous broad-based vehemence, can rarely be said to make a picture; though on rare occasions he does pause, and with distinctness, nay with a singular felicity, give some stroke of one. But rarely in his loquacious haste has he taken
 10 time to detect the real articulation and structure of the matter he is talking of,—where it begins, ends, what the real character and purport, the real aspect of it is: how shall he in that case, by any possibility, make a portrait of it? He talks with breathless loquacity, with adipose
 15 vehemence, about it and about it. Nay, such lineaments of it as he has discovered and mastered, or begun to discover (for the man is by no means without an eye, could he have taken time to look), he, scrawling without limit to Spang, uses not the smallest diligence to bring out on the surface, or separate from the as yet chaotic, undiscovered;
 20 he leaves them weltering at such depth as they happen to lie at. A picture does struggle in him; but in what state of development the reader can guess. As the image of a real object may do, shadowed in some huge, frothy, ever-agitated vortex or deluge,—ever-agitated cauldron, boiling, bubbling, with fat vehemence!

Yet this too was a thing worth having: what talk, what babblement, the Minister of rural Kilwinning, brought suddenly in sight of
 25 that great World-transaction, will audibly emit from him. Here it is, fresh and fresh,—after two centuries of preservation: how that same enormous whirlpool, of a British Nation all torn from its moorings, and set in conflict and self-conflict, represents itself, from moment to
 30 moment, in the eyes of this shrewd-simple, zealous, yet broad-bottomed, rest-loving man. On the whole, is there not, to the eager student of History, something at once most attractive and yet most provoking in all Memoirs by a Contemporary? Contemporaneous
 35 words by an eye-witness are like no other. For every man who sees with eyes *is*, approximately or else afar off,—either approximately and in some faint degree decipherable, or too far off, altogether *undecipherable*, and as if vacant and blank,—the miraculous ‘Daguerreotype-mirror,’ above mentioned, of whatever

thing transacts itself before him. No shadow of it but left some trace in him, decipherable or undecipherable. The poor *soul* had, lying in it, a far stranger alchemy than that of the electric-plates: a living Memory, namely, an Intelligence, better or worse. Words by an eye-witness! You have there the words which a Son of Adam looking on the phenomenon itself saw fittest for depicting it. Strange to consider: *it*, the very phenomenon itself does stand depicted there, though under such inextricable obscurations, short-comings, perversions,—fatally eclipsed from us forever: for we cannot read it; the traces are so faint, confused, as good as non-extant to our organs: the light was so unfavourable,—the ‘electric-plate’ was so extremely *bad*. Alas, you read a hundred autograph holograph letters, signed ‘Charles Rex,’ with the intensest desire to understand Charles Rex, to know what Charles Rex was, what he had in his eye at that moment; and to no purpose. The summary of the whole hundred autographs is vacuity, inanity; like the moaning of winds through desert places, through damp empty churches: what the writer did actually mean, the *thing* he then thought of, the thing he then was,—remains forever hid from you. No answer; only the ever-moaning, gaunt, unsyllabled *woo-woo* of wind in empty churches! Most provoking, a provocation as of Tantalus;—for there is not a word written there but stands like a kind of window through which a man *might* see, or feels as if he might see, a glimpse of the whole matter. Not a jolt in those crabbed angular sentences, nay not a twirl in that cramp penmanship, but is significant of all you seek. Had a man but intellect *enough*,—which, alas, no man ever had, and no angel ever had,—how would the blank become a picture all legible! The doleful, unsyllabled *woo-woo* of church-winds had become intelligible, cheering articulation; that tragic, fatal-looking, peak-bearded individual, ‘your constant assured friend, Charles Rex,’ were no longer an enigma and chimera to you! With intellect *enough*,—alas, yes it were all easy then; the very signing of his name were then physiognomical *enough* of him!

Or, descending from such extreme heights and rarefactions,—where, in truth, human nature cannot long breathe with satisfaction,—may we not here deduce once more the humble practical inference, How extremely incumbent it is on every reader to read faithfully with whatever of intellect he has; on every writer, in like manner, to exert himself, and write his wisest? Truly the man who says, still more who

writes, a wise word on any object he has seen with his eyes, or otherwise come to know and be master of, the same is a benefactor to all men. He that writes unwise words, again,—especially if on any great, ever-memorable object, which in this manner catches him up, so to speak, and keeps him memorable along with it,—is he not the indisputablest *malefactor*? Yes; though unfortunately there is no bailiff to collar him for it, and give him forty stripes save one; yet, if he could do better, and has not done it,—yes! Shall stealing the money of a man be a crime; and stealing the time and brains of innumerable men, generation after generation of men, be none? For your tenebrific criminal has fixed himself on some great object, and cannot perhaps be forgotten for centuries; one knows not when he will be entirely forgotten! He, for his share, has not brought light into the world according to his opportunity, but darkness; he is a son of Nox, has treacherously deserted to the side of Chaos, Nox, and Erebus; strengthening, perpetuating, so far as lay in him, the reign of prolixity, vacuity, vague confusion, or in one word, of stupidity and *misknowledge* on this earth! A judicious Reviewer,—in a time when the ‘abolition of capital punishments’ makes such progress in both Hemispheres,—would not willingly propose a new penalty of *death*; but in any reasonable practical suggestion, as of a bailiff and forty stripes save one, to be doubled in case of relapse, and to go on doubling in rigid geometric progression till amendment ensued, he will cheerfully concur.

But to return. The above considerations do not, it is clear, apply with any stringency to poor Baillie; whose intellect, at best, was never an epic one; whose opportunities, good as they look, were much marred by circumstances; above all, whose epistolary performance was moderately satisfactory to Spang! We are to repeat that he has an intellect, and a most lively, busy one of its kind; that he is veracious, what so few are. If the cursory reader do not completely profit by him, the student of History will prosper better. But in this, as in all cases, the student of History must have patience. Everywhere the student of History has to pass his probation, his apprenticeship; must first, with painful perseverance, *read* himself *into* the century he studies,—which naturally differs much from our century; wherein, at first entrance, he will find all manner of things, the ideas, the personages, and their interests and aims, foreign and unintelligible to him. He as

yet knows nobody, can yet care for nobody, completely understand nobody. He must read himself into it, we say; make himself at home, and acquainted in that repulsive foreign century. Acquaintance once made, all goes smoother and smoother; even the hollow-sounding ‘constant assured friend Charles Rex’ improves somewhat; how much more this headlong, warm-hearted, blundering, babbling, ‘sagacious jolterhead’ of a Baillie! For there is a real worth in him, spite of its strange guise;—something of the Boswell; rays of clear genial insight, sunny illumination, which alternate curiously with such babblement, oily vehemence, confused hallucination, and sheer floundering plat-
 itude! An incongruous, heterogeneous man; so many inconsistencies, all united in a certain prime-element of most turbid, but genuine and fertile *radical warmth*. 5 10

Poor Baillie! The daily tattle of men, as the air carried it two hundred years ago, becomes audible again in those pages: an old dead Time, seen alive again, as through a glass darkly. Those hasty chaotic records of his, written down offhand from day to day, are worth reading. They produce on us something like the effect of a contemporaneous daily newspaper; more so than any other record of that time; much more than any of the *Mercuries*, ‘Britannic,’ ‘Aulic,’ ‘Rustic,’ which then passed as newspapers, but which were in fact little other than dull-hot objurgatory pamphlets,—grown cold enough now. Baillie is the true newspaper; he is to be used and studied like one. Taken up in this way, his steamy indistinctness abates, as our eye gets used to the steamy scene he lives in; many a little trait discloses itself, where at first mere vacant confusion was discernible. Once familiar to the time, we find the old contemporaneous newspaper, which seemed mere waste paper, a rather interesting document. Nay, as we said, the Kilwinning Minister himself by degrees gets interesting; for there is a strange homely worth in him, loveable and ludicrous; a strange mass of shrewd simplicities, naiveties, blundering ingenuities, and of right wholesome vitalities withal. Many-tinted tracteries of Scotch humours, such as a Galt, a Scott, or a Smollett might have rejoiced over, lie in this man, unobliterated by the Covenant and all distance of time. How interesting to descry, faintly developed, yet there and recognisable through the depths of two dead centuries, and such dense garnitures and dialects all grown obsolete, the indubitablest traits of Scotch human-nature, redolent of the ‘West country,’ of the 15 20 25 30 35

kindly ‘Salt market,’ even as this Day still sees it and lovingly laughs over it! Rubicund broad lineaments of a Nicol Jarvie, sly touches too of an Andrew Fairservice; nay sputterings, on occasion, of the tindery tragic fire of an adust Lieutenant Leshmahago,—fat as this man is, and of a pacific profession! We could laugh much over him, and love him much, this good Baillie; but have not time at present. We will point out his existence; advise all persons who have a call that way to read that same ‘contemporaneous newspaper’ of his with attention and thanks. We give it small praise when we say, there is perhaps no book of that period which will, in the end, better reward the trouble of reading. Alas, to those unfortunate persons who have sat, for long months and years, obstinately incurring the danger of locked-jaw, or suspension at least of all the thinking faculties, in stubborn perusal of Whitlocke, Heylin, Prynne, Burton, Lilburn, Laud, and Company,—all flat, boundless, dead and dismal, as an Irish bog,—such praise will not seem too promissory!

But it is time to let Baillie speak a little for himself; readers, both cursory and studious, will then judge a little for themselves. We have fished up, from much circumambient indistinctness and embroiled babblement, a lucid passage or two. Take first that clear vision, made clear to our eyes also, of the Scotch encamped in warlike array under Field-Marshal Alexander Lesley, that ‘old little crooked soldier,’ on the slopes of Dunse Law, in the sunny days of 1639. Readers are to fancy that the flight of Jenny Geddes’s stool, which we named a cardinal movement (as wrongs long compressed do but require some slight fugling-signal), has set all Scotland into uproar and violent gesticulation: the *first* slight stroke of a universal battle and wrestle, with all weapons, on the part of all persons, for the space of twenty years or so,—one of the *later* strokes of which severed a king’s head off! That there were flockings of men to Edinburgh, and four ‘Tables’ (not for dining at) set up. That there have been National Covenants, General Assemblies, royal commissioners; royal proclamations not a few, with protests of equal number; much ineffectual proclaiming, and protesting, and vociferating; then, gradually, private ‘drillings in Fife’ and other shires; then public calling forth of the ‘twelfth penny,’ of the ‘fourth fencible man;’ Dutch arms from Holland, Scotch officers from Germany,—not to speak of commissariat-stores, thrifty

‘webs of harding’ (*canvas*) drawn ‘from the good wives of Edinburgh’ by eloquent pulpit-appeals ‘of Mr. Harry Rollock:’—and so, finally, this is what we discern on the pleasant conical Hill of Dunse, in the summer weather of 1639. For, as Baillie says, ‘They might see now that before we would be roasted with a slow fire, by the hands of Churchmen who kepted themselves far aback from the same, we were resolved to make a bolt through the reek, and try to get a grip of some of those who had first kindled the fire, and still laid fuel to it,—and try if we could cast *them* in the midst of it, to taste if that heat was pleasant when it came near their own skins!’ Proper enough;—and lo, accordingly:

‘This our march did much affray the English camp: Dunse Law was in sight, within six or seven miles; for they lay in pavilions some two miles above Berwick, on the other side of Tweed, in a fair plain along the river. The king himself, beholding us through a prospect (*spy-glass*), did conjecture us to be sixteen or eighteen thousand men; but at one time we were above twenty thousand.’

‘It would have done you good to have casten your eyes athort our brave and rich Hill, as oft I did, with great contentment and joy. For I (quoth the wren) was there among the rest; being chosen preacher by the Gentlemen of our Shire, who came late with my Lord of Eglinton. I furnished to half a dozen of good fellows muskets and pikes, and to my boy a broadsword. I carried, myself, as the fashion was, a sword and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle; but, I promise, for the offence of no man except a robber in the way; for it was our part to pray and preach for the encouragement of our countrymen, which I did, to my power, most cheerfully. Our Hill was garnished on the top, towards the south and east, with our mounted cannon; well near to the number of forty, great and small. Our regiments lay on the sides of the Hill, almost round about: the place was not a mile in circle; a pretty round, rising in a declivity, without steepness, to the height of a bow-shot; on the top, somewhat plain; about a quarter of a mile in length, and as much in breadth; as I remember, capable of tents for forty thousand men. The crowners² lay in kennous (*canvas*) lodges, high and wide; their captains about them in lesser ones; the sojourns about, all in huts of timber covered with divot (*turf*) or straw. Our crowners, for the most part, were noblemen: Rothes, Lindsay, Sinclair had among them two full regiments at least, from

² *Crowner, coroner*, and (to distinguish this officer from him who holds the inquests), *coronel*, which last is still intrinsically our pronunciation of the word now spelt *colonel*.

Fife; Balcarras a horse-troop; Loudon,' &c. &c. 'Our captains were mostly barons, or gentlemen of good note; our lieutenants, almost all, sojourns who had served over sea in good charges. Every company had flying at the captain's tent door a brave new Colour, with the Scottish Arms, and this ditton,
 5 *For Christ's Crown and Covenant*, in golden letters,'—a notable emblazonment indeed!

'The councils of war were kepted daily in the Castle of Dunse; the ecclesiastic meetings in Rothes's large tent. Lesley the General, and Baillie his Lieutenant, came nightly on their horses for the setting of the watch. Our
 10 sojourns were all lusty and full of courage; the most of them stout young ploughmen; great cheerfulness in the face of all. The only difficulty was to get them dollars or two the man, for their voyage from home and the time they entered on pay: for among our yeomen money at any time, not to say then, used to be very scarce.' 'We were much obliged to the town of Edinburgh for monies: Harry Rollock, by his sermons, moved them to shake out their purses; the garners of Non-covenanters, especially of James Maxwell and my Lord Winton, gave us plenty of wheat. One of our Ordinances was To seize on the rents of Non-covenanters,'—ane helpful Ordinance, so far as it went.

'Our sojourns grew in experience of arms, in courage, in favour, daily: every one encouraged the other; the sight of the nobles and their beloved pastors daily raised their hearts. The good sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of Heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells; the remonstrances, very frequent, of the goodness of their Cause, of their
 25 conduct (*guidance*) hitherto by a Hand clearly Divine; also Lesley his skill and fortune,—made them all so resolute for battle as could be wished. We were feared (*afraid*) that emulation among our nobles might have done harm when they should be met in the fields; but such was the wisdom and authority of that old little crooked souldier, that all, with ane incredible submission,
 30 from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solyman. He kepted daily, in the Castle of Dunse, ane honourable table: for the nobles and strangers, with himself; for the gentlemen waiters, thereafter at a long side-table. I had the honour, by accident, one day to be his chaplain at table, on his left hand. The fare was as became a general in time of war: not so curious by far as Arundel's, in the
 35 English Camp, to our nobles; but ye know that the English sumptuosity, both in war and peace, is despised by all their neighbours,'—*bursten poke-puddings* of Englishers, whose daily care is to dine, not wisely but too well!

'But had ye lent your ear in the morning, or especially at even, and heard
 40 in the tents the sound of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading Scripture, ye would have been refreshed. True, there was swearing,

and cursing, and brawling, in some quarters: but we hoped, if our camp had been a little settled, to have gotten some way for these misorders; for all, of any fashion, did regret, and all did promise to contribute their best endeavours for helping all abuses. For myself, I never found my mind in better temper than it was all the time frae I came from home, till my head was again homeward; for I was as a man who had taken my leave from the world, and was resolved to die in that service without return. I found the favour of God shining upon me; and a sweet, meek, yet strong and vehement spirit leading me, all along. But, alas! I was no sooner on my way westward, after the conclusion of peace, than my old security returned.³

This is the Scotch Encampment on the Hill of Dunse; King Charles looking at it through a spy-glass, not without interest, from the plain above Berwick on the other side of the river. Could he have discovered the Reverend Robert Baillie riding thither from Kilwinning, girt with sword and Dutch pistols, followed by the five or six rough characters whom he had laid out hard cash to furnish with muskets and pikes, and to what a dreadful pitch the mind of the pacific broad-based man had now got itself screwed, resolute ‘to die on that service without return,’—truly, this also might have been illuminative for his Majesty! Heavy Baillie was an emblem of heavy Scotland, in the rear of which lay heavy England. But ‘our sweet Prince’ discerned only the surfaces of things. The mean peddling details hid from him, as they still do from so many, the essential great meaning of the matter; and he thought, and still again thought, that the rising up of a million men, to assert that they were verily men with souls, and not automations with wires, was some loud-sounding pettiness, some intrigue,—to be dealt with by intriguing. Herein he fundamentally mistook; mis-saw,—and so mis-*went*, poor Prince, in all manner of ways: to the front of Whitehall ultimately!

But let us now, also through a kind of dim spy-glass, cast a far-off look into the domesticities of Baillie; let us glance, namely, through certain of these paper-missives, into that ancient Manse of Kilwinning; all vanished now, to the last stone of it, long since; swallowed in the depths of edacious Time. The reader shall also see a journey

³ We have used the freedom to modernise Baillie’s spelling a little; about which, ‘as he could never fix,’ says Mr. Laing, ‘on any constant way of spelling his own name,’ there need not be much delicacy; we also endeavour to improve his punctuation, &c., here and there; but will nowhere in the least alter his sense.

to Town done on ponies, along the course of what is now the Great North-eastern Railway, working with so much more velocity by steam!

5 The 'Treaty of Berwick,' fruit of that Dunse-Law expedition of the Scotch People, has soon issued again in proclamations, in 'papers burnt by the hangman;' and then in a new Scotch Armament, lodged, this time, not on Dunse Hill, with uncertain monies from Mr. Harry Rollock, but, by a bold movement through the Tyne at Newburn, safely in the town of Newcastle, with eight hundred pounds a-day from the northern counties: whereupon follows a new 'Treaty of
10 Rippon,'—fit also to be burnt by the hangman by and by. Baillie rejoices somewhat in the milk and honey of these northern counties, comparatively a fat, productive land. The heroic man, girt again with Dutch pistols, innocuous except to thieves, had made his Will before departing on these formidable expeditions: 'It will be my earnest
15 desire,' thus wills he, 'that my wife be content with the annual-rent of seven thousand merk (*Scots*) from what is first and readiest, and that she quit judicially what further she could crave by her very subdolous contract'—subdolous contract, I say, though not of her making; which she should *quit*. 'What then remains, let it be employed for her children's education and profit. I would give to Robert
20 five thousand merk, if he quit his heirship; the rest to be equally divided betwixt Harrie and Lillie. Three hundred merk to be distribute presently among the Poor of the Parish of Kilwinning, at sight of the Session.' All this we omit, and leave behind us in a state of comfortable fixity;—being bound now on a new mission: to the new
25 Parliament (which will one day become a Long Parliament) just sitting down at present. Read these select fractions of Letters 'to Mrs. Baillie at Kilwinning,' dated November, 1640, on the road to London:

30 'My Heart,—I wrote to thee from Edinburgh; also, from Kelso, to Mr. Claud, suspecting thy absence from home. I wrote to thee likewise here, in Newcastle, on Saturday last. Since, I thank God, I have been very weel, as thy heart could wish, and all my company.

35 'Yesternight the Committee sent for me, and told me of their desire I should go to London with the Commissioners. I made sundry difficulties; which partly they answered, and partly took to their consideration till this day. But now, at our presbytery after sermon, both our noblemen and ministers in one voice thought meet that not only Mr. Alexander Henderson, but

also Mr. Robert Blair, Mr. George Gillespie, and I, should all three, for divers ends, go to London; Mr. Robert Blair to satisfy the minds of many in England who love the way of New England (*Independency*) better than that of Presbyteries in our Church; I for the convincing of that prevalent faction (*Arminian Episcopalists*) against which I have written; Mr. Gillespie for the crying down of the English ceremonies, on which he has written; and all four of us to preach, by turns, to our Commissioners in their house; which is the custom of divers noblemen at court, and was our practice all the time of the Conference at Rippon. We mind to Durham, God willing, to-morrow; and other twelve miles on Saturday, to Darntoun (*Darlington*), there to stay all Sunday, where we hope to hear, before we cross the Tees on Monday, how things are like to frame in the English Parliament. Loudon is fashed with a defluxion; he will stay here till Monday, and come on as health serves, journey or post.

‘They speak here of the prentices pulling down the High-Commission house at London; of General King’s landing, with six or seven thousand Danes, in the mouth of the Thames, near London. We wish it were so; but we take it, and many things more you will hear, for clatters.

‘My Heart, draw near to God; neglect not thy prayers morning and evening with thy servants, as God will help thee; read and pray, beside that, in private. Put Rob to the school; teach him and Harrie both some little beginnings of God’s fear; have a care of my little Lillie. I pray thee write to me how thou and they are.

‘Thy awne,
‘R. BAILLIE.

‘Newcastle, 5 November, 1640.’

‘My Heart,—Thou sees I slip no occasion. I wrote to thee yesternight from Newcastle; this night I am in Durham, very weel, rejoicing in God’s good providence.

‘After I closed my letters, my boy Jamie was earnest to go with me; so, notwithstanding of my former resolution to send him home, I was content to take him. I spake to the General, and put in his name, as my man, in the safe-conduct. But, when I was to loup on (*to mount horse*), he failed me, and would go no farther! I could not strive then; I gave him his leave, and a dollar to carry him home. His folly did me great wrong; for if I should have gone back to bespeak ane other, I would have lossed my company: so without troubling myself, I went forward with my company, manless. But, behold the gracious providence of my God: as I enter in Durham, one of my old scholars, a preacher in Colonel Ramsay’s regiment of horse, meets with me before I light; will have me to his chamber; gives me his chamber, stable, servant,

a cup of sack, and all courtesy; gets me a religious youth, a trooper, ready with a good horse, to go with me to London. Major-General Baillie makes me, and all the Commissioners that were there, sup with him, and gives the youth his leave to go with me. Mr. Archibald Johnston assures me for his charges, as well as my own. So my man James's foolish unthankfulness is turned about for my ten times better provision: I take this for a presage and ane erles (*earnest*) of God's goodness towards me all this voyage.

'We hope that Loudon's defluxion shall not hinder him to take journey on Tuesday. The morrow we intend but one other post to Darlington, and there stay till the Great Seal (*our Safe-conduct*) come to us. The Lord be with thee and my babies, and all my flock and friends.

'Thy awne,

'R. BAILLIE.

'Durham, 6 November, Friday.'

'My Heart,—I know thou does now long to hear from me. I wrote to thee on Saturday was eight days [*dated* Friday], from Durham. That day we went to Darlington, where Mr. Alexander Henderson and Mr. Robert Blair did preach to us on Sunday. At supper on Sunday, the post, with the Great Seal of England for our safe-conduct, came to us; with the Earl of Bristol's letter to Loudon, entreating us to make haste.

'On Monday we came, before we lighted, to Boroughbridge, twenty-five miles. On Tuesday we rode three short posts by Ferrybridge to Doncaster.⁴ There I was content to buy a bobbin waistcoat. On Wednesday we came another good journey to Newark-on-Trent, where we caused Dr. Moyslie sup with us. On Thursday we came to Stamford; on Friday to Huntingdon; on Saturday to Ware; here we rested the Sabbath, and heard the minister, after we were warned of the end of the service, preach two good sermons,'—the *service* once well over, one gets notice, finds the sermons very fair!

'On Monday morning we came that twenty miles to London before sun-rising;⁵ all well, horse and man, as we could wish; divers merchants and their servants with us on little naigs; the way extremely foul and deep. Our journeys being so long and continued, and sundry of us unaccustomed with travel, we took it for God's singular goodness that all of us were so preserved: none in the company held better out than I and my man, and our little noble naigs. From Kilwinning to London I did not so much as stumble: this is the fruit of your prayers. I was also all the way full of courage, and comforted with the sense of God's presence with my spirit. We were at great expenses

⁴ 'Ferribrig, Toxford, and Duncaster,' Baillie writes here; confusing the matter in his memory; putting Tuxford north of Doncaster, instead of south and subsequent.

⁵ Sunrise on the 16th of November, 1640.

on the road. Their inns are all like palaces; no wonder they extorse their guests: for three meals, coarse enough, we would pay, together with our horses, sixteen or seventeen pound sterling. Some three dish of creevishes (*écrivisses*), like little partans (*miniature lobsters*), two-and-forty shillings sterling.—Save us!—‘We lodge here in the Common Garden (*Covent Garden*); our house-mails (*rent*) every week above eleven pound sterling. The City is desirous we should lodge with them; so to-morrow I think we must flit. 5

‘All things here go as our heart could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland (*Strafford*) came but on Monday to town, late; on Tuesday, rested; on Wednesday, came to Parliament; but, ere night, he was caged. Intolerable pride and oppression cry to Heaven for vengeance. 10

‘Tuesday here was a fast; Mr. Blair and I preached to our Commissioners at home, for we had no clothes for outgoing. Many ministers used greater freedom than ever here was heard of. Episcopacy itself beginning to be cried down, and a Covenant cried up, and the Liturgy to be scorned. The town of London and a world of men mind to present a Petition, which I have seen, for the abolition of bishops, deans, and all their appurtenances. It is thought good to delay till the Parliament have pulled down Canterbury (*Laud*) and some prime bishops, which they mind to do so soon as the King has a little digested the bitterness of his Lieutenant’s censure. Huge things are here in working; the mighty Hand of God be about this great work! We hope this shall be the joyful harvest of the tears that, these many years, have been sown in these Kingdoms. All here are weary of bishops. 15 20

‘R. BAILLIE.

‘London, 18 November, 1640.’ 25

Weary of bishops, indeed; and ‘creevishes’ at such a price; and the Lord Lieutenant Strafford caged, and Canterbury to be pulled down, and everywhere a mighty drama going on: and thou, meanwhile, my Heart, put Rob to the school, give Harry and him some beginnings of wisdom, mind thy prayers, quit subdalous contracts, ‘have a care of my little Lillie!’ Poor little Liliás Baillie; tottering about there, with her foolish glad tattlement, with her laughing eyes, in drugget or other homespun frock, and antiquarian bib and tucker, far off in that old Manse of Kilwinning! But she grew to be tall enough, this little Lillie, and a mother, and a grandmother; and one of her grandsons was Henry Home Lord Kaimes;⁶ whose memorial, and Lillie’s, is still in this earth! 30 35

⁶ Woodhouselee’s *Life of Kaimes*.

Greatly the most impressive of all the scenes Baillie witnessed in that mighty drama going on everywhere, was the Trial of Strafford. A truly impressive, momentous scene; on which Rushworth has gathered a huge volume, and then and since many men have written
 5 much; wherein, nevertheless, several features would have been lost, had not the Minister of Kilwinning, with his rustic open heart and seeing eyes, been there. It is the best scene of all he has painted, or hastily sign-painted, plastered, and daubed. With careful industry, fishing as before from wide wastes of dim embroilment, let us snatch
 10 here and there a luminous fragment, and adjust them as is best possible; and therewith close our contemporaneous newspaper. Baillie's report, of immense length and haste, is to the Presbytery of Irvine, and dated May, 1641. We give two earlier fractions first, from Letters to Mrs. Baillie. Strafford, on that fasting Tuesday, when the pulpits were so loud against bishops, was reposing from fatigues of travel. On
 15 the morrow he repaired to his place in Parliament, nothing doubting; 'but ere night he was caged.'

Wednesday, 17 November, 1640.—'The Lower House closed their doors; the Speaker kept the keys till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter Mr. Pym went up, with a number at his back, to the Higher House; and in a short pretty speech, did, in name of the Lower House, and in name of the Commons of all England, accuse Thomas Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of High Treason, and required his person to be arrested till probation might be heard. And so Pym and his train withdrew; and thereupon the
 20 Lords began to consult on that strange and unexpected motion.

'The word goes in haste to the Lord Lieutenant where he was with the King. With speed he comes to the House; he calls loudly at the door; James Maxwell, Keeper of the Black-rod, opens. His Lordship, with a proud glooming countenance, makes towards his place at the board-head; but at once
 30 many bid him void the House. So he is forced, in confusion, to go to the door till called again.'—Called again, 'he stands, but is commanded to kneel on his knees; after hearing their resolution, he offers to speak, but is commanded to be gone without a word.

35 'In the outer room, James Maxwell required him, as prisoner, to deliver his sword; when he had gotten it, he cries with a loud voice for his man "to carry my Lord Lieutenant's sword." This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach; all gazing, no man capping to him, before

whom, that morning, the greatest of England would have stood uncovered; all crying, "What is the matter?" He said, "A small matter, I warrant you!" They replied, "Yes, indeed, High Treason is a small matter!"

Saturday, January 30, 1641.—"The Lieutenant this day was sent for. He came from the Tower by water, with a guard of musqueteers; the world wondering, and at his going out and coming in, shouting and cursing him to his face.

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'Coming into the Higher House, his long Charge, in many sheets of paper, was read to him. For a while he sat on his knees before the bar; then after they caused him sit down at the bar, for it was eight o'clock before all was read. He craved a month to answer.'

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May 4, 1641.—"Reverend and dear Brethren,' * * 'The world now seeth that the delay is alone upon their side. Their constant attendance on Strafford is pretended to be the cause, and truly it is a great part of the reason why our business and all else has been so long suspended. Among many more, I have been ane assiduous assistant; and therefore I will give you some account of what I have heard and seen in that most notable Process.

15

'Westminster Hall is a room as long, as broad, if not more, than the outer house of the High Church of Glasgow, supposing the pillars were all removed. In the midst of it was erected a stage, like to that prepared for our Assembly at Glasgow, but much larger; taking up the breadth of the whole house from wall to wall, and of the length more than a third part.

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'At the north end was set a throne for the King, a chair for the Prince; before it lay a large woolsack, covered with green, for my Lord Steward, the Earl of Arundel;⁷ and then lower, two other woolsacks for my Lord Keeper and the Judges, with the rest of the Chancery, all in their red robes. Beneath this, a little table for four or five clerks of the Parliament in their black gowns. Round about these, some forms covered with green frieze, whereon the Earls and Lords did sit in their red robes, of that same fashion, lined with the same white ermine-skins, as you see the robes of our Lords when they ride in Parliament at Edinburgh. The Lords on their right sleeves have two bars of white skins; the Viscounts two and ane half; the Earls three; the Marquess of Winchester three and ane half. England hath no more Marquesses; and he but one late upstart creature of Queen Elizabeth's.

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'In front of these forms where the Lords sit, is a bar covered with green. At the one end of it standeth the Committee of eight or ten gentlemen appointed by the House of Commons to pursue (*prosecute*); at the midst

⁷ This is he of the *Arundel Marbles*: he went abroad next year.

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there is a little desk, where the prisoner Strafford sits or stands as he pleaseth, together with his keeper, Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. At the back of this is another desk for Strafford's four secretaries, who carry his papers, and assist him in writing and reading. At their side is a void for witnesses to stand. Behind them is a long desk, close to the wall of the room,⁸ for Strafford's counsel at law, some five or six able Lawyers, who were not permitted to dispute in matter of fact, but questions of right, if any should be incident. This is the order of the House below on the floor; the same that is used daily in the House of Lords.

'Upon the two sides of the House, east and west, there arose a stage of eleven ranks of forms, the highest touching almost to the roof. Every one of these forms went from the one end of the room to the other, and contained about forty men. The two highest were divided from the rest by a rail; and a rail cutted off from the rest, at every end, some seats. The gentlemen of the Lower House did sit within the rail; other persons without. All the doors were kept very straitly with guards: we always behoved to be there a little after five in the morning. My Lord Willoughby Earl of Lindsey, Lord Chamberlain of England, ordered the House with great difficulty. James Maxwell, Black-rod, was great usher; a number of other servant gentlemen and knights attended. We, by favour, got place within the rail, among the Commons. The House was full daily before seven. Against eight the Earl of Strafford came in his barge from the Tower, accompanied by the Lieutenant and a guard of musqueteers and halberdiers. The Lords in their robes were set about eight; the King was usually there half an hour before them.

'The King came not into his throne, for that would have marred the action; for it is the order of England, that when the King appears, he speaks what he will, and no other speaks in his presence. But at the back of the throne there were two rooms on the two sides; in the one did Duke de Vanden, Duke de Vallet,⁹ and other French nobles sit; in the other the King, the Queen, Princess Mary, the Prince Elector, and some court ladies. The tirlies (*lattices*), that made them to be secret, the King brake down with his own hands; so they sat in the eye of all; but little more regarded than if they had been absent: for the Lords sat all covered; those of the Lower House, and all others except the French noblemen, sat uncovered when the Lords came, and not else. A number of ladies were in boxes above the rails, for which they paid much money. It was daily the most glorious assembly the Isle

⁸ Temporary *wooden* wall; from east to west, as Baillie counts the azimuths.

⁹ 'Duke de Vanden,' we presume, is Duc de Vendôme, left-hand Brother of Charles's Queen; 'Vallet' is La Valette, who in 1642 became Duc d'Espernon, succeeding his celebrated Father of that title. Two visitors of her Majesty. Notices of them, of their departure from the country by and by, are in *Commons Journals*, ii. 670, 576 (13 July, 17 May, 1642), &c.

could afford, yet the gravity not such as I expected. Oft great clamour without about the doors: in the intervals, while Strafford was making ready for answers, the Lords got always to their feet, walked and clattered (*chatted*); the Lower House men, too, loud clattering. In such sessions, ten hours long, there was much public eating, not only of confections, but of flesh and bread; bottles of beer and wine going thick from mouth to mouth, without cups; and all this in the King's eye: yea, many but turned their back, and'—(Gracious Heavens!)—'through the forms they sat on. There was no outgoing to return; and oft the sitting was till two, three, or four o'clock.'

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Strangely in this manner, no 'dignity of history' in the smallest obstructing us, do we look, through these rough and ready Scotch words, through these fresh Kilwinning eyes, upon the very body of the old Time, its form and pressure, its beer and wine bottles, its loud clattering and crowding. There it is, visually present: one feels as if, by an effort, one could hear it, handle it, speak with it. How different from the dreary vacuity of most 'philosophies teaching by experience' is the living picture of the fact; such as even a Boswell or a Baillie can give, if they will but honestly look! In spite of haste, we must continue a little further; catch a few more visualities:

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'The *first session* was on Monday, March 22 (1641). All being set, as I have said, the Prince on a little chair at the side of the throne, the Chamberlain and Black-rod went and fetched in my Lord Strafford. He was always in the same suit of black, as if in dool. At the entry he gave a low courtesy; proceeding a little, he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then at the bar, the fore-face of his desk, he kneeled; rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the House, and sat down. Some few of the Lords lifted their hats to him. This was his daily carriage.

25

'My Lord Steward, in a sentence or two, showed That the House of Commons had accused the Earl of Strafford of high treason; that he was there to answer; that they might manage their evidence as they thought meet. They thereupon desired one of their clerks to read their impeachment. I sent you the printed copy long ago. The first nine articles, being but generalities, were passed; the twenty-eight of the farther impeachment were all read. The clerk's voice was small; and after the midst, being broken, was not heard by many.

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'My Lord of Strafford was, in his answer, very large, accurate, and eloquent. A preamble, wherein,' &c.: this he spoke; and then a long paper, of particular answers to the twenty-eight charges, was read. 'The reading of it

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took up large three hours. His friends were so wary that they made three clerks read by turns, that every one might hear. . . . After all, Strafford craved leave to speak; but the day being so far spent, to two or three o'clock, he was refused; and the Lord Steward adjourned the House till the morrow at eight.

5 ‘The *second session*, on Tuesday 23rd. The King and Queen and all being set as the day before, Mr. Pym had a long and eloquent oration, only against the preamble of Strafford’s answer, wherein he laboured to—’ &c. &c. ‘The first witness, Sir Pierce Crosby, who—’ * * * ‘When Pym had ended, the Earl required time, if it were but to the morrow, to answer so heavy charges, many
10 whereof were new. After debate pro and contra, one of the Lords spake of adjourning their House; and pressed their privilege, that at the motion of any one Lord the House behoved to be adjourned. So the Lords did all retire to their own House above, and debated among themselves the question for a large half-hour. During their absence, though in the eye of the King, all fell
15 to clattering, walking, eating, toying, but Strafford, in the midst of all the noise, was serious with his secretaries, conferring their notes, and writing. The Lords returned; the Steward pronounced their decision: that the matters spoken being all of fact, and this only in answer to his own preamble, he should make an answer without any delay. So, without sign of repining, the
20 Earl answered something to all had been said; instanced—’ . . .

 ‘*Wednesday*, 24th. Mr. Maynard handled the first of the twenty-eight articles,’ with witnesses, &c. In his reply, the Earl first required permission to withdraw and collect himself: this was refused. ‘He made an excellent answer.’ ‘It were tedious to repeat all their quick passages.’ ‘The third article,
25 “That he would make the King’s little finger heavier than the loins of the law,” this was proven by sundry. Among others, Sir David Foulis, whom he had crushed, came to depose. He excepted against this witness, as one who had a quarrel with him. Maynard produced against him his own decree, subscribed by his own hand, that whereas Sir David had brought before *him*
30 the same exception against a witness, he had decreed that a witness for the King and Commonwealth must be received, notwithstanding any private quarrels. When he saw his own hand, he said no more, but in a jesting way, “You are wiser, my Lord Steward, than to be ruled by any of *my* actions as patterns!”’

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Or quitting all order of ‘sessions,’ let us mark here and there, in ‘this notable Process,’ a characteristic feature, as we can gather it. Mark, in general, the noble lone lion at bay; mark the fierce, winged and taloned, toothed and rampant enemies, that in flocks, from above
40 and from beneath, are dashing at him!

‘My Lord of Strafford required, farther, to answer to things objected the former day; but was refused. He required permission to retire, and advise about the present objections; but all that he obtained was a little time’s advisement in the place he was in. So hereafter, it was Strafford’s constant custom, after the end of his adversary’s speech, to petition for time of recollection; and obtaining it, to sit down with his back to the Lords, and most diligently read his notes, and write answers, he and his secretaries, for ane half hour, in the midst of a great noise and confusion, which continued ever till he rose again to speak.’— 5

‘For this he produced Sir William Pennyman as witness; a member of the Lower House, who, both here and many times else deposed point-blank all he required. Mr. Maynard desired him to be posed (for no man there did speak to any other, but all speech was directed to my Lord Steward), “When, and at what time, he was brought to the remembrance of those words of my Lord Strafford’s?” All of us thought it a very needless motion. Sir William answered, “Ever since the first speaking of them, they were in his memory; but he called them most to remembrance since my Lord Strafford was charged with them.” Maynard presently caught him, “That he behoved, then, to be answerable to the House for neglect of duty; not being only silent, but voting with the rest to this article, wherein Strafford was charged with words where- of he knew he was free!” There arose, with the word, so great an hissing in the House, that the gentleman was confounded, and fell a-weeping. 10

‘Strafford protested, He would rather commit himself to the mercy of God alone, giving over to use any witness in his defence at all, than that men, for witnessing the truth, should incur danger and disgrace on his account.’— 25

‘So long as Maynard was principal speaker, Mr. Glyn lay at the wait, and usually observed some one thing or other; and uttered it so pertinently that, six or seven times in the end, he got great applause by the whole House.’—

‘I did marvel much, at first, of their memories, that could answer and reply to so many large alledgeances, without the missing of any one point; but I marked that both the Lieutenant when they spake, and the Lawyers when he spake, did write their notes; and in their speeches did look on those papers. Yea, the most of the Lords and Lower House did write much daily, and none more than the King.’— 30

‘My Lord Montmorris was called to depose, in spite of Strafford’s exception.’ * * * ‘In his answers Strafford alledged, concerning Lord Montmorris, the confession of his fault under his own hand;’ ‘that no evil was done to him, and nothing intended but the amendment of his very loose tongue:— if the gentlemen of the Commons House intended no more but the correction of *his* foolish tongue, he would heartily give them thanks!’— 35 40

‘ * * Concerning the Lord Deputy’s scutching of a gentleman with a rod.’ * *

5 ‘The other part of the article was his executing one Thomas Dennitt, who after a long want of pay, craving it from his captain, was bidden be gone to the gallows. He went his way, but was brought back, and said to have stolen ane quarter of beef: for this he is sentenced to die, and albeit some noblemen had moved the Deputy’s lady to be earnest for his life, yet without mercy he was execute.’—

10 ‘Glyn showed That daily there came to their hands so much new matter of Strafford’s injustice, that if they had their articles to frame again, they would give in as many new as old. Strafford stormed at that, and proclaimed them ane open defiance. Glyn took him at his word; and offered instantly to name three-and-twenty cases of injustice, wherein his own gain was clear. He
15 began quickly his catalogue with Parker’s *paper petition*. Strafford, finding himself in ane ill taking, did soon repent of his passionate defiance, and required he might answer to no more than he was charged with in his paper.’ (Seventh session, 29th March.)

20 ‘Strafford said, “That though his bodily infirmity was great, and the charge of treason lay heavy on his mind; yet that his accusation came from the honourable House of Commons, this did most of all pierce through his soul.” Maynard alleged “That he (Strafford), by the flow of his eloquence, spent time to gain affection;”—as, indeed, with the more simple sort, especially the ladies, he daily gained much. He replied quickly, “That rhetoric was
25 proper to these gentlemen, and learning also; that betwixt the two he was like to have a hard bargain.” Bristol was busy in the meantime, going up and down, and whispering in my Lord Steward’s ear; whereupon others, not content cried, “To your places, to your places, my Lords!”—’

30 ‘Maynard applied it vehemently, that he had subverted law, and brought in ane arbitrary power on the subjects’ goods for his own gain.’

‘Mr. Glyn showed, “The Earl of Strafford was now *better* than his word: he had not only made Acts of State equal to Acts of Parliament, but also his own acts above both.”’

35 ‘He (Strafford) answered, “That his intention in this matter was certainly good;” “that when he found the people’s untowardness, he gave over the design.” Maynard answered, “That intentions cleared not illegal actions; that his giving over before *tens* of thousands were starved, maketh him not innocent of the killing of thousands,”—sarcastic Learned-sergeant!

‘The Earl of Clare and others debated with Vane (the elder Vane) sharply, What “*this* kingdom” did mean; England, or only perhaps Scotland? Maynard quickly silenced him: “Do you ask, my Lord, if this kingdom be this kingdom or not?”’

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My learned friends! most swift, sharp are you; of temper most accipitral,—hawkish, aquiline, not to say vulturish; and will have this noble lamed lion made a dead one, and carrion useful for you!—Hear also Mr. Stroud, the honourable Member, standing ‘at the end of the bar covered with green cloth,’ one of the ‘eight or ten gentlemen appointed to prosecute,’ how shrill he is:

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‘The Deputy said, “If this was a treason, being informed as he was, it behoved him to be a traitor over again, if he had the like occasion.” * * * Mr. Stroud took notice of Strafford’s profession to do this over again. He said, “He well believed him; but they knew what the kingdom suffered when Gaveston came to react himself!”’

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This honourable Member is one of the Five whom Charles himself, some months afterwards, with a most irregular *non*-constabulary force in his train, sallied down to the House to seek and seize,—remembering this, perhaps, and other services of his! But to proceed:

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‘My Lord Strafford regretted to the Lords the great straits of his estate. He said “he had nothing there but as he borrowed.” Yet daily he gave to the guard that conveyed him ten pound, by which he conciliated much favour; for these fellows were daily changed, and wherever they lived they talked of his liberality. He said, “his family were, in Ireland, two hundred and sixty persons, and the House of Commons there had seized all his goods. Would not their Lordships take course to loose that arrest from so much of his goods as might sustain his wife and children in some tolerable way?”’ (Thirteenth session, 3rd April.)

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‘Garraway, Mayor the last year, deposed, “That to the best of his remembrance, he (Strafford) said, no good would be gotten till some of the Aldermen were hanged.” While Strafford took vantage at the words, *to the best of my remembrance*, Garraway turned shortly to him, and told out punctually, “My Lord, you did say it!” Strafford thereupon, “He should answer with as great truth, albeit not with so great confidence, as that gentleman, to the best of his remembrance he did *not* speak so. But if he did, he trusted their goodness would easily pardon such a rash and foolish word.”’

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‘Thursday, 8th April; session fourteenth. The twenty-eighth article they passed. All being set, and the Deputy brought to the bar on his knees, he was desired to say for himself what he would, that so the House of Commons may sum up all before the sentence.’ He craved time till to-morrow. The Commons objected. ‘Yet the Lords, after some debate, did grant it.’—

‘The matter was’ (*sixteenth session*), ‘Young Sir Harry Vane had fallen by accident among his father’s papers’—Ah yes, a well known accident! And now the question is, Will the Lords allow us to produce it? ‘The Lords adjourn one hour large: at their return their decree was against the expectation of all;’—an ambiguous decree, tending obliquely towards refusal, or else new unknown periods of delay!

‘At once the Commons began to grumble. Glyn posed him, On *what* articles he would examine witnesses, then? They did not believe that he wanted to examine witnesses, but put him to name the articles. He named one,—another,—a third,—a fourth; and not being like to make an end, the Commons on both sides of the House rose in a fury, with a shout of “Withdraw! Withdraw! Withdraw!”—get all to their feet, on with their hats, cocked their beavers in the King’s face. We all did fear it would grow to a present tumult. They went all away in confusion. Strafford slipped off to his barge and to the Tower, glad to be gone lest he should be torn in pieces; the King went home in silence; the Lords to their house.’

Session sixteenth vanishes thus, in a flash of fire! Yes; and the ‘sharp untunable voice’ of Mr. O. Cromwell, member for Cambridge, was in that shout of “Withdraw!” and Mr. Cromwell dashed-on his rusty beaver withal, and strode out so,—in those wide nostrils of his a kind of snort. And one Mr. Milton sat in his house, by St. Bride’s Church, teaching grammar, writing Areopagitics; and had dined that day, not perhaps without criticism of the cookery. And it was all a living coloured Time, not a gray vacant one; and had length, breadth, and thickness, even as our own has!—But now, also, is not that a *miraculous* spy-glass, that Perceptive-Faculty, Soul, Intelligence, or whatsoever we call it, of the Reverend Mr. Robert Baillie of Kilwinning? We still *see* by it,—things stranger than most preternaturalisms, and mere commonplace ‘apparitions,’ could be. “Our Fathers, where are they?” Why, *there*; there are our far-off Fathers, face to face; alive,—and yet not alive; ah no, they are visible but *unattainable*, sunk in the never-returning Past! Thrice endeavouring, we cannot *embrace* them; *ter manus effugit imago*. The Centuries are transpar-

ent, then;—yes, more or less; but they are impermeable, impenetrable, no adamant so hard. It is strange. *To be, To have been:* of all verbs the wonderfullest is that same. The ‘*Time*-element,’ the ‘crystal prison!’ Of a truth, to us Sons of Time, it is the miracle of miracles.—These thoughts are thrown out for the benefit of the curious.

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One thing, meanwhile, is growing plain enough to everybody: those fiery Commons, with their “Withdraw! Withdraw!” will have the life of that poor prisoner. If not by free verdict of their Lordships, then by bill of attainder of their own; by fair means, or by less fair, Strafford has to die. ‘Intolerable pride and oppression cry to Heaven for vengeance.’ Yes, and Heaven has heard; and the Earth now repeats it, in Westminster Hall here,—nay, worse still, out in Palace yard, with ‘horrible cries and imprecations!’ This noble baited lion shall not escape, but perish,—be food for learned sergeants and the region kites! We will give but one other glimpse of him: his last appearance in Westminster Hall, that final Speech of his there; ‘which,’ says Baillie, ‘you have in print.’ We have indeed: printed in *Whitlocke*, and very copiously elsewhere and since;—probably the best of all Speeches, everything considered, that has yet been printed in the English tongue. All readers remember that passage,—that pause, with tears in the ‘proud glooming countenance,’ at thought of “those pledges a saint in Heaven left me.” But what a glare of new fatal meaning does the last circumstance, or shadow of a circumstance, which Baillie mentions, throw over it:

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‘He made a Speech large two hours and ane half. * * To all he repeated nought new, but the best of his former answers. And in the end, after some lashness and fagging, he made such ane pathetic oration, for ane half hour, as ever comedian did upon a stage. The matter and expression were exceeding brave: doubtless, if he had grace or civil goodness, he is a most eloquent man. One passage made it most spoken of: his breaking off in weeping and silence when he spoke of his first Wife. Some took it for a true defect of his memory; others, and the most part, for a notable part of his rhetoric: some that true grief and remorse at that remembrance had stopped his mouth. For they say that his first Lady, the Earl of Clare’s sister, being with child, and finding one of his whore’s letters, brought it to him, and chiding him therefore, he strook her on the breast, whereof shortly she died.’

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Such is the drama of Life, seen in Baillie of Kilwinning; a thing of multifarious tragic and epic meanings, then as now. A many-voiced tragedy and epos, yet with broad-based comic and grotesque accompaniment; done by actors *not* in buskins;—ever replete with elements of guilt and remorse, of pity, instruction, and fear! It is now two hundred years and odd months since these Commons Members, shouting, “Withdraw! Withdraw!” took away the life of Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford; and introduced, driven by necessity *they* knew little whither, horrid rebellions, as the phrase went, and suicidal wars into the bowels of this country. On our horizon too, there loom now inevitabilities no less stern; one knows not sometimes whether not very near at hand! They had the *Divine Right of Kings* to settle, those unfortunate ancestors of ours: Shall Charles Stuart and William Laud alone have a soul and conscience in this Nation, under extant circumstances; or shall others too have it? That had come now to require settlement, that same ‘divine right;’ and they our brave ancestors, like true stalwart hearts, did on hest of necessity manage to settle it,—by cutting off its head, if no otherwise.

Alas, we, their children, have got perhaps a still harder thing to settle: the *Divine Right of Squires*. Did a God make this land of Britain, and give it to us all, that we might live there by honest labour; or did the Squires make it, and,—shut to the voice of any God, open only to a Devil’s voice in this matter,—decide on giving it to themselves alone? This is now the sad question and ‘divine right’ we, in this unfortunate century, have got to settle! For there is no end of settlements; there will never be an end; the best settlement is but a temporary, partial one. Truly, all manner of rights, and adjustments of work and wages, here below, do verge gradually into error, into unbearable error, as the Time-flood bears us onward; and many a *right*, which used to be a duty done, and *divine* enough, turns out, in a new latitude of the Time-voyage, to have grown now altogether undivine! Turns out,—when the fatal hour and necessity for overhauling it arrives,—to have been, for some considerable while past, an inanity, a conventionality, a hollow simulacrum of use-and-wont; which, if it will still assert itself as a ‘divine right,’ having now no divine duty to do, becomes a diabolic wrong; and, by soft means or by sharp, has to be sent travelling out of this world! Alas, ‘intolerabilities’ do now again in this new century ‘cry to Heaven;’—or worse, do not cry, but

in low wide-spread moan, lie as perishing, as if 'in Heaven there was no ear for them, and on Earth no ear.' 'Elevenpence halfpenny a-week' in this world; and in the next world *zero!* And 'Sliding-Scales,' and endless wriggings and wrestlings over mere 'Corn-Laws:' a Governing Class, hired (it appears) at the rate of some fifty or seventy millions a-year, which not only makes no attempt at governing, but will not, by any consideration, passionate entreaty, or even menace as *yet*, be persuaded to eat its victuals, shoot its partridges, and not strangle out the general life by *misgoverning!* It cannot and it will not come to good.

We here quit Baillie; we let his drop-scene fall; and finish, though not yet in mid-course of his Great-Rebellion Drama. To prevent disappointment, we ought to say, that this of Strafford is considerably the best passage of his Book;—and indeed, generally, once more, that the careless reader will not find much profit in him; that except by reading with unusual *intensity*, even the historical student may find less than he expects. As a true, rather opulent, but very confused quarry, out of which some edifice might in part be built, we leave him to those who have interest in such matters.