

Ladies of the Covenant

Grisell Hume,

Lady Baillie of Jerviswood.*

GRISELL HUME was born at Redbraes Castle, [*The modern name is Marchmont House, and the present building is modern. It is embosomed in rich plantations; is a plain, but stately mansion, and is approached by one of the noblest avenues in the kingdom. The rooms contain an extensive collection of family and historical pictures.*] in Berwickshire, December 25, 1665. Her father, Sir Patrick Hume (after the Revolution, first Earl of Marchmont), was eighth Baron of Polwarth of his name, and was descended from a younger branch of the illustrious house of Dunbar, Earls of March, whose origin is traced to Saxon kings of England, and to Princes or Earls of Northumberland. Her mother was Grisell Kerr, daughter of Sir Thomas Kerr of Cavers. She was the eldest of eighteen children, whom Lady Hume bore to her husband, except two, who died in infancy. She was named after her mother, and, being from infancy an interesting child, was the darling and comfort of her parents.

Her father, who was one of the most distinguished patriots and statesmen of his day, suffered not a little for his zealous appearances in the cause of religion and liberty. In 1674, he went up to London with the Duke of Hamilton and others, to lay the grievances the nation suffered from the Duke of Lauderdale's administration, before the king. The next year, the privy council having appointed garrisons to be placed in the houses of certain noblemen and gentlemen, in several counties, for the purpose of suppressing conventicles, and having ordained that the respective counties should furnish them with meal, pots, pans, and candle, several shires refused to contribute for the maintenance of the garrisons, and Sir Patrick Hume was commissioned from the shire of Merse to complain to the council. Having remonstrated against this imposition as contrary to law, and

* In drawing up this sketch, we are chiefly indebted to Memoirs of Lady Baillie, written by her eldest daughter, Grisell, Lady Murray, of Stanhope. These, with Memoirs of the Honourable George Baillie, by the same lady, were printed in 1822, under the editorship of Thomas Thomson, Esq., from the original MS., which has been carefully preserved in the family of Jerviswood. These memorials consist partly of information which she had received from her mother, who had a principal share in all that is related, and partly of what she had observed, with her own eye. The tenderness of filial piety, the ingenuous truthfulness, the fine feeling, and agreeable good humour with which they are written; and the variety of interesting traits of Scottish simplicity and homeliness of character, which they contain, render the narrative extremely engaging. A celebrated authoress, Joanna Baillie, the modern dramatist of "The Passions," from the enthusiastic admiration of Lady Baillie with which these Memoirs inspired her, has adopted her as a heroine of the highest order in the scale of female excellence, in her "Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters." Lady Murray, the authoress of these Memoirs, was born in 1693. In the month of August 1710, at the age of seventeen, she was married at Edinburgh to Mr. Alexander Murray, the son and heir of Sir David Murray of Stanhope, baronet, by Lady Anne Bruce, daughter of Alexander, Earl of Kincardine. But this marriage proved unfortunate. "Mr. Murray's appearance and manners in common society," says Mr. Thomson, "are said to have been prepossessing and specious; but it was soon discovered that, under a pleasing exterior, there lurked a dark, moody, and ferocious temper; or rather, perhaps, what ought to be described as a certain degree of constitutional insanity, which discoloured all his views of the conduct and character of those about him, and made him the helpless victim of the most groundless suspicions, and the most agonizing and uncontrollable passions." The parents of the young lady were, at length, driven to the painful necessity of instituting a "process of separation," on the ground that his wife was not in safety to live with him. To this proceeding, Mr. Murray made the most obstinate resistance, and instituted a "counter process of adherence;" but a formal "decree of separation" was at length pronounced, by the commissary court of Edinburgh, on the 5th of March 1714. Lady Murray afterwards continued to live in her father's family. Being the eldest daughter, and her only brother having died in early infancy, she succeeded to her father's estates; but, after her mother's death, she lived in family with her sister, Lady Binning, to whom, and to her second son, the estates were destined, on the death of the eldest sister without children. She died in June 1759.

appealed to the court of session for redress, he was imprisoned in September that year. In a letter to the council, dated 5th October, his Majesty approves of their imprisoning Polwarth, “as being a factious person,” and commands them to declare him incapable of public trust, and to send him close prisoner to Stirling Castle, till further orders. Sir Patrick continued in prison for many months. The king’s letter, giving orders for his being set at liberty, though still continuing him incapable of all public trust, is dated February 24, 1676.

[Wodrow’s History, vol. ii., pp. 295, 357. Douglas’s Peerage, vol. ii., p. 179. Row’s Life of Robert Blair, pp. 562, 565.]

Lady Grisell thus began her life during the troubles of the persecution. At the time of her father’s liberation from prison, she was little more than ten years of age; and, soon after, those romantic incidents occur in her life which have given her a historical celebrity. From the tact and activity with which, far beyond one of her years, she accomplished whatever she was intrusted with, her parents sent her on confidential missions, which she executed with singular fidelity and success. In the summer of that same year, when Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, the early and intimate friend of her father, was imprisoned *[He was imprisoned in June 1676, and was kept a prisoner for four months.]* for rescuing his brother-in-law, Mr. James Kirkton, from a wicked persecutor, Captain William Carstairs, she was sent by her father from his country house to Edinburgh, *[Lady Murray says, that her mother, when sent on this errand, was “at the age of twelve.” But, from comparing the date of her birth with the time of Baillie’s imprisonment, it appears that she was then only between ten and eleven years of age.]* a long road, to try if, from her age, she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter of information and advice into his hand, and bring back from him what intelligence she could. Proceeding on her journey to the capital, she succeeded in getting access to Baillie, though we are not informed in what way. The authoress of “Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters,” has imagined the manner in which the little messenger got into Baillie’s cell, and the circumstances of their interview. She describes Baillie, while sitting in his dark dungeon, sad and lonely, as hearing something moving softly towards him, and as inquiring, on observing that it quickly stood by his side,

“Such sense in eyes, so simply mild!
Is it a woman or a child ?
Who art thou, damsel sweet ?
Are not mine eyes beguiled ?”

To which the visitant answers: -

“No; from the Redbraes’ tower I come;
My father is Sir Patrick Hume;
And he has sent me for thy good,
His dearly-honoured Jerviswood.
Long have I round these walls been straying,
As if with other children playing;
Long near the gate have kept my watch
The sentry’s changing time to catch.
With stealthy steps I gain’d the shade
By the close-winding staircase made,
And when the surly turnkey enter’d,
But little dreaming in his mind
Who follow’d him so close behind,
Into this darken’d cell, with beating heart, I ventured.”

The legend then describes her as taking from her breast a letter from her father, and with “an eager, joyful, look,” presenting it to Baillie; who, after reading it, and shedding blessings on her youthful head, gave her his answer to her father’s secret note, and then inquired for those she left behind -

In Redbraes’ tower, her native dwelling,
And set her artless tongue a-telling,
Which urchin dear had tallest grown,

And which the greatest learning shown,
Of lesson, sermon, psalm, and note,
And Sabbath questions learnt by rote,
And merry tricks and gambols play'd
By ev'ning fire, and forfeits paid."

But in whatever way young Grisell got access to Baillie, and whatever were the circumstances of their interview, she successfully accomplished the purpose of her mission. It is also to be observed, that it was in the prison, on this occasion, that she first saw Mr. Baillie's son, and that then and there originated that intimacy and attachment between him and her, which afterwards issued in their happy marriage. From that time, Grisell, who was the favourite of her parents before, became still more endeared to them; and, reposing in her great confidence, they employed, her on many adventures which, in those times, would have been perilous to persons more advanced in years, but in which, by her finesse and presence of mind, aided by her tender age, which prevented suspicion, she completely succeeded.

About the month of July 1678, her father was again made prisoner in the tolbooth of Edinburgh. [*The exact date of his second imprisonment is uncertain. But that it was about the time stated in the text, appears from the following sentence in "The Grievances of Lauderdale's Administration," which were in circulation about June 1679 (Wodrow's History, vol. iii., p. 168): - "And Sir Patrick Hume hath been now almost a year imprisoned a second time, and nothing is yet laid to his charge." - Ibid., vol. iii., p. 161.*] But a petition having been presented to the king in his behalf, praying that, in consequence of his indisposition, he might be removed to a more healthy prison, the place of his imprisonment was soon changed from Edinburgh tolbooth to Dumbarton Castle, in obedience to a letter from the king to the council, dated 4th September. He continued there a close prisoner for, at least, nearly a year, when he was liberated on the intercession of his English relations, and especially of the Countess of Northumberland. The order for his liberation, which is contained in a letter from the king to the privy council, dated 17th July 1679, [*Lady Murray says that he "was confined fifteen months in Dumbarton Castle." She must either be mistaken as to the exact period of his imprisonment, or he must have remained in prison some months after the king issued orders for his liberation. She adds, "and was then set at liberty, without ever being told for what he was put up all that time."*] states, "that he had been imprisoned for reasons known to his Majesty, and tending to secure the public peace; and," it is added, "now the occasions of suspicion and public jealousy being over, he is ordered to be liberate." [*Wodrow's History, vol. ii., p. 481; and vol. iii., p. 161. The Marchmont Papers, edited by the Right Honourable Sir George Henry Rose, Preface.*] "For an imprisonment under such motives," it has been justly observed, "his reputation is not likely to suffer in the eyes of posterity; but if that posterity contemplates the picture of the tyranny which weighed upon Scotland during the Duke of Lauderdale's administration, and to which there is no parallel in the English history of that day, it will do justice to the patriotism and public virtue which rose up in opposition to it." [*The Marchmont Papers, Preface.*]

During the time that her father was a prisoner in Edinburgh tolbooth and in Dumbarton Castle, young Grisell made repeated journeys from Berwickshire to the place of his confinement, to carry to him intelligence, or to administer to him comfort. On such errands she always gladly went, when sent by her mother, whom affliction and care of the younger children kept at home, and who, besides, was less able to make journeys. Her mother, too, would have been more narrowly watched, and more readily suspected, than one of her tender age.

When, in October 1683, her father's friend, Robert Baillie, was apprehended in London, and sent down a prisoner to Scotland, her father, who was implicated in the same patriotic measures for preventing a popish succession to the British throne, for which Baillie was arrested, had too good ground to be alarmed for his own personal safety. But he was allowed, it would appear, to remain undisturbed in his own house, till the month of September next year, when orders were issued by the government for his apprehension, and a party of troops had come to his house on two different occasions for that purpose, though they failed in getting hold of him. Upon this, he found it necessary to withdraw from home, and to keep himself in concealment, till he got an opportunity of going over to the Continent.* The spot to which he betook himself for shelter was the family burying place, a vault under ground at Polwarth church, at the distance of a mile from the house. Where he

*Lady Murray says, "After persecution began afresh, and my grandfather, Baillie, [was] again in prison, her [Grisell's] father thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing; parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it." Sir Patrick himself, in his Narrative of Argyll's Expedition in 1685, says, "In the month of September last [1684], when order was given to apprehend me, and my house was twice searched by troops sent for that end, so as I was obliged to abscond till I got a convenient way of getting off the isle, you know how it was with me and the manner of my living." - The Marchmont Papers, vol. iii., p. 2. "Hume, of Polwarth," says Fountainhall, "being advertised he was to be seized, fled, and after search, not being found, his lady told he had lain two years in prison, on a caprice of Lauderdale's, and so he did not desire to run that risk of new again, not having a body to endure it and it was Lauderdale's bringing down the Highland host in 1678 which occasioned Polwarth speaking against him, September 11, 1684." Fountainhall's Notes, p. 104.

was, no person knew but Lady Hume, Grisell, and one man, James Winter, a carpenter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, whom they deemed trustworthy, and of whose fidelity they were not disappointed. The frequent examinations to which servants were at that time subjected, and the oaths by which it was attempted to extort discoveries from them, made Grisell and her mother afraid to commit the secret to any of them. By the assistance of James Winter, they got a bed, and bedclothes carried during the night to his hiding place; and there he was concealed for a month, during which time the only light he had was that admitted by means of a chink at one end, through which nobody on the outside could see who or what was in the interior. While he abode in this receptacle of the dead, Grisell, with the most exemplary filial tenderness, and with the most vigilant precaution, ministered to his temporal wants and comfort. Regularly at midnight, when men were sunk in sleep, she went alone to this dreary vault, carrying to him a supply of food and drink; and, to bear him company, she stayed as long as she could, taking care to get home before day, to prevent discovery. *[In the inscription upon her monument, given at the close of this sketch, it is said that, when Grisell thus ministered to her father, she was "an infant." This is clearly a mistake. From comparing the date of her birth with the time when her father was concealed in the family burying vault, which was in the latter part of the year 1684, it is evident that she was then a girl of nearly nineteen years of age.]* She had a great deal of humour in telling a story, and, during her stay, she took a delight in telling him, nor was he less delighted in hearing her tell him, such incidents at home as had amused herself



Lady Grisell Baillie and Sir Patrick Hume in the Vault.

and the rest of the family; and these were often the cause of much mirth and laughter to them both. At that time she had a great terror for a churchyard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon in young persons even at the age of eighteen or nineteen, from the idle nursery stories they have heard in childhood; but her affectionate concern for her father made her stumble over the graves every night alone, fearless of everything but soldiers and parties in search of him; and such was her dread of them, that the least noise or motion of a leaf made her tremble. The manse of the minister of the parish was near the church; and the first night she went on her pious errand, his dogs, of which he seems to have had more than one, and which, as has been observed, were evidently in favour of the arbitrary party, continued to bark with such incessant violence, as put her into the utmost dread of a discovery. In this emergency, necessity, which is said to be fruitful in invention, suggested it to her mother, that the most likely means of getting quit of this cause of annoyance was to endeavour, if possible, to make the minister believe that his dogs were mad, and that therefore it was dangerous to retain them, She accordingly sent for the minister next day, and succeeding in producing on his mind the intended conviction, got him to hang them all; and thus this amiable and affectionate daughter continued her midnight walks without further molestation.

There was also some difficulty in getting food to carry to her father, without exciting the suspicions of the servants; and the only way in which she got it was by stealing off her plate, at dinner, into her lap, a portion of the meat which had been prepared. Many an amusing story she was wont to tell her own children, after the days of the persecution had closed, about this and other things of the like nature. [*"I should never have done," says Lady Murray, "if I related, or could remember all the particulars I have heard my mother tell of those times - a subject she never tired of."*] Her father liked sheep's head, and, while the children were eating their broth, she had succeeded in conveying, by stealth, the most part of one into her lap. When her brother Alexander,* then a boy of about

*Alexander was born in 1675. Like his mother, brothers, and sisters, he shared his father's exile in Holland. After the Revolution, having married the daughter and heiress of Sir George Campbell of Cessnock, whose estate was entailed upon her and her heirs, he was distinguished as Sir Alexander Campbell of Cessnock, till the death of his eldest brother, Patrick, in 1710, who, though twice married, had no issue, when he became Lord Polwarth. Having studied the law, he entered on the practice of it as an advocate, and became a lord of session before he was thirty years of age. He was a privy councillor, and a lord of the exchequer in Scotland, and was a member of parliament, first for Kirkwall, and then for Berwickshire. On the death of his father, he became Earl of Marchmont, and died in January 1740. In his religious principles and habits, he resembled his father. "I find in his Bible," says Sir George H. Rose, "in his own handwriting, his name, the date of 'Cambray, 1st May 1725; and the following note, - 'To be read thrice a year; first, 1st January; second, 1st May; third, 1st September:' and the memorandum to do the thing is accompanied by the plan for doing it, by a division of the Scriptures into portions, marked out by him, through the whole of the volume, for every morning and evening of each period of four months." - The Marchmont Papers, vol. i., Preface, pp. xliii., xlv.

nine years of age, had disposed of his broth, the little fellow looked up in the hope of getting something else to eat, and, perceiving with astonishment the empty plate, exclaimed, "Mother, will you look at Grisell; while we have been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head?" This occasioned much mirth amongst them all, and when Grisell archly told her father the story the next time she went out to him, he was greatly amused by it, and desired that Sandy might have a share of the next sheep's head. During all this time, having a happy natural temperament of mind, and being under the influence of genuine religion, Sir Patrick showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind which he continued to possess to the close of life. He sought and found comfort from the Word of God, and especially from the Psalms of David, which, containing a rich treasure of heavenly instruction and consolation, have often been the means of sustaining and encouraging good men in the time of trial. He had no light to read by, but, having previously committed to memory Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms, he beguiled the weary hours of his confinement, and derived much comfort and enjoyment, by repeating them to himself.** This version he retained in his memory to his dying day. "Two years before he died," says Lay Murray, "I was witness to his desiring my mother to take up that book, which, amongst others, always lay upon his table, and bidding her try if he had forgot his Psalms, by naming any one she would have him repeat, and by casting her eye over it, she would know if he was right, though she did not understand it; and he missed not a word in any place she named to him, and said they had been the great comfort of his life, by night and day, on all occasions."

**While he thus lay, surrounded by the gloomy relics of the dead, Sir Patrick, it seems, was superior to superstitious fears, to which a concern for his safety, as well as the strength of his mind, would doubtless contribute. "While he was sitting, one night," tradition reports, "by a small table, with a light," [*Lady Murray, as we have stated in the text, says that he had no light, but he may occasionally have had one.*] engaged in the perusal of Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms, his eye was suddenly attracted to a human skull at his feet, which, on more minute observation, appeared to move slightly, and at short intervals. Although of strong mind, and convinced that it was either the effect of optical delusion, or that of an imagination powerfully acted upon by the objects around him, still he was not a little perplexed how to settle the question in his own mind; and, continuing to observe it with increasing interest, the motion, at last, became so obvious, that the skull seemed as if animated, and left no subterfuge for his incredulity. The knight, however - with a coolness and composure which did credit to his philosophy, and resolved to ascertain, by still more palpable evidence, the actual state of the matter - applied the point of his cane to the ghastly relic, and, by a sudden jerk, turned it over. This done, the nervous suspense was instantly relieved, and a *mouse*, that had been banqueting in the once warm brain of some departed Yorick, sprang from its burrow, and left the knight to exclaim, in words suited to the occasion -

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio!"

- Beattie's *Scotland Illustrated*, vol. i., p. 25. "There is a similar story," says the same writer, "which we have heard somewhere abroad - and known, perhaps, to some of our readers - which states, that in a domestic chapel, belonging to a certain chateau, a mysterious sound was heard nightly for a considerable time, to the great alarm and annoyance of the inmates, and ultimately discovered, to proceed from a *skull*, which performed a rotatory march along the floor of the chancel - resting, and recommencing the movement, at short intervals. The construction at first put on this phenomenon is obvious; but the secret spring was not discovered for some time; till the skull, becoming stationary, was found, on examination, to contain a rat, which had so greatly increased in bulk, during its residence in the deserted temple of genius, that the porch through which it first entered refused the same means of retreat. It was, therefore, during the hard struggle for emancipation that the refractory skull was thrown into such wonderful attitudes; while the *rat*, it may be added, was suffered, from superstitious motives, to retain possession of his unhallowed tenement, till a rigid fast having succeeded to days of feasting, should enable him to make his exit as he had made his entrance, and leave him once more 'as poor as a church rat.'"

As this gloomy vault, in which Sir Patrick had taken refuge, was no fit habitation for the living, his lady and daughter were contriving other places in which he might more comfortably remain concealed. Among other suggestions, it occurred to them, that a hiding place might be formed in their own house beneath a drawing-out bed, in one of the rooms on a ground floor, of which Lady Grisell kept the key. She, and their confidential servant, James Winter, before mentioned, laboured hard in the night time in making a hole in the earth, after they had lifted the wooden floor. The way in which they proceeded was by scratching up the earth with their hands, being afraid, lest, had they dug it with any instrument, the noise might have created alarm, and led to a discovery. So laborious and persevering was Grisell at this task, that she left not a nail upon her fingers; and, as the earth was dug out, she assisted Winter in carrying it in a sheet, on his back, and in casting it out at the window, into the garden. Winter next constructed a box, at his own house, of sufficient size for her father to lie in, with a bed and bedclothes; and he bored holes in the box for the free admission of air. To accomplish all this was a work of considerable time; but when it was accomplished, the mind of Grisell was greatly lightened, and she thought herself the most secure and happy creature alive. The only fear she and her mother had was, that, as the hole was under ground, water might flow into the box; and, to ascertain whether or not this might be the case, they gave it the trial of a month; during which time, Grisell having examined it every day, and finding no water in it, her father ventured home, trusting to this for safety.

But after he had been at home for a week or two, during which time the hole was daily examined as usual, Grisell, one day on lifting the boards, observed the bed to bounce to the top, the box being full of water. At this she was greatly alarmed, and almost fainted, it being then the only place they knew, in which her father could find shelter. Her father, however, with great composure, said to his lady and her, that he saw they must tempt providence no longer, and that he ought now to leave them, and seek refuge in a foreign land. In this resolution he was confirmed by the news which the carrier brought from Edinburgh, that Robert Baillie of Jerviswood had, the day before, been executed at the Cross of Edinburgh, and that all were sorry for his death, though they durst not show it. All intercourse by letters being then dangerous, this was the first information Sir

Patrick and his family had received of the fate of their beloved friend; and it gave a greater shock to their feelings, from its being altogether unexpected. Preparations were immediately made for his departure; and Grisell wrought incessantly, night and day, in making such alterations on his garments as would serve the more effectually to disguise him. It was then necessary to trust their grieve, John Allan, who fainted when told that his master was in the house, and that he behoved, early next morning, to set out with him, and, accompany him into England; pretending, to the rest of the servants, that he was going to Morpeth fair, at which he had got orders to sell some horses. The parting between Sir Patrick and his family was sorrowful indeed; but after he was fairly gone, though deprived of his society; and ignorant of what calamities might befall either him or themselves, they were greatly relieved in mind, and even happy in thinking that he was on the way to the land of safety. On the morning on which he started, he made a narrow escape; a party of troopers, sent to apprehend him, having come to the house not long after he had left it, and searched it very closely. Nor was it less providential that his servant, who was riding at some distance behind him, had missed him before crossing the Tweed; for during that time the party, having probably, when at the house, heard the sound of horses running, suspecting the truth, followed, and came upon the servant; but they had left him before he again fell in with his master. Sir Patrick reached London in safety, and thence went to France; whence, after a short stay, he proceeded to the Netherlands, and thence to Holland. The course of his road he thus describes, in his Narrative of Argyll's Expedition: - "So soon as I got upon the Continent, I stayed but short [time] in France, but spent some weeks in Dunkirk, Ostend, Bruges, and other towns in Flanders and Brabant, where I traversed before I came to Brussels; whither, [as] soon as I heard that he resided there, I went to converse with the Duke of Monmouth, but he was gone thence to the Hague; which led me, after waiting some time for him, in expectation of his return, on to Antwerp, and so to Holland." *[The Marchmont Papers, vol. iii., p. 2. Lady Murray is incorrect when, in giving an account of his route on the Continent at this time, she says that "from London, he went to France, and travelled from Bourdeaux to Holland on foot." Crawford, in his Lives and Characters of the Officers of the Crown and of the State in Scotland, is also mistaken when, in speaking of this same journey, he says, that after getting beyond sea, Sir Patrick "lived a while at Geneva, from whence he came down to Holland, where he waited on the Prince of Orange." Both Lady Murray and Crawford seem to confound the course of road which Sir Patrick took on the Continent, on his escape at this time, with that which he took on his escape after the failure of Argyll's expedition.]*

Meanwhile, proceedings are instituted by the government against him. On the 18th of November 1684, the lord advocate was ordered by the council to pursue him for treason. On the 26th of January 1685, he was denounced a rebel, and put to the horn, and all his lands, heritages, goods, and gear, forfeited to his Majesty's use, for not compearing before the council, to answer to the false charge of "contriving the death of his Majesty, and the Duke, his brother, overturning the government, converse with rebels, and concealing of treason." And, on the 28th of January, the privy council gave orders to secure his goods and rents, to be made forthcoming for his majesty's use. *[Wodrow's History, vol. iv., p. 226.]*

He had not been long in Holland when the news of the death of Charles II reached him. On this intelligence, the Scottish and English exiles resident there, who had before been concerting measures for the deliverance of their country from tyranny and Popery, becoming now more alarmed than ever, from their personal knowledge of the Duke of York, who was about to succeed to the throne, matured a plan for the invasion of England, under the Duke of Monmouth, and of Scotland, under the Earl of Argyll. In this conspiracy, Sir Patrick was a leading man, and he accompanied the Earl of Argyll in his expedition to Scotland. After Argyll was taken prisoner, and his forces were completely dispersed, Sir Patrick found an asylum in the house of a particular friend, Mr. Montgomery, the laird of Langshaw, in Ayrshire. It also appears that he was concealed at Kilwinning by "that eminent religious lady," Eleonore Dunbar, aunt to the then Earl of Eglinton, for several weeks in an empty house, till he got out of the country. *[Wodrow's History, vol. iv., p. 312.]* It was in this retreat that he composed his interesting narrative of the leading events of Argyll's invasion. Leaving Kilwinning, he found an opportunity of safely crossing over to Ireland, first reaching Dublin, whence he embarked for Bourdeaux, a large city in France. *[Crawford's Lives and Characters, &c.]* Having remained some months in France, he next travelled to Geneva on foot,* and, after remaining there for some time, went on foot to Rotterdam, and,

* That he was at Bourdeaux in France, and Geneva, when escaping from Scotland at this time, is evident from his Letters, printed at the end of Lady Murray's Memoirs of her parents. His first letter from Bourdeaux was written November 15, 1685. There is also a letter dated January 13, 1686, another dated two days, and another four days after, all which appear to have been written from that city. There are also two letters dated Geneva, the one on May 17, and the other on June 12, 1686. His letter from Bourdeaux of January 13, shows that he gave himself out there as a surgeon. He signs that letter as Peter Wallace, and it was as Dr. Wallace that Captain Burd, who travelled with him on foot a part of the way from France to Holland, knew him.

ultimately took up his residence at Utrecht. In these peregrinations, he assumed the character of a surgeon; and, being able to bleed, he always carries lancets on his person. Even after taking up his residence in Holland, though living under the immediate protection of the Prince of Orange, and honoured with the personal friendship of that prince, who, looking on him as a confessor for the Protestant religion and the liberties of his country, treated him with a very particular respect, he judged it expedient to continue to keep up his assumed character as a medical gentleman. After his arrival in that country, he sent to his lady his Narrative of Argyll's Expedition, formerly referred to, which is written in the form of a letter to her, and which, though it was written in Scotland, he had not found, while there, a convenient opportunity of sending to her. This Narrative he begins as follows: -

“MY DEAR HEART.** - Since I can have small hope of seeing you any more, or enjoying the pleasure of conversing with you, a thing wherein as now I more than ever discern my happiness on this earth did much consist, not knowing how long God will preserve me from the hands of mine enemies, who hunt earnestly after my life, have set a rate upon my head, and done otherwise what they can to cut off from me all ways of escaping their fury; I found myself obliged, on many accounts, public and my own, to spend some time, in giving to the nation, and my friends and my family, some account of the matters I have of late had hand in, and of myself; that the affair chiefly, many worthy persons therein concerned, and I, may not by ignorant, or false representations, be prejudged or discredited; and there is none to whom I can address it so duly as you, or so safely; for though this mock Parliament have made it, by their forfaiting me, very dangerous for others, yet you may with somewhat more safety receive a letter from me; also none will take so much care of dispersing the contents as I think you will; besides that there is none I can be more obliged to satisfy than you by it; and for these purposes I recommend it to your care and discretion.” [The Marchmont Papers, vol. iii., p. 2.]

** “This paper was addressed to his wife from Holland - Note, in Rose's Observations in Fox's History. There is a second copy of this Narrative, apparently in the handwriting of Alexander, Earl of Marchmont, which is headed as follows: - ‘Letter to D. Griselle Kar, from her husband, Sir Patrick Hume, in anno 1685, wryten from Kilwinning, where he lurked at the time, by the kind favour of Lady -- Montgomerie, sister to the Earl of Eglinton, and spouse of -- Dunbar, younger of Baldoon, taken from a copy wryten of his own hand, which is yet amongst his papers.’” - Note of Editor of The Marchmont Papers.

Sir Patrick's estate having been forfeited to the crown, Grisell, after he had left the country, went to London, by sea, with her mother; whose object, in undertaking that journey, was to endeavour to obtain from government an allowance out of her husband's estate, for herself and her ten children. They waited long in London, and were assisted in their endeavours by many good friends, from whom they met with much kindness and civility, as Lord William Russell's family, Lord Wharton's, and others, but all she could obtain was, according to Lady, Murray, only about £150 per annum. [Sir Patrick's estate was afterwards, by the king's letter, dated -- of -- 1686, gifted to Kenneth, Earl of Seaforth, under several reservations mentioned, one of which was, that he be “bound to pay the young Lady Polworth's jointure, conform to her contract of marriage with the said Sir Patrick Hume, and the additional jointure thereafter granted unto her; both extending to three thousand merks Scots money,” i.e., £166, 13s. 4d. sterling. - The Marchmont Papers, vol iii., p. 67.] This matter being settled, they returned to Scotland to prepare for going over to Holland to Sir Patrick, who sent for them, and they all went over together, with the exception of Grisell's sister, Julian, whose ill health unfitted her for such a journey. Grisell afterwards returned from Holland by herself, to bring over Julian, when her health was in some measure recruited, to join the rest of the family. She was at the same time intrusted with the management of some of her father's business, and got instructions to

collect as much of the debts due to him as possible. "All this she performed with her usual discretion and success, though not without encountering adventures that would have completely overwhelmed the resources of most young ladies of her age and rank" in our day. Her sister Julian was still so very weak, as to require the attendance of a nurse during the whole of the voyage, which happened to be very tedious, and in which they encountered a severe storm, the terrors of which were aggravated by the brutality of the captain of the vessel. Grisell had bargained for the cabin bed, and was very well provided in provisions and other necessary things. Three or four other ladies had also agreed with the captain for the same bed; and a dispute arose between these ladies in the cabin, as to who should have the bed, in which, however, Grisell took no part, and a gentleman present bade her let the disputants settle the matter between them; for, said he, "You will see how it will end." Two of the ladies went into the cabin bed, and the rest found a bed as they best could; while Grisell and her sister lay upon the floor, with a bag of books, which she was carrying to her father, for their pillow. They had not lain long, when the captain of the vessel coming down to the cabin, voraciously devoured their whole provisions. He then said to the two ladies in the cabin bed, "Turn out, turn out;" and, stripping before them, lay down in the bed himself. But a terrible storm arising, which required his attendance and labour on deck to save the ship, he had soon to rise, and they saw no more of him till they landed at the Brill. From the Brill they set out the same night, on foot, for Rotterdam, in company with a gentleman who came over at the same time, to take refuge in Holland from the persecution which was raging in Scotland, and who was of great service to them. The night was cold, wet, and disagreeable, and the roads were very bad; Julian, in consequence of her previous ill health, and being only a girl, was not well able to travel, and soon lost her shoes in the mud, upon which Grisell carried her on her back the rest of the way, the gentleman kindly carrying their small luggage. On arriving at Rotterdam, they found their eldest brother Patrick and their father waiting for them, to convey them to Utrecht, where the family resided; and no sooner did she reach home, than, in the midst of her beloved parents, sisters, and brothers, she forgot all her hardships, and felt the utmost contentment and happiness.

They lived three years and a half in Holland, and, during that time, Grisell made a second voyage to Scotland, about her father's worldly affairs. Her father, to escape detection, did not stir abroad, and, as has been previously said, still continued to assume the character of a surgeon, passing under the name of Dr. Wallace; though it was well known, by the Scottish exiles and their friends, who he was. Finding their greatest comfort at home, and their house being a place of constant resort to the Presbyterian refugees, of whom, at that time, there was a great number in Holland, they were particularly desirous of having a good house; and they rented one at nearly a fourth part of their whole annual income. From the smallness of their income, they could not afford to keep a servant, having only, besides themselves, a little girl to wash the dishes; so that the duties of the kitchen, and, indeed, the management of the whole household establishment, devolved on Grisell; for which, from her active and industrious habits, she was well qualified, and by which she proved a great blessing to her parents, brothers, and sisters. During the whole time of their residence in Holland, a week did not pass in which she did not sit up two nights engaged in some necessary household occupation. "She went to market, went to the mill to have their corn ground, which it seems is the way with good managers there, dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and, in short, did everything." Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, had no turn for business, but had good talents for music, and was full of vivacity and humour. Out of their small income, her parents bought, at a trifling price, a harpsichord, which turned out to be an excellent instrument; and in the musical performances of Christian, who both played and sung well, her father and mother, and the rest of the family, who were fond of music, found an agreeable relaxation in their vacant hours. Grisell had the same talents for music as her sister, and was equally fond of it; but the management of household affairs devolving on her, she had less leisure for indulging in that amusement. The performance of these domestic offices was to her, however, a labour of love; and so far was she from envying or upbraiding her sister, who was exempted from the toil and drudgery to which she had to submit, that many jokes used to pass between them about their different occupations. Nor had she any good ground for wishing to exchange occupations with her sister. " 'It is more blessed to minister, than to be ministered unto,' said the most perfect

character that ever appeared in human form. Could any young person, of ever such a listless and idle disposition, not entirely debased by selfishness, read of the different occupations of Lady Grisell Baillie and this sister of hers, nearly of her own age, whose time was mostly spent in reading, or playing on a musical instrument, and wish, for one moment, to have been the last-mentioned lady, rather than the other?" [*Joanna Baillie's Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters, Preface, p. xxxii.*] Every morning, before six o'clock, Grisell lighted her father's fire in his study, after which she awoke him, for he was always a good sleeper; a blessing, among others, which she inherited from him. She then prepared for him warm small beer, with a spoonful of bitters in it - a beverage which he continued to take every morning, as soon as he got up, during the whole of his life. She next got the children dressed, and brought them all into his room; where he taught them the different branches of education, the Latin, French, or Dutch languages, geography, writing, reading, or English, according to their ages; and his lady taught them such departments of learning, and such accomplishments, as belong to the province of the female teacher. In this useful and interesting way, were Sir Patrick Hume and his lady employed during the whole period of their residence in Holland; their outward circumstances being such, that they could not afford to put their children to school. Grisell, when she had some spare time, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also amused herself with music. "I have now," says her daughter, Lady Murray, "a book of songs, of her writing, when there; many of them are interrupted, half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence."

Whether this collection, which is probably now lost, consisted of songs altogether of her own composition or not, it is not said. But a song of her composition, which awards a favourable specimen of her talents in this species of writing, has been long in print; viz., "Were na my heart licht I wad dee," and it may gratify the reader to see a copy of it here.

There was ance a may, and she loo'd na men,
 She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;
 But now she cries dool! and a-well a-day!
 Come down the green gate, and come here away.
 But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young Johnny came o'er the sea,
 He said he saw naething sae lovely as me;
 He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
 He hecht me, &c.

He had a wee titty that loo'ed na me,
 Because I was twice as bonny as she;
 She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
 That were na my heart licht I wad dee.
 She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
 The wife took a dwam, and lay down to dee,
 She main'd and she grain'd out o' dolour and pain,
 Till he vows he never wad see me again.
 She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane o' a higher degree,
 Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
 Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johnny:
 And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
 Albeit I was bonny, &c.

They said, I had neither cow nor calf,
 Nor dribbles o' drink rins throw the draff,

Nor pickles o' meal rins throw the mill-ee:
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
Nor pickles, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din:
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then she ran in, &c.

His bonnet stood aye fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane look'd aye as weel as some's new;
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes daundrin about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang nicht he ne'er steeks his e'e;
And were na my heart licht I wad dee.
The live-lang nicht, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I ha'e been,
We shou'd h'e been gallopin down on yon green,
And linkin it blythe on the lily-white lee:
And wow gin I were but young for thee !
And linkin it, &c.

[*Ritson's Scottish Songs, vol. i., p. 128; and Chambers' Scottish Songs, vol. ii, p. 321.*]

“This,” as has been justly said by a writer in the Scots Magazine, “is very good; at once simple, lively, and tender.” [*Scots Magazine, New Series, for 1818, pp. 35, 36.*]

The same writer expresses a hope that the book of songs in Grisell's handwriting, to which Lady Murray refers as being in her possession, may yet be recovered, and that it might afford further specimens of her poetical talents; or, if not altogether of her own composition, might furnish some valuable additions to the lyric treasures by which Scotland has been so peculiarly distinguished. He then adds, “We are enabled to subjoin one unpublished fragment of this description - supposed to be Lady Grisell's composition, from circumstantial evidence. It was lately discovered, in her handwriting, among a parcel of old letters, and enclosed in one of them, written, about the time of her father's forfeiture, to her brother Patrick, then serving with Mr. Baillie in the Prince of Orange's guards. The first two of the following stanzas are copied from this MS. The others (in brackets) are subjoined, as an imperfect attempt to complete the song in a similar style, but with a more direct reference to the situation of Lady Grisell and the family of Polwarth at that disastrous period.”

O the ewe-bughting's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn,
When our blythe shepherds play on their bog-reed and horn;
While we're milking they're liltin' baith pleasant and clear -
But my heart's like to break when I think of my dear!

O the shepherds take pleasure to blow on the horn,
To raise up their flocks o' sheep soon i' the morn;
On the bonnie green banks they feed pleasant and free -
But, alas! my dear Heart, all my sighing's for thee!

[How blythe wi' my Sandy out o'er the brown fells,
I ha'e followed the flocks through the fresh heather bells!
But now I sit greeting amang the lang broom,
In the dowie green cleuchs whare the burnie glides down.

O wae to the traitors! an' black be their fa',
Wha banish'd my kind-hearted shepherd awa !
Wha banish'd my laddie ayont the wide sea,
That aye was sae leal to his country and me.

But the cruel oppressors shall tremble for fear,
When the True-blue and Orange in triumph appear;
And the star o' the East leads them o'er the dark sea,
Wi' freedom to Scotland, and Sandy to me.]

[Scots Magazine, New Series, pp. 435, 436.]

From these lively specimens of Grisell's lyric compositions, as well as from the whole of the preceding narrative, it is evident that, in addition to her other good qualities, she was characterized by a buoyant animation of spirit, combined with a guilelessness of soul which gave a great charm to her character, and made her universally beloved. In her history, and, indeed, in that of all her family, whose good humour and harmless pleasantry made their society so agreeable and so greatly courted, we perceive how erroneously Presbytery and the Covenant have often been represented as deadly enemies to innocent hilarity, and our Presbyterian ancestors as the personification of austerity and moroseness.

To her eldest brother Patrick, who was nearest her own age, and who was brought up with her, Grisell was more strongly attached than to her other brothers or sisters. He and George Baillie (the son of Robert Baillie the martyr), her future husband, who was deprived of his father's estate, which had been forfeited, and who was then in Holland, having been also obliged to take refuge in exile, served for some time as privates in the Prince of Orange's guards, till more honourable and lucrative situations were provided for them in the army, which was done before the Revolution. Grisell, who was always very neat in her own dress, felt an honest pride in seeing her brother neat and clean in his; and it being the fashion, in those days, to wear little point cravats and cuffs, she sat up many a night to have them and his linens in as good order for him as any in the place. His dress was, indeed, one of the heaviest items in their expenses.

Narrow and precarious as was the income of Sir Patrick and his family, they were distinguished for their kind-hearted hospitality. His house, as has been said before, was much frequented by such of his countrymen, as, like himself, had taken refuge from persecution in Holland. And seldom did the family sit down to dinner, without having three, four, or five of these refugees with them to partake of their humble repast. But Providence so remarkably blessed them in their basket and in their store, that they wanted for nothing which they really needed. And virtue being associated with adversity, they felt contentment and happiness; a state of mind which was much promoted by their contrasting the comfortable retreat they had found on a foreign shore, with the suffering condition of many of their Presbyterian friends at home. "Many a hundred times," says Lady Murray, speaking of her mother, "I have heard her say, she could never look back upon their manner of living there without thinking it a miracle: they had no want, but plenty of everything they desired, and much contentment, and [she] always declared it [to be] the most pleasant part of her life; though they were not without their little distresses; but to them they were rather jokes than grievances." Sir Patrick being a scholar, the professors and learned men of Utrecht were often visitants at his house, and the best entertainment he could give them was a glass of alabaster beer, which was a kind of ale better than the common.

In exile, he continued to watch over the state of affairs in Scotland, and discovered in William, Prince of Orange, of whose talents and character he entertained the highest admiration, the future deliverer of his country. He had penetration enough to see, that the object aimed at in James VII's schemes of toleration for dissenters, was, under the disguise of benefiting them, to afford relief to Papists, and ultimately to pave the way for the establishment of Popery. Accordingly, in June 1668, he addressed from Utrecht a well written and powerfully reasoned letter, to his friend Sir William Denholm, who had been in Argyll's expedition, to be

communicated to the Presbyterian ministers of Scotland, to put them on their guard against an insidious plan which was in agitation, to induce them to petition in favour of King James's deceptive measure for a toleration. "All I shall add," says he in the close, "is to wish Protestants to see to it not to be gulled by their enemies, not to misjudge their friends, and to be ever ready to do or to suffer, as God shall call them to it, for their interests of so high moment: *pro Christo et patria dulce periculum.*" [*The Marchmont Papers*, vol. iii., p. 98.]

At length the time of Britain's deliverance drew near. James VII having, by his violent and infatuated policy to establish arbitrary power and Popery in England, roused the indignation of the English people, William, Prince of Orange, to save the liberties of Britain, made preparations for invading it. Grisell's father shared in the counsels of William; and, along with his son Patrick and George Baillie, accompanied him in his enterprise, when the fleet was ready to sail. As was natural, she, and the rest of the family, felt deeply interested in the success of this undertaking. At first they were afflicted with anxious and misgiving thoughts as to the issue, when William's whole fleet was scattered and driven back by a violent tempest. Having heard of this melancholy news, she herself, her mother, and her sister, "immediately came from Utrecht to Helvoetsluys, to get what information they could. The place was so crowded by people from all quarters, come for the same purpose, that her mother, she, and her sister, were forced to lie in the boat they came in; and, for three days continually, to see coming floating in, beds, chests, horses, &c., that had been thrown overboard in their distress. At the end of the third day, the Prince, and some other ships came in; but no account of the ship their friends were in. Their despair was great, but, in a few days, was relieved by their coming in safe, but with the loss of all their baggage, which, at that time, was no small distress to them." [*Lady Murray's Narrative.*] When the fleet, on the damage made being repaired, set out again, the solicitude of Grisell, her mother, and the rest of the family, for its success, was more intense than ever. To hear of those embarked having safely landed in England, was the greatest joy they could picture to their minds. Of this they had soon the satisfaction of hearing; but the joy which such tidings, in ordinary circumstances, would have given them, was swallowed up by the sorrow into which they were plunged by the unexpected loss of Grisell's sister, Christian, who, on the very day on which the welcome news reached them, died suddenly of a sore throat, caught from her exposure in the damp open boat at Helvoetsluys. To Grisell, who was of strong and tender affections, the loss of "the sister of her heart" was a great affliction. "When that happy news came," says Lady Murray, "it was no more to my mother than any occurrence she had not the least concern in; for that very day her sister Christian died of a sore throat; which was so heavy an affliction to both her mother and her, that they had no feeling for anything else; and," adds Lady Murray, "often have I heard her say, she had no notion of any other cause of sorrow but the death and affliction of those she loved; and of that she was sensible to her last, in the most tender manner. She had endured many hardships, without being depressed by them; on the contrary, her spirits and activity increased the more she had occasion for them; but the death of her friends was always a load too heavy for her."

Happily, the Prince of Orange's undertaking was crowned with success. In England, all parties rallied around him - a very merciful providence for Scotland; which, wasted by a persecution of twenty-eight years, was now lying under the iron wheel of despotism, crushed in spirit, and more hopeless of deliverance, in so far as her own intrinsic power was concerned, than at any previous period of her history. But England, in saving herself, saved Scotland. When matters were all settled in England, Grisell's brothers and sisters were sent home to Scotland, under the care of a friend; while she herself, and her mother, came over with the Princess of Orange to London. The Princess, now about to ascend the British throne, attracted by the engaging character, and the peculiarly prepossessing personal appearance of Grisell, [*Her personal appearance is thus described by her daughter: - "She was middle sized, well made, clever in her person, very handsome, with a life and sweetness in her eyes very uncommon, and great delicacy in all her features; her hair was chestnut; and, to her last, had the finest complexion, with the clearest red in her cheeks and lips that could be seen in one of fifteen, which, added to her natural constitution, might be owing to the great moderation she had in her diet, throughout her whole life."* Lady Murray adds, "Pottage and milk was her greatest feast, and, by choice, she preferred them to everything, though nothing came wrong to her that others could eat. Water she preferred to any liquor, and though often obliged to take a glass of wine, she always did it unwillingly, thinking it hurt her, and did not like it."] wished to retain her

near her person, as one of her maids of honour. But though this was a situation for which Grisell was well qualified, and to which many of her age would have been proud to have been elevated, she declined the appointment, preferring to go home with the rest of her family. The reader has already been informed of the youthful attachment which sprung up between her and George Baillie, within the walls of his father's prison; and, also, that Baillie was a refugee in Holland, at the time when she and her father's family were resident in that country. In their exile, their affection for each other increased, and they had their marriage always in view; though, from the circumstances in which they were then placed, neither of them having a shilling, they deemed it unwise to make known their intentions to her parents, and were at no small pains to conceal their mutual passion from them. In the midst of her parents' troubles, she had offers of marriage from two gentlemen of fortune and good character, in her own neighbourhood, in Scotland, who had done nothing to incur the resentment of the government; and her parents, thinking these to be favourable opportunities for her comfortable settlement in life, pressed her to marry one or other of these gentlemen. "She earnestly rejected both, but without giving any reason for it, though her parents suspected it; and it was the only thing in which she ever displeased or disobeyed them. These gentlemen were intimate and sincere friends to Mr. Baillie and her to the day of their death, and often said to them both, she had made a much better choice in him; for they made no secret of having made their addresses to her. Her parents were ever fond of George Baillie, and he was always with them; so great an opinion had they of him, that he was generally preferred to any other, and trusted to go out with her, and take care of her, when she had any business to do. They had no objection but the circumstances he was in; which had no weight with her, for she always hoped things would turn out at last as they really did; and, if they did not, she was resolved not to marry at all." Having, after the Revolution, been put in possession of his father's estate, which had been gifted to the Duke of Gordon, Baillie made known to her parents the engagement between him and her; and they were married at Redbraes Castle on September 17, 1692. At that time her father - his political and personal troubles being now over - was in high favour with King William, and was enjoying in security that wealth and honour to which his sufferings in the cause of religion and liberty so well entitled him.*

* On the new order of things introduced at the Revolution, he was nominated a member of the new privy council in Scotland, and, in December 1690, was created a Scottish peer by the title of Lord Polwarth. In 1692, he was appointed principal sheriff at Berwickshire, and, in 1693, one of the four extraordinary lords of session. In 1696, he was made lord chancellor of Scotland, the highest office in that kingdom; in less than a year after he was created Earl of Marchmont; and, in 1698, he was appointed lord high commissioner to represent the king's person in the session of Parliament, which met at Edinburgh in July that year. It is interesting to know that, in prosperity, this nobleman did not forget those who had befriended him in adversity. "There is a family tradition which relates that, being obliged, in consequence of political persecution, to quit Redbraes House and cross the country, a little above Greenlaw, he met with a man of the name of Broomfield, the miller of Greenlaw Mill, who was repairing a *slap* or breach in the mill *caul*. Sir Patrick, addressing him by the occupation in which he was engaged, said, 'Slap, have you any money?' upon which Broomfield supplied him with what was considered necessary for his present exigency. Sir Patrick, it is added, was obliged to pass over into Holland; but when he came back with King William, did not forget his former benefactor in need. It is not stated what return he made him, but the family was settled in a free house as long as they lived, and ever after retained the name of *Slap*." - New Statistical Account of Scotland.

The fruits of Grisell's marriage with George Baillie were a son, Robert, born January 23, 1694, who died young; and two daughters, Grisell, who was married August 26, 1710, to Sir Alexander Murray of Stanhope, Bart., M.P., and died without issue, June 6, 1759, aged sixty-seven; and Rachel, born February 23, 1696, married to Charles, Lord Binning (eldest son of Thomas, sixth Earl of Haddington), and mother of Thomas, seventh Earl of Haddington, George Baillie of Jerviswood, and other children. [Douglas's Peerage, vol. ii. p. 81.]

Lady Grisell's marriage with Mr. Baillie was unusually happy. She indeed proved to him, in the words of the poet,

"A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!"

Equally ardent and tender was his affection towards her, in whom he found combined the qualities of the “virtuous woman,” whom Solomon’s mother so happily describes, and whose “price is far above rubies.” On her he left the sole charge of domestic affairs, and even in reference to matters of graver importance he placed great confidence in her judgment. “None could better judge,” says her daughter, “than herself, what was most proper to be done upon any occasion; of which my father was so convinced, that I have good reason to believe he never did anything of consequence through his whole life, without asking her advice. She had a quickness of apprehension and sagacity, that generally hit upon the fittest things to be done.” Her daughter adds, “Though she had a quick and ready wit, yet she spoke little in company, but where she was quite free and intimate. She used often to wonder at a talent she met with in many, that could entertain their company with numberless words, and yet say nothing.”

In 1703, Lady Baillie lost her dear mother, who died at Edinburgh, October 11, that year. On her dying bed, her mother, who retained her judgment to the last, was surrounded by all her children. At this scene, Lady Baillie, in the agony of her grief, had hid herself behind the curtain of the bed, so that her mother, in looking round upon them all, did not see her, upon which she said, “Where is Grisell?” Lady Baillie immediately came near her mother, who, taking her by the hand, said, “My dear Grisell, blessed be you above all, for a helpful child have you been to me.” “I have often heard my mother,” says Lady Murray, “tell this in floods of tears, which she was always in, when she spoke of her mother at all.” Great was the sorrow of the Earl of Marchmont, and of the whole family, on the death of this excellent wife and mother. During life, she had experienced great variety in her outward condition. But, in every situation, she was distinguished by unpretending piety and unspotted virtue, united with great sweetness, composure, and equanimity of temper. So well disciplined had been her mind by adversity, that, when exalted to wealth and honour, none of her acquaintances, from the highest to the lowest, ever found that these had created any change in the temper of her mind. To her virtues and amiable qualities, her husband has borne a very affecting testimony in an inscription he wrote on her Bible, which he gave to his daughter, Lady Baillie: -

“Grisell Lady Marchmont, her book. To Lady Grisell Hume, Lady Jarviswood, my beloved daughter. My Heart, in remembrance of your mother, keep this Bible, which is what she ordinarily made use of. She had been happy of a religious and virtuous education, by the care of virtuous and religious parents. She was of a middle stature, of a plump, full body; a clear, ruddy complexion; a grave, majestic countenance; a composed, steady, and mild spirit; of a most firm and equal mind, never elevated by prosperity, nor debased or daunted by adversity. She was a wonderful stay and support to me in our exile and trouble, and a humble and thankful partaker with me in our more prosperous condition; in both which, by the blessing of God, she helped much to keep the balance of our deportment even. She was constant and diligent in the practice of religion and virtue, a careful observer of worship to God; and of her duties to her husband, her children, her friends, her neighbours, her tenants, and her servants; so that it may justly be said, her piety, probity, virtue, and prudence, were without a blot or stain, and beyond reproach. As by the blessing of God, she had lived well, so by his mercy, in the time of her sickness and at her death, there appeared many convincing evidences that the Lord took her to the enjoyment of endless happiness and bliss. She died, October 11, 1703, at Edinburgh, and was buried in my burying place, near the Canongate church, where I have caused mark out a grave for myself close by hers, upon the left side, in the middle of the ground.

MARCHMONT.”

From her tender years, Lady Baillie had been a constant help and support to her father’s family; and even after she became the mother of a family herself, she was still useful to them in many respects. From the time that her brother Alexander, Lord Polwarth, went abroad in 1716 - in consequence of his appointment, the year before, to be envoy extraordinary to the courts of Denmark and Prussia - and all the time he was at Copenhagen and Cambray, she had the whole management of his affairs, and the care of the education of his children. It may also be mentioned, as an evidence of the care she continued to take of her father, that, during the last years of his life, - which he passed at Berwick upon Tweed, she went to Scotland every alternate year

to see him; and the infirmities of old age unfitting him for taking the trouble of looking after his own affairs, she examined and settled his steward's accounts which were often long and intricate. "Very unlike too many married women," says Joanna Baillie, "who, in taking upon them the duties of a wife and mother, suffer these to absorb every other; and visit their father's house seldom, and as a stranger, who has nothing to do there but to be served and waited upon. If misfortune or disease come upon their parents, it is the single daughters only who seem to be concerned in all this. She who is a neglectful daughter, is an attentive wife and mother from a mean cause." [*Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters*, p. 270.] When in London, Lady Baillie regularly wrote every other post to her father, or to her sister, Lady Julian, who then lived with him, and watched over his declining years with affectionate care; sent him the newspapers, and any new book or pamphlet which she thought would interest him. Amidst the infirmities of old age, the good man retained all the kindly cheerfulness of his earlier days; and this made his society delightful to the youngest of his descendants, the means both of improvement and of enjoyment. To join the useful with the agreeable in social intercourse, and, indeed, in the whole business of life, was a principle upon which he seems studiously to have acted; and hence the device which is constantly found in his books and manuscripts: -

" 'Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.' H.D.A." [*The three last letters are a contraction for Horace's De Arte Poetica. Sometimes he writes the quotation more briefly, thus: - " 'Omne tulit punctum.' H.D.A." - The Marchmont Papers.*]

Even on his deathbed, he could not resist his old propensity to joking. Sitting by his bedside, not many hours before he expired, Lord Binning observed him smiling, and said, "My Lord, what are you laughing at?" To which the dying Earl answered, "I am diverted to think what a disappointment the worms will meet with, when they come to me, expecting a good meal, and find nothing but bones." He was much emaciated in body, and, indeed, he had always been a thin, clever man. None of his family were then in Scotland, except his daughter, Lady Julian, who attended him, and his son-in-law, Lord Binning, who no sooner heard from Lady Julian of her father's illness, than he hastened to visit him, and continued with him till his death. He expired without a groan, and seemed to rejoice in the prospect of his departure. Lady Baillie had not the satisfaction of seeing him under his last illness. On hearing of his death, [*He died in 1724, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.*] she was deeply affected, though, from his advanced age it was an event which could hardly take her by surprise.

She met with another domestic affliction, which she deeply felt, in the death of the amiable and accomplished Lord Binning, [*Like Lady Baillie, Lord Binning possessed an elegant talent for song writing. He was the author of Pastoral Ballads. His ballad beginning, "Did ever swain a nymph adore," had long been well known. - Douglas's Peerage, vol. i., p. 684. Ritson's Collection of Scottish Songs, vol.i., p. 73.*] the husband of her daughter Rachel, in 1733. Having fallen into ill health, he went to Italy, for the benefit of the climate, and, having lived at Naples for some time, he died there on January 30, that year, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, having borne his sufferings with the utmost patience, resignation, and even cheerfulness and good humour. To this nobleman she was as strongly attached as if he had been her own child, and she and her whole family accompanied him to Italy. They resided in Naples about sixteen months.

On the death of Lord Binning, they went to Oxford, for the education of his children, [*He had "committed and recommended to Mr. Baillie's care the education of his children, and said he needed give no directions about it, since he was to do it. What he wished most earnestly was to have them good and honest men, which he knew would also be Mr. Baillie's chief care."* - *Lady Murray's Narrative.*] Thomas, afterwards seventh Earl of Haddington, and his two brothers. For Lord Binning's children, Lady Baillie had a strong affection. She was not without ambition of their rising to distinction in the world, "and omitted nothing she could devise to further them this way; but yet, whenever she spoke about them, the great thing she expressed herself with most concern about was, that they might become virtuous and religious men." [*Lady Murray's Narrative.*]

While resident in Oxford, she met with a trial, in the death of Mr. Baillie, which, perhaps, inflicted a heavier blow on her heart than any of the past afflictions of her life. He died there on Sabbath, August 6, 1738, after

an illness of only forty-eight hours, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He had lived an eminently pious and exemplary life, and his latter end was peace. During the whole time of his illness, he was employed in breathing out prayers to his God and Saviour, for his own salvation, and that of his family. He departed with a calm, serene countenance, and with scarce a groan. His body was sent home to be interred in his own burying place at Mellerstain; attended, according to his own orders, which Lady Baillie was careful to have executed, only by his near relations, near neighbours, and his own tenants. Under this bereavement, it was difficult for her to bear up. From the peculiar tenderness of her feelings, she was always extremely susceptible to the emotions of sorrow on the loss of friends. But when, in her old age, she was bereft of the excellent companion to whom she had been so long united, whom she called, "the best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years;" and as to whom she often declared, "that they never had a shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding, no not for a moment;" it is not surprising that she was almost overwhelmed by the stroke, and that hers was a sorrow which could not altogether be assuaged on this side of the grave. The account which Lady Murray gives of her mother's sorrow under this loss, is very touching. "When she lost him, her affliction was so great that it threw her into a dangerous fit of illness, which, with joy, she would have allowed herself to sink under, had she not thought her life was still necessary for the happiness of her family; as Sir Alexander Murray then threatened, by long letters writ to us, to give us a great deal of trouble and disturbance, which could not well take place unless he outlived her. . . She stayed near two years longer at Oxford, as long as it was thought fit for her grandsons, though the most melancholy, disagreeable, place she could be in, far from friends, and no business to amuse, or take off her thoughts from her heavy loss; so that the sedentary life she led, which she had never been used to, again threw her into a long and dangerous fit of illness, in which her life was despaired of by every one." And, after stating that her mother and the whole family came, in 1740, to London, and thence immediately to Scotland, Lady Murray adds, "Everything at home so continually renewed her grief, that scarce a day passed without her bursting out in tears; though she did her utmost to command herself, not to give us pain, yet it often overcame her. . . . One day, looking round and admiring the beauties of the place, she checked herself, burst out in tears, and said, 'What is all this to me, since your father does not see and enjoy it!' Such reflections she often had, and neither amusements nor business could put them out of her thoughts. As I almost always put her to bed, I can declare I never saw her lie down but with a deep groan, and generally tears, not soon to be pacified; nor could she be persuaded to take another room, choosing everything that could put her in mind of him. She had some hundreds of his letters, he having been often at London, absent from her for many months at a time, and never missed writing one single post. She had carefully preserved them all, and set about reading of them; which put her into such fits of grief and crying, quite sunk and destroyed her, that we thought it would kill her. She one day said she was ashamed to be alive, after losing one that had writ her such letters, and with whom she could have been contented to live, on the top of a mountain, on bread and water; and had no pleasure in anything but for his sake. Happy, said she, had it been for her, if she had constantly read over his letters, and governed her whole actions by them. She intended sealing them up in a bag, and bade me see they were buried in the coffin with her. I begged to read some of them, which she allowed me; and I earnestly entreated they might not be buried, but preserved for the sake of his posterity, and they are now in my custody. In nothing I ever saw did I find so much to instruct, to admire, to please; they are a true picture of his heart; full of the most tender and condescending affection, just remarks and reflections, true goodness, submission to Providence, entire resignation and contentment, without cant, superstition, severity, or uncharitableness to others; constant justness to all, and frugality in his private affairs, for the sake of his family."

In September 1744, it being thought proper that her grandsons should go to London, she resolved that she herself and her whole family should go with them; her object being, as they were just entering into the world, to watch over them and aid them by her counsel and experience; though she owned it to be her desire, as was most natural, to end her days in quiet. At the same time she felt persuaded that she should not return, and desired her children, in the event of her dying there, to bring home her body to be buried beside that of her husband.

“The rebellion of 1745 was a great affliction to her; the distress of her country and friends went near her heart, and made great impression on her health and spirits. Nobody could be more sensibly touched with the desolation of this poor country; yet she never expressed herself with bitterness nor resentment against the authors of it, and could not bear to hear others do so. She said it was the judgment of God upon us, and too well deserved by all ranks; therefore we ought to submit to it, and endeavour to avert, it by other methods than railing and ill will at those that were the instruments of it.” Her religion was eminently free from a censorious and uncharitable spirit towards others. Lady Murray, after stating that her mother “was much devoted to piety and the service of God,” adds, “People who exercise themselves much this way, are often observed to contract a morose way of thinking concerning others, which she had no tincture of. Her religion improved her in charity, and patience for other people’s failings, and forgiveness of injuries; and, no doubt, was one great source of that constant cheerfulness she was so remarkable for.”

While in London, she seldom went abroad, except to visit Lady Stanhope. But, in her own children and grandchildren, she enjoyed the most agreeable society at home; and she also found much pleasure in the frequent visits paid to her by her old friends and acquaintances, as well as by several new ones, who thought no time better spent than in her company. At last the time drew near when she must go the way of all the earth. An epidemical cold being prevalent in the English capital, she caught the disease, which, after hanging about her for some time, terminated fatally. She was, however, confined to her bed only a few days, and there was no aberration of mind to the last. Two days before her death, her family being all in the room beside her, she said, “My dears, read the last chapter of the Proverbs; you know what it is.” “To have her grandsons happily married,” says Lady Murray, “lay near her heart; and I imagine it was with regard to that she said it. I think it is a very strong picture of herself; and if ever any deserve to have it said of them, she does.” Some may imagine, that thoughts respecting the happy marriage of her grandsons was scarcely exercise appropriate for a deathbed. But this would be to take a very imperfect and contracted view of the Christian exercise appropriate in such circumstances. No doubt, the great questions to every man and woman when about to enter eternity, and appear at God’s judgment seat, are, “Am I at peace with God?” “Have I obtained that renewed heart which is indispensable to admission into heaven?” “Am I trusting, not to my own good works or virtues, but exclusively to the Divine righteousness of Christ; an interest in which is equally indispensable to admission into heaven?” But, while all true Christians will, in the prospect of death, give their chief thoughts to these subjects, they may, at the same time, in perfect consistency with this, feel an interest in whatever contributes to the well-being, both temporal and eternal, of their friends whom they are to leave behind them in the world; and to this a happy marriage relation, which is greatly conducive both to the promotion of virtue and piety, unquestionably contributes. The next day, Lady Baillie called for Lady Murray, to whom she gave directions about some few things; and expressed it as her desire to be carried home and interred beside her dear husband; but said, that perhaps it might be too much trouble and inconvenience to them at that season. She therefore left it to Lady Murray to do as she pleased; “but,” says she, “in a black purse in my cabinet you will find money sufficient to do it.” This money she had kept by her for that purpose, that whenever her death took place, her children might be able, without being straitened, to carry her mortal remains to Scotland, to be deposited in the same resting place with those of her husband. Having said this, she added, “I have now no more to say or do;” tenderly embraced Lady Murray, and laid down her head upon the pillow, after which she spoke little. True Christians, of strong and warm affections, have often anticipated with delight the recognition of their beloved pious friends and relatives in heaven, expecting to derive, from this source, no small portion of their future felicity. Lady Baillie always expressed her assurance, that she and Mr. Baillie, who had so long lived together on earth, as heirs of the grace of life, would meet together and know one another in a better world; and she often said after his death, that without that belief she could not have supported herself. This reflection was cheering to her, even when dying. “Now, my dear,” said she to Lady Murray, “I can die in peace, and desire nothing, but to be where your father is.” She died on December 6, 1746, surrounded by her whole family, who showed a lively sense of what they lost when she breathed her last. According to her desire, her body was conveyed from London to Scotland; and, on Christmas day, December 25, which was her birth day, was laid by the side of her husband in the monument of Mellerstain. She was buried in the same manner, in which,

according to his own orders, she herself had directed *his* funeral - near relations, near neighbours, and her own tenants only being present.

Lady Baillie had been universally respected while living, and she died universally lamented. In her death, many lost not only a friend, but a benefactor; for she was very charitable to the distressed; remembering what she herself had suffered; nor was her beneficence confined to those of her own way of thinking. [*"The very last week of her life she sent a servant to Newgate to inquire after one she heard was there in distress, and to give him some relief, though she had never seen him, but knew his friends."* - *Lady Murray's Narrative.*] The esteem in which she was held, was testified by the many letters of condolence, which, on the event, her family received from all quarters. Lord Cornbury, writing to Lady Hervey on her death, says, "Indeed, I am sorry that we shall see our good old friend no more. I am sorry that we shall partake no more in the society of that hospitality, that benevolence, that good humour, that good sense, that cheerful dignity, the result of so many virtues which were so amiable in her, and what did so much honour to humanity; and I am very sorry for what those must suffer at present, whom she had bred up to have affections, and who had so justly so much for her." Lady Baillie, in truth, possessed a combination of qualities not often to be met with in the same person; and which would have adorned the most exalted station. "It appears to me," says Joanna Baillie, "that a more perfect female character could scarcely be imagined; for, while she is daily exercised in all that is useful, enlivening, and endearing, her wisdom and courage, on every extraordinary and difficult occasion, gave a full assurance to the mind, that the devoted daughter of Sir Patrick Hume, and the tender helpmate of Baillie, would have made a most able and magnanimous queen." [*Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters, Preface, p. xxvi.*] The inscription, engraven on marble upon her monument, which was written by one who knew her well, Sir Thomas Burnet, one of the judges of the court of common pleas, and youngest son of Bishop Burnet, summarily records the leading and most singular events of her life, and gives a full, comprehensive, and withal a just view of her character. This inscription, with which we shall conclude our sketch, is as follows: -

HERE LIETH
The Right Honourable LADY GRISELL BAILLIE,
wife of GEORGE BAILLIE of Jerviswood, Esq.,
eldest daughter
of the Right Honourable PATRICK, Earl of Marchmont;
a pattern to her sex, and an honour to her country.
She excelled in the character of a daughter, a wife, a mother.
While an infant,
at the hazard of her own, she preserved her father's life;
who, under the rigorous persecution of arbitrary power,
sought refuge in the close confinement of a tomb,
where he was nightly supplied with necessaries, conveyed by her,
with a caution far above her years,
a courage almost above her sex;
a real instance of the so much celebrated Roman charity.
She was a shining example of conjugal affection,
that knew no dissension, felt no decline,
during almost a fifty years' union;
the dissolution of which she survived from duty, not choice.
Her conduct as a parent
was amiable, exemplary, successful,
to a degree not well to be expressed,
without mixing the praises of the dead with those of the living;
who desire that all praise, but of her, should be silent.
At different times she managed the affairs
of her father, her husband, her family, her relations,
with unwearied application, with happy economy,
as distant from avarice as from prodigality.
Christian piety, love of her country,
zeal for her friends, compassion for her enemies,

cheerfulness of spirit, pleasantness of conversation,
dignity of mind,
good breeding, good humour, good sense,
were the daily ornaments of an useful life,
protracted by Providence to an uncommon length,
for the benefit of all who fell within the sphere of her benevolence.
Full of years, and of good works,
she died on the 6th day of December 1746,
near the end of her 81st year,
and was buried on her birth day, the 25th of that month.

