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A

TRUE HISTORY

O F

SEVERAL HONOURABLE FAMILIES

O F T H E

RIGHT HONOURABLE NAME

O F

S C O T,

In the Shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and others adjacent.

*Gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Histories, and Traditions of our Fathers.*

BY CAPTAIN WALTER SCOT,

*An old Souldier and no Scholler,*

*And one that can write nane,*

*But just the Letters of his Name.*

THE THIRD EDITION,

With Elucidations from the best historians and writers on Heraldry.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**I**N this edition several notes are given, to vindicate our author in opposition to some more modern writers. As a few of the dedications are presented to gentlemen whose families are now extinct, it was thought necessary to point out their representatives: Those that are past in silence, the families either still remain and enjoy the same estates, or such as the editor could get no certain intelligence of. To render the work more complete, an Appendix is subjoined, in which the descent of the Family of Buccleugh, from the time of our author to the present Duke, is trac'd; and a brief sketch of the public character of that patriotic nobleman attempted. The appendix concludes with Memoirs of that brave foldier and able commander Lieutenant General Elliot, to whose ancestors Captain Scott presents some of his dedications; particularly to the General's father, Part II. page 61.

To the Right Honourable, and generous Lord,

J O H N

L O R D Y E S T E R,

Appearand EARL of TWEDDALE; son to Jean Countess of Tweddale, who was daughter to that valiant Lord, Walter Earl of Buckcleugh, your honour's worthy grand-father.

AS the Graces, the Virtues, the Senses, and the Muses are embled or alluded to your noble sect; as all these have ample residence in your honourable and worthy disposition; to whom then but yourself, being a person so compleat, should I commit the patronage of that worthy Lord, Walter Earl of Buckcleugh; and though I am an unliterate soldier, have not apparelled them in such garments of elocution, and ornate stile, as befits their honours, and eminency of the least part of their excellent worthiness; yet I beseech your honour to accept for your own worth, and their worthiness; for if it were not but that I am assured, that your noble disposition in all parts is suitable to the inside of this book, I should never have dar'd to dedicate it to your patronage: As it hath an honest intention, so hath your breast ever been filled with such thoughts, which brings forth worthy actions; as it is a whip or scourge against all pride, so have you ever been an unfeigned lover of courteous humanity and humility. I humbly beseech



seech your honour, although the method and stile be plain, to be pleased to give it a favourable intertainment; for records and histories do make memorable mention of the diversity of qualities of fundry famous persons, men and women, in all the countrys and regions of the world: How some are remembred for their piety and pity, some for justice, some for severity, for learning, wisdom, temperance, constancy, patience, with all the virtues divine and moral. God, who of his infinite wisdom made man, of his unmeasured mercy redeemed him, of his boundless bounty, immense power, and eternal eye of watchful providence, relieves, guards, and conserves him. It is necessary that every man seriously consider, and ponder these things, and in token of obedience and thankfulness, say with David, 'What shall I render?' &c. Men should consider why God hath given them a being in this life. No man is owner of himself. My age is seventy-three; it is fifty-seven years since I went to Holland with your honourable grand-father, Walter Earl of Buckcleugh, in the year 1629. I was at that time not full sixteen years of age, or capable to carry arms in so much a renowned regiment or company as his honour's was; I was in no more estimation than a boy, yet waited upon a gentleman in his honour's own company; notwithstanding it is known, that I am a gentleman by parentage, but my fathers having dilapidate and engaged their estate by cautionry, having many children, was not in a capacity to educate us at school after the death of my grand-father, Sir Robert Scot of Thirlstone; my father living in a highland in Efdail-muir, and having no  
rent

rent at that time, nor means to bring us up, except some bestial; wherefore, in stead of breeding of me at schools, they put me to attend beasts in the field; but I gave them the short cut at last, and left the kine in the corn, and went as afore-said; and ever since that time I have continued a soldier abroad, and at home, till within these few years that I am become so infirm and decriped with the gout, which hath so unabled me, that I am not able, neither to do the king nor myself service; so this being entered into my consideration, it is sufficiently known that my intention and meaning was not to make any profit to myself; for I know I do but little deserve, by reason I could never write a line in my life; neither will my ability keep one to write to me; and I living two or three mile from a school; yet is constrain'd by my own wilful will, sometimes to hire one school-boy, and sometimes another, yet knows not whether they can spell true Scots or not, by reason I cannot read their hand, and there is none by me that can; for many times the writer mistakes the word from my deliverance; Therefore I hope your honour will excuse the failing of my unlearned muse.

Seek then Heaven's kingdom, and things that  
are right,

And all things else shall be upon the cast;

Holy days of joy shall never turn to night,

Thy blessed state shall everlasting last.

Live still as ever in thy Maker's sight,

And let repentance purge your vices past.

Remember

Remember you must drink of death's sharp cup,  
And of your stewardship account give up.  
Had you the beauty of fair Absalom,  
Or did your strength the strength of Sampson pass:  
Or could your wisdom match wise Solomon,  
Or might your riches Craesus wealth surpass:  
Or were your pomp beyond great Babylon,  
The proudest monarchy that ever was;  
Yet beauty, wisdom, riches, strength, and state,  
Age, death, and time will spoil and ruin it.  
Health, happiness, and all felicity,  
Unto the end may your attendance be.

Your honour's most obedient,

Humble, and devoted servant,

WALTER SCOT.

A

TRUE HISTORY

OF SEVERAL

HONOURABLE FAMILIES

OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

NAME OF SCOTT, &c.

---

I WAS once a man, tho' now I'm but a poor  
decriped one ;  
Fifty seven years arms did I bear, abroad or in Scot-  
land.

When I began on the twenty ninth, I was a slen-  
der man,

Now when I end on the eighty eight, I am not  
very strong.

I never was an hour at school, although these  
lines I dite,

I never learn'd the catechism, and now I none can  
write,

Except the letters of my name which I scarcely  
understand,

These I was forc'd to learn for shame when I  
was in command.

A

OF

*Adv. Bil.*

OF shepherd swains I mind to carp,  
And valiant Tammerlane into the second part,  
My drowfie muse is almost drown'd with care,  
How she dare venture to climb Honour's stair:  
The honour's little worth that's purchas'd by coin,  
Joan made such a market when she was Pope of Rome:  
Honour hath gilded wings, and soars most high,  
And does behold the steps of Majesty;  
Honour's the lofty lion of renown,  
Which is no merchandize for butcher or clown:  
Honour's the greatest favour a Prince can yield,  
All true gain'd honour's won into the field;  
He needs no complementing book him to instruct,  
That gains his honour by valour and conduct;  
' Peasant bought honour is like to those,  
' That put a gold ring in a broad-sow's nose;  
Whereas other metal may serve as well,  
Either copper, brass, iron, or steel;  
I wish true honour still may be preserv'd;  
For many get honour that ne'er do deserv'd:  
The valiant Earl of Buckcleugh, when I was young;  
To the bush in Brabant with his regiment came,  
Which is the space of fifty nine years agoe,  
' I saw him in his arms appear,  
' Which was on the sixteen hundred and twenty  
seven year;  
That worthy Earl his regiment was so rare,  
All Holland's leagure could not with him compare;  
Like Hannibal, that noble Earl he stood,  
To the great effusion of his precious blood;  
The town was tane with a great loss of men,  
To the States of Holland from the King of Spain.  
His honour's praise, throughout all nations sprung,  
Born on the wings of fame that he was Mars's son,  
The



'The very son of Mars, which furrowed Neptune's  
brow ;

And o'er the dangerous deep undauntedly did plow.

He did esteem his countries honour more,  
Than life and pelf which peasants do adore :

' His noble ancestors their memories

' Are born on wings of fame, as far as Titan's rise ;

And univerfally they are divulg'd from thence,  
Through the circle of all Europe's circumference ;

Let their example be a spur to you,

That you their worthy virtues may pursue.

' They were brave men, I wish you be so still,

They had good courage guided with good skill,

Which skill and courage, fortune, grace, and will,

I do beseech the Almighty to bestow

On you their offspring all, both high and low ;

Time hath recorded Buckcleugh's matchless force,

By sea or land with valiant foot or horse ;

They made France tremble, and Spain to quake ;

The foundation of Brabant they made shake :

And as true valour did inspire their breasts,

So victory and honour crown'd their crests,

Of both Walter Lord \*, and Walter Earl † ;

In the Netherlands they did so much prevail,

I wish

\* This Walter, first lord of Buckcleugh, was exalted to that dignity by King James VI. 16th March 1606, on account of his great merit and many faithful services. He carried over a regiment to the Netherlands where he served under that famous General, Maurice prince of Orange, and there gained immortal honour—Douglas's Peerage page 103. This regiment, carried over by Buckcleugh, was perhaps the first of our Scots Hollanders.

† Lord Walter died in 1611, and was succeeded by his son Walter lord Scot of Buckcleugh, who being much in favour with King James VI. was created Earl of Buckcleugh 16th March 1619. He also had the command

I wish your good intention may contain,  
 And you may be like them in every thing;  
 That as your parents were, so you may be  
 Rare paterns unto your posteritie.  
 That all your foes with terror now may know,  
 Some branches of Buckcleugh have beat them so;  
 True Honour, Fame, and victory attend you,  
 And great Jehovah in your just cause defend you;  
 That immortality your fames may crown,  
 And God may have the glory and renown.

WHEN brave Earl Walter he was dead and gone,  
 He left his son Earl Francis in his room;  
 Who married when he was but young,  
 ' Before he came to perfection;  
 His age was twenty years and five,  
 When death depriv'd him of his life;  
 His familie they were but twain,  
 He left them in the mother's keeping;  
 So by experience we see every day,  
 ' That bad things increase, and good things do decay;  
 And virtue with much care from virtue breeds,  
 Vice freely springs from vice, like stinking weeds.

SARDANAPALUS King of Babylon,  
 ' Was to his concubines such a companion,  
 That he in their attire, did sew, and sing,  
 An exercise unfitting for a King:  
 These, and a number more his fancy fed,  
 To compass which his shifts were manifold;  
 A bull, a ram, a swan, a shower of gold,

mand of a regiment under the States of Holland—Douglas's Peerage page 103.—Probably he succeeded to the command of his father's regiment. It was this brave nobleman that our author accompanied to the field, where, tho' he is silent in his own praise, it is beyond doubt he distinguished himself by his bravery and courage; and on this account, not through the interest of friends, was promoted to the rank of Captain.



To dreadful thunder, and consuming fire,  
And all to quench his inward flame's desire:  
Apollo turn'd fair Daphne into bay,  
Because she from his lust did flie away;  
He lov'd his Hiacinth, and his Loronis,  
As fervently as Venus and Adonis;  
So much he from his god-head did decline,  
That for a wench he kept Dametus' kine;  
And many other gods have gone astray,  
If all be true, which Ovid's books do say;  
' Thus to fulfill their lusts, and win their Trulls,  
' We see that these ungodly gods were Gulls:  
The mighty captain of the Mirmidons,  
Being captivated to these base passions,  
Met an untimely unexpected slaughter,  
For fair Pollixena, King Priamus's daughter;  
Lucretius rape was Tarquin's overthrow,  
Shame often pays the debt that sin doth owe;  
What Philomela lost, and Tyrus won,  
It caus'd the lustful father eat his son;  
In this vice Nero took such beastly joy,  
He married was to Sporus a young boy;  
And Periander was with lust so fed,  
He with Melista lay when she was dead,  
Pigmalion with an image made of stone  
Did love and lodge,---I'll rather lie alone;  
Aristophanes join'd in love would be,  
' To a she Ass, but what an ass was he;  
A Roman Appius did in goal abide  
For love of fair Virginia, where he died;  
That second Henry aged, childish fond  
On the fair features of fair Rosamond;  
That it raised most unnatural and hateful strife,  
Betwixt himself, his children, and his wife;

The

The end of which was, that the jealous queen,  
Did poison Rosamond in furious spleen;  
The fourth English King Edward lower did descend,  
He to a gold-smith's wife his love did bend,  
'This sugar'd sin hath been so general,  
That it hath made the strongest champions fall;  
For Sichern ravished Dinah, for which deed,  
A number of the Sichernites did bleed;  
And Sampson, the prime of manly strength,  
By Dalila was overcome at length:  
King David frailly fell, and felt the pain,  
And with much sorrow was restor'd again.  
Though Saul his foe he no way would offend,  
Yet this sin made him kill his loyal friend;  
Amon with Tamar incest did commit,  
And Absalom did take his life for it.  
And Solomon allow'd most royal means,  
To keep three hundred concubines,  
By whose means to idolatry he fell,  
Almost as low as to the gates of hell;  
At last repenting, he made declaration,  
That all was vanity, and sp'rits vexation;  
Abundance of examples men may find,  
Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,  
Which is no way for meaner men to go;  
Because their betters often wander'd so:  
For they were plagu'd of God, and so shall we,  
Much more, if of their sin we partners be.  
' To shew what women have been plunged in,  
' The bottomless abyfs of this sweet sin;  
There are examples of them infinite,  
Which I ne'er mean to read, much less to write,  
To please the reader, yet I'll set down some,  
As they unto my memory do come.

Now

Now I leave the family, and return again to brave  
Lord WALTER, and his son WALTER Earl in  
Scotland, where these worthy Lords were born.

LORD of Buckcleugh into the Scots border  
' Was high Lord Warden, to keep them in good  
order;

On that border were the Armstrangs, able men,  
Somewhat unruly, and very ill to tame;  
I would have none think that I call them thieves;  
For if I did, it would be arrant lies;  
For all Frontiers, and Borderers, I observe,  
Where'er they lie, are free-booters,  
And do the en'my much more harms,  
Than five thousand marshal-men in arms;  
The free-booters venture both life and limb,  
Good wife, and bairn, and every other thing;  
He must do so, or else must starve and die;  
For all his livelihood comes of the enemy:  
His substance, being, and his house most tight,—  
Yet he may chance to loss all in a night;  
' Being driven to poverty, he must needs a free-  
booter be,

Yet for vulgar calumnies there is no remedie:  
An arrant liar calls a free-booter a thief,  
A free-booter may be many a man's relief:  
A free-booter will offer no man wrong,  
Nor will take none at any hand;  
He spoils more enemies now and then,  
Than many hundreds of your marshal-men:  
Near to a border frontier in time of war,  
There's ne'er a man but he's a free-booter:  
Where fainting fazards dare not show their face;  
Yet call their offspring thieves to their disgrace;  
These

These are serpents spirits, and vulgar slaves,  
That slander worthies sleeping in their graves.  
But if forty countrymen had such rascals in bogs,  
They'd make them run like felter'd foals from dogs;

THE Scot and Ker the mid border possess,  
The Humes the east, and the Johnstones the west,  
With their adjacent neighbours, put the English  
to more pains,

Than half the north, and the three Lothians:

YET with the free-booters I have not done,  
I must have another sling at him,  
Because to all men it may appear,  
The free-booter he is a volunteer;  
In the muster-rolls he has no desire to stay,  
He lives by purchase, and he gets no pay:  
King Richard the second of England sent,  
A great army well arm'd into Scotland,  
Through Cumberland they came by his command,  
And meant to cross the river at Solway sand.  
In Scotland King Robert Stuart the first did reign,  
'Yet had no intelligence of their coming;  
The free-booters there they did convene,  
To the number of four or five hundred men:  
In ambush these volunteers lay down,  
And waited whilst the army came;  
At a close strait place, there they did stay,  
Where they knew the English could get no by-way;  
And when the English came the ambush nigh,  
They rose with clamours and with shouting high:  
Which so terrified the English, when at hand,  
That the most part were drown'd in Solway sand\*:  
'Tis

\* This memorable engagement happened in the year 1380, and is recorded, with some variation, in Maitland's History of Scotland, Vol. I. p. 561.—Maitland's account is, "Talbot, a valiant commander, " assembled



'Tis clear a free-booter doth live in hazard's train,  
 A free-booter's a cavaleer that ventures life for gain.  
 But since King James the sixth to England went,  
 There's been no cause of grief or discontent :  
 And he that hath transgress'd the law since then,  
 Is no free-booter, but a thief from men.

In Queen Elizabeth's reign she kept a strong  
 garrison,  
 At Carlisle, that cinque-port,  
 Of horse and foot, a thousand men compleat,  
 The governor was the lord Scroup.  
 It fell about the martinmas, when kine was in the  
 prime,  
 Then Kinment Willy and his friends, they did to  
 England run.  
 Oxen and kine they brought a prey out of Nor-  
 thumberland,  
 Five and fifty in a drift, to Cannanbie in Scotland :  
 The owners pitifully cry'd out they were undone.  
 Then to the governor they came, and seriously did  
 complain :  
 The lord Scroup heard their whole complaint,  
 And bad them go home again, and no more lament ;  
 For before the sun did rise or set,  
 He should be reveng'd upon Kinment :  
 Anon he charg'd the trumpeters, they should sound  
 " Booty-saddle,  
 Just at that time the moon was in her prime,  
 He needed no torch light :

" assembled an army of fifteen thousand men, crossed Solway Frith,  
 " and destroyed the counties of Anandale and Nithisdale: whence re-  
 " turning with a great booty, he was attacked in the night time in a  
 " pass by five hundred men, who killed many, took a great number pri-  
 " soners, and carried most of the plunder back."

Lord Scroup he did to Scotland come,  
 Took Kinment the self same night.  
 If he had had but ten men more, that had been as  
 stout as he,  
 Lord Scroup had not the Kinment tane with all his  
 company;  
 But Kinment being prisoner, lord Scroup he had  
 him tane,  
 In Carlisle castle he him laid, in irons and fetters  
 strong:  
 Then scornfully lord Scroup did say,  
 In this castle thou must lie,  
 Before thou goest away, thou must  
 Even take thy leave of me;  
 He mean'd that he should suffer death before he  
 went away;  
 By the cross of my sword, says Willy then,  
 I'll take my leave of thee,  
 Before that I do go away, whether I live or die.

Here follows how the Lord Buckcleugh affronts  
 the Lord Scroup, first by letters, and then by  
 taking him prisoner out of the castle of Car-  
 lisle by a stratagem.

THESE news came forth to bold Buckcleugh,  
 Lord Warden at that time,  
 How lord Scroup, Carlisle's governour  
 Had Kinment Willy tane;  
 Is it that way? Buckcleugh did say,  
 Lord Scroup must understand,  
 That he has not only done me wrong,  
 But my sovereign James of Scotland;

My fovereign lord King of Scotland  
 Thinks not his cousin Queen  
 Will offer to invade his land,  
 Without leave ask'd and given.

“Thou stole into my master's land,  
 “Which is within my command,  
 “And in a plund'ring hostile way,  
 “I'll let thee understand,  
 “Ere day light came thou stole a man,  
 “And like a thief thou run away.”

This letter came to lord Scroup's hand,  
 Which from Buckcleugh was sent,  
 Charging him then to release Kinment,  
 Or else he should repent ;

“Scotland is not a fitting part,  
 “I suppose England is the same ;  
 “But if thou carry a valiant heart, I'll fight thee  
 in Holland ;  
 “There thou and I may both be free, which of us  
 wins the day,  
 “And be no cause of mutiny, nor invasions deadly  
 prey.  
 “Our Princes rare will not compare for dignity  
 and fame,  
 “It nothing doth transgress their laws what we do  
 in Holland.”

This message by a drummer sent,  
 To the governor lord Scroup ;  
 A frivolous answer he returned,  
 Which made bold Buckcleugh to doubt,  
 That he must into Carlisle ride,  
 And fetch the Kinment out.

The Armstrong was a hardy name  
 Into their own country ;



But like Clim of the Cleugh and little John,  
 On England they did prey:  
 Kinment's surname was Armstrong\*,  
 He from Giltknocky sprang;  
 But Mengerton he was the chief  
 Of the name of Armstrong.  
 It was not for their own respects,  
 That Buckcleugh turn'd their guardian;  
 It was for the honour of Scotland,  
 By reason he was lord Warden;  
 He storm'd that any should presume  
 To enter the Scots border,  
 Either Cornish, Irish, English, or Welch,  
 Unless they had his order;  
 If he had known when lord Scroup did appear,  
 To enter the Scots ground, he had ca'd up his rear;  
 But since he mist him in all Scotland's bounds,  
 In England he gave him sowre pears for plumbs.

Thus being vext, he shews the friends of the  
 name.

How the lord Scroup had Willy Kinment tane;  
 And said, if they would but take part with him,  
 He knew a way to bring him back again.  
 To which demand they presently did conclude,  
 They would serve his honour to the last drop of their  
 blood:

For certainty did prov'd to be a truth,  
 He'll still be call'd the good lord of Buckcleugh.  
 His friend's advice that he desir'd to know,  
 Was Howpassly, Thirlstone, Bonitown and Tushilaw,  
 And Gaudilands his uncle's son,  
 With Whiteflade, Headshaw, and Sinton,

\* According to the best authors, William Armstrong of Kinmount.

And Gilbert Elliot, he was not of his name,  
 But was his honour's cousin-german;  
 Those gentlemen in vote did all agree,  
 Five hundred to march in his honour's company;  
 He thank'd them for their vote, and said, that must  
 not be,

Pick me out chosen men no more but thirty three.  
 At Thirlstone his brethren they did begin,  
 They being the first cousin-german,  
 Both Walter and William was there in brief,  
 And presented their service unto their chief;  
 Then Tushilaw did follow them,  
 And sent his two sons James and John,  
 With Mr Arthur Scot of Newburgh,  
 And Robert Scot of Gilmarcleugh,  
 Bowill his brother William did thither come,  
 And John Scot brother to Bonitown;  
 So did William of Haining, a valiant squire,  
 And William Scot of Hartwoodmire,  
 And William of Midgap came theretill,  
 He was grandsir to this laird of Horslyhill;  
 Walter of Diphope a metal man,  
 And John of Meddlestead together came;  
 Robert of Huntly he did not fail,  
 He came with the Scots of the water of Ail;  
 So did Walter of Todrig that well could ride,  
 And Robert Scot brother to Whitflade,  
 Andrew of Sallinside he was one,  
 With James of Kirkhouse, and Askirks John;  
 Robert of Headshaw himself would gang,  
 He was his honour's cousin-german;  
 Sinton and Wall, they stay'd at home,  
 Kirkhouse and Askirk went in their room;

Because

Because it was my lord's decree,  
But younger brethren they all should be ;  
Some stout and valiant able men,  
They would not stay at home,  
And some related to my lord would needs go along,  
Although my lord to friends had letten't fall,  
He would not have a landed man at all ;  
Yet valiant men they would not abide,  
As appear'd by Hardin, Stobs, and Commonside ;  
They counted not their lives and lands so dear,  
As the loss of the least title of their chief's honour.  
But now I come for to explain,  
The rest of these three and thirty men ;  
Satchells and Burnfoot they cross'd these strands,  
With Burnfoot in Tiviot and Gaudilands,  
Hardin and Stobs before I did name,  
Now follows Howfoord and Robertown,  
Howpassly, he sent out his brother,  
And Allan Haugh sent out another ;  
Clack and Alton did both accord,  
To present their service unto my lord ;  
Hassenden came without a call,  
The ancientest house among them all.  
Thus I have gone through with pain,  
To reckon the three and thirty men ;  
These gentlemen were all Scots,  
Except Gilbert Elliot of the Stobs,  
Which was a valiant gentleman,  
And, as I said before, my lord's cousin-german ;  
These gentlemen did all conveen,  
At Branksome-gate his honour to attend ;  
They neither knew the cause, nor what the cause  
might be,  
Before they came the length of Netherbie ;  
Although

Although his honour's trusty friend's did ken,  
Both some that went with him, and some that  
stay'd at home;

They had it on parol under great secrecy,  
And to reveal't was worse than infamy;  
When it pleas'd my lord to ride, no man did know,  
What his intention was, and whether he did go;  
Except his counsellors, knights and gentlemen of  
fame,

Which pass'd not above seven or eight in all the name;  
Wherever he went, he had one or two of them,  
And for the rest he let them nothing ken.

But now for to proceed without delay,  
Buckcleugh from Branksome took the way,  
Through the woods of Esk in a full career went he,  
To the Woodhoufelines which is near to Netherbie,--  
And there a while continued he.

He brought wrights along in his company;  
And caus'd them scaling-ladders make,  
Although the wrights knew not for what;  
Both artificial long and strong,  
There was six horsemen to carry them along;  
In a high career my lord did ride,  
To the Woodhoufelines on the border side;  
For Netherbie is in English ground,  
But the Woodhoufelines is in Scotland;  
There is a long mile them between,  
Divided by the river of Esk her furious stream;  
My lord caus'd raise a vulgar report,  
That he was only come to hold a justice-court:  
Which caus'd fugitives to flee,  
Unto the woods and mountains high;

And



And for the ladder tight and tall,  
 'Twas made for the towers of Branksome-hall;  
 Though it was made long and strong, and most  
     compleat,  
 To reach Carlisle's castle's battlement;  
 Such excuses there was for every thing,  
 But for's honour's intention there was no din;  
 Most privately he his course did steer,  
 About Christmas, the hinder end of the year:  
 The day was past before the wrights had done,  
 Then it was long eight mile to Carlisle town,  
 The way was deep, and the water strong,  
 ' And the ladder was fifty feet long;  
 The firmament was dark, the gods were not in place,  
 Them Madam Night did show her ebon'd face;  
 Luna in sable mantle her course did steer,  
 And Jupiter he no way did appear;  
 Then scorching Sol, he was gone to his rest  
 And Titan had tane lodging in the west;  
 Saturn he did rule into that strain,  
 Mars and Venus under cloud remain'd;  
 Jove's thunder-bolts in skies did not appear,  
 Juno mask'd in fog, the night was no ways clear;  
 But yet his honour he did no longer bide,  
 But paced throughout the muir to the river Eden  
     side;  
 Near the Stonish-bank my lord a time did stay,  
 And left the one half of his company,  
 For fear they had made noise or din,  
 When near the castle they should come,  
 The river was in no great rage,  
 They cross'd near half a mile below the bridge;  
 Then along the sands with no noise at all,  
 They come close under the castle wall;



They observ'd neither file nor rank,  
 They met with the rest of the party at Stenick's  
 bank;  
 Carlisle's dark muirs they did pass through,  
 There was never a man did them pursue,  
 To Lyne's water they come with speed,  
 Then past the muirs on the other side;  
 Then Kinment Willy cry'd out with pain,  
 And said his irons had him undone,  
 The which to his legs stuck like burs,  
 'He never before rode with such large spurs;  
 They stay'd for no smith on the English ground,  
 At Canninbie they arrived into Scotland;  
 Without loss or hurt to any man,  
 'At Canninbie a smith they fand;  
 By that time Aurora did appear,  
 And Phœbus spread her beams most clear;  
 The smith in haste was set to work,  
 'And fyl'd the irons off Willy Kinment;  
 Yet Kinment Willy durst not stay at home,  
 But to Branksome place, he with his honour came\*.

The

\* As this brave action of Buckcleugh has been applauded and vindicated by most of our Scottish Historians, it is presumed that Maitland's account of it, though in some circumstances differing from our author's, will not be unacceptable to the reader: "In consequence of this," [viz. the king's command that the Wardens on the Borders should maintain good neighbourhood and rigorously punish delinquents] "Lord Scroop, warden of the west marches, and the Baron of Buccleugh, having the command of Liddisdale, sent deputies to hold a day of redress. The place of meeting (says Spotswood) was at the Dayholm of Kerlhop, where a brook divides England from Scotland, and Liddisdale from Bewcastle. Scott of Hayning came as deputy from Buccleugh, and the Lord Scroop sent one Salkeld to represent him. These two, af-

ter



The lord Scroup afrighted, he did to London hie,  
 'And to Elizabeth his queen, he formed many a lie ;  
 As that how King James the sixth of Scotland then  
 Sent to assault her castle with an host of men :

Which

“ ter the truce was proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, (as was  
 “ the custom) met, and, after an amicable conference, parted  
 “ on good terms. It however happened, that one Armstrong,  
 “ commonly called Will of Kinmonth, was in the retinue of the  
 “ Scottish deputy ; him the English had a particular grudge a-  
 “ gainst, on account of his many and notorious depredations.  
 “ Armstrong, having parted with Hayning, was riding home  
 “ by the banks of the Liddle, when one Grainger of Cumber-  
 “ laud, whom in particular he had greatly injured, espied him ;  
 “ upon this, part of the English who had been at the meeting,  
 “ chased and brought him prisoner to the deputy, who order-  
 “ ed him to be carried to the castle of Carlisle.

“ The Baron of Buccleugh complained by letter to Salkeld  
 “ of the breach of truce, as it lasted from the time of meeting  
 “ to sun-rising the next day ; but he excused himself by the ab-  
 “ sence of Lord Scroup. Upon this Buccleugh wrote to his  
 “ Lordship, and demanded, that as Armstrong was taken un-  
 “ justly, so should he be set at liberty without any bond. The  
 “ lord warden's answer was, That without an order from his  
 “ queen and her council he could not comply, as the prisoner  
 “ was so notorious an offender. Scott, thus disappointed, pre-  
 “ vailed on Bowes (who had again come from England as am-  
 “ bassador) to solicit Scroup for Armstrong's liberty : But the  
 “ ambassador's letters proving ineffectual, James was at length  
 “ made acquainted with the business, and he desired Elisabeth  
 “ to command his subject's freedom. But nothing being this  
 “ way obtained, the Scots warden, esteeming both his king  
 “ and himself hurt, determined, with his own forces, to set  
 “ Armstrong at large.

“ For this purpose, having prepared every thing necessary  
 “ for surprizing the castle of Carlisle, he crossed the river Edin  
 “ two hours before day, with 200 select horse, and coming to

Which put her garrison in a terrible fear,  
 And the villain Kinment Willy carried away clear ;  
 Such numbers broke in at the castle top,  
 And brought Kinment Willy out of the pit ;

He

“ the foot of the outer wall, ordered eighty of them to apply  
 “ the ladders : But these proving too short, they broke thro’  
 “ the wall by the postern ; this done he commanded the rest of  
 “ his Squadron to withdraw on horseback to cover his retreat.  
 “ Though the noise alarmed the watch, and they snatched up  
 “ their arms, yet were they quickly made prisoners, and the  
 “ postern was flung open for these who had not yet entered.  
 “ The eighty having thus got admittance into the castle, soon  
 “ brought Armstrong from the chamber where he was con-  
 “ fined, and sounded a trumpet, the signal agreed on, to let  
 “ their companions know they had succeeded. My lord  
 “ Scroop and the deputy were both in the fort, and to them  
 “ the prisoner cried, A good night, as he passed their lodgings.  
 “ Buccleugh then immediately releas’d the watch, and would  
 “ suffer no plundering, although all was in his power, and he  
 “ might have carried off the warden and his deputies.

“ By this time however the city had taken the alarm ; the  
 “ bells were ringing, drums beating, armour clashing, and a  
 “ beacon from the tower of the castle shewed the country they  
 “ must fly to their arms. Buccleugh upon this commanded  
 “ his party and Armstrong to horse, and rode speedily to the  
 “ Edin, on the opposite bank of which many Cumbrians stood  
 “ in arms to stop him. But he sounding his trumpets, and  
 “ gallantly plunging into the water, they thought it not advise-  
 “ able to attack such determined resolution. So retiring or-  
 “ derly through the Grahams of Esk, then his foes, he reached  
 “ Scottish ground about two hours after sun-rising. This hap-  
 “ pened April 3d, 1596.

“ Intelligence of this affront being soon carried to Queen  
 “ Elizabeth, she was greatly incens’d, and Mr Bowes had or-  
 “ ders to insist at the convention, that the peace must be broke  
 “ unless Buccleugh was delivered up to be punished as his  
 “ mistress

He told the queen he thought to flee in haste,  
 The city could not stand, the castle being lost,  
 The vulgar being amaz'd in such a sort,  
 It was bright day or he durst open the port:  
 They had left the ladder standing at the wall:  
 But in haste they were return'd to Scotland all;  
 Wherefore in sign and token of my loyalty,  
 I here complain of Scotland's villany,  
 And especially of that desperate youth,  
 The Scots warden, he's call'd lord of Buckcleugh:

“ mistress should please. But the baron urged, that he went  
 “ not into England to assault any of the queen's strengths, or  
 “ injure her subjects, but to relieve a Scotsman unjustly taken,  
 “ and more unjustly detained, whom yet he did not attempt to  
 “ release till redress was denied: in consequence of this, he  
 “ had conducted the enterprize in such a manner, that no harm  
 “ was offered to any within the castle, and no hostilities com-  
 “ mitted. Notwithstanding which, he was willing to submit  
 “ his cause to be tried by commissioners appointed by their  
 “ majesties, as ancient treaties ordained: and the court was of  
 “ his opinion.

“ But Elizabeth not willing to trust her revenge of the in-  
 “ dignity to this issue, the council of England renewed their  
 “ complaints in July, when it was again determined in Scot-  
 “ land, that the affair should be left to the decision of the com-  
 “ missioners: and the king now protested, that he might with  
 “ more propriety demand the surrender of Scroop, as it was  
 “ more unjust to detain than to release one unlawfully taken:  
 “ yet, for continuing the peace, he would not only not insist  
 “ upon that, but would do all in his power to compromise  
 “ matters.

“ —At last however James was forced to commit his war-  
 “ den to St Andrews, and soon after to send him to England,  
 “ whence the queen soon permitted him to return.” *Mait-  
 land's History of Scotland*, Vol. II. p. 1265, 1266.

The queen caus'd her council to convene,  
And shew'd them how at Carlisle's garrison,  
Late by the Scots she was affronted,  
For they on her castle were high mounted ;  
And broke in at the very top,  
And reliev'd Kinment from the pit,  
The queen and her council did command,  
A messenger to pass into Scotland,  
To ask King James what was his reason,  
In a hostile way to assault the garrison.  
With such an host of man of war,  
And fetcht away her prisoner :  
The King the message soon did understand,  
And shew'd his cousin the Queen of England.  
He then desired her Majesty,  
She would be pleas'd and satisfi'd,  
And understand how things are come and gone,  
Which of the nations had done other wrong :  
To make herself the judge, he was content,  
And according to their merits she should give out  
judgement :

For on his royal word he did explain,  
Scroup was first faulter to the Scots nation :  
Lord Scroup he did begin to that effect,  
To invade our land, and imprison our subject :  
With three hundred horse to come into our land,  
Without leave of our warden, or any of our com-  
mand :

A very insolent act against our crown and dignity,  
By the law of arms, he doth deserve to die :  
Our stout lord Warden not being in place,  
Though Scroup much wrong'd our nation, and  
did him disgrace ;



It seems he did appeal him privately to fight,  
 But like a coward he did his challenge flight:  
 And so without our order, he went out,  
 To be reveng'd upon the base lord Scroup:  
 No more but sixteen men to Carlisle came,  
 And gave alarm to the castle and the town,  
 Wherein a thousand did remain,  
 Your Majesty may think he was a stout captain;  
 Our prisoner he did but relieve again,  
 And none of your subjects either hurt or slain:  
 We think his valour merits some reward,  
 That of your towers and castles no way was afraid;  
 We think your governour deserves both lack and  
 shame,  
 That suffer'd sixteen men your prisoner to gain:  
 That governour is not a souldier stout,  
 Who was a thousand strong, yet durst not ven-  
 ture out  
 With letters to such purpose the messenger did  
 return,  
 And expressly shew'd the Queen, she being at London.  
 Her council did convene, and the decree gave out,  
 'That Scroup was all the blame of the passage  
 went about:  
 The English council call'd Buckcleugh a man  
 compleat,  
 'Which did merit honour, he must be of a heroic spirit:  
 Both king and council founded his commendation,  
 Wishing for many such within their English nation:  
 Such praises made the queen her royal majesty  
 Be most desirous that bold Buckcleugh to see.  
 The Queen she wrote to James our King  
 All and whole the truth of every thing

With

With a fervent desire to see the lord Buckcleugh.  
 The king sent for Buckcleugh, this to him did unfold,  
 Shewing him he must go see, by his command,  
 His cousin Elizabeth, Queen of England.  
 Buckcleugh did yield to venture life and land,  
 And do whate'er the King did him command.  
 A certain time the King did with him confer,  
 And shew'd he was a free man, and no prisoner\*.  
 You with your servants had best go there by land,  
 For all you have to do, is to kiss our cousin's hand.  
 The fixed day when that my lord should go,  
 Was in the month of March, when husbandmen do  
 corn sow.

A rumor rose, and spread through the whole country,  
 How the lord Buckcleugh he must at London die;  
 Upon the fixed day his honour went,  
 Which caused many hundreds to lament,  
 Which said, alas! they were undone,  
 And fear'd my lord should ne'er return again.  
 The whole name of Scot, and all his friends about,  
 Maxwell and Johnston convey'd his honour out;  
 The Humes came from the Merse,  
 And in Ednam-haugh did bide;  
 A thousand gentlemen conveyed him over Tweed;  
 They put him on to Flowden-field,

\* We are rather inclined to reject Maitland in this particular, and believe with Satchels that Buccleugh was not imprisoned. It would have reflected the greatest dishonour upon the King, had he committed his Warden to prison merely for doing an act of justice and vindicating the honour of his country; and Maitland himself tells us, that James was fully convinced that Buccleugh had done nothing but what was right, while Scroop had acted contrary to good faith and the laws then in being. At the request of his sovereign, the Baron went voluntarily to London, but not as a prisoner. It is likely that this heroic adventure made a part of those good services for which the King, about ten years after this, created him Lord of Buccleugh.

The length of Scotland's ground ;  
 And there took leave, and back again return'd.  
 Toward London road they did themselves apply,  
 Thirlston, Sir Robert Scot, bore his honour company;  
 No more there past with his honour along,  
 But three domestic servants, and Sir Robert Scot  
 had one :

The day being Tuesday, twenty-four miles they wan,  
 And lodg'd in Morpeth, into Northumberland ;  
 On Wednesday twenty-four miles they came,  
 Into the principality of Durham ;  
 On Thursday they their course did steer,  
 Thirty-four miles to Borrowbridge in Yorkshire ;  
 On Friday to Doncaster his honour bade ;  
 Twenty-eight miles that day he no less rade :  
 To view the town his honour did desire,  
 It being within the county of Yorkshire ;  
 For as men pass along the road,  
 Yorkshire is sixty-six miles broad ;  
 On Saturday, twenty-eight miles he went,  
 To New-wark town that standeth upon Trent,  
 There all the Sabbath his honour did remain,  
 The town lies in the county of Nottingham ;  
 On Monday, he his course did steer,  
 Twenty-six miles to Stenfoord in Lincolnshire ;  
 On Tuesday, twenty short miles he came,  
 To that town and shire called Huntingtoun ;  
 On Wednesday, his honour did fare,  
 Twenty-nine miles to Ware in Hartfordshire ;  
 On Thursday, he did go betwixt,  
 Ware and Troynoent in Middlesex ;  
 Troynoent was the ancient name,  
 King Lud brought it to be call'd London.

D

He



He did no sooner London gain,  
 Till it was nois'd among the Englishmen,  
 They run in flocks, and did on's honour gaze,  
 As he had been the monster slain by Hercules;  
 The people to their neighbours did cry out,  
 Come let us go and see that valiant Scot,  
 Which out of Carlisle stoutly took,  
 Kinment in spight of our lord Scroup;—  
 In Carlisle Kinment did remain,  
 Whilst this Scot fetcht him out, and had but six-  
 teen men.

At London Kinment Willy his name was better  
 known,

Than it was in the Border-side where his fore-fa-  
 thers were born:

But now for to conclude, within a little time,  
 The good lord of Buckleugh to the English court  
 did win;

That valiant cavalier he came with such a grace,  
 The English wardens usher'd him to the presence;  
 Notice came to the Queen, that bold Buckleugh  
 was there,

Then she left her private chamber, and in presence  
 did appear;

The Queen, in modesty, a complement did frame,  
 Desiring to know the health of his master,  
 Her cousin good King James,---

A sign of war to me appears, and makes great  
 variance,

Amongst such blades who do invade,  
 And become league-breakers,  
 Since ye intrude within our border,  
 And did assault our garrison,

And

And Kinment reliev'd without order;  
 Ye make but a scar-crow of England's Queen,  
 I thought my cousin James your King,  
 Should never done his friend such wrong;  
 But this I leave to another time,  
 He may repent or it be long.

### BUCKCLEUGH'S SPEECH.

**T**HEN bold Buckcleugh spoke forth the truth;  
 And to the Queen he did declare:  
 His master Scotland's King was free of every thing,  
 It is your Majesty that makes all the jars;  
 Your Majesty did order give,  
 As it appears the lord Scroup lately said,  
 That with three hundred horse he would march  
 north,  
 My master's kingdom to invade;  
 And took his subject there captive.  
 This will appear to be a wrong,  
 And in Carlisle kept him in bondage,  
 Where he laid him into fetters strong,  
 Whilst I have life or any strength,  
 I'll fight for my master's dignity,  
 His captive subjects to relieve,  
 By truth it shall not fail in me:  
 My royal master, and dread sovereign,  
 I am his Majesty's subject born,  
 And to none other prince but he,  
 To the oath of allegiance I'll be sworn:  
 Wherever his subjects are prisoners tane,  
 If I can relieve them, they shall not remain.  
 I never thought of such a lawless act,  
 To invade your nation, and your subjects take

If I had don't, your Majesty had storm'd,  
 But unlawful tane, unlawful he return'd ;  
 When any of your subjects unlawfully broke out,  
 I never did intrude like your governor Lord Scroup,  
 But to your warden I did still complain,  
 Who sent me his malefactor, I sent him mine again.

### THE QUEEN'S ANSWER.

**T**HE Queen she lent attentive ear,  
 And of his honour's courage she did much  
 admire;  
 My Lord, she said, your speech I'll keep in mind,  
 And answer you at some other time ;  
 But neither at court, nor council ye shall appear,  
 For I conceive you're a resolute cavalier :  
 At Channell-hall your lodging shall be there,  
 Then through our privy-garden to court ye may  
 repair,  
 For your disport when to the court ye come,  
 Peruse our library, either even or morn,  
 At your own pleasure what time so e'er it be,  
 And for your clearer passage ye shall have a pri-  
 vate key,  
 Except our counsellors and officers in charge,  
 We do not grant to any, but your merits to deserve ;  
 Thrice worthy Lord, your merits do proclaim,  
 How honour's noble mark is still your aim ;  
 And to attain the which thou holds thy hands to study,  
 That thy deserts by fame has won thee gain already,  
 Industrious loyalty doth use, and all men tell,  
 To aim at honour it levels very well,  
 And in your trusty service shot compleat,  
 That in the end he's sure have hit the white ;

Let

Let fortune frown or smile ye are content,  
 At all essays to bear a heart true bent,  
 Though sin and hell work mortals to betray,  
 Against their malice God hath arm'd thy way;  
 When life and land and all away is fled,  
 Yet thy noble actions is much honoured,  
 Thy loyal service to thy king doth prove,  
 That to thy country thy heart is join'd in love;  
 Love is a dying life, a living death,  
 A vapour, shadow, a bubble, and a breath;  
 An idle babble, and a paultry toy,  
 Whose greatest pattern is a blinded boy,  
 When fortune, love and death their task have done,  
 Fame makes our life through many ages run;  
 For be our actions good or ill,  
 Fame keeps a record of our doings still:  
 By fame great Julius Cæsar ever lives,  
 And fame infamous life to Nero gives:  
 Those that 'scape fortune and extremes of love,  
 Unto their longest homes by death are driven,  
 When Cæsar, Cæsar's subjects, objects must,  
 Be all alike consum'd to dirt and dust,  
 Death endeth all our cares, or cares increase,  
 It sends us into lasting pain or bless.

AWAKE, awake my muse, thou sleeps too long,  
 To bold Buckcleugh again I will return,  
 Expressing of the time that he did there resort,  
 And his entertainment at the English court,  
 For banquets, he had store, and that most free,  
 Each day by some of their nobility;  
 His attendance was by nobles there,  
 As he had been a prince late come from afar;  
 The north-country English could not be at rest,  
 While the Scots warden came to be their guest.



Six weeks at court continued he,  
Still feasted with their nobility;  
To the Queen's majesty he made redress,  
When she would be pleased he should go from hence;  
The Queen was mute, and let the question slide,  
Yet wish'd that he might there abide;  
But yet the King of Scots she had no mind to wrong;  
By reason that he was her royal dear cousin,  
To whom she hop'd to prove as kind,  
As mother might do, to please his mind;  
What misses are past, we do declare,  
Your King our cousin will unto us repair,  
Your master our cousin and we will agree,  
We have already acquainted his majesty;  
But, my Lord, if you will here remain,  
Or if you will return again,  
At your master's hands we'll get you free,  
'And here you shall have a good salary.  
He humbly thank'd her majesty,  
Showing the Queen that could not be,  
For he had service in Holland,  
And was bound to obey his master's command;  
It was too much to be bound to three,  
So begg'd that he might pardon'd be.  
The Queen answer'd, My Lord, since it is so,  
Ye shall be dispatch'd within a day or two;  
And a letter ye shall carry along with thee  
To our cousin of Scotland his majestie,  
Wherein your heroic spirit we must commend,  
And intend hereafter to be your steady friend.  
Next day she call'd her secretar,  
And charged him a letter to prepare,  
To his majesty, King of Scotland,  
Wherein she lets him understand,



She had past from her former wrong,  
 By reason Buckcleugh was a valiant man.  
 Caesar and Tamerlan are valiant men, that's plain,  
 But in their own person they ventured not like him;  
 Regulus and Scipio was short of him against  
 their foe,

Most stout Buckcleugh with his small train,  
 Scal'd a castle, and had but sixteen men,  
 And brought a prisoner with him along,  
 That was bound in chains and irons most strong,  
 Mounts to the castle top so high,  
 And cliverly brought him away;  
 Yet a thousand men there was within,  
 Of horse and foot in the garrison,  
 Although it did us much offend,  
 Yet his courage we must commend;  
 The Queen to him the letter gave,  
 And pleasantly she took her leave,  
 Wishing him a good journey home,  
 In hopes no more her castle he'd storm.  
 Now I do not intend for to set down,  
 How that his honour returned home;  
 But James the sixth that gracious King,  
 Was well content of his home coming.

NOW FOLLOWS THE ANTIQUITY OF THE  
 NAME OF SCOT.

SINCE from all danger Buckcleugh was free,  
 I must speak something of his familie,  
 That lord Buckcleugh his fame spread far,  
 Call'd Walter lord Scot of Whitcheſter;  
 Some

‘ Some late start-up, bran-new gentlemen,  
‘ That hardly know from whence their fathers came,  
Except from red nos’d Robin,  
Or Trail Wallet, country Tom,  
‘ The sons of Cammongate Befs,  
‘ That well could play her game;  
Whose labouring heads as great as any house,  
These calumnizing fellows can stagger stare and  
shame,  
And swear the name of Scot is but a new coin’d name.  
These new cornuted gentlemen, why should they lie,  
‘ Mr George Buchannan, and Hector Boetius can  
let them see,  
A thousand years, if I do not forget,  
By chronicles I’ll prove the name of Scot,  
In King Achaius time that worthy prince, <sup>31</sup>  
John and Clement Scots they went to France,  
In Paris they at first began,  
In Charles the great his time,  
‘ To instruct the Christian religion,  
And there a college they did frame,  
Which doth remain unto this very time;  
And he that doth not believe me,  
‘ Must read Buchannan and he shall see;  
Some other authors I could give in,  
But these are sufficient to them that’s not blind;  
Some say, they were not Scots to their name,  
But only Scots by nation,  
Yet Monks of Melrofs they were known,  
Which then was in the Piets kingdom.  
John Earl of Channerth surnamed Scot,  
To die without succession was his unfortunate lot:  
Brave Alexander the first, a King both stout and good,  
John Earl of Channerth married with his royal blood,  
Before

Before Alexander the first; his brother Edgar did  
reign,

The first that was anointed of Scotland king ;  
Reverend John Scot he did surmount,  
Who was bishop of Dumblane, and did the king a-  
noint.

Mr Michael Scot that read the epistle at Rome,  
He was in king Alexander the second's reign,  
Thomas Lermont was first his man,  
That was call'd the Rymer ever since then ;  
And if my author doth speak truth,  
Mr Michael was descended from Buckcleugh ;  
And if my author ye would know,  
Bishop Spotswood's book these Scots do show.

How can these randy liars then,  
Make the Scots to be a start-up clan,  
Sure new start-ups themselves must be,  
For ancient families scorn to lie.

But for the antiquity of the Scot,  
There's one thing I had almost forgot,  
Which is not worthy of nomination,  
Yet to mark antiquity, I'll make relation ;  
In the second session of king David's parliament,  
There was a statute made, which is yet extant,  
That no man should presume to buy or sell,  
With Highlandmen or Scots of Ewfdale ;  
Yet Ewfdale was not near the Forrest,  
Where brave Buckcleugh did dwell,  
According to the old proverb,  
They but fell from the wain's tail ;  
But when these Scots did bear that stile,  
King David resided in Carlisle,  
Without and in fang they disturb'd his court,  
Which caus'd the king that act set out.

Here I speak nought but truth, all men may note,  
 The very true antiquity of the name of Scot.  
 And now my versing muse craves some repose,  
 ' And while she sleeps, I'll spout a little prose.

**K**ENNETH the II. king of Scots, son to king Alpin, who was son to brave king Achaius fore-said, who made the league with Charles the Great, emperor of Germany and king of France, in the year seven hundred and eighty-seven\*. This king Kenneth, called the Great, conquered the kingdom of the Picts, about the year of grace eight hundred and thirty-nine, and joined the kingdom of Picts unto the ancient nation of Scotland. This

\* After mentioning this League, or treaty of peace, between Charles and Achaius, Buchanan, in his History of Scotland, Vol. I. p. 207, 208. says, " Charles the Great, whose desire was " to ennoble France, not only by arms, but Literature, had " sent for some learned men out of Scotland, to read Philoso- " phy in Greek and Latin at Paris: For there were yet many " Monks in Scotland eminent for learning and piety, the an- " cient discipline being then not quite extinguished; amongst " whom was *Johannes*, surnamed *Scotus*, or, which is all one, " *Albinus*, for the Scots in their own language call themselves " *Albini*: He was the preceptor of Charles the Great, and left " very many monuments of his learning behind him, and in " particular some rules of Rhetorick, which I have seen with " the name *Johannes Albinus* inscribed as author of the book. " There are also some writings of *Clement a Scot* remaining, " who was a great professor of learning at the same time in " Paris."—This quotation puts it beyond doubt that the surname of Scot is of much greater antiquity than some modern writers seem willing to allow; and also supports our author's assertion concerning John and Clement Scot.

victorious



victorious king Kenneth the second died in the twentieth year of his reign. The kingdom not being well settled in obedience to the crown, his brother Donald the fifth succeeded him, a very infamous king and a great tyrant; he lost all Scotland to Striviling-bridge, by the Britons and Saxons, the which time the king Osbridge conquered great lands in Scotland, assisted by the Britons; so that Striviling-bridge was made marches betwixt Scots, Britains, and Englishmen. King Osbridge coined money in the castle of Stirling, by that the sterling money had first beginning; he died in the fifth year of his reign. King Constantine the second, the Conqueror's son, a valiant king, in whose time Heger and Hoba, landing in Fife with a great fleet of Danes, committed great cruelty. King Constantine the second came with a great army against Hoba, and vanquished him: The Scots being proud of that victory, and neglecting themselves, there followed a cruel and desperate battle, in which the Scots were vanquished and king Constantine, with his nobles and ten thousand of his army, killed in the sixteenth year of his reign. Ethus, surnamed the swift, succeeded his father king Constantine; he died in the second year of his reign. Gregorius Magnus, Dongallus's son, a worthy, stout, and valiant king, he freed Scotland all again from Osbridge, Saxons, and Englishmen, and enlarged his empire to the county and shire of Northumberland, Westmairland, and Cumberland; and confederat with Eleward king of Britains, and after went to Ireland, and vanquished Braenus and Cornelius, after besieged Dublin, wherein was



their young king Duncan, to whom he was made protector, during the king's minority; then returned to Scotland with a victorious army, and brought threescore pledges of the Irish nobility and gentry, under the age of thirty years; he died in the eighteenth year of his reign. Donald the sixth was son to Constantine the second, a good religious, valiant king; he succeeded king Gregory; in his time the Murrays and Rosses invading each other, with cruel killing, two thousand were killed in either party; the king came upon them with a great army, and punished the principal of this rebellion to the death; he died in the eleventh year of his reign. Constantine the third, Ethus's son, succeeded him, a valiant prince, not fortunate in wars, he being vexed with war in the time of king Edward, surnamed Sinar, of the Saxons kind, and Edleston his bastard son; he became a Canon in St Andrews, and died in the fortieth year of his reign. Malcolm the first, Donald the sixth's son, a valiant prince, and a good justitiar; in his time, a confederacy was made, that Cumberland and Westmuirland should be annexed to the kingdom of Scotland, and should be perpetually holden by the prince of Scotland of fee, from the king of England, by virtue whereof, Indolphus, son to Constantine the third prince of Scotland, took possession in both Cumberland and Westmuirland: The king died the ninth year of his reign. Indolphus, Constantine the third's son, succeeded king Malcolm the first, a noble valiant prince; he vanquished Athagen prince of Norway, and Theodorick prince of Denmark; he died in the ninth year of his reign, Duffus, Malcolm the first's son succeeded

succeeded king Indolphus, a good prince, and a severe justitiar; he died in the fifth year of his reign. Colonus Indolphus's son, succeeded king Duffus; he died in the fourth year of his reign. Kenneth the third, son to Malcolm the first, a brave king, and a good justitiar. From the death of Kenneth the second, which conquered the Picts, to the reign of Kenneth the third, we had nine kings in Scotland: I have set down particularly how long every king's reign was, IN CUMULO they reigned a hundred and nine years, most of them, although I have not expressed, were killed in the field, being so possess'd with war on every side, what by Denmark and Norway on the one side, the Brittons and Saxons on the other side, poor little Scotland had much ado to get her feet holden among them: For in all that time of an hundred and nine years, there was but one victorious conquering prince, which was king Gregory: so that the borders in these lands, in England aforefaid, being sometimes under the command of the Scots, and sometimes of the English, they became so rude and insolent, that they would never be governed before Kenneth the third brought them under obedience to the crown of Scotland; yet they were never under sole obedience till the reign of Malcolm the third, surnamed Canmor; he dispatched them all, and gave their lands and inheritance to others, which were loyal subjects.

AND

AND now with sleep my muse hath eas'd her brain,  
I'll turn my stile to rhyming verse again;  
King Kenneth the second, that prince of high renown,  
He vanquish'd the Picts, and conquer'd their crown,  
In revenge of his father's death, which basely they  
murther'd,

For which victorious Kenneth mow'd them down,  
And annexed their realm under Scotland's crown;  
The year of grace he did their crown annex,  
Was in the eight hundred and thirty-six,  
Or in the forty-six, I know not whether,  
The kingdoms they were join'd together,  
Being the fourth or fourteenth year of his reign;  
And e'er the twentieth he did return,  
To his mother earth, from whence he came;  
His soul and hope doth reach the sky,  
His fame to Titans rise did fly.

Donald the fifth succeeded his brother then,  
And lost as much as King Kenneth did gain;  
A vitious, odious king, he play'd at swig,  
Whilst he lost Scotland all to Striviling-bridge,  
Yet at's beginning he did come speed,  
And vanquish'd his enemies on the south-side Tweed;  
The Picts that fled among the Englishmen,  
Requested Osbridge and Ella, two great princes  
of England,

To move war against their enemies in Scotland,  
Both English, Brittons, Picts, these princes brought,  
Which Donald vanquish'd at Jedburgh,  
He was so insolent after his victory,  
To the river of Tweed he came with his army,  
And two ships he took with wine and victuals rare,  
And order'd every soldier for to have their share.

King

King Donald was given to variosity and greed,  
 With lust of body, he could ne'er be satisfied,  
 The whole camp they had their paramours,  
 And was full of taverns, of bordels, and whores ;  
 They followed carding, dycing, and contentious  
 trouble,

That each of them they did kill one-another.

King Osbridge having advertisement anone,  
 Rais'd a new army, and to the Scots he came ;  
 And kill'd twenty thousand men compleat,  
 ' Without armour, and all fast asleep.

That vile King was taue, as has been said,  
 And in derision through the country led ;  
 At which time King Osbridge conquer'd much land,  
 And that the southern parts of Scotland fand,  
 Assisted by the Brittans, so that he,  
 Caus'd Stirling-bridge the marches for to be ;  
 For Saxons, Brittans and for Englishmen,  
 In three kings reigns they kept that garrison,  
 In Stirling castle Osbridge did money coin ;  
 From which the Sterling money had it's first name ;  
 ' The Scots valu'd not the land did belong to the Pict,  
 But the lands of Albion Osbridge did afflict ;  
 There's Galloway, and the Isle of Man,  
 Was lands of Scotland since the first king Fergus  
 came.

So was Kyle and Carrick, all in haill,  
 Arran through Lennox, with the neither-ward of  
 Clidfdale ;

The Merse and Tiviot-dale was Picts lands,  
 And so was all the three Lothians,  
 So was Peebles, Selkirk, and over-ward of Clidfdale ;  
 Nithfdale, and Annandale ; with the five kirks of  
 Eskdale,

' Drunken



' Drunken Donald all these lands did tyne,  
 But Gregorius Magnus recover'd them again,  
 From Gregorie's death, to Kenneth the third's reign,  
 The borders obey'd neither God nor King;  
 Kenneth the third lov'd deer, both red and fallow,  
 ' Above all princes since king Dornadilla:  
 Hunting was the sport he liked best,  
 For all our south-parts were wood and forrest,  
 Except here and there a summering plain,  
 Into which his keepers did remain.

**M**Y muse has been astray a certain time,  
 But now in case for to return again;  
 With the name of Scot she's minded to contain,  
 Because they are her worthy noble friends,  
 The year of grace sixteen hundred and twenty-nine,  
 Carlaverock was a garrison in that time,  
 Colonel Monro a German soldier he,  
 Blockt up the castle both by land and sea,  
 Into that leigure I did remain,  
 In Cockburn's company, I was a soldier then;  
 And my chance was with my command to pass,  
 To the English side call'd Burgh under Bowness.  
 By fortune I fell in a gentleman's companie,  
 Call'd Lancelot Scot, who was most kind to me;  
 He shew'd me his ancestors haill,  
 Did live into that spot;  
 Since Carlisle walls were re-built,  
 By David King of Scots;  
 A book he gave to me, call'd Mr Michael's creed,  
 ' But never a word at that time I could read,  
 What he read to me, I have it not forgot:  
 It was th' original of our south country Scots.

He



He said, that book which he gave me,  
 Was Mr Michael Scot's historie,  
 Which history was never yet read through,  
 'Nor never will, for no man dare it do;  
 Young scholars have pick'd out some thing,  
 From the contents, that dare not read within.

He carried me along into the castle then,  
 And shew'd his written book hanging on an iron pin;  
 His writing pen did seem to me to be  
 Of harden'd mettall, like steel, or accumie;  
 The volume of it did seem so large to me,  
 As the book of Martyrs and Turks historie;  
 Then in the church he let me see,  
 A stone where Mr Michael Scot did lie.

I ask'd at him how that could appear,  
 Mr Michael had been dead above five hundred year.  
 He shew'd me none durst bury under that stone,  
 More than he had been dead few years ago;  
 For Mr Michael's name does terrifie each one,  
 That vulgar people dare scarce look on the stone;  
 And more it us'd to pay the Saxons a fee,  
 For strangers are desirous that stone to see.

That Lancelot Scot he wearied not,  
 To shew me every thing,  
 'And then incontinent to the ale-house did return,  
 'Where we had the other cup and the other can;  
 There was no cause of feed.  
 Lancelot he said, I was not a gentleman,  
 That was not bred to read.

But to proceed, he wearied not,  
 To shew the original of the border Scot;  
 He said, that book did let him understand,  
 How the Scots of Buckcleugh gain'd both name  
 and land:

He said, gentlemen in Galloway by fate,  
Had fallen at odds, and a riot did commit ;  
For in these days, as he did say,  
It was call'd Brigants that's now call'd Galloway.  
Two valiant lads of these Brigants  
Were censured to be gone ;  
Then to the south they took their way,  
And arrived at Rankleburn,  
At Rankleburn where they did come,  
The keeper was call'd Brydine,  
They humbly then did him intreat,  
For meat, and drink, and lodging ;  
The keeper stood and then did look,  
And saw them pretty men,  
Immediately grants their request,  
And to his house they came ;  
To wind a horn they did not scorn,  
In the loftiest degree,  
Which made the Forrester conceive,  
They were better keepers than he ;  
In Ettrick-forrest, Megget's-head,  
Meucra and Rankleburn-grain,  
There was no keepers in the south,  
That could compare with them ;  
These gentlemen were brethren born,  
If histories be not amiss ;  
The one of them called John Scot,  
And the other of them called Wat English.

**K**ING KENNETH then a hunting came,  
To the Cacara-crofs he did resort,  
And all the nobles of his court,  
They hither came to see the sport ;

Of Ettrick's-hew he took a view,  
Then to the left hand did him turn,  
Where he did see that forrest hie,  
Which then was called Rankleburn;  
The keepers and the frouse-men came,  
With shouts from hill to hill,  
With hound and horn they rais'd the deer,  
But little blood did spill;  
A buck did come that was fore run,  
Hard by the Cacara-crofs,  
He mean'd to be at Rankleburn,  
Finding himself at los.  
The hill was steep, the bogs were deep,  
With woods and heather strong,  
By a mile of ground there none came near,  
But footmen that did run;  
Then one of these two gentlemen  
Which from Galloway did come,  
Both hounds and deer he kepted near  
To the water in Rankleburn:  
And then the buck, being spent and gone,  
He on the hounds did turn,  
That gentleman came first along,  
And catch'd him by the horn,  
Alive he cast him on his back,  
Or any man came there,  
And to the Cacara-crofs did trot,  
Against the hill a mile and mair.  
The king saw him a pretty man,  
And ask'd his name, from whence he came,  
He said from Galloway he came,---  
If't please your Grace my name is John.  
The deer being curied in that place,

At his Majesty's demand,  
Then John of Galloway ran apace  
And fetch'd water to his hands.  
The king did wash into a dish,  
And Galloway John he wot,  
He said thy name now after this,  
Shall e'er be call'd John Scot.  
The Forrest and the deer therein,  
We commit to thy hand,  
For thou shalt sure the ranger be,  
If thou obey command;  
And for the buck thou stoutly brought,  
To us up that steep heugh,  
Thy designation ever shall  
Be John Scot in Bucksleugh.  
By strength of limb and youthful spring,  
Fortune may favour still,  
And if thou prove obedient,  
We'll mend thee when we will.

John humbly then thanked the king,  
And promis'd to be loyal,  
And earnestly beg'd his Majesty,  
That he would make a trial.  
My name is John, and I'm alone,  
Into this strange country,  
Except one brother with me came,  
To bear me company.  
What is his name, then said the king?  
He answer'd, his name is Wat;  
Ye are very well met, then said the king,  
He shall be English, and ye are Scot.  
At Bellanden let him remain,  
Fast by the Forrest side,

Where



Where he may do us service too,  
And assist you with his aid.

I do believe as my author did declare,  
That the original of Buckcleugh was a valiant  
Forrester,

It's most like to be true which I have plainly shown,  
The old families of Buckcleugh did carry a hun-  
ting-horn;

Buckcleugh, if that my author doth speak truth,  
It's long since he began,—  
In the third king Kenneth's reign,  
He to the Forrest came\*.

The

\* Kenneth the III. ascended the throne in the year 969, and died in 994. In what year of his reign the surname of Scot was given to the progenitor of the Buccleugh family we are not informed: But there are various reasons for believing that Satchels' account is just, while the opinions of those who differ from him do not appear well founded. The Uchtred, whom Douglas, in his Peerage of Scotland, mentions as the progenitor of all the Scots in Scotland, seems evidently to have been a descendant of the first Scot of Buccleugh. His designing himself filius Scot is a proof of this. To imagine that he designed himself filius Scot to signify his being the son of a Scotsman is rather absurd. Might not almost every person in the nation, with equal propriety, have designed himself the son of a Scotsman? Is it not more rational to suppose that filius Scot meant the son of some person who was then known by the name of Scot?—It behoved to be some time before the descendants of John of Buccleugh became numerous, or so great as to be attendants at court, which seems to be the reason why Douglas cannot find them amongst the nobility till the reign of Alexander I. who succeeded to the crown in 1107. By this time their valour and courage had raised them to honour and favour with their Prince, which to the present time remain unfulfilled.—Though, according to Douglas, the descendants of the above Uchtred were first designed of Murdieston, this does not say, that they were not a branch of the Buccleugh family; nor deny, that they might again, upon the death of some of their relations, succeed to the representation of the ancient family.—The title of the family being taken from the lands of Buckcleugh, in preference to all their other vast possessions, tends very much to confirm the account given by our author.

What became of Wat. English, the brother of the first John Scot of Buccleugh, and his descendants, we have no account. The following con-

con-



The first of their genealogy,  
 Though chronicles be rent and torn,  
 And made their ends upon the sea;  
 Of late into the Usurper's time,  
 Our registers away were tane,  
 Many of them perish'd in the main,  
 And never came ashore again.  
 In Queen Mary's reign they had bad handling,  
 Sometimes fortune favour'd, and sometimes frown'd,  
 'Twixt stools, if men do miss their mark,  
 Their bottom sure goes to the ground.  
 In Edward Longshanks' time, king of England,  
 Our monuments were lost and gone,  
 Our chronicles and registers to London went,  
 Yet not return'd again.  
 In the reign of the third Constantine,  
 All substance from this land was tane,  
 By that Saxon king Edward surnamed Cinar,  
 And Edleston, his bastard son;  
 Since these hurli-burlies, tops-a-turvies,  
 So oft this land they have undone,  
 That a native durst not show himself,  
 Except on the tops of the mountains.  
 When our records were sent away,  
 The vulgar fort they were not free,

conjecture concerning his posterity is submitted to the reader: Wat's place of residence being fixed at Bellanden, upon the south side of the Forrest of Rankleburn, betwixt Buckleugh and Branxholm, it may not be improbable that the surname of English, given him by Kenneth, might have been some how corrupted into that of Inglis and Inglis, both of which names are pretty common in Scotland, especially Inglis. Perhaps Inglis of Branxholm, with whom Sir Walter Scot, in the year 1446, exchanged his lands of Murdiefton for the lands of Branxholm, Branshaw, Whitlaw, Whitrigs, Goldilands, Todishaw, Todholes, &c. was one of the descendants of this Wat. English

There-

Therefore there was particular acts,  
 For to be cloaks to their knavery;  
 The chronicle may err, some men may be preferr'd,  
 In every science there is some cheatry;  
 For if an inferior man to a clerk shall come,  
 And possess him of such gallantry,  
 Then he'll take a word alone,  
 And so reward him with his coin,  
 Which will 'cause the clerk blaze him to the sky,  
 Within two hundred years may be it will appear,  
 If the world shall stand so long,  
 That the late-made Purves act,  
 Which he obtained to cover his fact,  
 Will raise his needy friends to be gentlemen.

But bold Buckcleugh was none of them,  
 That ever bought his honour with coin,  
 His valour did it gain in Holland and Spain,  
 And against the Saxons feed they oft did honour  
 gain.

From the family of Buckcleugh,  
 There has sprung many a man,  
 Four hundred years ago;  
 Hassinden he was one,  
 Descended of that line, and still he doth remain,  
 And evidents speak truth, the same the truth pro-  
 claim.

Though chronicles be lost from many a family,  
 These characters that remain the truth do let us see,  
 Sir Alexander Scot of Hassinden was knight,  
 With good king James the Fourth he was killed at  
 Flowden fight.

From Hassinden did spring before that time,  
 The families of Wall, Delorain, and Haining,  
 The

The south-country gentry it is known for truth,  
Were exercis'd to arms in their youth,  
None other education they did apply,  
But jack and spear against their enemy;  
And because it was their daily exercise,  
' They never fought to be chronicliz'd:  
But when a courtier did any valiant fate,  
He was cry'd up to th' stars, and made lord of state.

But now advance, my muse, and declare the truth  
Of brave John Scot, the original of Buckcleugh;  
' And because thou art weary, as I suppose,  
' I'll refrain verse, and turn myself to prose;  
Good Lancelot Scot, I think his book be true,  
Old Rankelburn is designed Buckcleugh now;  
Yet in his book no Balls read he,  
It was Bucksleugh he read to me;  
He told me the name, the place, the cote,  
Came all by the hunting of the buck:  
In Scotland no Buckcleugh was then,  
Before the Buck in the Cleugh was slain;  
Nights-men at first they did appear,  
Because moon and stars to their arms they bear,  
' Their crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,  
Shows their beginning from hunting came;  
' Their name and stile the book did say,  
John gain'd them both into one day:  
' The very place where that the buck was slain,  
He built a stone house, and there he did remain;  
He built a church into that Forrest high,  
There was no man to come to it but his own family;  
' The house's ground-work yet is to be seen;  
And at that church I many times have been,  
A burial place it yet keeps out,  
For any poor folks that lie round about;

To the parish church it's long six-miles,  
 Therefore they bury yet to save toil.  
 My Good-fir Satchels, I heard him declare,  
 There was nine Lairds of Buckcleugh buried there;  
 But now with rubbish and earth it's filled up so high,  
 That no man can the through-stones see,  
 But nine tomb-stones he saw with both his eyne,  
 'But knew not who was buried under them.  
 Also they built a Mill on that same burn,  
 To grind dogs-bran, tho' there there grew no corn,  
 For in my own time corn little there hath been,  
 There was neither rig nor fur for to be seen,  
 But hills and mountains on every side,  
 The haugh below, scarce a hundred foot wide;  
 Yet there's a mill-stead in that brook,  
 And the church-walls I have seen them all up,  
 It is two reasonable mile  
 Between the mill-stead and the kirk-style;  
 My Good-fir told me there he had seen,  
 A holy cross, and a font-stone;  
 The parish being twenty-mile about,  
 But hardly sixteen folks remain in it.  
 All the corn I have seen there in a year,  
 Was scarce the sowing of six firlots of bear;  
 And for neighbours to come with good will,  
 There was no corn to grind into that mill,  
 'If heather-tops had been meal of the best,  
 'Then Buckcleugh-mill had gotten a noble grift.  
 Now wearied muse to rest thou mayst resort,  
 'Whilst I a little prose report:

G. I heard



I Heard my Good-fir tell, that he heard all men say, the reason why the lairds of Buckcleugh did build that mill was for the use of their houses, for grinding of flour, meal, and malt, but especially bran for their dogs, and the corn came out of other barronies, which was then in his possession; as the Ewards in Tweedale, the barrony of Eckfoord, Grimslies in East-Tiviotdale, and other barronies and lands under his command; this is spoken by tradition to this time. But sure if such things were, as it hath been by all appearance, it must have been long after the beginning of the honourable family of Buckcleugh; for at that time Buckcleugh must needs be a person of much honour and renown, and of a very competent estate, when he built a church and a mill in such a wild Forrest as Rankleburn, now called Buckcleugh, where there was no people to come to the church, except his own family, nor grist for his mill, except what he caused to come for his own use, near twenty miles on each side of his own residence. My Good-fir Satchels told me, that he was with Walter, called the good Lord of Buckcleugh, after he came from the schools, and Robert of Thirlston, after Sir Robert, they being come from the college of St Andrews, where they had been at learning, by reason King James the VI. was of that university, my Lord and Sir Robert being of the king's age, in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty-six, was desirous to pass their time there; and, at their return, the Lord Buckcleugh being ready to go to his travels, was curious to see those tomb-stones of

of his ancestors, which was in that kirk, in the Forrest of Rånkleburn; the most part of the wall was standing then, and the font-stone within the kirk, and a cross before the kirk-door; the rubbish and earth being casten out, and the stoncs clean swept, the Lord, and many of his friends came to see them, where they did discern one stone, which had the ancient coat of arms on it; that is to say, two crests, and a mulet born on a counter-scarf, with a hunting-horn in the field, supported with a hart of grace and a hart of leice, alias a hound, and a buck, and a buck's head torn from the crest, which only seem to be from hunters and Forresters. The other stoncs had drawn upon them like unto a hand and sword, and others of them had a sword and a lance all along the stone; Robert Scot said, that he believed, that it was four hundred years since the last of these stoncs had been laid, and it was near an hundred year since that time; I judge the Lord Buckcleugh was about twenty one, or twenty two years at that time, so it must needs be near to an hundred years since.

The lands of Buckcleugh they did possess,  
 Three hundred years ere they had writ or wax;  
 And since that time that they a right did rear,  
 ' It's said to be from king Robert the third, call'd  
 John Fern-year.

Now follows the several Places of Residence of  
the FAMILY of BUCKCLEUGH.

**N**OW my jocking muse assist my rhyme com-  
pleat,

I'm drown'd in prose since thou lay down to sleep;

Thy journey's long, and so thou must not stay,

'We'll take some part of Tweeddale in our way:

The barrony of Eward was Buckcleugh's share,

And yet they are superiour,

Over-Eward, and Nether-Eward was in the barrony,

With Kirk-Eward, Lady-Eward, and Lock-Eward,

all three;

These towns most sweet surround a pleasant hill,

And Scotstoun-hall doth join unto them still.

It was call'd Scotstoun-hall when Buckcleugh in it

did dwell,

Unto this time it is call'd Scotstoun still:

It was in Kirk-Eward parish then,

But now it's in the parish of Lintoun;

'There is three towers in it was mounted high,

And each of them had their own entry;

A fally-door did enter on,

Which serv'd all three, and no man kend.

When Buckcleugh at Scots-hall kept his house,

'Then Peebles-church was his burial-place,

In the cross-kirk there has buried been

Of the lairds of Buckcleugh, either six or seven;

There can none say but it's two hundred year

Since any of them was buried there;

The Earls of Hamilton and Douglas,

'To brave Buckcleugh shew'd great kindness,

Their

Their kindnefs with him did prevail,  
 That he muft live near them in Clidfdale.  
 Scots-hall he left ftanding alone,  
 And went to live at Mordiftoun;  
 And there a brave houfe he did rear,  
 Which to this time it doth appear;  
 Several ages after, he did thefe lands excamb,  
 With Inglis that was the laird of Brankfome;  
 And fince that time I can mak't appear,  
 It's near two hundred and fifty year.  
 That family they ftill were valiant men,  
 No baron was better ferv'd in Britain.  
 The barons of Buckcleugh they kept at their call,  
 Four and twenty gentlemen in their hall;  
 All being of his name and kin,  
 Each two had a fervant to wait on them;  
 Before fupper and dinner moft renown'd,  
 The bells did ring and the trumpets found;  
 And more than that I do confefs,  
 They kept four and twenty penfioners;  
 Think not I lie, nor do me blame,  
 For the penfioners I can all name;  
 There's men alive elder than I,  
 They know if I fpeak truth or lie;  
 Ev'ry penfioner a room\* did gain,  
 For fervice done and to be done.  
 Thus I'll let the reader underftand,  
 The name of both the men and land,  
 Which they poffefs'd, it is of truth,  
 Both from the lairds and lords of Buccleugh.

\* By a Room is here meant a piece of Ground, or Farm, fufficient to accommodate and maintain a family; many of thefe Rooms were very extenfive.



But now, my muse, I'll give it in thy choose,  
 ' Stay or go sleep, for I must write in prose.

---

Now follows the Gentlemens Names who were Pensioners to the HOUSE of BUCKCLEUGH, with the LANDS they possessed for their service.

**W**ALTER SCOT of North-house, the first gentleman descended from the family, in a former age Robert Scot of Allanmouth; David Scot of Stobiscot, brother to Sir Walter Scot of Gaudilands; David Scot of Raes-know, one of the house of Allan-haugh; Robert Scot of Clack, the lands of Fennick for his service; William Scot in Hawick, called William in the Mott \*, brother to Walter Scot of Hardin, possessed these lands without the West-port for his service; John Scot of Monks-tower, brother to old William Scot of Altoun; Robert Scot of Easter-Groundiston, brother-son to Robert Scot of Headshaw; James Scot of Altoun-Crofts, Raes-know, and Allanmouth,

\* This Mott, an artificial mount of earth, raised without the West-port of Hawick, and upon the lands given to the above William Scot, is in the form of a sugar-loaf, rising gradually and beautifully to the height of 52 feet; its circumference at bottom is about 313 feet, and about 126 at top, where it is quite smooth and plain. Various are the reasons that the common people have assigned for its being raised; but there is no doubt that it, like others of its kind in Scotland, was formed for the purpose of administering justice, which in old times was always done in the open air, and in presence of all who chose to attend. It is pretty certain too, that most of these artificial mounts were occupied by the Druids, as places of worship.

were all of the family of Allanhaugh; Thomas Scot in Wester-Groundiston, brother to William Scot of Whitehaugh, descended of the ancient family of Buckcleugh; John Scot in Drinkston, descended of the ancient family of Robertoun; William Scot in Lees, alias Millma, called William Scot of Catflac-know, descended from the ancient family of Dryhope; Robert Scot in Clarilaw, descended from the ancient house of Hassenden; William Scot of Totchahaugh, from the foresaid family of Bortoheugh; Andrew Scot of Totchahill, from the family of Robertoun; John Scot in Stowflee; ——— Scot of Whames, descended from the North-house; ——— Scot of Castlehill, was of that kind; Walter Scot of Chappel-hill, he was half-brother to the laird of Chisholm; Robert Scot of Howford had the lands of Cowdhouse for his service; Robert Scot of Satchels had Southinrig for his service; Robert Scot of Langup had the lands of Outter-Huntly for his service, for several ages; there was one William Scot, commonly called Cut at the Black, he had the lands of Nether-Delorain for his service; Walter Gladstanes had Whitlaw. These twenty-four were all of the name of Scot, except Walter Gladstanes of Whitlaw, who was nearly related to my lord; this William Scot of Delorain, commonly called Cut at the Black, he was a brother of the ancient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the ancient house of Hassenden; and from the foresaid William Scot of Delorain sprang the family of Scotstorbet and Elie,

Elie, now called Ardros, their original being from Sir Alexander Scot of Hassenden; that valiant knight was killed with his prince, King James the IV. at Flowden-field. Now I come to Sir Walter Scot of Buccleugh, who was grand-father to Walter the good Lord of Buccleugh. These twenty-three pensioners, all of his own name of Scot, and Walter Gladstones of Whitlaw, a near cousin of my lord's, as aforefaid, they were ready on all occasions, when his honour pleased to cause advertise them. It was known to many in the country better than it is to me, that the rents of these lands, which the lairds and lords of Buckcleugh did freely bestow upon their friends, will amount to above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a-year: Thus I have thought good to let the reader see the benefit which the younger brethren of the name had by their chief, when he was but a Baron and Knight, they were esteemed with more respect than they have been since; Sir William Scot of Branhholm, who never survived to be laird or lord of Buckcleugh, gave his lady, dame Margaret Douglas, after him countess of Bothwell, above two and twenty thousand merks a year of jointure: This, with the pensioner's revenues off the estate, was near thirty-six thousand merks a-year, which his son Lord Walter, and his son Earl Walter did truly pay all their times the conjunct fee.

Now,

Now, lest you should think that I flatter, or am a liar, I will nominate the lands and where they lie, for the justification of myself.

**A** WAKE, awake, my muse, and me aver,  
 ' To give a just account of that jointure.

To the Piel and Hathern I will repair,

To Analshope and Glengeber,

To Whitup and to Black-grain,

To Commonside and Milfantan-hill,

And Eilridge is left all alone,

Except some town-lands in Lanton.

' Now, my muse, to the east country go we,

And talk of Eckfoord's barony,

Which barony she none did miss,

But all into her jointure was,

In cumulo I do declare,

'Tis above twenty thousand merks a year;

It was a worthy conjunct fee,

For a Knight to give to his lady;

That worthy house, when they were but gentry,

Exceeded far some of nobility.

O cursed Helena that the Trojans did confound,

And laid Troy's pleasant walls flat on the ground,

Her daughter had not match'd with Priamus' race,

But her mother's persuasion made her him embrace.

Thirty lairds and lords 'tis said hath been,

All of Buckcleugh, yet it is uncertain;

But I believe it may be true,

I've seen four myself, and that I'll avow;

The nine last generations I declare,

Both whom they married, and who they were.

At Sir Arthur Scot we begin,

In's time he was the king's warden,



A valiant sp'rit for chivalry,  
 Married lord Sommervel's daughter of Cowdalie;  
 Sir Walter his son did him succeed,  
 Whom the borders both did fear and dread,  
 He was still forty men whene'er he rade,  
 He married with Douglas of Drumlanrig;  
 Their procreation remains unto this time,  
 The last honourable second brother, that of that  
     family came,  
 From that marriage Robert of Allan-haugh sprung,  
 'Tis near two hundred years ago,  
 And since that time 'tis known to be of truth,  
 There was ne'er a lawful brother married from  
     Buckleugh;

The more we may repent, and sigh and groan,  
 That they're so Phoenix like, still but one.

Sir William Scot was Sir Walter's eldest son,  
 And in his heritage he did succeed to him,  
 A valiant knight, and of much renown,  
 He married with the honourable house of Hume;  
 His son Sir Walter, that durst have shown his face,  
 To him that was as stout as Hercules,  
 He was inclin'd to blood, as was rehearst,  
 He was married to Ker of Farniehirst,  
 ' To Venus her sister, he married again,  
 ' A beautiful creature dame Janet Beaton;  
 Sir William Scot of Branksome called White-cloak,  
 He was son to Buckleugh, call'd wicked Wat,  
 As fortune smil'd or frown'd,  
 Content that worthy was,  
 ' He married a sister of the house of Angus,  
 The good Lord Walter was Sir William's son,  
 The better in Tiviotdale shall never come,

For valour, wisdom, friendship, love, and truth,  
 ' He married Ker a sister of Roxburgh;  
 Earl Walter was Lord Walter's son,  
 A Mars for valour, wisdom, and renown,  
 His courage durst a Lion fear,  
 ' His frowns would terrifi'd a Bear,  
 He married a sister of Errol;  
 Earl Francis his father, Earl Walter, did succeed,  
 ' Into his Earldom, but not to his head;  
 Yet he wanted neither hand, head, nor heart,  
 But could not act like to his father's part;  
 His father's acts werẽ all military,  
 And he was much inclin'd to study;  
 His father scorn'd to suffer a stain,  
 Neither of himself, nor of his name;  
 With the house of Rothes married he,  
 An equal match by antiquitie;  
 She was but the relict of such a one,  
 The son of a start-up soldjer new come home.  
 I have been through Scotland, Holland, and Sweden,  
 Yet ne'er heard of a gentleman in all his kin,  
 Except one Switzer, which did verifie,  
 ' He was Bacchus' nevoy, the uncle of Brandy;  
 That worthy Earl was soon by death assail'd,  
 'Gainst whom no mortal ever yet prevail'd.  
 He had no heirs-male, but daughters left behind,  
 For to enjoy his great Earldom and lands;  
 These infants sweet left to their guardians to keep,  
 Their tutors oft suffered controul,  
 Their mother was so impudent,  
 That she must always have her intent;  
 The eldest lady, I confess, she was not able for a man,  
 With Earl Tarras she did wed, it was by persua-  
 sion of her dame;

Alas, she liv'd not very long ;  
' There was no procreation them between ;  
I wish to God there had been a son,  
It had been better for all poor friends ;  
The Countess' sister did her succeed.  
Then her mother to London by coach did hie,  
And search't her a husband beyond the sea.  
A pretty youth and of high-birth,  
By the name of Graves that boy did pass ;  
One Mr Ross his pedagogue was,  
In France, in Holland, and in Flanders,  
When the truth was known, and the lad fetcht home,  
King Charles the II.'s bastard he prov'd to be,  
' And I believe his maiden-head, he begat him  
    young on Mrs Barly,  
A pretty lady, I have her seen,  
And very gallant in her time ;  
Sir Thomas Barly was her sire,  
A knight that dwelt in Devonshire,  
And after the restoration,  
When Charles the II. came to his home,  
The Weyms Countess, and her daughter young,  
At London stay'd, and the youth fetch'd home,  
James Scot he was call'd all along,  
Which did continue certain months,  
And then to Windsor did return,  
Where he was made Duke of Monmouth ;  
King Edward's badge he got, the order of the garter,  
Perform'd with great solemnity, and then to Lon-  
    don did repair,  
His nuptial day did then draw near.  
To Charing cross he did resort,  
The King and Duke royal did come there ;  
And most nobles of the court ;

A most proper man he in time became,  
 As in any princes court was seen,  
 Ten thousand hearts they may lament,  
 That ever he should a rebel been ;  
 A rebel he was in his time,  
 And did the nation much perplex ;  
 At his invasion he was tane,  
 And his head cut off with an ax.

In England now the Dutchess dwells,  
 Which to her friends is a cursed fate,  
 For if they famish, starve, or die,  
 They cannot have a groat from that estate.  
 The times of old are quite forgot,  
 How inferior friends had still relief,  
 And how the worthiest of the name  
 Engag'd themselves to hold up their chief,  
 And in requital of their love,  
 His honour took of them such pains,  
 That they ne'er went unto the law  
 'Gainst one another at any time ;  
 In whose case or cause soever it was,  
 Debts, riots, or possessions,  
 Their chief he was immediate judge,—  
 The lawyers got nought of them.

Times have been very troublesome,  
 Since these rebellions first began,  
 Which was then but forty-eight years ago,  
 And then our chief he was but young,  
 In the five and twentieth year of's age,  
 In the year of grace fifty and two,  
 He rendered up his stewardship,  
 And had no issue but females two ;  
 And as Dalila with Sampson dealt,  
 When she cry'd the Philistines are thee upon,

Such



Such cruel despight, strife, and debate,  
Remain into some bad women ;  
She's like a Gardo countenanc'd like Bendo,  
Cunning as Nilo peeping through a window,  
Which put the wand'ring Jew in such amazement,  
Seeing such a face look through the casement ;  
When Lora a bull long nourished in Cocitus,  
With sulphor horns sent by the emperor 'Titus,  
Asked a stegmatick peribestian question,  
If Alexander ever lived physician ;  
When Helen was for Priamus' son a mate,  
From Greece by Paris and his band,  
Which caus'd the Greeks the Trojans minds abate:  
Some curs'd the boys, and other some them ban'd:  
The strumpet Queen, which brought the burning  
brand,  
That Helen fir'd, and wrak'd old Priamus race ;  
And on their names long living shame did brand  
For head-strong lusts run an unbounded race ;  
This beauteous piece whose feature radiant blaze  
Made Mænelaus horn mad war to wage,  
And set all Troy in a combustious bleeze,  
Whose ten years triumphs scarce was worth their  
wage,  
For all their conquests, and their battering rams,  
'Their leaders most return'd with heads like rams ;  
Lo thus the burden of adult'rous guilt,  
A showering vengeance Troy, and Trojans saw,  
No age, nor sect, no beauty, gold nor guilt,  
Withstood foretold Cassandra's secret fall ;  
She often said, false Helen's beauteous blast  
Should be the cause, this mighty Grecian's power,  
Their names and fames with infamy should blast,  
And

And how the gods on them would vengeance pour;  
But poor Cassandra prophesied in vain,  
The clamorous crys were to the senseless rocks,  
The youths of Troy in mirry scornful vein,  
Securely sleeps, while lust the cradle rocks,  
Till bloody burning indignations come,  
And all their mirth with mourning overcome;  
Yet great's the glory in the noble mind,  
Where life and death are equal in respect,  
If fates be good or bad, unkind or kind,  
Not proud in freedom, nor in thral deject,  
With courage scorning fortune's worst effect,  
In spitting in foul Envy's cankered face,  
True honour thus doth baser thoughts subject,  
Esteeming life a slave, that serves disgrace;  
Foul abject thoughts become the mind that's base;  
That deems there is no better life than this,  
Or after death doth fear a worser place,  
Where guilt is paid, the guardian of a mis;  
But let swoln envy swell until she burst.  
The noble mind defys her, do her worst;  
The vulgar sort, with open port,  
Said, the Scot had much renown,  
That their heiretrix was intermixt,  
With a bastard of the crown.  
King James the Fifth his bastard son  
Was of as much regard,  
He married Buckcleugh's relect,  
He being but a laird.  
The bastard got into Scotland  
Was never of such renown,  
To prosper as the English do,  
They oft usurp their crown.

King

King Arthur of the round table,  
Begotten was in adultery ;  
And so was both king Edleston,  
And William of Normandie,  
But Scotland's loyal nobility  
Is of a more rare degree,  
'Than suffer any bastard seed  
To claim sovereignty.  
Since the first Fergus began,  
To king James the Seventh,  
We have had none but twain,  
Of bastards that usurp'd the crown,  
And short while they did reign :  
Gillis the tyrant he was one,  
King Evanus the First's bastard son,  
Codallus of Galloway, cut him off  
In the second year of's reign ;  
Duncan the Second usurped the crown,  
Malcolm the Third's bastard son,  
But from an usurper he did it gain,  
Which was from wicked Donald the Seventh.  
Mackpender then of Merns the Thane,  
An Earl of high renown,  
He brought king Duncan to his end,  
Nine months after he was crown'd.

The bastard kings of Scotland then  
Had but small prosperity,  
And for the future I hope none,  
In Scotland shall ever be ;  
Then Edgar, the just and lawful king,  
Upon his throne was set,  
And anointed of Dunkeld's bishop,  
Whose name was Mr John Scot.

Of bastards I will speak no more,  
Since I declar'd the truth;  
My purpose now is to return,  
And speak of bold Buckcleugh.  
That worthy valiant son of Mars,  
That most illustrious one,  
The United Provinces him should blaze,  
To ages that's to come.  
The year and time I must exprime,  
That from Holland came he,  
The sixteen hundred and thirty-three,  
At London he did die;  
In November month, to speak the truth,  
It was our woeful fate;  
To the Bier many friends did come,  
To see him lie in state;  
The nobles of the court repair'd,  
Clad in their sable weed,  
And countrymen in flocks came in,  
To see's corps when he was dead;  
Patrick Scot, then of Thirlstone,  
A worthy gentleman,  
He took the care of all affairs,  
Caus'd his corps to be embalm'd;  
All being done that wit of man  
Could do or understand,  
Then a ship he fraughted on the Thames,  
To bring him to Scotland.

The ship did fall the river down,  
And Greenwich did obey;  
Then unto Gravesend they did come,  
And two days there did stay;  
When wind and tide they both apply'd,  
And hois'd their sails on hie,



Thirlstone came aboard himself,  
Ere they reach'd Tilburie;  
From once they past by the Lands-end,  
The storm did rise so hie,  
For three months time they liv'd in pain,  
Sore toil'd upon the sea;  
'They were almost sunk, yet sav'd the ship at last,  
Their sails into the shallow seas were cast,  
Yet anchor'd safely, and did remain,  
Whilst they did put to sea again:  
Then 'mongst their old acquaintance, storms and  
flaws,  
Each moment near to death's devouring jaws,  
The weary day they past through many fears,  
Landed at last, quite sunk o'er head and ears,  
All famish'd, starv'd, like silly rats all drown'd;  
From succour far they left their ship on ground,  
Cast out their water, whilst they poorly drapt,  
'And up and down to dry themselves they hapt.  
Thus they their weary pilgrimage did wear,  
Expecting for the weather calm and clear:  
Then madly, yet study out to sea they thrust,  
'Gainst winds and storms so hie,  
By Prignal rocks which hidden ly,  
Ten miles within the sea, some wet, some dry,  
'There they suspected danger most of all,  
If they upon these ragged rocks should fall:  
But Sol, that old continual traveller,  
From Titan can mount up his flaming car.  
The weather kept his course with fire, hail, and rage,  
Without appearance that it would e'er aswage;  
Whilst they did pass these hills, dales, and downs,  
Every moment they looked to be drown'd,

The

The wind still blowing and the sea so hie,  
 As if the lofty waves would kiss the skie,  
 That many times they wish'd with all their hearts,  
 Their ship were sunk, and they in landwart carts,  
 Or any part to keep them safe and dry,  
 The water raged so outrageously;  
 For it is said since memory of man,  
 Or since winds and seas to ebb and flow began,  
 No man can mind such stormy weather,  
 And continual rage so long together;  
 Thirteen long weeks that many thought,  
 The wind blew south and south-west,  
 And rais'd the sea each wave above another,  
 Of fair and calm weather not an hour together,  
 And whether they did go by Sun or Moon,  
 Either by midnight or by noon;  
 The sun did rise with most suspicious face,  
 Of foul forbidding weather purple red,  
 His radiant tincture east-north-east were spread;  
 In Norway by Slew gates ancient castle,  
 Against ragged rocks and waves they tug'd,  
 The moon and stars were covered under cloud;  
 By Rubnie and by Rubnie-marsh,  
 The tide against them, and the wind was harsh;  
 'Twixt Eolus and Neptune there was such strife,  
 That men ne'er saw such weather in their life,  
 'Tost and retost, retost and tost again,  
 With a rumbling and tumbling on the rowling main;  
 The boist'rous breaking billows of the curl'd locks,  
 Did impetuously beat against the rocks;  
 The wind, which like a horse whose wind is broke,  
 Blew thick and short, that they were almost choak'd,  
 As it outrageously the billows heaves,  
 The gust like dust blown in the brimish waves;

And thus the wind and seas these boist'rous gods,  
Fell by the ears, stark mad at furious odds;  
Their stalwart ships turmoil'd 'twixt shoars and seas,  
Aloft, or low, as storms and floods did please;  
Sometimes upon a foaming mountain top,  
Whose height did seem the heav'n to under-prop;  
Then straight to such prophanity they fell,  
As if they div'd into the depths of hell;  
The clouds, like ripe apostoms, burst and shower'd,  
Their mat'ry, watry substance head-long pour'd:  
Yet though all things were mutable and fickle,  
' They all agreed to sauce them in a pickle;  
Of water fresh and salt from seas and sky,  
Which with our sweat join'd in triplicity,  
Bright Phœbus hid his golden head with fear,  
Not daring to behold the dangers there;  
Whilst in that strait and exigent they stand,  
They sea and wish to land, yet durst not land,  
Like rowling hills the billows beat and roar,  
Against the melancholy benchy shore;  
That if they landed, neither strength nor wit,  
Could save their ship from being sunk or split  
To keep the sea straight puffing Æolus breath,  
Did threaten still to blow them unto death,  
The waves amain oft boarded them,  
Whilst they almost six hours did there remain;  
On every side with danger and distress,  
Resolv'd to run a shore at Dungeonness;  
There stood some thirteen cottages together,  
To shelter poor fishermen from wind and weather;  
And there some people were, as they supposed,  
As though the doors and windows were all closed;  
They near the land, into the sea soon leapt,  
To see what people there these houses kept;  
They

They knockt and call'd at each, from house to house,  
 But found no mankind-form, cat, rat, nor mouse;  
 These news, all sad and comfortless and cold,  
 Amongst the crew it presently was told,  
 Assuring them, the best way they did think,  
 Was to leave the ship, whether she split or sink:  
 Resolved thus, they altogether please  
 To put her head to shore, and her stern to seas;  
 They leaping over-board amidst the sea,  
 Almost desperate whether to live or die;  
 Then from top to toe they stend,  
 Pluckt off their shirts, and then them wring'd,  
 Till sun and wind their want supply'd,  
 And made both outside and inside dry'd:  
 Two miles from thence, a silly town their stood,  
 To which they went to bring some food:  
 The town did shew their pity, but for what?  
 They made them pay triple for what they gat;  
 But what they got Thirlstone stood not for to pay  
 double;  
 But these peafants made him to pay twice triple;  
 Because these harbours where their ship rode still,  
 Belong'd to men which in that town did dwell:  
 At Thirlstone's request they did send a man,  
 To possess the crew in that hospitable den,  
 With a brazen kettle, and a wooden dish,  
 To serve their need, and dress their flesh and fish:  
 Then from the fleshers they brought lamb and sheep,  
 Ale from the Ostler-house, and besoms for to sweep;  
 Their cottage for want of usage was moisty,  
 Myrish, sluggish, and dusty;  
 There twenty days they did roast, boil, and broil,  
 And toil, and moil, and keep a noble coil:

For



For only they kept open house alone,  
And he that wanted beef, might eat a stone:  
Their grand-dame Earth with beds did all befriend  
them;

And bountifully all their lengths did lend them;  
That laughing or else lying down did make,  
Their back and sides sore, and their ribs to ake.

Meantime in the town Thirlstone did remain,  
His lodging was little better than them.

On Saturday the winds did seem to cease,  
And brawling seas began to hold their peace;

Then they like tenants beggarly and poor,  
Intended to leave the key beneath the door:

But that the landlord did that shift prevent,  
Who came in pudding time and took his rent.

Then Thirlstone came before the sun was peeping,  
They lanch'd to sea, and left their house-keeping,

When presently they saw the drifting skies,  
Grin pout and lowr, and winds and seas 'gain rise,

Countrymen wish'd Thirlstone go by land,  
To a harbour that was near at hand;

The name of it was Fresenbered,

And there their ship might by report be reared:

But their council was not worth a plack,

He'd never leave the ship, to ride on horses back;

Yet fortune brought them to the harbour there,

Where that their ship they somewhat did repair,

And then to sea, with mounted sails on hie,

They bound for Scotland, and left Norway:

There was but small amendment all that time,

The weather was much in one kind.

The wind and weather plaid on each so wild,

As if they meant not to be reconcil'd;

She, whilst they leapt upon these liquid hills,  
Where Purpoises did shew their phins and gills :  
Yet after that, both water, wind, and seas,  
And a pleasant gale blew from the north north-east,  
Æolus and Neptune private, and no way brief ;  
' By providence they did arrive at Leith.  
That troublesome, toilsome journey, to be brief,  
' Fifteen weeks was between London and Leith.  
To all ages it should ne'er be forgot,  
The pains that Patrick Scot of Thirlstone took.  
Æneas on Anchises he took pains enough,  
' But Patrick Scot he took more of the Earl of  
Buckcleugh.

All that men can do, when princes do command,  
Is their loyalty to show, and venture life and land.  
I've known many on Buckcleugh's means were  
bred,  
Yet one night, from home, they never lay from  
bed.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

The first of these is the fact that the  
 population of the country has increased  
 rapidly since the year 1800. This is  
 due to a variety of causes, the most  
 important of which are the discovery  
 of gold in California, the invention  
 of the steam engine, and the  
 opening of the Suez Canal. The  
 discovery of gold in California  
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 to the country, and the invention  
 of the steam engine made it possible  
 to travel more rapidly and  
 cheaply than ever before. The  
 opening of the Suez Canal  
 also made it possible to travel  
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 have all contributed to the  
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# PART II.

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SATCHELS'S POST'RAL,

*HUMBLY PRESENTED TO HIS*

NOBLE AND WORTHY FRIENDS OF  
THE NAMES OF SCOT AND  
ELLIOT, AND OTHERS.

THE THIRD EDITION,

WITH NOTES.

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HAWICK:

PRINTED BY GEO. CAW.

1786.

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PART II

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WITCHES, BOSSES,

AND OTHER

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To the truly Worthy, Honourable, and  
Right Worshipful Sir Frances Scot  
of Thirlstone, Knight-Baronet, wishes  
Earths honour and Heaven's happi-  
ness.

**T**HIS book, good Sir, the issue of my brain,  
Though far unworthy of your worthy view,  
In hope ye gently it will entertain,  
Yet I in duty offer it to you;  
Although the method and the phrase be plain,  
Not art, like writ, as to the stile is due,  
And truth I know your favour will obtain:  
The many favours I have had from you  
Hath forc'd me thus to show my thankful mind,  
And of all faults I know no vice so bad,  
And hateful as ungratefully inclin'd;  
A thankful heart is all a poor man's wealth,  
Which with this book I give your worthy self:  
I humbly crave your worthiness excuse,  
This boldness of my poor unlearned muse,  
That hath presum'd so high a pitch to fly,  
In praise of virtue and gentility:  
I know this task's most fit for learned men,  
For Homer, Ovid, or for Virgil's pen;  
These lines I have presum'd to dote,  
It's known to your Honour I could never write.

Your most obedient servant,

WALTER SCOT of Satchels,

To the Honble the Secretary of State  
at the British Embassy  
London

Dear Sir,  
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 20th inst. in relation to the above mentioned subject, and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
John [Name]

# SATCHELS'S POST'RAL,

HUMBLY PRESENTED TO

HIS NOBLE AND WORTHY FRIENDS

OF THE

NAMES OF SCOT AND ELLIOT.

---

**W**HEN restless Phœbus seem'd himself to rest,  
His flaming car descending to the west,  
And high Spyro obscur'd his twinkling light;  
Then in a fable mantle Madam Night,  
Took of the world the sole command and keep,  
Charging the eyes of mortals fast asleep:  
She sends dull Morphæus forth; and summons both,  
The Ledean Potentates of sleep and slouth,  
Who unto every one good rest imparts,  
Save lovers guilty minds, and careful hearts;  
The stealing hours crept on with sleeping pace,  
When masked mid-night shew'd her ebon'd face,  
When hags and furies, witches, faries, elves,  
Ghosts, sp'rits and goblins do seperate themselves;  
When fond imaginary dreams do reign,  
In formless forms, in mens molested brain;  
An unaccustom'd dream came in my head,—  
I thought, as it were near by a river side,  
Within a pleasant grove I did abide,  
That all the feather'd birds that sweem and fly,  
Betwixt the breeding earth and sky,



One at the least of every several sort,  
Did for their recreation there resort;  
Then there was such variety of notes,  
Such whirling and such whistling from their throats,  
The bass, the tenor, treble and the main,  
All acting various actions in one strain.  
I thought twenty-four shepherds did draw near,  
To hear the music of that feath'ed quire;  
These feather'd fiddlers change their notes most sweet,  
And lull'd Apollo's daughters fast asleep;  
Meantime the shepherds tript upon the mould,  
Their flocks they did remain in Cupid's fold,  
And the four and twenty did appear,  
In three squadrons, like martial men of weir:  
If that my memory fail me not,  
They were friends and kindred of the name of Scot:  
'It's my happy hap to be  
'Of these Scots relation,  
'Therefore I'll dite their pedegree  
'To the eight or ninth generation.

**T**O speak the truth, no man shall me controul,  
Of worthy Garrenberry, Rennalburn and Wall,  
Todrick, and Gilmans-cleugh they were in my  
dream,  
And good Grass-yards, and Adam in Delorain,  
William in Milstoun, a gentleman of note,  
And worthy Gaudilands, and Wauchops Walter  
Scot;  
Sheills-wood and Langup also did appear,  
And Henry Scot of Palace-hill he call'd up the rear;  
These

These appeared to be Scots, who in the first squad came;

'The second squad was Elliots, I was not so well acquaint with them.

The second squad that appeared all into my dream,  
Was the name of Elliot, and all fine gentlemen;  
I am not vers'd to know from whence they came,  
But sure at first they seem'd most from Las'distoun;  
Except John Elliot, where I have had good cheer,  
That dwells in Unthank, he's brother to Dunlibyre;  
The rest of their pedegree, I know them not,  
Except Bewlyand Muckledean that's related to Scot.

The third squad are men that's void of harms,  
For they are shepherd swains train'd up from bairns;  
It is their daily exercise and gain,  
'To tend all sort of sheep, wedder, ewe, and ram;  
That name of shepherd swain came first from Greece,  
As plainly doth appear, by Jason's golden fleece;  
Although it be not well, I caus'd insert with speed,  
The failings of a fool, it is no cause of feed,  
Sage wisdom should accept the will for the deed;  
Had I Ovid's muse, and Virgil's vein,  
And wit to use Ulysses pen,  
To extoll these shepherd swains, I would incline,  
From Titan's rise, according to my dream.

To John Elliot in Unthank, in a storm I came late,  
But now to Henry of Hare-wood I mind for to skip,  
And to his brother John, and John of Thorflee-hope,  
To see William Elliot of Swinfield, it is my full desire,  
And good John Elliot in Unthank that's brother to  
Dunlibyre;

Walter Elliot of Erkleton, he is a man of note;  
'So is Muckildean his brother, he's son to Janet Scot,  
Robert

Robert Elliot in Dinslees, the laird of Clacks his Frier,  
And good William Elliot of Bewly, he drives up  
the rear;

'The rear's the second place, if soldiers be but stout,  
'He is sure to have the van, if the word be face about;  
'This was the second squad appeared into my dream.

This is the third consciencious squad,  
My author doth me assure,  
Although they be but shepherd swains,  
They do relieve the poor;  
As for John Grieve in Garwold,  
He keeps both board and bed,  
So doth James Grieve in Lennup,  
And the Grieves on Commonside:  
And it is true, John Robertson,  
Is a comrade good enough,  
And for house-keeping he excels,  
He dwells in Cautevsfleugh;  
Wheat-bread, salt-beef, mutton, and old cheese,  
I riding by, he did my hunger ease,  
With capon, and lamb, brandy and good ale,  
He feasted me in May, as I had been an Earl:  
George Curror in Hartwoodmyers,  
He is a religious man;  
So is Michael Andison in Anallhope,  
And his brother John in Thirlstone;  
John Tod that dwells in Tushilaw  
Can many sheep afford;  
And Thomas Anderson is not small,  
That dwells in the Howfoord.  
Unto my dream these were the men,  
Which did appear to me,  
They were four and twenty at the first,  
But since I've added three.

*Dedicated to the Right Honourable*

WALTER EARL OF TARRAS.

My Lord,

THE lives and deaths of knights, lords and earls,  
 This little book unto your Honour tells,  
 Protection and acceptance if you give,  
 It shall, as shall yourself, for ever live;  
 Of all the wonders this vile world includes,  
 I muse how flatt'ry such high favour gains,  
 How adulation cunningly deludes,  
 Both high and low from sceptre to the swain,  
 But if thou by flatt'ry couldst obtain,  
 More than the most that is possest by men,  
 Thou couldst not tune thy tongue to falsehood strain,  
 Yet with the best can use both tongue and pen,  
 Thy secret learning can both scan and ken,  
 The hidden things of nature and of art,  
 It's thou hast rais'd me from oblivion's den,  
 And made my muse from obscure sleep to start;  
 And to your honour's censure I commit,  
 The first born issue of my worthless wit,  
 Fresh-water soldiers sail in shallow streams,  
 'And Leithwind captains venture not their lives,  
 A brain disturb'd brings forth idle dreams,  
 And gilded sheaths have seldom golden knives,  
 And painted faces none but fools bewitch,  
 My muse is plain, but witty, fair, and rich:  
 When thou didst first to Aganipa float,  
 Without thy knowledge as I surely think,  
 Where grace and nature filling up thy fountain,  
 My muse came flowing from Parnassus' mountain;

L

So



So long may she flow as it to thee is fit,  
The boundless ocean of a Christian wit;  
For wit, reason, grace, religion, nature, zeal,  
Wrought altogether in thy working brain,  
And to thy work did set this certain seal,  
Pure is the colour that will take no stain.  
My Lord, although I do transgress,  
You know that I did never yet profess,  
Until this time in print to be a poet,  
And now, to exercise my wit, I show it;  
View but the intrals of this little book,  
And you will say that I some pains have took,  
Pains mix'd with pleasure, pleasure join'd with pain,  
Produc'd this issue of my lab'ring brain.  
My dear Lord, to you I owe a countless debt,  
Which though I ever pay, will ne'er be pay'd.  
'Tis not base coin, subject to canker's fret,  
If so in time my debt might be defray'd;  
But this my debt I would have all men know,  
Is love, the more I pay the more I owe;  
Wit, learning, honesty, and all good parts,  
Hath so possess'd thy body and thy mind,  
That covetously thou steals away mens hearts,  
Yet 'gainst thy shaft there's never one repay'd:  
My heart that is my greatest worldly pelf,  
Shall ever be for thee as for myself;  
Thou that in idle adulating words,  
Canst never please the humours of these days,  
That greatest works with smallest speech afford,  
Whose wit the rules of wisdom's love obeys;  
In few words then, I wish that thou mayst be,  
As well belov'd of all men as of me.  
To virtue and to honour once in Rome,  
Two stately temples there erected was,

Where

Where none might into honour's temple come,  
 But first through virtues temple they must pass;  
 Which was an emblem and an document,  
 That men by virtue must true honour win;  
 And how that honour shall be permanent,  
 Which only did from virtue first begin.  
 Could envy die if honour were deceas'd,  
 She could not live for honour's envy's food,  
 She lives by sucking of the noble blood,  
 And scales the lofty top of fames high crest,  
 Base thoughts compacted in the object's breast,  
 The meagre monster doth neither harm nor good,  
 But like the wain, or wax, or ebb, or flood,  
 She shuns as what her age doth most detaste,  
 Where heaven bred honour in the noble mind,  
 From out the cavern of the breast proceeds,  
 Their hell-born envy shews her hellish kind,  
 And vulture-like upon the actions feed;  
 But here's the odds, that honour's tree shall grow  
 When envy's rotten stump shall burn in low.

My Lord, I know your honour knows,  
 That I must speak the truth:  
 John Scot he was a natural son,  
 To Walter Earl of Buckcleugh,  
 Begot on Madam Drummond,  
 A noble lady by birth,  
 By kindred cousin-german  
 To the right honourable Earl of Perth:  
 He promised her wedlock, and prov'd unto her so,  
 As Prince Æneas did to the Carthage Queen Dido;  
 But yet let their succession  
 Live still in memory  
 He was a worthy valiant squire,  
 John Scot of Gorinberry;

At the beauty of all the nine,  
He hit the mark,  
And married Sir John Liddle's daughter,  
' Knight Baron and Baronet ;  
And betwixt these worthy couple, procreat there be,  
This present Francis Scot, the good laird of Gor-  
rinberry,  
He hath gain'd the constant and true Penelope,  
He's married to Sir John Wauchop's daughter,  
That old baron of Niddrie,  
Whose names and fames, birth and antiquity,  
Surpasses many ladies of some nobility ;  
I have declar'd the family,  
Of the worthy lairds of Gorinberry,  
And hopes his honour thinks no shame,  
For to be call'd a shepherd swain.

Our father Adam's second son, a prince  
As great as any man begotten since,  
Yet in his function he a shepherd was,  
And so his mortal pilgrimage did pass ;  
And in the sacred text it is compil'd,  
That he that's father of the faithful stil'd,  
Did as a shepherd live upon th' increase  
Of sheep on earth, until his days did cease ;  
And in these days it was apparent then,  
' Abel and Abram both were noblemen :  
The one obtain'd his title righteously,  
For his unfeigned serving the Most High ;  
He first did offer sheep, which on record  
Was sacrifice accepted of the Lord,  
Since patriarchs were shepherds  
In Arcadia, and Greece,

I with

I wish the wool in Etherstone-sheils,  
 May grow like Jason's fleece.

Walter Scot of Highchester, a man of fine accomplishments, and in great favour with king Charles II. was by the king created Earl of Tarras for life; but the honours did not descend to his posterity. He married, first Mary, countess of Buckleugh; but she died without issue. He married 2dly, Helen, eldest daughter of Thomas Hepburn of Humbic, Esq; by whom he had three sons and three daughters. Walter Scott Esq; second son of Walter Earl Tarras, upon the death of his nephew, John Scott of Harden without male-issue, succeeded to his estate and titles, as heir-male and of entail, in 1734. Baronage of Scotland, page 216. By which succession the honours of Highchester or Tarras are now sunk in the family of Harden.



*Dedicated to the very Honourable, and Right Worshipful*

**SIR FRANCIS SCOT OF THIRLSTONE.**

**S**IR, my weak collections out hath took,  
 'The sum and pith of sundry chronicle books;  
 For pardon and protection I intreat,  
 The volume's little but my presumption's great.  
 Sir, since all memorandums of fore past ages,  
 Sayings, and sentences of ancient sages,  
 The glory of Apollo's radiant chine  
 The supporter of the sacred sisters nine,  
 The Atlas that all historians do bear,  
 Throughout the world, here and every where;  
 Whoever went behind you, I would ken,  
 Whose worth throughout the spacious nation ring.  
 Since



Since Rennal-burn, your worship's kinsman near,  
He hath those sheep which golden fleeces wear,  
And it may be, it is such beast and fleece,  
Which Jason brought from Cholhis into Greece ;  
John Scot the squire of Newburgh-hall,  
Alias of Rennal-burn as men him call,  
To the first John Scot of Rennal-burn late,  
He was the son and heir to his estate,  
Who was the son of that Sir John Scot of worth,  
The prince of poets, and knight of Newburgh,  
Chaucer Glover, and Sir Thomas More,  
And Sir Philip Sidney, who the laurel wore,  
They never had a more poetical vein,  
Than Newburgh's John, that was Mr Arthur's son.  
And Mr Arthur was a learned man,  
Son to Simon Scot of Newburgh then.  
This Simon Scot's call'd Simon with the spear,  
Tutor of Thirlstone was both for peace and wear ;  
That Simon Scot, a bold and resolute man,  
He was son to John Scot of Thirlstone ;  
John Scot of Thirlstone,  
My good-sir let me know  
He was son to David Scot of Howpasslaw ;  
That David Scot he did excell,  
'Mongst all hunters he bore the bell ;  
He did abound for wit and skill ;  
All his associates did wear a tod tail ;  
Which they esteem most by their engadges,  
More than French gallants do of their plumages.  
David of Howpasslaw, he was the son  
Of the first Sir Walter, e'er was of that room,  
He was a man of credit and renown,  
He married Elliot daughter to the laird of Lariston ;  
David of Howpasslaw, Sir Walter's son,

He married with Scot, a daughter of Robertoun;  
 His son John Scot of Thirlstone a man of worth,  
 He married Scot, the daughter of the laird of  
 Allenhaugh.

John's son, Robert, was warden in his time,  
 The fight of Robert's hill he did gain;  
 He for his king and country did maintain the truth;  
 He married Scot, daughter to the laird of Buccleugh;  
 The first Sir Robert Scot of Thirlstone was his son,  
 He married Margaret, daughter to the laird of  
 Cranston;

Sir Robert Scot his son, for whose death I mourn,  
 He married Lyon, daughter to the master of King-  
 horn.

His death was sad to all his near relations,  
 A worthy man was he,  
 And died without succession:

Then Patrick Scot his father's-brother son,  
 Took on the designation of Thirlstone,  
 A very worthy courteous man was he,

He married Murray, daughter to the Laird of  
 Blackbarony;

His son Sir Francis Scot, Knight Baronet Thirlstone,  
 Is now married to Ker, daughter to William Earl  
 of Louthian.

Of his genealogy I've said enough,  
 His original it is of Buckcleugh;  
 Yet were it no more but so I dare be bold,  
 To think this land doth many Jason's hold;  
 Who never yet did pass a dangerous wave,  
 Yet may with ease its golden fleeces have.

' My little book who so doth entertain,  
 ' It's dedicate to none but gentlemen;

' Sometimes to old, sometimes to young,

' Sometimes

‘ Sometimes to the father, sometimes to the son,  
 ‘ Sometimes to the great, sometimes to the small,  
 ‘ So my book it keeps no rule at all.

The family of Thirlstone was anciently designed of Eskdale, or Howpalsley, as appears by the genealogical account of the family; but, upon Thirlstone being added to their possessions, they thought proper to take their designation from these lands. John Scot of Thirlstone (son and successor to Robert Scot of Howpalsley, the first that designed himself of Thirlstone), was a gentleman of entire loyalty; and for his ready services to his sovereign James V. was honoured by that king, as a special concession of his favour, with a part of the Royal-ensign, and other suitable figures, to adorn his Armorial-bearing, under his majesty's hand, and the subscription of Sir Thomas Erskine of Brichen Secretar, as follows.

J A M E S R E X,

“ **W**E James by the Grace of GOD King of Scots, considerand the Faith and good Servis of right traitt friend,  
 “ *John Scot of Thirlstaine*, quha command to our Host at *Sautra Edge*, with threescore and ten Launciers on horse-back, of his friends and followers. And beand willing to gang with us into *England*, when all our nobles and others refused, he was ready to stak all at our bidding; for the which cause, it is our will: And we do strictly command and charge our *Lion Herauld* and his Deputis for the time beand, to give and to grant to the said *John Scot*, an border of *Flower-de-Lisses*, about his Coat of Arms, sick as in our Royal-banner, and alselwae an *Bundel of Launces*, above his Helmet, with thir words, *Readdy ay Readdy*; that he and all his aftercummers may bruck the famen, as a pledge and taiken of our good-will and kindness for his trew worthiness. And thir our letters seen, ye naeways failzie to do. Given at *Falamuire*, under our hand and Privy Casket, the xxvii day of *July*, 1542 years.

*By the King's special Ordinance,*

T H O M A S A R E S K I N E.

Sir

Sir William Scott of Thirlstone (son and successor of Sir Francis, to whom our author dedicates the foregoing epistle), married Elizabeth Napier, daughter to the lady Napier, Sir William's lady dying in 1705, and her mother in 1706, the honour of Lord Napier devolved to Francis, only son of Sir William Scott, by which the honours and estate of Thirlstone sunk in the family of Napier.

*Dedicated to that worthy and compleat gentleman,*

**ROBERT SCOT, SECOND SON TO SIR WIL-  
LIAM SCOT OF HARDIN.**

**U**NLEARNED Azo store of books hath bought,  
 Because a learned scholar he'll be thought;  
 I counsell'd him that had of books such store,  
 To buy pipes, flutes, the viol, and bandore,  
 And then his music, and his learning share,  
 Being both alike, with either might compare;  
 He did both beat his brain, and try his wit,  
 In hopes thereby to please the multitude;  
 As soon may he ride a horse without a bit,  
 Above the moon or sun's high altitude:  
 Then neither flattery, nor the hope of pelf,  
 Hath made me write, but for to please myself:  
 Though sin and hell work mortals to betray,  
 Yet 'gainst their malice, God still arms thy way;  
 Thou canst behave amongst those banks and briers,  
 As well as he who to cedars-top aspires,  
 Or to the lowest shrub, or branch of broom,  
 That hath its breeding from earth's stumbling  
 womb.

M

And



And now I talk of broom, of shrubs and cedars,  
Me thinks a world of trees, are now my leaders.  
To prosecute this travel made with pain,  
And make comparison betwixt trees and men;  
The cedars, and the high-clouds kissing pines,  
Fœcunds, olives, and the crooked vines,  
The elm, the ash, the oak, the mastie beech,  
The pear, the apple, and the rough ground peach;  
And many more, for it would tedious be,  
To name each fruitful and unfruitful tree.  
For to proceed, and shew how men and trees,  
In birth and breed, in life and death agrees.  
In their beginning they have both one birth,  
Both have their natural being from the earth;  
Those that 'scape fortune, and th' extreams of love,  
Unto their longest home by death are drove,  
Where Cefars, Kefars, subjects objects must,  
Be all alike consum'd to dirt and dust:  
Death endeth all our cares, or cares increase,  
It sends us unto lasting pain, or bless;  
Where honour is with noble virtue mixt;  
It like a rock stands permanent and fixt.  
The snares of Envy, or her traps of hate,  
Could never, nor shall ever hurt that state.  
Like adamant it beats back the battery,  
Of spiteful malice, and deceiving flattery.  
For it with pride can never be infected,  
But humbly is supernally protected;  
A supporter, or prop I wish Robert may be,  
As Rowlin call'd Robert was to Normandy.  
Robert call'd John Fern-year was in Scotland,  
So was Robert Bruce, his revenging powerful hand.  
I wish thee health, wealth, and renown,  
Without any expectation of a crown:

This

This dedication which to your hands takes scop,  
 Concerns a shepherd from Will Scot of Langup,  
 Who's a prudent, wise, and civil gentleman,  
 As many that live in this part of the land;  
 Who sprung from a worthy stock of late,  
 Who was named John Scot of Langup,  
 Who was the son, I very well knew,  
 Of John Scot of Headshaw;  
 And John Scot, we all do ken,  
 Was son to George Scot of Sinton;  
 And George Scot, called How-coat,  
 Was son of Sinton's youngest Wat;  
 And young Wat was Walter's son,  
 That was Laird of Sinton, whence Hardin sprung,  
 And Walter he was George's son,  
 And George he was the son of John;  
 For Walter and William was two brether,  
 His name was George that was their father.  
 My memory is Lord-keeper of my treasure,  
 And great understanding gives true justice measure,  
 To good, to bad, to just and to unjust,  
 Invention and remembrance waits the leisure  
 Of memory and understanding most,  
 Hath wisdom for her fellow and her guide;  
 Else princes, peers and commons stray aside;  
 For William Scot in our south part of Greeces,  
 I wish may ne'er want such as Jason's golden fleeces.

The above Robert Scott, designed of Iliston, upon the death  
 of his elder brother, Sir William, without issue, *anno* 1707,  
 succeeded to the estate of Harden; but he dying also with-  
 out issue, *anno* 1710, in him ended the whole male-line of  
 Sir William, eldest son of the first Sir William of Harden.—  
 Baronage of Scotland p. 216.

*Dedicated to the worthy and well accomplished gentleman,*

WILLIAM SCOT OF RAE-BURN.

THE justice, mercy, and the might I sing,  
 Of Heaven's just, merciful, almighty king,  
 By whose fore-knowledge all things were elected,  
 Whose power hath all things made, and all projected;  
 Whose mercies flood hath quencht his justice flame,  
 Who is, shall be one, and still the same.  
 Who in the prime, when all things first began,  
 Made all for man, and for himself made man:  
 Made, not begotten, or of human birth,  
 No fire but God, no mother but the earth,  
 Who ne'er knew childhood, or the sucking-teat,  
 But at the first was made a man compleat;  
 Whose inward soul in God-like form did shine,  
 As image of the majesty divine:  
 Whose supernatural wisdom beyond nature,  
 ' Did name each sensible and senseless creature;  
 And from whose star-like, sand-like generation,  
 Sprung every kindred, kingdom, tribe and nation.  
 All people then one language spoke alone,  
 Interpreters the world then needed none;  
 There lived then no learned deep grammarians,  
 There was no Turks, no Scythians, nor Tartarians;  
 Then all was one, and one was only one,  
 The language of the universal ball;  
 Then if a traveller had gone as far,  
 As from the Artick to the Antartick star,  
 If he from Boreas into Auster went,  
 Or from the Orient to the Occident,  
 Which way so ever he did turn or wind,  
 He had been sure his countryman to find;

One hundred thirty winters since the flood,  
 The earth one only language understood,  
 Until the son of Cush, the son of Cham,  
 A proud cloud-scaling tower began to frame,  
 Trusting, that if the world again were drown'd,  
 He in his lofty building might rest found;  
 All future floods he purpos'd to prevent,  
 Aspiring to Heaven's glorious battlement;  
 'But high Jchovah with a puff was able,  
 'To make ambitions Babel but a bauble.  
 These shepherd swains, I send into your view,  
 Are thirty one, a very worthy crew;  
 Fifteen of them are gentlemen of note,  
 All of the renown'd name of Scot;  
 Whereof Henry Scot in Palishil is one,  
 The youngest shepherd swain of all the name  
 He's natural son unto that bold Baron.  
 Sir John Scot the knight of Ancrum;  
 Both wealth and wisdom his father doth embrace,  
 And he abounds in Jafon's golden fleece.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dedicated to the illustrious and worthy gentleman,*

**THOMAS SCOT OF WHITSLADE.**

**M**OST worthy Sir, I have with pain and la-  
 bour took,  
 To search some hist'ries for this little book,  
 I have it all gathered from thence,  
 'Especially things of greatest consequence;  
 And though the volume and the work be small,  
 Yet it does contain the sum of all;

To



To you I give it, with a heart most fervent,  
And rests your humble and obedient servant.

For shepherd swains they have been long  
The glory of their land,  
The best of men has been a swain,  
Behold brave Tamerlane ;  
Then Walter Scot now of Todrick,  
Since thou'rt a gentleman,  
I'm sure thou'll not offended be,  
To be call'd a shepherd swain ;  
Thy father Thomas did the like,  
Since he to Todrick came.

Thomas thy good-fire was a swain,  
When he from Whitflade sprung ;  
Thy grandfire, brave Walter of Whitflade,  
Was call'd the hawk complete,  
A man of note and good report,  
Yet had many flocks of sheep ;  
His father Robert, thy great grandfire,  
Of Stirches was design'd,  
Because his father, Walter Scot,  
Liv'd at Witflade in his time,  
He was a worthy gentleman,  
And kept a great menzie ;  
There was ninety years past o'er his head  
Before that he did die.

The rest of your genealogie  
I can you well declare,  
They were all worthy gentlemen ;  
But I will talk nae mair.

To speak of Whitflade's family  
Or when it did begin,  
'Tis above two hundred years ago ;  
It was in the fourteen hundred and eighty-seven ;  
Walter

Walter the first of Whitflade then,  
 Was Hardin's elder brother,  
 He married a fair comely dame,  
 Daughter to the laird of Riddel ;  
 Robert his father did succeed,  
 In heritages, mains, and mill,  
 And married with one Rutherford,  
 Daughter to the Laird Hunthill ;  
 His son Walter, sharp as a hawk,  
 For valour he did pass,  
 He married with a comely dame,  
 Daughter to Cavers Douglas ;  
 His son Sir Walter Scot, if I did forget  
 I should be much to blame,  
 He married with Sufanna Scot,  
 Daughter to the Laird of Thirlstane ;  
 And after her he married again,  
 Which I do know for truth,  
 Unto a very comely lass,  
 Sister to Sir John Scot of Newburgh ;  
 His son Robert Scot of worthy note,  
 ' Holland's Jean married he,  
 Natural daughter to Walter Lord Buckcleugh,  
 She was a frugal lady.  
 Sir Walter Scot, brother to Robert,  
 He married a lady fair,  
 Daughter to Sir Robert Stuart of Ormstoun,  
 ' Who is brother to John Earl of Traquair ;  
 Thomas his brother did him succeed,  
 A man of worthy fame,  
 A virtuous lady he did wed,  
 Madam Mitchel was her name.  
 Thomas his son doth now remain,  
 The eighth laird of that part,

He's,

He's married to a frugal dame,  
 Daughter to Sir John Hay of Park.  
 Thomas, the last that of Whitflade we lost,  
 Was a man of good esteem,  
 He departed in the year of grace  
 Sixteen hundred and seventy-one.  
 Sir Walter Scot, his brother, that  
 At Innerkeithing was slain,  
 It was into the year of grace  
 Sixteen hundred and fifty-one ;  
 His brother Robert that bold baron,  
 It was an woeful hour,  
 At York's great fight he lost his life \*,  
 In the sixteen hundred and forty-four.  
 Their father, brave Sir Walter Scot,  
 The chief of chivalry,  
 In the sixteen hundred and twenty-eight year,  
 At Whitflade he did die:  
 Of Whitflade's worthy family,  
 I will no further dite,  
 For he does know assuredly,  
 I can neither read nor write.  
 Ulysses was a happy man of men,  
 In that his acts were writ with Homer's pen ;  
 And Virgil wrote the actions of the glory,  
 Of brave Æneas and his wandring story ;  
 The shepherds live, and thus they end their lives,  
 With good and brave and just prerogatives.

The above Thomas Scott of Whitflade, who married Jane,  
 daughter to Sir J. Hay of Park, Bart. in the shire of Gal-  
 loway, had by her seven sons ; all of whom died without is-

\* See Poetical Museum, p. 189,

sue, except the eldest, Thomas, who succeeded his father, and married a daughter of Sir J. Scott, of Ancrum, Bart. in Roxburghshire, and by her had two daughters, *viz.* Elizabeth and Janet;—Janet died unmarried;—and Elizabeth was married to Mr William Macdougall, brother to — Macdougall of Mackerstoun, in Berwickshire, by whom she had issue.—Thomas was succeeded in the estate of Whitflade by his brother and male heir, John, who was never married; he sold the estate of Whitflade in, or about the year 1722, and died some few years after;—and which estate consisted, at that time, of Whitflade, Castilside, two large farms called Redfordgreens, Askirk, Askirkmill, Sallan-side, Bradley, &c. &c. all in Roxburghshire.—With this John (so far as we can possibly find out) ended the male line of this principal branch of the ancient family of Sinton.—*Vide* Pedigree of — Scott of Stokoe, p. 15, 16.

*Dedicated to that worthy gentleman,*

JOHN SCOT OF WOOL,

Brother german to Sir WILLIAM SCOT of Hardin;  
Elder.

**M**OST worthy Sir, into your hands I give,  
The sum of that which makes me so brief,  
I humbly crave acceptance at your hand,  
And rests your servant ever to command.

Since I've begun, I hope to make an end,  
And as I can my shepherd swains defend;  
For Walter Scot of Wall,  
These lines I do design:  
For there are many gallants  
That have shepherds been;

N

Rome's



Rome's fond Romulus was bred and fed,  
'Mongst shepherds where his youthful days he led.  
The Persian Monarch Cyrus he did pass,  
His youth with shepherds, and a shepherd was;  
Wherefore I humbly thee intreat,  
' If I do call thee shepherd, not to fret;  
For I know ye are all gentlemen,  
To the seventh or eighth generation:  
And I will do to you that I'll not do to others,  
' For I'll describe you both your fathers and mothers;  
Because erroneous liars the old family did not ken,  
Call'd Hardin, this and that said, they're not gentlemen;  
Wherefore I will at William begin,  
Brother german to Walter of Sinton,  
Who was a man of great command,  
He enjoyed all Sinton's Lordship,  
And the Beat-up land;  
He was the son of George,  
Who did enjoy the fame,  
So did his father, his name was John:  
George left his second son, it is most clear,  
'Twixt four and five thousand merks a year,  
Into that possession at that time,  
I know not what charter and evidence was then:  
Yet to let misbelieving people ken,  
These lands as they ly, I will design;  
Therefore William was a valiant man,  
Who was the first Laird of Hardin:  
In his possession he had then no less  
Than Hardin, Totshaw, Mebenlaw, and High-  
chesters,  
With Todrick, which good sheep afford;  
Wester Essenside, Burnfoot, and Shiellswood;  
These

These were the lands I do explain,  
 That George of Sinton gave his son William;  
 Why should ramping liars blast his fame,  
 And say that he was not a gentleman;  
 He wanted nothing of gentry,  
 But only the title of dignity:  
 The first lady that he did gain,  
 Was daughter to the baron of Chisholm,  
 ' Then in Hardin place he did sit down,  
 ' And on her there begat one only son;  
 For within short process of swift time,  
 She dy'd e'er she came to her prime:  
 The laird a widower did remain,  
 How long a time I do not ken;  
 But his son he grew up to be a man,  
 The first Walter Scot of Hardin:  
 Then Hardin did to Riddel ride,  
 The old laird of Riddel being dead,  
 In suit of his relict there came he,  
 She was a daughter of Fairnilie;  
 She was a fair and beauteous dame,  
 And at that time she was but young;  
 Her beauty others did excell,  
 She had one daughter to Riddel,  
 Brave William Scot he did her gain,  
 They had not been long in that room,  
 While the lady's daughter married the laird's son;  
 ' Then they left the young folk in Hardin,  
 And the old folk in Todrick they sat down,  
 ' And there they did two sons beget,  
 ' Robert of Burnfoot, and George of Todrick;  
 And both of them prov'd stout able men,  
 They were the first cadents come of Hardin:  
 Now to the young folks I return,

The Laird and Lady of Hardin,  
 Betwixt them was procreat a son,  
 Call'd William Bolt-foot of Hardin;  
 He did survive to be a man,  
 And then to the Fairnilie he came;  
 And Fairnilie's daughter he did wed;  
 For they were related by kindred:  
 Betwixt them two was procreat,  
 The stout and valiant Walter Scot  
 Of Hardin, who can never die,  
 But live by fame to the tenth degree:  
 He became both able, strong and stout,  
 Married Philip's daughter, squire of Dryhope,  
 Which was an ancient family,  
 And many broad lands enjoyed he;  
 Betwixt these Scots was procreat,  
 That much renown'd Sir William Scot,  
 I need not to explain his name,  
 Because he ever lives by fame;  
 He was a man of port and rank,  
 He married Sir Gideon Murray's daughter of Eli-  
     bank;  
 Betwixt them there was procreat,  
 This old Sir William that's living yet:  
 This old Sir William married  
 A sifter of the house of Boyd,  
 And there's procreat them betwixt,  
 Sir William Scot, now call'd youngest,  
 ' Because his father does remain,  
 ' Therefore he's called young Sir William;  
 And young Sir William married  
 The only daughter of Sir John Nisbet,  
 He late was advocate to the king,  
 And now is call'd Lord Dirltown:

This





He was the youngest son to John Scot of Thirlston,  
 The which John Scot he did excell,  
 Being son to David with the tod's tail;  
 And David Scot, my author let me know,  
 He was son to Walter of Howpasslaw;  
 Sir Walter he was William's son,  
 Of the worthy house of Buccleugh he sprung,  
 The lads in Gilman's-cleugh,  
 In hunting did excell;  
 So did their father David,  
 That carried the tod's tail,  
 Who had as much delight,  
 In hunting of that beast,  
 As Jason had in Greece  
 To bear the golden fleece.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dedicated to the Right Honourable,*

**SIR JOHN SCOT OF ANCRUM, KNIGHT.**

*Wishes mirth and happiness be still your attendants.*

**T**HE guns proclaim'd aloud on every hill,  
 The joyful acclamations of the Scots people;  
 The which did thunder with so high a strain,  
 As if great Mars they meant to entertain:  
 True mirth and gladness was on every face,  
 And healths run bravely round in every place;  
 That sure I think the seventh day of July,  
 At the Reid-swair \* should ne'er forgotten be;

For a particular account of this memorable Battle, see Poetical Museum  
 (printed at Hawick 1784), p. 235.

That

That was a day to his everlasting fame,  
The valiant Laird Wat brought in the worthy  
name;

That day should ever be dedicate to mirth,  
As if it had been a great soveraign's birth:

When valiant Wat, that worthy man,  
Brought in the name of Scot, well to be seen;

It was nothing you'll say to bring them in,  
But to th' effusion of his blood

He brought them back again;

The executors and tutors, that hath been in our  
time,

The honour of the Scots did ne'er so much pro-  
claim;

The old verse I must give in,

' Though men should say that I am drunken,

How Wat thy good-fire, that worthy man,

To the Reid-swair brought his troop,

The seventh day of July, the sooth to say,

At the Reid-swair the tryft was set;

Our wardens they did fix a day,

As they appointed, so they met.

The Lord Buckcleugh he was but young,

Carmichael was warden in his place,

The Laird Wat, that worthy man,,

Commanded the surname with great grace:

Thy pedigree is soon described,

I think I may do it well enough.

Thy father, Charles, was Laird Wat's son,

Who was natural son to Scot of Buckcleugh,

Their generations are formerly described,

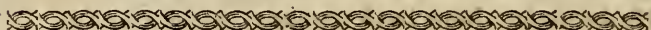
I need them not describe again,

Both Walter's and William's and Sir Arthur;

Unto the ninth generation;

From

From whence such men may gather their relief,  
 That though a ram-head may be cause of grief,  
 Yet nature hath a remedy found out,  
 They should have lions hearts to bear it out ;  
 Though I call'd thee shepherd swain,  
 Yet I deserve no blame ;  
 I hope that Jason's golden fleece  
 With thee still shall remain.



*Dedicated to the right worshipful, and very honourable, and  
 most generous gentleman,*

SIR WILLIAM SCOT OF HARDIN, YOUNGER.

**T**HE Prince of princes and the King of kings,  
 Whose eye of providence foresees all things,  
 To whom whatever was, or ever shall be,  
 Is present still before his Majesty,  
 Who doth dispose of all things as he list,  
 ' And graspeth time in his eternal fist ;  
 He sees and knows for us what's bad or good,  
 And all things is by him well understood,  
 Mens weak conjecture no man can arreid,  
 What in the eternal parliament's decreed ;  
 And what the Trinity concludeth there,  
 We must expect it with obedience here ;  
 Then let not any man presume so far,  
 ' To search what the Almighty's councils are ;  
 But let our wills attend upon his will,  
 And let his will be our direction still :  
 Let not Plebeians be inquisitive,  
 Nor into any profound state business dive.

We into the thousand and sixteenth year;  
 Since Fergus our first king did appear,  
 Have many hopeful royal princes had,  
 Who, as heaven pleas'd to bless, were good or bad.  
 Fergus was the first which we had crown'd,  
 For learning and for wisdom high renown'd;  
 Beyond the verge of Christendom's swift fame,  
 Did make the world admire his noble name.  
 A hundred and eleven we've had crown'd sincefyne,  
 ' Whereof one of them was a queen;  
 Their valour and triumphant victories  
 Have fill'd the world, and mounts into the skies:  
 As Kenneth the second, that king of victory,  
 And Gregorius Magnus, whose fame can never die.  
 Robertus Brucius, that king of high renown,  
 King James the Sixth, that united the three crowns;  
 These victorious princes govern'd well,  
 But more have been of the contrair strain.  
 Love sometimes made the gods themselves dis-  
 guise,  
 And muffle up their mighty deities,  
 And virtuous princes of the gods have odds,  
 When princes goodness doth out-go the gods.  
 ' I'm a foolish man, this is no work of mine,  
 ' 'Tis an operation of the power divine.  
 Let God alone, for what he hath in hand,  
 'Tis faucy, folly and madnes, to withstand  
 What his eternal wisdom hath decreed,  
 Who better knows than we do what we need.  
 To him let's pray for his most safe protection,  
 Him we implore for his most sure direction;  
 Let his assistance be the seventh king James's guide,  
 That in the end God may be glorified.



' Let us amendment in our lives express,  
 ' And let our thanks be more our sins be less.  
 Thy cousin William Scot in Milfington,  
 He is an worthy gentleman,  
 Come of a worthy family,  
 For he from Whitflade sprung;  
 Of his brother Todrick I have wrote,  
 And given a true relation,  
 Of his most worthy pedigree,  
 Unto the seventh or ninth generation;  
 Therefore it is needless unto me,  
 To write them over again;  
 For if I please, I could revise  
 'Them to the fifteenth generation.  
 According to my dream, he is the shepherd swain,  
 I hope Jason's golden fleece with him shall still  
 remain.



*Dedicated to the very worshipful, and much honoured generous gentlemen,*

HUGH SCOT of GALLOWSHIELLS, and WALTER SCOT in WAUCHOP.

**O!** For a quill of that Arabian wing,  
 That's hatch't in embers of some kindled fire,  
 Who to herself, herself doth issue bring,  
 And, three in one, is young, and dame and fire:  
 O! that I could to Virgil's vein aspire,  
 Or Homer's verse, the golden language Greek,  
 With polish'd phrases, I my lines would tire,  
 Into the deep of art my muse should seek;  
 Meantime amongst the vulgar she must throng,  
 Because she hath no help from my unlearned tongue;

Great

Great is the glory of the noble mind,  
 Where life and death are equal in respect,  
 If fates be good or bad, unkind or kind ;  
 Not proud in freedom nor in thrall deject ;  
 With courage scorning fortune's worst effect,  
 And spitting in fond envy's cankered face,  
 True honour thus doth baser thoughts deject ;  
 Esteeming life a slave that serves disgrace,  
 Foul abject thoughts become the mind that's base,  
 That deems there is no better life than this,  
 Or after death doth fear a worser place,  
 Where guilt is pay'd the guardian of a mis ;  
 But let swoln envy swell until she burst,  
 The noble mind defies her, do her worst ;  
 If Homer's verse in Greek did merit praise,  
 If Naso in the Latin won the bayes,  
 If Maro amongst the Romans did excell,  
 If Tosa in the Testine tongue wrote well ;  
 A soldier that could never lead a pen,  
 Shows to the eighth or ninth generation,  
 Although I him enrol, and call him shepherd swain,  
 Yet hereby I approve he is a gentleman,  
 The son of Adam, who was by lot,  
 The brother of the worthy Colonel Scot,  
 Who died with honour at Dumbar's fight,  
 In maintenance of king and country's right :  
 He was the son, I know it for truth,  
 Of William Scot, laird of Whithaugh ;  
 And William Scot was the eldest son  
 Of Walter Scot, stild of the fame ;  
 Walter Scot was Robert's son,  
 And Robert he was Walter's son :  
 The first of Whitehaugh that from Borthwick  
 sprung,

That Wat of Whitehaugh was cousin-german  
To John of Borthwick, who fasted so long,  
' Three sundry times he did perform  
' To fast forty days, I do aver ;  
Bishop Spotswood, my author is he,  
A profound learn'd prelate that would not lie :  
When James the V. he was Scotland's King,  
In the Castle of Edinburgh he incarcer'd him,  
And would not believe the country says,  
That any mortal could fast forty days ;  
Bear-bread and water the king allow'd for his meat,  
But John Scot refus'd, and would not eat :  
' When the forty days were come and gone,  
' He was a great deal lustier than when he began.  
Then of the king he did presume,  
To beg recommendation to the Pope of Rome,  
' Where there he fasted forty days more,  
' And was neither hungry, sick, nor fore ;  
From Rome he did hastily return,  
And arrived in Britain at London ;  
Where Henry the eighth he got notice,  
That John Scot had fasted twice forty days ;  
The king would not believe he could do such thing,  
For which he commanded to incarcerate him ;  
Forty days expir'd, he said he had no pain,  
Than his fast had been but ten hours time :  
Here Walter Scot, I'll draw near an end,  
From John of Borthwick thy fathers did descend ;  
He was the son of Walter, I have said enough,  
' Their original is from Buckcleugh.  
In the fourscore psalm we read,  
That like a flock our God did Joseph lead,  
And ev'ry day we do confess almost,  
That we have err'd, and stray'd like sheep that's lost,  
For

For oaths and passing words, and joining hands,  
 Is like assurance written in the sands,  
 The silly sheeps-skin turn'd to parchment thin,  
 Shows that Jafon's golden fleece with thee remains.



*Dedicated to the Right Worshipful and truly generous, my well  
 approved good friend,*

**SIR PATRICK SCOT OF LONG-NEWTON,**  
 APPEARANT OF ANCRUM, KNIGHT.

**I**T's such a title of preheminance then,  
 To bear the name of shepherd swain,  
 That David who so well his words did frame,  
 Did call our great Creator by that name;  
 Our bless'd Redeemer, God's eternal son,  
 Whose only merits our salvation won,  
 He did the harmless name of shepherd take,  
 For our protection, and his mercy's sake,  
 Which makes thy rest like those that restless be,  
 Like one that is pursued, and cannot flie;  
 Or like the bussie, bussing, bumming bee,  
 Or like the fruitless naught-respected flee,  
 That cuts the subtile air so swift and fast,  
 Till in the spider's web he's fetter'd fast.  
 So falling fast asleep, and sleeping in a dream,  
 Down by that dale which flows with milk and cream,  
 Thy dearest dame did to thee say,  
 Francis, Francis, come away;  
 I wondered when I heard that name begun,  
 Francis, Francis, that was Adam's son,

And



And Adam in his time deserv'd no misreport,  
 He was the son of Gilmanfcleugh Robert ;  
 And Robert was a pretty gentleman,  
 The heir to James, he was his eldest son ;  
 The first of Gilmanfcleugh James was then,  
 Who was the youngest son of Thirlston ;  
 And John of Thirlston, I let you know,  
 Was son to David Scot of Howpaslaw ;  
 And David Scot, that worthy man,  
 Was son to Sir Walter of the same ;  
 For Gilmanfcleugh I've said enough,  
 His first original is from Buckcleugh.  
 Now of all beasts that ever were or are,  
 None can for goodness with a sheep compare ;  
 Indeed for bone and burden I must grant,  
 He's much inferior to the elephant ;  
 The dromedarie, camel, horse, and afs,  
 For load and carriage doth the sheep surpass ;  
 Strong Taurus, Enoch's son, the labouring ox,  
 The stately staig, the bob-tail crafty fox ;  
 These and all rav'nous beasts of prey must yield,  
 Unto the sheep the honour of the field ;  
 Where sheep abound in Scotland, more or less,  
 There's still a part of Jason's golden fleece.



*Dedicated to the worshipful and truly generous gentleman,*

**ROBERT SCOT LAIRD OF HORSLIEHILL,**  
 son to WILLIAM SCOT of Horfliehill, who was  
 son to ROBERT SCOT portioner and baillie of  
 Hawick, who was son to WILLIAM SCOT, who  
 was

was second son to the Laird of Midgup; WALTER SCOT of Midgup was grand-child to ADAM SCOT of Tushilaw, who was son to the foresaid DAVID SCOT of Howpasslaw, who was son to the first Sir WALTER SCOT of Howpasslaw; their original was from BUCKLEUGH.

‘ A SIMPLE sheep-skin proves the only tie,  
 ‘ And stay whereon a world of men rely,  
 ‘ Which holds a crew of earth-worms in more awe  
 ‘ Than both the tables of the sacred law;  
 For as the ram the ewe doth fructify,  
 And ev’ry year a lamb doth multiply;  
 So doth a sheep-skin bond make many breed,  
 And procreate as feed doth spring from feed,  
 ’Tis one man’s freedom and another’s loss,  
 And, like the Pope, it can both bind and lose;  
 Adam Scot in Delorain I do nominate,  
 And for thy generation, it cannot be forgot,  
 Unto Grass-yards, thy brother, it is declar’d by me,  
 Which may serve all that is of one posterity,  
 And in conclusion this I humbly crave,  
 That ev’ry one the honesty may have,  
 That when your frail mortality is past,  
 Ye may be the good shepherds at the last;  
 Be not offended at the stile of shepherd swain,  
 For Jason’s golden fleece is still worthy of coin.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dedicated to that worthy and valiant Soldier,*

CAPTAIN JAMES SCOT, a BRIGADIER in his  
 Majesty’s most honourable LIFE-GUARD, son  
 to

to WALTER SCOT of Tushilaw, who was son  
to ROBERT SCOT of Tushilaw, who was son to  
Sir WALTER SCOT of Tushilaw, who was son  
to ROBERT SCOT of Tushilaw, who was son to  
ADAM SCOT of Tushilaw.

**W**HOSE former genealogy is already spoken ;  
The fable of the golden fleece began,  
Because sheep did yield such store of gold to men;  
For he that hath great store of woolly fleeces,  
May, when he pleases, have store of golden pieces;  
Honest James Scot of Shiels-wood,  
Whose like there is not many,  
Whose love and piety doth feed and help so many;  
There is no doubt but these good deeds of his,  
Will help to lift his soul to endless blefs ;  
Of his genealogy I will speak no more,  
Because his brother Grafs-yards is set down before;  
I hope Jason's fleece shall never from him flee,  
Because he is inclin'd to hospitality.

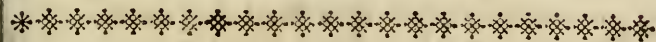
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*Dedicated to the worthy and much respected generous gentleman,*

**JAMES SCOT OF BRISTO**, son to Mr JAMES  
SCOT, late parson of Ancrum, who was son to  
JOHN SCOT of Cachlack-know, who was son to  
WALTER SCOT of Mount-bernger, who was son  
to ROBERT SCOT, of Mount-bernger, who was  
son to SIMON SCOT of Mount-bernger, who was  
son to SIMON SCOT of Dryhop, who was son to  
the laird of Howpaflaw, whose original is from  
Buckleugh.

MY

**M**Y worthy cousin, I must to thee commend,  
 Him who of his talent surely has made ten,  
 Like as Joseph did in Egypt long remain,  
 Whilst his brethren did for food unto him come;  
 So Gideon privately did live, and made no scroup,  
 Whilst that his brethren swaggred round about;  
 But now of Jason's fleece he hath more store,  
 Than ever his brethren had before;  
 This Gideon Scot he is a pretty man,  
 Amongst the rest a worthy shepherd swain,  
 Of Outerfiderig now he is laird,  
 He was son to Robert of Har-wood;  
 Robert he was a worthy man,  
 He was son to Walter of Erckletoun;  
 Walter sprung from that same stock,  
 That was call'd John Scot of the New-wark,  
 And John he was James's son.  
 My sleeping muse is now layen down,  
 But when she wakes out of her dream,  
 The rest of's pedigree I'll explain;  
 Since he and Jason is so well acquaint,  
 His golden fleeces he has to him lent.



*Dedicated to that generous and well approved gentleman,*

**JAMES SCOT, LAIRD OF BOW-HILL.**

**M**IRACULOUS monsters in the British clyme,  
 Monsters of nature sprung from putrid Shem,  
 Sampson that pull'd the gates of Gaza down,  
 Nor Libian Hercules, whose furious frown,

P

Would



Would amaze strong giants, tame the lion's rage,  
Were not so strong as gallants of this age;  
Why you shall see an up-start cock-brain'd Jack,  
Will bear five hundred aikers on his back,  
And walk as stoutly as if it were no load,  
And bear it to each place of his abode;  
A love-sick woer would a sonnet write,  
In praise of her who was his heart's delight,  
Hoping thereby his wished love to win,  
And to obtain it, thus he did begin.

Star of the earth, and emprefs of my soul,  
Thy love and life, that doth my thoughts controul,  
Sole queen of my affections and desire,  
That like to Ætna sets my heart on fire,  
Thy golden locks resembling Titan's amber,  
Most fit to grace some mighty monarch's chamber:  
Thine eyes eclipsing Titan in his rising,  
Thy face surpassing nature's best deviling,  
'Thy lips evaporate most sweet perfumes,  
'Thy voice the music of the spheres assumes;  
Perfections wound more than loves shaft and bow;  
Thy red the rose doth shame, thy white the snow,  
Thou world's wonder, nature's clearest fuel,  
Stain not thy virtues with thy being cruel;  
Besides it is an easy thing to prove,  
It is a sovereign remedy for love,  
As suppose your thoughts at hourly strife,  
Half mad, and almost weary of your life;  
All for the love of some fair female creature,  
And that you are intangled with her feature;  
'That you are glad, and sad, and mad, and tame,  
' Seeming to burn in frost, and freeze in flame;  
' In one breath, singing, laughing, weeping,  
' Dream as you walk, and waking in your sleeping;  
Accounting

Accounting hours for years, and months for ages,  
 Till you enjoy her that your heart engages,  
 And she hath sent you answers long before,  
 That her intent is not to be your whore ;  
 And you, for your part, mean upon your life,  
 Ne'er while you live to take her to your wife.  
 The west-border feed, it is not fit for you,  
 You may procure better than there doth grow ;  
 Thou art the brother by thy place unto a lovely swain,  
 The son of that renowned squire, John Scot of Rennal-burn,  
 Thy father Robert yet survives,  
 Thy goodfire was by the Napiers slain,  
 Thy grandfire the first laird of Bow-hill,  
 Was son to John Scot of Thirlstone.  
 A worthy squire John Scot of Rennal-burn,  
 He was the son of that Sir John Scot,  
 Whom the muses lov'd, and hovered at his gate.  
 And Sir John was son of that learned man,  
 Mr Arthur Scot who was stil'd of New-burgh then ;  
 And Mr Arthur was brave Simon's son,  
 He who was tutor to the pupils of Thirlstone ;  
 And John of Thirlstone that brave fellow,  
 Was son to David Scot of Howpaslaw,  
 And David was the first Sir Walter's son :  
 So, James with thy genealogy I have done,  
 And spoken nothing but the very truth,  
 Thy original is from Buckcleugh.  
 Since fates allow the harmless beasts such store,  
 I hope of Jason's fleece thou shalt have more and  
 more.

*Dedicated to the honourable and truly noble,*

**SIR WILLIAM ELLIOT OF STOBS,**  
KNIGHT AND BARONET.

**I**T's not in expectation of reward,  
That I this book into your hands do render,  
But in my humble duty in regard,  
That I am bound my dayly thanks to render;  
If my verse be defective, and my accent rude,  
My stile be harsh, and my learning slender,  
I am defended against a multitude,  
If that your patronage be but my defender.  
This to avoid hell's-hacht ingratitude,  
My duteous love, my lines and life shall be  
To you devoted ever, to conclude,  
May you and your most virtuous lady see  
Long happy days, in honour still increasing,  
And after death true honour never ceasing.

Your worship's parents were so well known by me,  
That I'm bold to show them to the fourth degree,  
These worthy families I must needs commend,  
From whom Sir William Elliot of Stobs did descend:  
I here set down the number what they are,  
And then I'll nominate them in particular.  
Thy thirty ancestors I would have men to ken,  
Thy eight great-grandfires, and thy eight great-  
grandames,  
Thy grandfires and grandames eight, that makes  
twenty-four,  
Thy goodfires and goodames four, with father and  
mother;  
Thy thirty ancestors I have set down,  
And thou thyself makes thirty and one;

This

This true account from whence your worship sprung,  
Is just to the fourth generation of your kin :

Thy first great grandsire and grandam, it's of truth,  
Was Elliot of Laristone and Scot of Buckcleugh ;

To thy second great grandsire and grandam now I  
trot,

They were Scot of Hardin, and Scot of Dryhop ;

Thy third great grandsire and grandam to their  
name,

Was Douglas of Cavers, and a sister of Cranston ;

Thy fourth great grandsire to his name,

Was Douglas the laird of Whittingham ;

I am not certain, yet have heard some mean,

He was married to Hepburn a daughter of Waugh-  
ton ;

Thy fifth great-grandfire, to whom I flee,

Was Sir John Cranston and Ramsay of Dalhousie ;

Thy sixth great-grandfire and grandam, I set down,

Was Cranston of Moriston and Cockburn of Lan-  
ton ;

Thy seventh great-grandfire and grandam I reveal,

Was lord Seaton of Seaton and Maxwell of Max-  
well ;

Thy eighth great-grandfire and grandam no less,

Than Earl Bothwell and Douglas, sister to the Earl  
Angus.

Now to the first grandsire and grandam I come,  
Elliot of Stobs and Scot of Hardin ;

To the second grandsire and grandam now I run,

Sir William of Cavers, and Douglas of Whitting-  
hame ;

Thy third grandsire and grandam I must proclaim,

Was



Was William Lord Cranston and Sarah, daughter  
to Sir John ;

Thy fourth grandfire was the Lord Coldinghame.

Now thy first goodfire I do rehearse,  
Which was Elliot of Stobs and Douglas of Cavers;  
Thy other goodfire and goodam of much renown,  
Was Mr of Cranston and daughter to Lord Cold-  
inghame,

Thy father and mother, who still live by fame,  
Sir Gilbert of Stobs and sister to Lord Cranston ;  
Although I cannot write, yet I have spent my  
breath,

In dilating thy descent from good king James the  
Fifth.

Earl Bothwell, thy great-grandfire,

Was a valiant man,

He was king James the Fifth

His own natural son.

And now I humbly crave your worthiness excuse

For the boldness of my unlearned muse,

That hath presum'd so high a pitch to flee,

In praise of virtue and gentilitie ;

I know this task is fit for learned men,

For Homer, Ovid, or for Virgil's pen ;

Boldly to write true honour's worthiness,

Whilst better muses pleas'd to hold their peace ;

And this much to the world my verse proclaims,

That neither gain nor flattery are my aims ;

But love and duty to your familie

Have caused by my muse these lines to publish'd be :

And therefore I intreat your generous heart,

To accept my duty and pardon my neglects,—

Bear with my weakness, wink at my defects,

Good purposes do merit good effects.

Poor earthen vessels may hold precious wine,  
And I presume that in this book of mine,  
In many places ye shall something find,  
To please each noble well affected mind ;  
And, for excuse, my muse doth humbly plead  
That ye'll forbear to judge before ye read.

The Persians, Egyptians, and the Israelites,  
And raging Razin, king of Aramites,  
Then the Assyrians twice, and then again  
The Egyptians over-run them all amain.  
Then the Chaldeans, and once more they came,  
Egyptian Ptolomey, who them o'ercame ;  
Then Pompey next, king Herod last of all,  
Vespasian was their universal fall ;  
As in Assyria monarchy began,  
They lost it to the warlike Persian ;  
Of Nimrod's race a race of kings descended,  
Till in Astiages his stock was ended ;  
For Cyrus into Persia did translate  
The Assyrian sovereign monarchizing state ;  
Then after many bloody bruising arms,  
The Persian yielded to the Greeks alarms :  
But smoke-like, Grecian glory lasted not,  
Before 'twas ripe it did untimely rot :  
The world's commander, Alexander, died,  
And his successors did the world divide ;  
From one great monarch in a moment springs  
Confusion, hydra-like, from self-made kings ;  
Till they, all wearied, slaughtered and forlorn,  
Had all the earth dismember'd rent and torn ;  
The Romans took advantage of their fall,  
And over-ran, captiv'd, and conquer'd all :  
Thus, as none nail another out doth drive,  
The Persians the Assyrians did deprive ;

The

The Grecians then the Persian pride did tame,  
 The Romans then the Grecians overcame ;  
 Whilst like a vapour all the world was tost,  
 And kingdoms were transferr'd from coast to coast ;  
 And still the Jews, in scatter'd multitudes,  
 Deliver'd were to sundry servitudes,  
 Chang'd, given, bought, and sold from land to  
     land,  
 Where they're not understood, nor understand,  
 To every monarchy they were made slaves,  
 Egypt, Aram, Chaldea, them outbraves,  
 Assyria, Persia, Grecia, and lastly Rome,  
 Invaded them by heaven's just angry doom ;  
 Four ages did the sons of Heber pass,  
 Before their final dissolution was ;  
 Their first age, aged patriarchs did guide,  
 The second reverend judges did decide ;  
 The third by kings, nought good, bad, worse and  
     worst,  
 The fourth by prophets, who them blest or curst,  
 As their dread God commanded or forbid,  
 To curse or bless, even so the prophets did.

Good reader, I have writ these lines to let thee  
     know withall,  
 What desolations did on former ages fall,  
 And here within sixscore of years,  
 By many families it appears,  
 Who were men of note, and their substance did a-  
     bound,  
 Yet to great servitude their children came ;  
 But yet I think men should not fret,  
 ' For a suspension never pays no debt ;  
 For if a man, according to the laws,  
 He be but captivated for an onerous cause,

And

And then from bondage he again return,  
 This is no act of credit left by him.  
 In histories 'tis often read,  
 That kings sons have been tradesmen bred ;  
 Crispin and Crispianus the English sing,  
 Was son to Brænus the British king,  
 Of such a change men they may admire,  
 ' From a crown to become a cordiner ;  
 If his son's son did live to be a man,  
 And if that rightly he might play his game,  
 Durst any paultry pismee call him down,  
 ' By exclamation to be a futor's son.  
 These idle questionists, and these schismatics,  
 I hold no better than rank heretics ;  
 But this I think not well when honest hearts,  
 Shall have this undervaluing name without deserts ;  
 If every hair upon the heads of men  
 Were quills, and every quill a pen,  
 Were earth to paper turn'd, and seas to ink,  
 And all the world were writers, yet I think  
 They could not write enough of mischief's strain,  
 Calumnious boasters, bloody tongued men.  
 Of Persians, Pagons, Asians, or Rome,  
 ' I need not write, there's division enough at home.

For the Elliots brave and worthy men,  
 Have been as much oppress'd as any name I ken,  
 For in my own time I have seen so much odds,  
 No Elliot enjoyed any heritage, but Dunlibire, Fa-  
 nash, and Stobs ;

Stobs being *sine qua non*, and obedient to the truth,  
 A beloved sister-son to the family of Buckcleugh :  
 Yet in the border-side the Elliots did remain,  
 Since King Robert the first, they with him from  
 Angus came.



The town of Elliot was their antiquitie,  
 Which stands in Angus in the foot of Glenshie;  
 With brave king Robert the Bruce they hither came,  
 Which is three hundred and eighty-years agoe;  
 In west Tiviotdale these gentlemen did dwell,  
 They were twelve great families, I heard my good-  
 fire tell;

Their chief was then a baron of renown,  
 Designed Reidheugh, which is now call'd Laristone;  
 Stobs and Dunlibyre is of the ancient kind,  
 Cobshaw, Brugh, Prickinhaugh, and Gorinberrie's  
 gone,

Yet there's more Elliots by other stiles that supply  
 their room;

Erckletoun it was long out of Elliots name,  
 But now it is return'd to the self same again;  
 Elliot of Bewlies, some say, he's not a gentleman;  
 But I protest they do him wrong to his ninth ge-  
 neration;

What, if a man have sons three,  
 Procreate and born from one belly,  
 Can one of them be a gentleman,  
 And another be a peasant's son?

' He neither descends from kill nor mill,  
 He's sprung from the laird of Horliehill,  
 Thereof his grandfire was a younger brother-son,  
 Though he was servant to the laird of Hardin;  
 Hardin the foresaid William did so much esteem,  
 That he in marriage his natural daughter did gain,  
 And betwixt them two was procreat, I must reveal,  
 That Robert Elliot that lived in Borthwickshieill;  
 And Robert Elliot married a gentle dame,  
 Hatelty from the family of Mellarstain,

Betwixt

Betwixt them two was procreat sure,  
 Good Thomas Elliot in Borthwickshells,  
 That much reliev'd the poor;  
 And Thomas Elliot married then,  
 The daughter of the laird chamberlain Newton,  
 And procreat betwixt them be  
 William Elliot of Bewlie;  
 William Elliot of Bewlie, ye understand the man;  
 He's married with the sister of Scot of Sinton,  
 ' Who him calumniates with a mis-report,  
 ' I'll say he is a liar in his throat;  
 For Romulus that builded Rome,  
 Was nurs'd upon a bear yet was a prince's son;  
 The father of the faithful, Abram, Abel and Lot,  
 Were shepherds in their time, yet types and pa-  
 triarchs;  
 The Scythian shepherd, a conqueror compleat,  
 Tammerlane the great, yet he attended sheep;  
 He is but *mala fama* whatever be his coin,  
 That says that Bewlie is not a gentleman:  
 Walter of Erckletoun these mis-reports may clear,  
 For he was called nothing but shepherd forty year;  
 And yet he is the just and very man,  
 Whose goodfir and grandfir was lairds of Erckleton;  
 Even though Horsliehill were to sell at this time,  
 And William Elliot were he that should it gain,  
 It were but a suspension he had underline,  
 Being truly descended from that self same kind;  
 And though that his grandfir was a servant man,  
 For the want of means to the laird of Hardin;  
 And he by his service and good husbandry,  
 Had purchas'd means might set Horsliehill free;  
 But being not to sell, he purchas'd other lands,  
 ' Doth that make out that he's not a gentleman?

The Elliots of the Yare they are of that same kind,  
And the Elliots of Selkirk they are of the same.

If James Elliot late of Bridgeheugh, be a gentleman,

Then William Elliot of Bewlie must needs be one;

For their grandsirs were two brother-sons,

Though in occupation there was defference,

The one a magistrate in Selkirk town,

The other kept the sheep upon the Doun;

The one did live by polling of the poor,

Being magistrate was counted great honour:

The other was a shepherd swain, and reliev'd the

poor that came,

With bed and board, though but a servant man.

Sixty-years ago I have both heard and seen,

And knew that Robert was the laird of Hardin's

man;

Yet he was the poors relief,

For he fed and clad them both with flesh and fleece;

But for the magistrate few poor he did relieve,

He was still ready to take but never to give:

'Sir Baillie, if't please your worship,

Was the word of every one;

The other was Will or Hab,

Yet both from brethren came;

Their foresaid marriages they are set down by me,

To be a truth I will affirm, and that they are no lie;

I have both eat and drunk, and merry with them

been,

All of them except the first William,

Which my father knew and that very well,

To be of the family of these of Horsliehill;

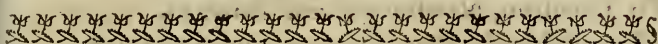
And since Horsliehill was thy fore-fathers stile,

Bewlie it hath been the same for a pretty while:

And

And I still do wish that stile do remain,  
 With thee and with thine, till the period of time:  
 Yet pardon my lines, though they be out of frame,  
 For I could never any write but the letters of my  
 name;

And although that they be not pleasant to the view,  
 Yet they are both honest, modest, chaste, and true;  
 And though Jason fetch'd his golden fleece from  
 Greece,  
 Thy fleece, in Scotland it is many poors relief.



*Dedicated to the very honourable, and much respected gene-  
 reus gentleman,*

### THE LAIRD OF LARISTON.

**C**OULD my unpractis'd pen advance thy name,  
 Thou should be mounted on the wings of  
 fame,

Thy ancestors they were of good renown,  
 They being all the lairds of Lariston;  
 Into thy hands I do cominit the sum  
 Of Walter Elliot of Erketon,  
 By Maxwell's rage out of their hands it got,  
 And was possess'd by Cunninghame and Scot;  
 Now Providence has brought it back again,  
 To the lineal heir of Elliot's kind;  
 For Walter Elliot he was Adam's son,  
 And Adam's goodfire was laird of Erketon;  
 Tho' they were suspended for an age or twain,  
 The lands return'd to Elliot of Muckildine;  
 He is the laird of Erketon's brother,  
 And Janet Scot she is Muckildine's mother,

A worthy



A worthy wife she of long time hath been,  
 And hath fill'd many a poor and hungry wame ;  
 She is my friend, therefore I do her ken,  
 She's daughter to John Scot, call'd of Rennalburn,  
 An honest gentleman, he was known well enough,  
 In Efdailmuir he was baillie to Buckcleugh,  
 ' Who was son to John Scot, an able lad,  
 ' Who then was called Jocky ill to had ;  
 His father also he was called John,  
 He was natural son to Scot of Thirlston,  
 He was natural brother in the while  
 To Thirlston, Newburgh, and Bowhill,  
 Gilmanfcleugh, Hundelshope, and Kirkhope,  
 Were all brethren to the said John Scot ;  
 These seven brethren were stout valiant men,  
 They would not been afraid for other ten ;  
 No more of Muckildine, since Adam is decaest,  
 Who left them store like Jason's golden fleece.



*Dedicated to the very worthy and valourous gentleman,*

**WILLIAM ELLIOT OF DUNLIBIRE, Esq;**

**I** Humbly now, according to my dream,  
 Present to you the young laird of Erkleton,  
 From's goodfire and grandfire that land was rest  
 and riven,  
 Before they purchas'd coin to buy it back again ;  
 And now 'tis their own, I wish they may't enjoy,  
 From envy's canker, better than Helen did Troy ;  
 That

That Trojan and that Greek that fought in Samos  
 sand,  
 Achilles gain'd the day, and did Hector command;  
 Troy's fruitful queen did many children bear,  
 So brave, heroic, and so stout a crew,  
 Who all in noble actions did accrue,  
 When age had made their parents bald and bare,  
 They made their dauntless courage to appear,  
 Amidst the throngs of danger and debate,  
 But blood on blood their fury could not fate:  
 In former times the South may understand,  
 Many gallants los'd all their land,  
 Through blood, and want of government,  
 Which to this time successors may repent;  
 They were not like these Arcadians in Greece,  
 That rejoic'd in Jason's golden fleece.

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*Dedicated to that worthy and generous gentleman,*

**ROBERT ELLIOT, LAIRD OF MIDLIEMILL.**

**S**IR, in my sleep I was much troubled,  
 And dream'd of Henry Elliot of Harewood,  
 'Mongst many more that I thought I saw,  
 And knowing he was your father-in-law,  
 Therefore my weak judgement thought it fit,  
 These lines to you that I should dedicate;  
 Knowing him to be a worthy man,  
 And much honour'd by your generation;  
 Though all in one you now joined be,  
 Yet ye're a pear grew higher on the tree;

For

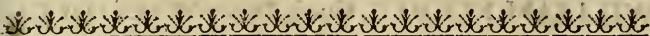
For I believe there is so much odds,  
Few Elliots compared with the house of Stobs ;  
For heaven's high hand where he doth please to  
    blefs;

Make trees, or men fruitful, or fruitless ;  
In sundry uses trees do serve mens turn,  
To build, adorn, to feed, or else to burn ;  
Thus is mens state in all degrees like theirs,  
Some are got to the top of honour's stairs,  
Securely sleeping on opinion's pillow,  
Yet is as fruitless as the fruitless willow,  
And fill up room, like worthless trees in woods,  
Whose goodness consists all in ill-got goods ;  
He like a cedar makes a goodly show,  
But no good fruit will from his greatness grow,  
Until he die and from his goods depart,  
And then gives all away in spite of his heart ;  
' Then shall his friends with mourning clothes be  
    clad,

' The inside merry, and the outside sad ;  
He thinks his life angelical, because  
Among the angels he his time doth pass ;  
And with his nobles he ordaineth laws,  
That base extortion shall not be a crime ;  
He marks how kingdoms, provinces, and towns,  
Are over-ruled by his cursed crowns,  
But if he note his angels what to be,  
Not heavenly, nor these from heaven that fell,  
But they are in a third and worse degree,  
Damn'd senseless monsters, even that are of hell,  
They cannot hear, feel, taste, or smell,  
A thousand times being told yet cannot tell ;  
They're lock'd and barr'd, and bolted up in thrall,  
Which shows their nature not angelical ;

Thy

Thy industrious loyalty doth daily tell,  
 Thou aims at honour and thou levels well,  
 And with your trusty service shot complete,  
 That in the end you sure will hit the whyte ;  
 Thus thy industries doth let the world ken,  
 That Jason's golden fleece with thee shall still re-  
 main.



*Dedicated to that worthy and well approved gentleman,*

JOHN ELLIOT, Brother to Sir WILLIAM EL-  
 LIOT of Stobs.

**G**OOD Sir, if fortune frown or smile thou art  
 content,  
 Thou bears a heart that is still ready bent ;  
 God is thy Captain, thy defence and hold,  
 Through faith in him thou art still armed bold ;  
 To thank John Elliot I humbly thee desire,  
 He dwells in Unthank, he's brother to Dunlibire :  
 When kind kissing Phoebus was gone to her rest,  
 In a winter's night in a most furious blast,  
 I driving beasts, because I wanted fodder,  
 I did assault his house into tempestuous weather ;  
 For god Æolus blew, and Boreas did assist,  
 And Neptune's watery planets he broke in betwixt,  
 The snow being deep, the snow tempestuous ill,  
 I was five days in driving twenty mile ;  
 In great distress into his house I came,  
 He with his wife made me kindly welcome,  
 With bed and board, good brandy and good ale,  
 Which might have serv'd the best in Tiviotdale.

R

I wish



I wish John Elliot may never want such fleeces,  
Which yearly may bring in ten thousand golden  
pieces.



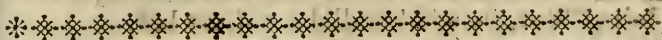
*Dedicated to that much renowned generous gentleman,*

WILLIAM ELLIOT, Uncle to Sir WILLIAM EL-  
LIOT of Stobs.

**M**OST worthy Sir, I hope I do no wrong,  
In dedicating to you one of my shepherd  
swains;  
Take not a shepherd swain to be a vulgar name,  
For kings and emperors have gloried in the same;  
Therefore no shepherd swain my muse shall e'er  
deride,  
And far less William Elliot, the good laird of  
Swoonside,  
Since thou art worthy and a lovely one,  
Not like envy, all consum'd to skin and bone.  
Sir, I do declare what labour thou hast spent,  
Was neither to honour nor virtue's detriment;  
And thrice worthy Sir, thy virtues do proclaim,  
How honour's noble mark it is still thy aim,  
And when thou the head-strong Taurus soon for-  
fakes,  
And to his summering progress thou haste makes,  
Then shall the earth's celestial light afford,  
And in sad darkness clad the ample globe;  
Since I was born, when wit was out of town,  
That's the reason that I have so little of my own;  
Pardon

Pardon me, I cannot write, and very little read,  
Or else in thy worthy praise I farther would proceed;

As for Swoonside, I wish his golden fleece  
May shine as bright as Jason's did in Greece.



*Dedicated to that virtuous and well approvén gentleman,*

MR GAVIN ELLIOT, Uncle to Sir WILLIAM  
ELLIOT of Stobs.

**M**OST worthy Sir, according to my dream,  
I speak of shepherds, and of shepherd swains;  
Into your gentle hands, Sir, I do commit,  
John Elliot, the laird of Thorilshope;  
And Sir, I do hope that ye'll not disallow,  
That I have been so bold as dedicate him to you;  
For a man must more than human wit possess,  
To escape the baits and snares of wickedness:  
The artist of the scripture can dispute the same,  
That one would deem him a religious man;  
Since that God gave life to herbs, and plants, and  
trees,

A beast hath sense, and life, moves, feels, and sees,  
For if they wanted life, how could they then grow?  
And, in some sort, both good and evil know;  
But man he is before all creatures in degrees,  
God life, sense, and reason unto him gives;  
And least that these blessings should be transitory,  
He gave him life and sense, reason, grace, and glory;  
So I hope Thorilshope shall keep his golden fleece,  
As glorious as Jason did his in Greece.

*Dedicated to that worthy and complete gentleman,*

ROBERT ELLIOT, Appearant of DUNLIBIRE.

**M**OST worthy Sir, I do upon the wings of fame,  
 Dedicate to you one of your worthy name,  
 John Elliot, he who's call'd a valiant lad,  
 He's brother to Henry Elliot of Harewood ;  
 It was into my dream he did appear to me,  
 For I into the ale-house did him never see ;  
 In Jafon's golden fleece it's said he doth abound,  
 And now he is of late a person much renown'd,  
 Therefore I do him consecrate to thee,  
 And with happiness to you and your posterity,  
 Wishing to him, when he his sheep doth shear,  
 They may improve their fleece four times a year,  
 For that man that hath store of wool, and woolly  
     fleeces,  
 May, when he pleases, have store of gold and gold-  
     en pieces.

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*Dedicated to that valorous and complete young gentleman,*

ROBERT ELLIOT, Appearant of LARISTON.

**S**IR, these lines unto your hand I send,  
 Wishing your worship will but them commend,  
 And begs that you'll not be agast,  
 For nominating some first that should be last ;  
 Therefore, good Sir, I hope you will pardon give,  
 And oblige your humble servant while he lives ;  
This

This I lay open to your worship's view,  
 And Simon Elliot of Tarras I dedicatè to you ;  
 For summer-fruit it is pleasant to eat,  
 But winter it will a long time keep ;  
 Although the hills of Tarras they be black,  
 Yet in his golden fleece there is no lack ;  
 Black moisty fleeces, when they are well scour'd,  
 Unto the owners yield good, clear, and current gold.  
 Pure Spanish gold it's very fine,  
 But of wool our merchants make more gain ;  
 Through Christendom your woolly fleeces,  
 Are still compar'd to golden pieces ;  
 So he that is a shepherd swain,  
 Can be no less than a gentleman :  
 Monarchs and kings, royal majestie,  
 Were shepherd swains in Arcadie.

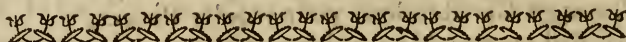
*Dedicated to the young and very hopeful gentleman,*

GILBERT ELLIOT, SON to Sir WILLIAM ELLIOT of STOBBS, Knight Baronet.

**I**F Homer's verse in Greek did merit praise,  
 If Naso in the Latin tongue wan bayes,  
 If Maro 'mongst the Romans did excel,  
 If Tasso in the Tuscan tongue spoke well :  
 Sweet Sir, pardon him that's so much unperfect,  
 In Scots can scarcely read, and never could yet  
 write ;  
 If my poor shallow brain could but advance your  
 name,  
 Ye should be mounted high upon the wings of fame ;  
 And



And if that my poor thoughts had strength to enterprize,  
 I would advance your name as far as Titan's rise,  
 And that shepherd swain that I do simularize,  
 Is Robert Elliot that dwells in the Dewflies :  
 Be not offended at the name of shepherd swain,  
 For formerly that name was noblemen ;  
 And as Jason fetcht his golden fleece from Greece,  
 I wish that Robert Elliot his fleeces may increase.



*Dedicated to the very honourable, and right worshipful generous gentleman,*

**JOHN HOPPRINGLE, LAIRD OF TORSONCE.**

**I**F the value of offerings are always to be equal to the grandeur of the persons to whom they are presented, I should not dare to make this bold address; but the greatness of my devotion, that hath no other way to manifest itself at present, will, I hope, make amends for the meanness of this, and persuade your worship to condescend to the acceptance of this poor expression of my respects; if these treatises may be so happy as to give unto your worship some satisfaction and recreation in the perusal of them, I shall attain unto the advantage which is chiefly aimed at by this dedication,

Your worship's most obedient, most humble,  
 and faithful servant,

**WALTER SCOT.**

**MOST**

**M**OST worthy Sir, ye know this well by me,  
That the love of brandy made myself mer-  
rie,

For when the high-born bastard of the thundring  
Jove,

When men's inventions are of wit most hollow,  
He with his sprightful juice their sp'rits doth move,  
To the harmonious music of Apollo,

' And, in a word; I would have all men know it,

' He must drink brandy that means to be a poet:

I understand, or know no foreign tongue,

But their translations I do much admire,

Much art, much pains, much study it doth require,

And at the least regard should be their hire;

When Adam was in Paradise first placed,

And with the rule of mortal things was graced,

Then roses, pinks, and fragrant gilly-flowers,

Adorn'd and deck'd forth Eden's blessed bowers;

Love is a dying life, and living death;

A vapour, shaddow, a bubble, and a breath,

An idle bable, and a paultry toy,

Whose greatest patron is a blinded boy;

But pardon love, my judgment is unjust,

For what I speak of love I mean of lust;

' Bes she dislikes the surplice and the cap,

' And calls them idle vestments of the Pope;

' And mistress Maud would go to church right fain,

' But that the corner cap makes her refrain;

' And Madam Idle is offended deep,

' The preacher speaks so loud she cannot sleep;

Lo thus the devil sows contentions seed,

Whence sects, and schisms, and heresies do breed;

Since Providence has given you wit in store,

Live as your worthy fathers did live you before.

By

By night I in a vision did dream,  
 That four and twenty shepherds I had seen,  
 Whereof John Andison was one ;  
 A shepherd swain that dwells at Thirlstone ;  
 A civil person, and one that is true,  
 And therefore I dedicate him to you ;  
 I hope the name of shepherd ye'll not despise it,  
 Since kings and princes hath it enterprised,  
 Besides, the learned poets of all times,  
 Have chanted out their praise in pleasant rhymes,  
 The harmless lives of rural shepherd swains,  
 And beauteous shepherdesses on the plains ;  
 They have recorded most delightfully,  
 Their love, their fortune, and felicity ;  
 And sure if in this low terrestrial round,  
 Plain honest happiness is to be found,  
 It with the shepherd is remaining still,  
 Because they have least power to do ill ;  
 And whilst they on the feeding flocks attend,  
 They have the least occasion to offend ;  
 I wish God bless the shepherds and their fleeces,  
 And then I hope they'll ne'er want golden pieces.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dedicated to the very honourable, and right worshipful generous gentleman,*

**JOHN RIDDEL OF HAINING,**  
 Sheriff-principal of the sheriffdom of Selkirk, and  
 Provost of that Burgh-royal.

**I** Humbly wish peace, truth, and constancy,  
 Remain with you and your worthy family ;  
That

That failor gains renown that well does know,  
 To gain his point either at ebb or flow,  
 When Boreas' dust doth drive thee from the land,  
 Then Æolus' blasts puts thee in Neptune's hand;  
 To wonder and admire is all one thing,  
 As synonymies the word betake;  
 But if a double meaning from them come,  
 For double sense your judgement then must look;  
 As once a man all foul'd with dirt and myre,  
 Fell down and wondered not, but did admire;  
 To you whose ears, and eyes have heard and seen,  
 This little pamphlet, and can judge between  
 That which is good, tolerable, or ill,  
 May be with artless nature wanting skill:  
 Have I writ ought that may your hearts content,  
 My muse hath then accomplisht her intent,  
 Your favour can preserve me, but your frown  
 My poor inventions in oblivion drown;  
 With tolerable friendship let me crave,  
 You will not seek to spill what you may save.  
 The Asp that quakes with sun,  
 He doth me much deride,  
 ' The Webster and the Smith,  
 ' They shake their brainless head,  
 And say, my education, or my state  
 Doth make my verse esteem'd at lower rate;  
 To such as those, this answer I do send,  
 And bid them mend before they discommend;  
 Their envy unto me will favours prove,  
 The hatred of fools breeds wise mens love;  
 My muse is jocund, that her labours merits  
 To be malign'd and scorn'd by envious carriage.  
 This humbly I beg pardon of the best,  
 Which being granted, Sir, a reverence for the rest:



Why should they vex in their malicious brain,  
For I have done no wrong to you nor them;  
A greedy wretch did on the scripture look,  
Found it recorded in the sacred book,  
How such a man with God should sure prevail,  
Who clad the naked, and visited them in jail,  
And there he found how he had long mistaked,  
And oftentimes had made the cloathed naked;  
In stead of visiting the opprest in moans,  
He had consum'd them to the very bones;  
Yet one day he at leifure would repent,  
But sudden death repentance did prevent;  
'Then he was dead and laid into his tomb,  
In hopes repentance from purgatory come;  
There lay the Stuart of the valiant ten,  
Who, whilst on life his beloved life remain'd;  
Apollo's daughter, and the heirs of Jove,  
The memorable bounty did approve;  
His life was life to Statius, and his death  
Bereav'd the muses of celestial breath;  
Had Phoebus fir'd him from the lofty skies,  
'That Phenix-like another might arise,  
From out of his odoriferous sacred embers,  
His loved life the country still remembers;  
Amongst a million there is hardly any,  
That like yourself, so well can govern many.  
Now I think well I will reveal,  
My dream I must proclaim,  
And dedicate unto your hands, my honest shep-  
herd's swain,  
'That merrily upon the plain doth sing with jok-  
ing lees,  
His shepherdesse she does not miss to crown his head  
with bayes;

Love,

Love, bounty, valour, charity with shepherds did  
remain,

It's Kings and Emperors liberty to be a shepherd  
swain,

In meadows green where flowers do spring,

There they do feed their flocks,

Sometimes on mountains and on hills,

Sometimes amongst the rocks ;

Their worthy generosity to love is a strong fort,

With triumph doth that trumpet sound,

At the shepherd swain's port,

The best of men are shepherd swains,

As I before design'd,

The eastern coasts did brag and boast,

Of their brave shepherd swain ;

George Curror's then a shepherd swain,

That gains both corn and store,

And doth afford both bed and board,

And much relieves the poor ;

In Hartwoodmyres his barns and byers,

And shepherds do remain,

His flocks proceed, and swiftly feed

Upon the morning dew ;

And when bright Phœbus takes her coach,

They are in Haining's view,

Of that shepherd's truth I cannot dite enough,

But now I'm run ashore ;

For shepherd swains, their ewes and lambs,

I have spoken much before ;

Though Jason fetcht his fleece from Greece,

And was call'd the golden swain,

George Curror that dwells in Hartwoodmyres,

For wool more gilt doth gain.

*Dedicated to the learned and well approved generous gentleman,*

ANDREW PLUMMER, LAIRD OF  
MIDDLESTEAD.

*Most worthy Sir, Sedition and Commonwealth was intimated by two lobsters, fighting one with another; the land lobster is a great enemy to the serpents and snakes; therefore the Egyptian priests did put it to signify a temperate man, who suppresseth his lusts and wicked affections, that are the most dangerous serpents unto his soul.*

**T**HIS pamphlet I send to your view,  
Is to let your worship ken,  
It's known to be the first issue  
Of my dull idle brain;  
It's known as yet, I could ne'er write,  
My reading is but small,  
For refuge, I flee to your hands,  
In hopes you'll warrand all;  
Shepherds I thought were three times eight,  
Appear'd into my dream,  
Wherefore one to you I dedicate,  
A civil honest man;  
He in Analshope doth dwell,  
His name's Michael Andison;  
That shepherd swain will no man wrong,  
In religion he is strong;  
The foulest fiends assume the fairest forms,  
The fairest fields do feed the foulest toad,  
The sea at calmest most subject is to storms,  
In choicest fruit the canker makes abode;  
So in the shop of all believing trust,  
Lyes toads invenom'd, treason couched fast,

Till

Till like a storm his toothless thoughts outburst,  
 Who, canker like, had lyen in trust's repose ;  
 For as the fire within the flint's confin'd,  
 In deepest ocean still unquench'd remains ;  
 Even so the false, though truest seeming mind,  
 Despight of truth the treason still retains,  
 Yet maugure treason, truth deserveth trust,  
 And trust survives when treason dies accurst :  
 Since Michael Andison hath great store of woollen  
 fleece,  
 I wish they more abound than Jason's did in Greece.

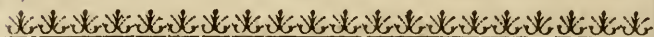
*Dedicated to that valiant and generous gentleman,*

JAMES GLADSTAINS of that Ilk, LAIRD of  
 COCKLAW.

**M**OST worthy Sir, I fend into your view,  
 This little pamphlet, most of it is true ;  
 According to my dream, I yet commend,  
 I know no foolish man can you offend ;  
 Of four and twenty shepherds I did dream,  
 Whereof James Grieve in Commonside was one,  
 An honest man you know it sure,  
 And one that doth relieve the poor ;  
 Your generous noble sp'rit, as I do understand,  
 Emboldens me to dedicate him to your hand ;  
 He that may hunt on every inclosed ground,  
 A park of's own he needeth not to found ;  
 The stately stag when he his horns hath shed,  
 In fullen sadness he deplores his loss ;  
 But when a wife cornuts her husband's head,  
 His gains in horns he holds an extreme cross ;  
 'The



' The stag of losing, doth his loss complain,  
 ' The man by gaining doth lament his gain :  
 Thus whether horns be either lost or found,  
 They both the loser and the winner wound.  
 Hunting is pleasant, but yet wearisome  
 To him that can no venison obtain ;  
 Thou worthy swain choose in Diana's stream,  
 Amongst the sisters nine, and pick out one of them,  
 Wit, courage, valour, stature, and state,  
 Remain with thee, don't fear a horned pate :  
 Now, good James Grieve, I wish thy flocks increase,  
 That thou may chant and sing, and still keep Ja-  
 son's fleece.



*Dedicated to the very worthy and much respected generous  
gentleman,*

ROBERT LANGLANDS OF THAT ILK.

**W**Hen fond imaginary dreams do ring,  
 In formless forms in mens molested brain,  
 On such a time, I sleeping in my bed,  
 An unaccustom'd dream came in my head ;  
 I thought four and twenty to me came,  
 All gentlemen and shepherd swains,  
 Whereof James Grieve, Lenup, he was one,  
 Which I have dedicated unto your worship's hand ;  
 You know him well to be an honest man,  
 And is a just and harmless shepherd swain ;  
 His fleece doth clothe the naked, that there's none  
 deny,  
 His food relieves the needy as they pass him by,  
 The

The orphan, widow, and the indigent,  
 For bed and board from him have supplement.  
 These shepherd swains, as I do understand,  
 Relieve more poor than all the lairds of the land ;  
 Their butter, cheefe, their milk, their whey,  
 Their flesh and wool they part continually,  
 That I dare say, were there not such men,  
 Five thousand in the year would starve and pine :  
 God blefs their substance that help the poor folks  
 messes,  
 And send them store of wool to bring them golden  
 pieces.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dedicated to the worthy and much respected gentleman,*

**FRANCIS GLADSTAINS OF WHITLAW.**

**M**OST worthy Sir, do not disdain,  
 That I my dream so oft explain ;  
 Unto your hands I do it commit,  
 The issue of a barren wit ;  
 A great deal more from me might appear,  
 Within this seventy and two year,  
 But what is past I cannot now recall,  
 I hope ye'll think this makes amends for all :  
 I never was at school, I cannot write,  
 Pardon my lines though they be unperfyte ;  
 The best of gallants indeed may controul,  
 A wise man will ever countenance a fool,  
 Although in wrong he will not bear him up,  
 Yet he will laugh at his foolish fate ;  
 The four and twenty of my dream,  
 William Grieve of Commonside was one,

Which

Which I have dedicate to you,  
 He is an honest man and true;  
 A worthy shepherd swain, who lives upon his store.  
 And relieves the poor and needy, as I have said before.  
 I wish his golden fleece with him may still remain,  
 While I fetch Jason's fleece from Greece into  
 Scotland.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dedicated to the generous, and much respected gentleman,*

WALTER SCOT OF BURNFOOT.

**M**OST worthy Sir, according to my dream,  
 Into this pamphlet remains to be seen,  
 I hope your goodness will allow,  
 That I dedicate Walter Grieve to you;  
 He is a true and honest man,  
 He's both your neighbour and shepherd swain;  
 One dedication might have serv'd for all,  
 What I have said before, to mention it again,  
 It is a needless labour, and puts the writer to more  
 pain;  
 I wish you meikle joy of all your golden pieces,  
 And like to Walter Grieve, with increase of his  
 fleeces.

*Dedicated*

*Dedicated to his worthy, and well respected good friend,*

FRANCIS SCOT, BROTHER GERMAN TO THE  
LAIRD OF BURNFOOT IN AIL.

SIR, this pamphlet to your hands I send,  
In hopes that ye will it commend;  
For pens ye know I can use none,  
I can hardly read the catechism;  
Yet four and twenty shepherds,  
I saw into my dream,  
Whereof good Thomas Anderson,  
In Howfoord he was one;  
Seeing ye are a gentleman, and my friend,  
I have dedicate him into your hand:  
When Jupiter the son of Saturn  
Had put his father to the flight,  
The Empire of the world he did divide then,  
Betwixt himself and his brother Neptune;  
Neptune set Pluto for to dwell in Hell,  
Amongst the priests wheré still they do rebel;  
The sacred records they do demonstrate,  
The idols which the Israelites did prostrate,  
So do we find into the present time,  
That there are priests of every kind,  
Kings, prophets, priests, all were shepherd swains,  
And did attend all kind of sheep,  
Both weathers, ewes, and lambs:  
For Thomas Anderson I wish his flocks may still a-  
bound,  
If Jason lost his golden fleece, I'm sure he has it found.



*Dedicated to the worshipful and very much respected and generous gentleman,*

**HENRY FORRESTER OF STONEGIRTHSIDE,**  
in the kingdom of England, justice of peace and  
coram in the said kingdom, in the reign of King  
Charles the second.

**C**OME, Pamphlet, take thy wings, flee from  
my hand,  
Arrive in England, in the county of Cumberland,  
There stands a house, and that a worthy one,  
By Kerfupfoot in the eye of the sun;  
A stately building, all of plain hew'n stone,  
All built within this year or twain,  
All Cumberland, except castle and abbay,  
Such another house in prospect you'll not see;  
Unto that English squire I dedicate  
Honest John Robertson, he was born in the Flat;  
His father was an English man,  
Francis Robson kept good order,  
There was no English compar'd with him,  
Seven mile within the border;  
Justice Forrester an English squire,  
And John Robson a Scot,  
Yet it is scarce a mile betwixt,  
Where they were born and got;  
It's true John Robson is  
A comrade good enough,  
And for house keeping he excels,  
He dwells in Cauterscleugh,  
Wheat bread and salt beef,  
Good mutton and old cheese,

As I was riding by,  
 He did my hungar ease,  
 He feasted me in May, as I had been an earl,  
 With capon and good lamb, brandy and good ale;  
 And for his father Francis,  
 I knew him well enough  
 To be a gentleman, store-master  
 To Walter Earl of Buckcleugh:  
 I wish that Jafon's fleece  
 With him may still appear,  
 And that his flocks would change  
 Their coats twelve times a year.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Dedicated to that worthy and generous gentleman,*

**JOHN SCOT, APPEARAND OF HEADSHAW.**

I Thought four and twenty shepherd swains,  
 In my dream I did see,  
 Whereof I have dedicated one of them to thee;  
 John Grieve of Garwald a right honest one,  
 Which relieves the poor, and proves a Christian  
 man;  
 And with his small substance he is well content,  
 Though in late times he prov'd a puritant.  
 I wish his fleeces be no worse,  
 Than Jafon's fleeces were in Greece.

*Dedicated to the right Reverend, and truly pious, and vertuous,  
generous gentleman.*

MR RICHARD SCOT, PARSON OF ASKIRK.

THESE lines, good Sir, I present to your hand,  
Is a genealogy of the old family of Sinton,  
Which yourself doth represent I know,  
Except your nephew the laird of Bonraw;  
It is four hundred winters past in order,  
Since that Buckcleigh was warden in the border;  
A son he had at that same tide;  
Which was so lame could neither run nor ride,  
The laird wist not what to do with him,  
For border service he was fit for none;  
At his place call'd Scotfloun;  
He did there remain,  
Four ages, or he went to Mordistoun;  
And since he went, I can make appear,  
It is more nor three hundred year:  
John his lam'd son,  
If my author speak true,  
He sent him to St Mungo's in Glasgou,  
Where he remain'd a scholar's time,  
Then married a wife according to his mind,  
And betwixt them two was procreat,  
Both sons and daughters of the name of Scot;  
What time his posterity did there remain,  
My author says to the third generation;  
Yet from that stock there sprung a man,  
That was the Archbishop's chamberlain,  
A quick mettel'd little man,  
For which they call'd him Wat the Ratten:

This

This worthy Ratten did begin,  
 When Robert call'd Fern-year was Scotland's king,  
 The bishop lov'd Wat well enough,  
 And recommended him to Buckleugh,  
 His chamberlain he did continue still,  
 And at the Burnfoot in Aill  
 He built both kill and mill,  
 Then down the water he sought with speed,  
 And married Headshaw's daughter,  
 Her name was Shortreid;  
 And betwixt them two was procreat,  
 Headshaw, Askirk, Sinton, and Glack;  
 George was the first did Sinton's sweet knows flock,  
 He married Turnbull's daughter,  
 The knight of Fallshope;  
 Walter his son was call'd a pretty man,  
 He married with Scot the laird of Hassindean;  
 John, Walter's son, I have heard relation,  
 Married the laird of Riddel's daughter,  
 And died without succession;  
 Walter succeeded his brother John,  
 And married a daughter of the laird of Johnston;  
 Then George he was Walter's son,  
 He married Scot daughter to the laird of Robertson;  
 This George he was the very man  
 That was father to Sinton, Whitflade, and Hardin,  
 For Walter he was George's Son,  
 The elder brother of William of Hardin;  
 This Walter Scot, ye's understand,  
 He married Cockburn daughter of Henderland,  
 And betwixt them they got one only son,  
 The lady died when she was but young;  
 Their son Walter did to Riddel ride,  
 And took the laird's daughter to his bride;



His father Walter was not an old man,  
 He married another daughter of Riddel's then,  
 And left Sinton unto his son ;  
 And then in Whitflade he sat down,  
 Betwixt him and Margaret Riddel was procreate  
 Twelve bairns that were all married ;  
 Robert of Whitflade was their first son,  
 And William of Huntly was his brother-german,  
 James of Satchels he was niest,  
 And Thomas of Whithaugh-brae made up the  
 messe.

The eight daughters I'll let you ken,  
 The eldest was the lady Black-Ormiston,  
 So was the lady Langlands, and the lady Tofturn-  
 bull ;

The lady Ailmour she was next,  
 And the goodwife of the Fanash,  
 And the lady Chapel-Middelmiss ;  
 The youngest I have almost forgot,  
 She was first married to Philip of Kirkup,  
 He was a brother to Robert of Thirlestone :  
 Then she was married to Walter Scot of Wall,  
 But to neither of them she bore children ;  
 Then Alexander Chisholm of Park-hill did her gain,  
 And to him she bare twelve or thirteen bairns.

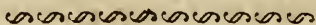
Now my wearied muse, thou hast been long a-  
 stray,

These are the first Whitflade's posterity ;  
 Now to George Howcoat I must return,  
 He was young Walter of Sinton's son,  
 A brave house-keeper, a worthy man,  
 He married Adimston, daughter to the laird of Ed-  
 nam ;

Then

Then Walter Scot was George Howcoat's son,  
 He married Douglas, a daughter of Whitting-  
 hame,  
 And George his son, a hopeful lad,  
 He married Gladstains, daughter to the laird of  
 Dode,

There was procreat betwixt these two,  
 Good Mr George Scot, the laird of Bonraw;  
 George of Bonraw married was  
 To Douglas a brother daughter of Cavers,  
 And there is procreate betwixt them twa,  
 This present young laird of Boonraw :  
 Most reverend Sir, I hope you'll pardon me,  
 For waiding so deep in your genealogie :  
 If any man think he can amend it,  
 Poor Wattie Scot shall never be offended.



**M**Y noble friends, at you I aim,  
 And of myself I do complain,  
 To All bad vices I've been bent,  
 And yet there's finall amendement ;  
 The devil, the flesh, the world, doth me oppose,  
 And are my mighty and my mortal foes ;  
 The devil and flesh doth draw me still,  
 The world on wheels run after with good will ;  
 For that which I the world may justly call,  
 I mean the lower glob terrestrial,  
 Is as the devil and an whore doth please,  
 Drawn here and there, and every where with ease ;  
 These that their lives to virtue here do frame,  
 Are in the world, but yet not of the same ;

Some

Some such there are, who neither flesh nor devil,  
Can willfully draw on to any evil ;  
But for the world, as its the world you see,  
It runs on wheels, and they the palfrey be ;  
Which emblem to the reader doth display,  
The devil, the flesh, do run both swift away,  
The shrewd insnared world do follow fast,  
Till all into perdition's pit be cast.

Let no man be offended, or think I do him wrong,  
In comparing of the gentry unto a shepherd swain ;  
Many ages past a shepherd was of such dignity,  
That gentry he surpass and best nobility ;  
Cain and Abel brethren were in the first age of man,  
The elder was a husbander, the younger a shepherd  
swain ;

The younger offer'd sacrifice to please the high  
Majesty,

The elder was a murderer, given to all villany ;  
Some shepherds past were kings at last,  
So were never husbandmen ;

Generals, conquerors, and emperors,  
They have been shepherd swains :

The renown of a shepherd swain

Doth reach unto the sky,

The Charles-Wain signifies the same

To the mariners on the sea ;

When you have read and understood my mind,

I hope your wonted favours I shall find ;

In spite of railing baseness, whose lewd tongues  
Are Satan's instruments for slanderous wrongs ;

A thousand reams of paper it would not contain,

To justify the worthy shepherd swain :

Much hath the Church, our mother, propagated,

By venerable fathers works translated :

St Jerom, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine,  
 St Basil, Beries, Cyprian, Constantine,  
 Eusebius, Epiphanius, and Origen,  
 Ignatius, and Lanctantius; (reverend men)  
 Good Luther, Calvin, learned Zwinglius,  
 Melancton, Beza, Orcalampadus :  
 These, and a world more that I can recite,  
 Their labours would have slept in endless night,  
 But that in paper they preserv'd have been,  
 And instruct us to shun death, hell, and sin.  
 How should we know the change of monarchies,  
 The Assyrian and the Persian empires,  
 Great Alexander's long small lasting glory,  
 Or Rome's high Cæsar, often changing story ;  
 How should chronologies of kings be known,  
 Of either others countries or our own.  
 Shepherds have been priests, and shepherds have  
 been kings,  
 And shepherds have been emperors, as my muse  
 sings,  
 Which makes me to compare  
 The worthy name of Scot  
 To shepherds and to shepherd swains,  
 For they flocks and lands have got.  
 I would have none think these I call shepherd  
 swains,  
 Is all the name of Scot, and that there's none but  
 them,  
 There's forty-eight that I have set apart,  
 All landed gentlemen that live upon their rent ;  
 And for the shepherd swains, I have dedicate them  
 Each one to a gentleman of that same name,  
 All landed gentlemen, that are infest and seiz'd,  
 In five month in the year they pay the king his fee;



All besides burgers in city and in town,  
 That number heretors of respect and renown:  
 And for the forty-eight that live upon their rent,  
 Unto the reader I'm minded to relate,  
 Because I have not nominate them in fore-time,  
 I here rehearse them in my following rhyme.

Sir Francis Scot of Merigertoun, he hath a good  
 estate;

Although he be but young in years, he is knight  
 baronet;

And John Scot of Sinton he is a pretty man,  
 He outstrips in wisdom any man I ken;  
 Headshaw and Burnfoot into the water of Ale,  
 They are both gentlemen, they dwell in Tiviotdale;  
 Chappel's a gentleman, Lochthirlston's another,  
 And Gladswood he's the same old Gallowshiels's  
 brother;

The laird of Langshaw him I have no mind to flee,  
 He is a gentleman and is of kin to me;

The laird of Lochquharret he lives in good report,  
 So likewise doth the laird of good Hundellhope;

The laird of Langhope is a very young man,  
 But the laird of Broadmeadows is both great and  
 strong;

Into Annandale three lairds of Scots there be,  
 Heuk, Bagra, and the laird of Gillisbie;

In Efdail-muir there does two lairds remain,

The laird of Johnstoun and laird of Devingtoun:

I'm now for Tiviotdale, if the fates do please,

And not miss the laird of the Mirrimies;

And the laird of Harwood is a pretty man,

As is any in the south of them that I do ken;

The laird of Glack he may not be omitted,

He sold the lands of Gaudilands long ere he got it;

The

The laird of Alton-crofts I know him well enough,  
The last lineal male branch that's sprung of Buck-  
cleugh;

The laird of Whitoch I do him well know,  
He is representative of the old family of Headshaw;  
The laird of Caudhouse he is but a brood,  
He is representative to the old house of Howfoord;

Three lairds all Scots I must exprime,  
'Tandlaw, Gallalaw, and Clarilaw's their name;

The laird of Bonraw, a very young man,  
The representative of the old family of Sinton;

The laird of Newton he is a gentleman of note,  
So is the laird of Alton on Tiviot's burnfoot;

The laird of Brierie-yard I cannot him refer,  
Nor yet the laird of Winns, nor laird of Boon-  
chaster;

Scots-Tarbet and Ardross, they are lairds in the  
north,

But sprung from the loins of Haining in the south;  
Bevely and Hallyards I had almost forgot,

They descended from Lawrence Scot Advocate;  
The laird of Carnwath-mill he is a gentleman,

And the representative of the old house of Bonni-  
toun;

There's another Bonnitoun into West Louthian,  
But I believe he be of Clarkinton's kind;

The laird of Deans-houses he is a gentleman,  
Descended from the house of Gaudilands;

The laird of Chappel-know I need him not explain,  
Through Tiviotdale he's known a gentleman;

The laird of Lies, if that ye woud him knaw;  
He is brother to the laird of Clarilaw;

The laird of Clarklands is a gentleman indeed,  
From his youth he's been a soldier bred;

John

John Scot a quarter master, sometime in command,  
 He married the heretrix of Clarklands;  
 Betwixt them two was procreat  
 That French Scots soldier, call'd William Scot:  
 The laird of Lethen, and the laird of Vogrie,  
 From the south they have their pedigree,  
 Here's an hundred and ten heretors of credit and  
 renown,

All gentlemen, besides burgeses in towns,  
 And for every one of these five score,  
 Of the worthy name of Scot there's above a hun-  
 dred more,

Which the number of ten thousand doth exceed,  
 In the forrest and Tiviotdale on the south side of  
 Tweed,

All of one kindred into that country side;  
 I mean not the spacious nation long and wide,  
 But from one root these worthy branches sprang  
 Like Jacob's seed, when they to Egypt came:  
 I wish Apollo from great Atlas mountain,  
 Assist them with his grace to fulfil their fountain;  
 That virtue, love, and grace, amongst them ever  
 grow,

And that their fountain still may overflow.  
 Like trees in wood, some great, some small,  
 So is our heretors, yet gentlemen all;  
 There's many moe that to me is not known,  
 For never a man to me a single one has shown,  
 If I should pick from burgh or stot,  
 Landed gentlemen of the name of Scot,  
 Although it unto me would be a cumber,  
 Yet I could have added forty to the number;  
 An hundred heritors of one name,  
 The like in Scotland I've not seen.

When

When Walter Earl of Buccleugh he did to Hol-  
 land wain,  
 There went with him a hundred gentlemen of that  
 name,  
 For besides private soldiers, these did gang;  
 But friends and relations to attend his own person;  
 If he had been alive in the bygone troublesome  
 time,  
 He might have rais'd a thousand, all of his own  
 name;  
 And never a man been threatened by force,  
 But all volunteers for foot and horse;  
 My verse is honest, true, seemly and mild,  
 My muse shall wade through dirt and not be fil'd;  
 The sun on loathsome dunghills shines as well,  
 As on fair flowers that have a fragrant smell;  
 The air, by which we live, doth every where  
 Breathe still alike upon the rich and poor;  
 The sea bears many an old despis'd ship,  
 Yet on the sea the best ship doth but float;  
 And earth allows to call his scatter'd brood,  
 Food, clothes, and lodging, either good or bad;  
 Yet sun, air, sea and earth, thinks it disgrace,  
 For any bounty which they give the base;  
 Even so my muse, free from all foul intents,  
 Doth take example from the elements:  
 Yet will I not my sence or meaning mar,  
 With terms obscure, nor phrases fetcht from far,  
 Nor will I any way equivocate,  
 With words sophistical or intricate;  
 Small eloquence men must expect from me,  
 My schollarship will name things as they be;  
 I may set out this little book indeed,  
 Yet cannot write and little thing can read:  
 And



And now I fear I have done wrong,  
In calling my friends shepherd swains,  
So many sorts of shepherds constantly do grow,  
That where there is no shepherds it is hard to know;  
Cast but your eyes upon the man of Rome,  
That stiles himself the head of Christendom,  
Christ's universal vicar and vicegerent,  
In whom fools think the truth is inherent,  
That he can souls to heaven or hell prefer,  
And being full of errors cannot err ;  
Although his witchcraft a thousand have imbrac'd,  
Yet he'll be call'd the Lieutenant to Christ,  
Who by that false Conventicle of Trent,  
Made laws that neither God nor good men meant,  
Commanding worshipping of stones and stocks,  
Of reliques, dead mens bones, and senseless blocks ;  
From which adultery, painted adulation,  
Men worse than stock or block must seek salvation.  
Great Julius Cæsar was so free and common,  
And call'd a husband unto every woman ;  
Proculus, emperor (the story says),  
Deflower'd an hundred maids in fifteen days :  
If all be true that poets use to write,  
Hercules lay with fifty in one night ;  
When Heliogabulus Rome's scepter sway'd,  
And all the world his lawless laws obey'd,  
He in his court caus'd stews be made,  
Whereas (*cum privilegio*) whores did trade,  
He invited two and twenty of his friends,  
And kindly to each one a whore he lends ;  
To set whores free that then in bondage lay,  
A mighty mass of money he did pay ;  
He in one day gave to each whore in Rome  
A ducat, a large and ill bestowed sum ;

He

He made orations unto whores, and said,  
 They were his soldiers, his defence and aid ;  
 And in his speech he shew'd his wits acute,  
 Of sundry forms of bawdry to dispute ;  
 And after giving unto every whore,  
 For listening to his tale three ducats more ;  
 With pardon unto all and liberty,  
 That would be whores within his monarchy ;  
 And yearly pensions he freely gave,  
 To keep a regiment of whores most brave ;  
 And oft he had, when he in progress went,  
 Of whores, bawds, pandresses, such a rablement,  
 Six hundred waggons, as histories reports,  
 Attended only by those brave comforts :  
 This was a royal whore-master indeed,  
 A special benefactor in their need ;  
 But none since Heliogabulus deceast,  
 I think the world with whores is so increast,  
 That if it had an emperor as mad,  
 He might have twice so many as he had.  
 Here I leave whores and whore-masters,  
 Unto the man of Rome ;  
 And to the worthy shepherd swain,  
 I presently return.

Because I know and presently maintain,  
 That he that laboureth to be a worthy man,  
 May with a better conscience sleep in bed,  
 Than with the gout and gravel as I'm sped,  
 Yet to keep my health from falling to decay,  
 When I am most tormented, I terrifie ;  
 A thousand times it is more pains than dead,  
 I'm sure it by antiquity hath stood,  
 Since the world's drowning universal flood :

Though

Though my wits be like my purse, but bare,  
With poets I dare not compare,  
Yet to dute verse, provided that they be;  
No better skill'd in scholarship than me,  
' And then come on as many as you will,  
' And for a wager, I'll verse with them still;  
Myself I liken to an untun'd viol,  
For like a viol I'm in a case,  
And who so of my fortune makes a trial,  
Shall like to me be strung and tuned base;  
And treble troubles he shall never want:  
But here's the period of my mischiefs all,  
' Though base and treble fortune did me grant,  
And means, but yet alas it is too scant;  
Yet to make up the music, I'll venture a fall,  
To the tenor in the Carfet town-hall:  
A poet rightly may be termed fit  
An abstract or epitome of wit,  
Or like a lute, that other pleasures breed,  
Are sweet and strong their curious eyes to feed,  
That scornfully distaste it, yet it's known,  
It makes the hearers sport, but itself none:  
A poet's like a taper burnt by night,  
That wastes itself in giving others light;  
A poet's the most fool beneath the skies,  
He spends his wit in making others wise;  
Who, when they should their thankfulness return,  
They pay him with disdain, contempt and scorn,  
An independant is like a poet's purse;  
For both do hate the cross, what cross is worse?  
His holy hymns, and psalms for consolation,  
For reprehension, and for contemplation;  
And finally to show us our salvation,

The prophet Amos, unto whom the Lord  
 Reveal'd the sacred secrets of his word,  
 God rais'd him from the sheep-folds to foretell,  
 What plagues shall fall in sinful Israël;  
 True patience, pattern prince of his afflictions,  
 Most mighty tamer of his imperfections,  
 Whose guard was God, whose guid's the Holy Ghost,  
 Blest in his wealth, of whom sheep was the most;  
 Just Job's last riches doubled was again,  
 Who liv'd belov'd of God, admir'd of men:  
 The first of happy tidings on the earth,  
 Of our all only blessed Saviour's birth;  
 The glorious angels to the shepherds told,  
 As Luke the Evangelist doth unfold.  
 And, should my verse a little but decline,  
 To human stories, and leave divine;  
 There are some mighty princes I can name,  
 Whose breeding at the first from shepherds came;  
 Rome's founder Romulus was bred and fed  
 'Mongst shepherds, where his youthful days he led;  
 The Persian monarch Cyrus he did pass  
 His youth with shepherds, and a shepherd was;  
 The terror of the world, that famous man,  
 Who conquer'd kings, and over kingdoms ran,  
 His stile was, as some histories do repeat,  
 The Scythian shepherd, Tamerlane the Great;  
 'Tis such a title of preheminance,  
 Of reverence, and such high magnificence;  
 That David who so well his words did frame,  
 Did call our great Creator by that name;  
 Our blest redeemer, God's eternal son,  
 Whose only merits our salvation won,  
 He did the harmless name of shepherd take.



Apollo father of the sisters nine,  
I crave thee, and inspire this muse of mine;  
Thou that thy golden glory didst lay by,  
As Ovid doth relate most wittily,  
And in a shepherd's shape didst deign to keep,  
Thy loves beloved Adamus sheep;  
And rural Pan thy help I do intreat,  
That to the life thy praise I may repeat;  
Of the contented life, and mighty stocks,  
Are happy shepherds, and their harmless flocks;  
But better thoughts my errors do controul,  
For an offence most negligent and foul,  
In this involving like an heathen man;  
Help helpless from Apollo, or from Pan;  
When as the subject which I have in hand,  
Is almost infinite, as stars, or sand;  
Grac'd with antiquity upon record,  
In the eternal never-failing word;  
There 'tis ingraven, true and manifest,  
That sheep and shepherds were both best and best;  
I therefore invoke the gracious aid,  
Of him whose mighty hand hath all things made;  
I Israel's great shepherd humbly crave,  
That his assur'd assistance I may have;  
That my unlearned muse no verse compile,  
Which may be impious, profane, or vile;  
And though, through ignorance, or negligence,  
My poor intention fall into offence,  
I do implore that boundless grace of his,  
Not strictly to regard what is amiss;  
But unto me belongeth all the blame,  
And all the glory be unto his name;  
Yet as my book is verse, so men may know,  
I might some fictions and allusions show:

Some shreds or remnants, reliques, or some scrapes,  
 The muses may inspire me with perhaps,  
 Which taken literally, as't lyes may seem,  
 And so misunderstanding may misdeem.  
 Of sheep therefore before to work I fall,  
 To show the shepherds first original;  
 These that the best records will read and mark,  
 Shall find just Abel was a patriarch,  
 Our father Adam's second son a prince,  
 As great as any man begotten since;  
 And in his function he a shepherd was,  
 And so his mortal pilgrimage did pass;  
 And in the sacred text it is compil'd,  
 That he that's father of the faithful stil'd,  
 Did as a shepherd live upon th' increase  
 Of sheep, until his days on earth did cease;  
 And in these times it was apparent then,  
 Abram and Abel both were noble men;  
 The one obtain'd the title righteously,  
 For his unfeigned serving the most high;  
 He first did offer sheep, which on record,  
 Was sacrifice accepted of the Lord;  
 He was, before the infant world was ripe,  
 The church's figure, and our Saviour's type;  
 A murdered martyr, who, for serving God,  
 Did first of all feel persecution's rod;  
 And Abram was in account so great,  
 Abimelech his friendship did intreat,  
 Faith's patern, and obedience sample he,  
 Like stars, or sand, was in prosperity,  
 In him the nations of the earth were blest,  
 And now his bosom figures heavenly rest;  
 His sheep almost past numbring multiplied,  
 And when as he thought Isaac should have died,

Then by the Almighty's mercies, love, and grace,  
A sheep from out the bush supplied the place;  
Lot was a shepherd, Abram's brother son,  
And such great favour from his God he won,  
That Sodom could not be consum'd with fire,  
Till he and his did out of it retire;  
They felt no vengeance for their foul offence,  
Till righteous Lot was quite departed hence;  
And Jacob, as the Holy Ghost doth tell,  
Who afterward was called Israel,  
Who wrestled with his God, and to his fame  
Obtain'd a name, and blessing for the same;  
He under Laban was a shepherd long,  
And suffer'd from him much ungrateful wrong;  
For Rachel and Leah he did bear,  
The yoke of servitude full twenty year:  
He was a patriarch, a prince of might,  
Whose wealth in sheep was almost infinite;  
His twice six sons, as holy writ describes,  
Who were the famous fathers of twelve tribes,  
Were for the most part shepherds, and such men,  
Whose like the world shall ne'er contain again;  
Young Joseph 'monst the rest especially,  
A constant mirror of true chastity,  
Who was in his afflictions of behaviour  
A mortal type of his immortal Saviour,  
And truth his mother Rachel doth express,  
To be her father Laban's shepherdess.  
Meek Moses whom the Lord of Hosts did call,  
To lead his people out of Egypt's thrall,  
Whose power was so much as none before,  
Or since his time hath any man's been more,  
Within the sacred text it plainly appears,  
That he was Jethro's shepherd twenty years;

Heroic

Heroic David, Jesse's youngest son,  
 Whose acts immortal memory hath won,  
 Whose valiant vigour did in pieces tear  
 A furious lion and a ravenous bear,  
 Who, arm'd with faith and fortitude alone,  
 Slew great Goliah with a slinging stone ;  
 Whose victories the people sang most plain,  
 Saul hath a thousand, he ten thousand slain,  
 He from the sheep-fold came to be a king,  
 Whose fame for ever through the world shall ring ;  
 He was another type of that Most High,  
 That was, and is, and evermore shall be,  
 For our protection and his mercies sake.  
 Those that will read the sacred text, and look  
 With diligence throughout that heavenly book,  
 Shall find the Ministers have epithets,  
 And named angels, stewards, watchmen, lights,  
 All builders, husbandmen, and stars that shine,  
 Inflamed with the light that is divine,  
 And with these names within that book compil'd,  
 They with the stile of shepherds are instil'd ;  
 Thus God the seer and son the scriptures call,  
 Both shepherds mystical and literal ;  
 And by similitudes comparing, do  
 All kings and church-men bear that title too.  
 Wise and unscrutable, omniscient,  
 Eternal, gracious, and omnipotent,  
 In love, in justice, mercy, and in might,  
 In honour, power, and glory infinite,  
 In works, in words, in every attribute ;  
 Almighty, all-commanding, absolute,  
 For who so notes the letters of the name,  
 Jehovah, shall perceive within the same,

The



The vowels of all tongues included be,  
So hath no name, that e'er was named but He.  
And I have heard some scholars make relation,  
That H is but a breathing aspiration,  
A letter that may be left out and spared,  
Whereby is clearly to our sight declared,  
That great Jehovah may be written true,  
With only vowels, a, e, i, o, u.  
And that there is no word but this,  
That hath them alone, but only this,  
So that the heaven, with all the mighty host  
Of creatures there, earth, sea, or any coast,  
Or climate, any fish, or fowl, or beast,  
Or any of his works, the most and least,  
Or thoughts, or words, or writing with the pen,  
Or deeds that are accomplished by men,  
But have some of these letters in them all,  
And God alone hath all in general :  
By which we see, according to his will,  
He is in all things, and does all things fill ;  
And all things said or done he hath ordain'd,  
Some part of his great name's therein contain'd ;  
All future, present, and all past things seeing ;  
In him we live, and move, and have our being ;  
Almighty, all, and all in every where,  
Eternal, in whom change cannot appear ;  
Immortal, who made all things mortal else,  
Omnipotent, whose power all power excels ;  
United three in one, and one in three,  
Jehovah, unto whom all glory be.

Besides the learned poets of all times,  
Have chanted out their praise in pleasant rhimes,  
The harmless lives of rural shepherd swains,  
And beauteous shepherdesses on the plains,

In odes, in roundelays, and madrigals,  
 In sonnets, and in well-penn'd post'ral,  
 They have recorded most delightfully  
 Their loves, their fortunes, and felicity ;  
 And sure, if in this low terrestrial round,  
 Plain honest happiness is to be found,  
 It with the shepherds is remaining still,  
 Because they have least power to do ill ;  
 And whilst they on their feeding flocks attend,  
 They have the least occasions to offend ;  
 Ambition, pomp, and hell-begotten pride,  
 And damned adulation they deride,  
 The complemental flatt'ry of kings' courts  
 Is never intermixed with their sports ;  
 They seldom envy at each others state,  
 Their love and fear is God's, the devil's their hate ;  
 In weighty business they do not mar or make,  
 And cursed bribes they neither give nor take ;  
 They are not guilty as some great men are,  
 To undo their merchant and embroiderer ;  
 Nor is't a shepherd's trade by night or day,  
 To swear themselves and never pay ;  
 He's no State-plotting Machivilian ;  
 Or project-monger Monopolitan ;  
 He hath no tricks or wiles to circumvent,  
 Nor fears he when there comes a parliament ;  
 He never wears a cap, nor bends his knee,  
 To feed contention with an advocate's fee ;  
 He wants the art to cog, cheat, swear, and lie,  
 Nor fears the gallows nor the pillory,  
 Nor cares he if great men be fools or wise,  
 If honour fall, and base dishonour rise ;

Let

Let fortune's mounted minions sink or swim,  
He never breaks his brains, all's one to him:  
He's free from fearful curses of the poor,  
And lives and dies content with less or more:  
He doth not waste the time as many use,  
His good Creator's creatures to abuse,  
In drinking such ungodly healths to some,  
The veriest canker-worms in Christendom;  
My Lord Ambition; and my Lady Pride,  
Shall with this quaffing not be magnified,  
Nor for their sakes shall he carouse and feast,  
Until from man he turn worse than a beast;  
Whereby he 'scapes vain oaths and blasphemy,  
And surfeits fruits of drunken gluttony;  
He 'scapes occasion unto lust's pretence,  
And so escapes the pox by consequence;  
Thus doth he hate the parator and procter,  
The apothecary, chirurgeon and doctor,  
Whereby he this prerogative may have,  
To hold while he be laid into his grave;  
Whilst many that his betters far have been,  
Will very hardly hold the laying in:  
Crook, blanket, terkit, tarrier-like, call'd Crouse,  
Shall breed no jars into the Parliament-house.  
Thus shepherds live, and thus they end their lives,  
Adorn'd and grac'd with these prerogatives,  
And when he dies, he leaves no wrangling heirs,  
To law, till all be spent, and nothing theirs,  
Peace and tranquillity was all his life,  
And dead, his goods shall breed no cause of strife.  
Thus shepherds have no places, means or times,  
To fall into these hell-deserving crimes,

Which

Which courtiers, lawyers, tradesmen, men of arms,  
Commit unto their souls and bodies harms.

And from the shepherds now I turn my stile,  
To sundry sorts of sheep another while ;  
The lambs that in the Jew's passover died,  
Were figures of the Lamb that's crucified ;  
And Isaiah doth compare our heavenly food  
To a sheep, which dumb before the shearer stood,  
Whose death and merits did this title win,  
The Lamb of God, which freed the world from sin ;  
The anagram of Lamb is blame and blame,  
And Christ the Lamb upon him took our blame ;  
His precious blood God's heavy wrath did calm,  
'Twas the only balm for sin, to cure the same ;  
All power and praise and glory be therefore  
Ascribed to the Lamb for evermore :  
And in the fourscore psalm we read,  
That like a flock our God doth Joseph lead ;  
Again of us he such account doth keep,  
That of his pasture we are called sheep ;  
And every day we do confesse almost,  
That we have err'd and stray'd like sheep that's lost ;  
Our Saviour that hath bought our souls so dear,  
Hath said his sheep his voice will only hear ;  
And thrice did Christ unto St Peter call,  
In which he spake to his disciples all,  
If ye do love me, feed my sheep, (quoth he)  
And feed my lambs if ye love me ;  
Moreover in the final judgement day,  
There is the right hand, and the left hand way,  
Whereas the sheep he to himself doth gather,  
With saying, Come, ye blessed of my father, &c,



And to the goats in his consuming ire,  
He says depart to everlasting fire.  
Thus our redeemer and his whole elect,  
The name of sheep had ever in respect,  
And the comparison holds reference,  
To profit and to harmless innocence;  
For of all beasts that ever were or are,  
None can for goodness with a sheep compare;  
Indeed for bone and burden I must grant,  
He's much inferior to the elephant;  
The dromedary, camel, horse, and ass,  
For load and carriage doth the sheep surpass;  
Strong Taurus, Eunuch's son, the labouring ox,  
The stately stag, the bobtail'd crafty fox;  
These, and all rav'nous beasts of prey must yield,  
Unto the sheep the honour of the field;  
I could recount the names of many more,  
The lion, unicorn, the bear, and boar,  
The wolf, the tyger, the rhinoceros,  
The leopard, and a number more I wot;  
But all these greedy beasts great Ovid's pen,  
Calls metamorphos'd into men;  
For beast to beast afford more conscience can,  
And much less cruelty than man to man;  
I'll therefore let such beasts be as they be,  
For fear they kick and snarl at me.  
Unto the sheep again my muse doth flee,  
For honest safety and commoditie,  
He with his flesh and fleece doth clead and feed,  
All languages and nations, good and bad.  
What can it more than die, that we may live,  
And ev'ry year to us a liv'ry give;

'Tis such a bounty, and the charge so deep,  
 That nothing can defray the charge but sheep;  
 For, should the world want sheep but five whole year,  
 Ten thousand millions would want cloths to wear:  
 And wer't not for the flesh of this kind beast,  
 The world might fast when it doth often feast;  
 There's nothing doth unto a sheep pertain,  
 But 'tis for man's commodity and gain;  
 For men to men so much untrusty are,  
 To lie, to cozen, to fore swear and swear,  
 That oaths, and passing words, and joining hands,  
 Is like assurance written in the sands;  
 To make men keep their words, and in end this  
 The silly sheep-skin turn'd to parchment is;  
 There's many a wealthy man whose whole estate  
 Lies more in parchment than in coin or plate,  
 Indentures, leases, evidences, wills,  
 Bonds, contracts, records, obligations, bills,  
 With these, although the sheep-skin be but weak,  
 It binds men strongly that they dare not break:  
 But if a man eats spider's now and then,  
 The oil of parchment cures him oft again,  
 And what rare stuffs which in the world are fram'd  
 Can be in value like to parchment nam'd?  
 The richest cloth of gold that can be found,  
 A yard of it was ne'er worth five hundred pound;  
 And I have seen two foot of sheep-skin drest,  
 Which have been worth ten thousand pound at least;  
 A piece of parchment well with ink laid o'er,  
 Helps many gallant to a starving power;  
 Into the merchant it some faith doth strike,  
 It gives the silkman hope of no dislike;

The taylor it with charity affails,  
It thrusts him last betwixt his bill and vails;  
And by these means a piece of parchment can  
Patch up and make a gull a gentleman:  
The nature of it very strange I find,  
It's much like physic it can loose and bind;  
It's one man's freedom and another's loss,  
And like the Pope it doth both bind and loose;  
And as the ram and ewe doth fructifie,  
And ev'ry year a lamb doth multiply,  
So doth a sheep-skin bond make money breed,  
And procreat, as seed doth spring from seed.

Thus is a sheep-skin prov'd the only tye,  
And stay whereon a world of men rely,  
' Which holds a crew of earth-worms in more awe,  
' Than both the tables of the sacred law;  
Past number-I could functions name,  
Who as it's parchment live upon the same;  
But it's sufficient this small homely touch;  
Should more be writ, my book would swell too  
much.

Now for the ram, the ewe, the lamb and weather,  
I'll touch their skins as they are touch'd to leather;  
And made in purses, pouches, laces, strings,  
Gloves, points, books, covers, and ten thousand  
things;

And many tradesmen live and thrive thereby,  
Which if I would I more could amplify;  
Their guts serve instruments, which sweetly sound,  
Their dung is best to make most fruitful ground,  
Their hoofs burnt will most venomous serpents kill,  
' Their grated horns are good for poison still,

Their

Their milk makes cheese that has no fellow,  
 The best that's made in Etrick or in Yarrow;  
 Their feet for the healthy or the sick,  
 Drest as they should be, are good meat to pick;  
 The cook and butcher with the joints do gain,  
 And poor folks eat the gedder, head, and brain;  
 And though all wise mens judgements will allow,  
 A sheep to be much lesser than a cow.  
 Now for the honour of the valiant ram,  
 If I were learn'd more treble than I am,  
 Yet could I not sufficiently exprefs,  
 His wondrous worth and excellent worthines;  
 For by astronomers it is verified,  
 How that the ram in heaven is stilyfied,  
 And of the twelve is plac'd head sign of all,  
 Where Sol keeps first his equinoctial;  
 For having with the Bull drunk April showers,  
 And with the Twins doth deck the earth with  
     flowers,  
 And scorch'd the Crab in June with burning  
     beams,  
 Made July's Lion chaff with fiery gleams,  
 In August solace to the Virgin given,  
 With balance in September made time even,  
 October Scorpion with declining course,  
 And passing by November's Archers force;  
 Then having past December's frozen gate,  
 He next to Janus wat'ry sign doth float,  
 He to the Lentil sign in February,  
 And so bright Phoebus ends his years fligarie;  
 Then to the Ram in March in his carrier,  
 He mounts, on which this sonnet's written here.

Now



Now cheerful Sol, in his illustrious car,  
To glade the earth his journey 'gins to take,  
And now his glorious beams he doth unbar,  
While's absence marr'd, his presence now doth  
make ;

Now he earth's weeping 'gins to dry,  
With Eolus breath and his bright heavenly heat,  
March-dust like clouds through air doth march and  
fly,

And seeming trees and plants now life doth get ;  
Thus when the world's eye-dazler takes his time,  
At the celestial Ram then winter's done,  
And then dame nature doth her livery spin,  
Of flowers and fruits, which all the earth puts on ;  
Thus when Apollo doth to Aries come,  
The earth is freed from winter's martyrdom.

Thus have I prov'd the Ram a lucky sign,  
Wherein sun, earth, and heaven, and air combine,  
To have their universal comfort har'd,  
Upon the face of our decaying world.

With twelve signs each man's body is governed,  
And Aries of the Ram doth rule the head ;

Then are the judgements foolish, fond and base,  
That take the name of ram-head in disgrace ;

'Tis honour for the head to have the name,  
Derived from the ram that rules the same ;

' And that the ram doth rule the head I know,

' For ev'ry almanack the same doth show.

From whence such men may gather this relief,  
That though a ram-head may be cause of grief ;  
Yet nature hath this remedy found out,  
They should have lion's hearts to bear it out ;

And

And to defend and keep the head from harm,  
 The anagram of ram I find is arm ;  
 Thus is a ram-head arm'd against all fear,  
 He needs no helmet, nor no head-piece wear ;  
 To speak more in the plural number rams,  
 It yields signific war-like anagrams ;  
 The ram is Mars, Mars is the god of war,  
 And ram is arms, arms war's munitions are ;  
 And from the fierce encounters which they make,  
 Our tilts and turneys did beginning take ;  
 For as the rams retire, and meet with rage,  
 So men do in their warlike equipage ;  
 And long ere powder from hell's damn'd den,  
 Was monstrously produc'd to murder men,  
 The ram, an engine call'd a ram did teach,  
 To batter down a wall, or make a breach ;  
 And now some places of defence 'gainst shot,  
 Have from the ram the name of rampiers got ;  
 First warlike trumpets that I e'er heard nam'd,  
 At Jericho, were all of ram-horns fram'd,  
 For at the ram-horn trumpets fearful blast,  
 Their curled walls were suddenly down cast :  
 Thus is the ram with many virtues stor'd,  
 And was in Egypt for a god ador'd ;  
 And, like a captain he the flock doth lead,  
 As fits their general, their prince and head.

Thus have I prov'd a sheep a beast of price,  
 Clean, and reputed fit for sacrifice ;  
 And sleeping, waking, early, or else late,  
 It still doth chew the cud and ruminat :  
 Of all beasts in the world's circumference,  
 For meekness, profit, and for innocence,

I have

I have approv'd a sheep most excellent,  
That with least cost gives most content ;  
There's such instinct of nature in the lamb,  
By bleating, it 'mongst thousands knows the dame,  
For which the name of agnoscendo knowing,  
Is given to a lamb, its knowledge showing.

And now from solid prose I will abstain,  
To pleasant poetry, and mirth again ;  
The fables of the golden fleece began,  
Because sheep wool yields store of gold to men ;  
For he that hath great store of woolly fleeces,  
May when he please have store of golden pieces :  
Thus many a poor man dying hath left a son,  
That hath transform'd the fleece to gold like Jason.  
And here's a mystery profound and deep,  
There's sundry sorts of mutton are no sheep ;  
Lac'd mutton, which let out themselves to hire,  
Like hackneys, will be fir'd before they tire ;  
'The man, or men which for such mutton hungers  
Are, by their corporations, mutton-mungers,  
Which is a brother-hood so large and great,  
That, if they had a hall, I would intreat  
To be their clerk or keeper of accounts,  
To shew them unto what their charge amounts.  
My brain in numbring then would grow so quick,  
I should be master of arithmetic ;  
All states, degrees, and trades, both bad and good,  
Afford some members of this brother-hood ;  
Great therefore, then must be their multitude,  
When every man may to the trade intrude,  
It is no freedom, yet these men are free ;  
No savers, but most liberal spenders be ;

For

For this is one thing that doth them bewitch,  
 That by their trading they wax seldom rich;  
 The value of his mutton so set forth,  
 The flesh doth cost more than the broth is worth;  
 They all are ewes, yet are exceeding ramish,  
 And will be dainty fed, who ever famish;  
 Nor are they marked for any man, or no man,  
 As mine, or thine, but every man is common;  
 Fine heads, and necks, and breasts they yield some  
     store,  
 But scarcely one good liver in ninescore;  
 The liver being bad, it's understood,  
 The veins are fill'd with putrified blood,  
 Which makes them subject to the scab, and then  
 They prove most dangerous diets unto men;  
 And then the proverb proves no ly or mock,  
 One scabbed sheep's enough to spoil a flock.  
 But yet, for all this, there's many a gull,  
 Loves mutton well, dips not his bread i' th' wool;  
 And were a man put to his choice to keep,  
 'Tis said a shrew is better than a sheep;  
 But if a man be yoked with such an ewe,  
 She may be both a scabbed sheep and shrew;  
 And he that is so mach't, his life may well  
 Be compared unto an earthly hell.  
 But of my theme which I wrote of before,  
 I at this mutton must have one cut more;  
 These kind of sheep have all the world o'ergrown,  
 And seldom do wear fleeces of their own;  
 For they from sundry men their pellets can pull,  
 Whereby they keep themselves as warm as wool;  
 Besides in colours, and in shapes they wear,  
 Quite from all profitable sheep contrair;

Z

White,



White, black, green, tawny, purple, red, and blue,  
 Beyond the rain-bow, for the change of hue ;  
 Came soon like an alteration,  
 But that bare air they cannot live upon ;  
 The moon's mutation not more manifold,  
 Silk, velvet, tissue, cloth, and cloth of gold.  
 These are the sheep that golden fleeces wear,  
 Who robe themselves with others wool or hair ;  
 And it may be 'twas such a beast and fleece,  
 Which Jason brought from Colchos into Greece ;  
 Were it no more but so I dare be bold  
 To think the land doth many Jason's hold,  
 Who never durst to pass a dangerous wave,  
 Yet may with ease such golden fleeces have.  
 Too much of one thing is good for nothing, they  
 say,

I'll therefore take this needless dish away ;  
 For should I too much of lac'd mutton write,  
 I may o'ercome my reader's stomach quite ;  
 Once more unto the good sheep I'll retire,  
 And so my book shall to it's end expire ;  
 Although it be not found in ancient writers,  
 I find all mutton-eaters are sheep-biters ;  
 And in some places, I have heard and seen,  
 That currish sheep-biters they have hanged been ;  
 ' If any kind of tyke should snarl or whinne,  
 ' Or bite or worry this poor sheep of mine,  
 ' Why? Let them bark, or bite, and spend their  
 breath,  
 ' I'll never wish them a sheep-biter's death ;  
 My sheep should have them know their innocence,  
 Shall live in spight of their malevolence ;

I wish

I wish they keep themselves and me from pain,  
 And bite such sheep, as cannot bite again;  
 For if they snap at mine, I have a tongue,  
 That like a trusty dog shall bite again;  
 And in conclusion, this I humbly crave,  
 That every one the honesty may have,  
 That when our frail mortality is past,  
 We may be the good shepherd's sheep at last.  
 When all things were as wrapt in fable night,  
 And ebon'd darkness muffled up the night,  
 When neither sun, nor moon, nor stars had shin'd,  
 And when no fire, no water, earth, nor wind,  
 No summer, autumn, winter, nor no spring,  
 No bird, beast, fish, nor any creeping thing,  
 When there was neither time, nor place, nor space,  
 And silence did the Chaos round embrace;  
 Then did the Arch-work-master of us all,  
 Create this massy universal ball,  
 And with his mighty word brought all to pass,  
 Saying, but let there be, and done it was;  
 Let there be day, night, water, earth, herbs, trees,  
 Let there be sun, moon, stars, fish, fowl that flies,  
 Beast of the field; he said, let there be;  
 All things were created, as we may see.  
 Thus every sensible and senseless thing,  
 The high Creator's word to pass did bring;  
 And as in viewing of his works he stood,  
 He said, that all things were exceeding good:  
 Thus having finish'd seas, and earth, and skies,  
 Abundantly with all varieties,  
 Like a magnificent and sumptuous feast,  
 To th' entertainment of some welcome guest,

When beasts, and birds, and every living creature,  
And the earth's fruits did multiply by nature;  
Then did the eternal Trinity betake  
Itself to council, and said, let us make,  
Not let there be, as unto all things else;  
But let us make man that the rest excells;  
According to our image, let us make  
Man; and then the Almighty red earth did take,  
With which he formed Adam every limb,  
And having made him, breathed life in him.  
Lo thus the first man never was a child,  
No way with sin original defil'd;  
But with high super-natural understanding,  
He over all the world had sole commanding;  
Yet though to him the regency was given  
As earth's lieutenant to the God of heaven,  
Though he commanded all created things,  
As deputy under the king of kings,  
Though he so highly here was dignified,  
To humble him, not to be puffed with pride;  
He could not brag nor boast of high-born birth,  
For he was formed out of slime and earth;  
No beast, fish, worm, fowl, herb, wood, stone, tree,  
But are of a more ancient house than he;  
For they were made before him, which prove this,  
That their antiquity is more than his.  
Thus both himself, and his beloved spouse,  
Are by creation of the younger house;  
And whilst they live in perfect holiness,  
Their richest garments were bare nakedness,  
True innocence were their chiefest weeds;  
For righteousness no mask or vizard needs;

The

The royalist robes that our first parents had;  
 Was a free conscience with uprightnes clad;  
 They needed not to shift, the clothes they wore  
 Was nakedness, and they desir'd no more;  
 Untill at last, that hell-polluting sin,  
 With disobedience sold their soul within;  
 And having lost their holiest perfection  
 They held their nakedness in imperfection;  
 Then being both asham'd, they both did frame,  
 Garments as weeds of their deserved shame;  
 Thus when as sin had brought God's curse on man,  
 Then shame to make apparel first began;  
 Ere men had sin'd most plain it does appear,  
 He neither did, nor needed cause menswear;  
 For his apparel did at first begin,  
 To be the robes of penance for his sin;  
 Thus all the brood of Adam, and of Eve,  
 The true use of apparel may perceive;  
 That they are liveries, badges unto all,  
 Of our sins, and our parents woeful fall;  
 Then more than mad the mad-brain'd people be,  
 Or else they see, and will not seem to see,  
 The same robes of pride that makes them swell,  
 Are tokens that our best deserts are hell,  
 Much like unto a traitor to his king,  
 Which would his country into destruction bring,  
 Whose treacheries being prov'd apparently,  
 He by the law is justly judg'd to die;  
 And when he looks for his deserved death,  
 A pardon comes, and gives him longer breath,  
 I think this man most madly would appear,  
 That would a halter in a glory wear,

Of



Of life to be quite dis-inherited ;  
But if he should vain gloriously persist,  
To make a rope of silk, or golden twist,  
And wear, it's a more honourable show  
Of his rebellion than coarse hemp or tow ;  
Might not men justly say he were an ass,  
Triumphing that he once a villain was,  
And that he wears an halter for the nonce,  
In pride that he deserv'd a hanging once.  
Such with our heavenly father is the case,  
Of our first parents, and their fruitful race ;  
Apparel is the miserable sign,  
That we are traitors to our Lord divine,  
And we like rebels still most pride do take,  
In that which still most humble should us make ;  
Apparel is the prison for our sin,  
Which most should shame, yet most we glory in ;  
Apparel is the sheet of shame, as it were ;  
For man apparel never did receive,  
Till he eternal death deserv'd to have :  
How vain it is for man, a clod of earth,  
To boast of his progeny or birth,  
Because perhaps his ancestors were good,  
And sprung from royal or from noble blood ;  
Where virtues worth did in their minds inherit,  
They enjoy'd their honour by desert and merit.  
Great Alexander, king of Macedon,  
Disdain'd to be his father Philip's son,  
But he from Jupiter would be descended,  
And as a god be honour'd and attended ;  
Yet when at Babylon he prov'd but a man,  
His god-head ended foolish as't began ;

There

There was in Sicily a proud physician,  
 Menocrates, and he through high ambition,  
 To be a god himself would needs prefer,  
 And would forsooth be deem'd Jupiter;  
 King Dionysius making a great feast,  
 The fool god disguis'd to be a great beast;  
 Who by himself was at a table plac'd,  
 Because as god he should the more be grac'd;  
 The other guests themselves did feed and fill,  
 He at an empty table still sat still;  
 At last with humble low Sir Reverence,  
 A fellow came with fire and frankincense,  
 And offered to his god-ship, saying then,  
 Perfumes were fit for gods, and meat for men;  
 The god in anger raise incontinent,  
 Who laughed, and in hunger homeward went.  
 The Roman Emperor Domitian  
 Would be a god, was murdered by a man.  
 Caligula would be a god of wonders,  
 And counterfeit the lightning and the thunders,  
 Yet every real heavenly thunder crack,  
 This cateif in such fear and terror strake,  
 That he would quake, and shake, and hide his  
     head  
 In any hole, or underneath his bed;  
 And when this godless god had many slain,  
 A Plebeian dash'd out his ungodly brain:  
 And thus the Almighty still against pride doth  
     frown,  
 And casts ambition headlong tumbling down.  
 Great Pompey would be all the world's superior,  
 And Cæsar unto none would be inferior;

But

But as they both did live ambitiously,  
So both of them untimely deaths did die:  
The one in Egypt had his final fall,  
The other murdered in the capital.  
A number more examples are beside,  
Which shows the miserable fall of pride;  
For pride of state, birth, wisdom, beauty, strength,  
And pride in any thing will fall at length;  
But to be proud of garments that we wear,  
Is the most foolish pride a heart can bear;  
Know that of thine own thou doth possess,  
Nothing but sin and woeful wretchedness;  
A Christian's pride should only be in this,  
When he can say, that God his father is;  
When grace and mercy well applied, afford  
To make him brother unto Christ his Lord;  
When he unto the Holy Ghost can say,  
Thou art my schoolmaster whom I will obey.  
When he can call the saints his fellows, and  
Say to the angels, for my guard you stand:  
This is a laudable and christian pride,  
To know Christ and to know him crucified;  
This is that meek ambition low aspiring,  
Which all men should be earnest in desiring:  
Thus to be proudly humble is the thing,  
Which will us to the state of glory bring;  
But yet beware of pride hypocritical,  
For pride in every thing will have a fall;  
A lofty mind with lowly cap on knee,  
Is humble pride and meek hypocrisie;  
As a great ship ill suited with small sail,  
A Judas mean'd all mischief, cry'd all hail;

Like

Like the humility of Absalom,  
 That sort of pride much danger waits upon;  
 They are the counterfeit, God save you, Sirs,  
 That have their flatteries in particulars,  
 That courteously can hide their own intents,  
 Under varieties of complements;  
 These vipers bend the knee, and kiss the hand,  
 And swear, sweet Sir, I am at your command;  
 And proudly make humility a screw,  
 To wring themselves into opinion's view:  
 Thus pride is hateful, dangerous and vile,  
 And shall itself at last itself beguile:  
 Thus pride is deadly sin, and sin brings shame,  
 Which here I leave to hell from whence it came.

**S**INCE the water of Ail Scots they are all chang'd  
 and gone,  
 Except brave Whitflade and Hardin,  
 And Satchels his estate is gone,  
 Except his poor designation,  
 Which never no man shall possess,  
 Except a Scot designed Satchels.

Therefore begone my book, stretch forth thy  
 wings and fly,  
 Amongst the nobles and gentility:  
 Thou'rt not to sell to scavengers and clowns,  
 But given to worthy persons of renown.

The number's few I've printed, in regard  
 My charges have been great, and I hope reward;  
 I caus'd not print many above twelve score,  
 And the printers are engag'd that they shall print  
 no more.





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# A P P E N D I X.

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## FAMILY OF BUCCLEUGH.

OUR Author having traced the descent of this honourable Family to the *Duke of Monmouth* (Part I. page 61.), we shall now, following *Douglas*, in his Peerage of Scotland, give the succession from that unfortunate nobleman to the present *Duke of Buccleugh*.

THE DUKE OF MONMOUTH was beheaded on Tower-hill the 15th July 1685, leaving issue by the Dutchess of Buccleugh four sons.

1. *Charles*, Earl of Doncaster, born in 1672, and died young. 2. *James*, born in 1674, who, after his father's attainder, was called Earl of Dalkeith, and carried on the line of this family. 3. *Henry*, born in 1676, created Earl of Doloraine. 4. *Francis*, born in 1678, and died young.

The Dutchess-dowager of Monmouth and Buccleugh, in 1688, married to Charles Lord Cornwallis, by whom she had a son, *George*, who died young,—and two daughters, 1. Lady *Anne*, who also died young. 2. Lady *Isabella*.

The Dutchess died in 1732, in the eighty-first year of her age.

JAMES, Earl of Dalkeith, son of the Duke of Monmouth, and Dutchess of Buccleugh, married Lady Henriet Hyde, daughter of Laurence Earl of Rochester, by whom he had three sons and two daughters.

1. *Francis*, his heir. 2. *James*, who died young. 3. *Henry*, who also died young.

His daughters, Lady *Anne* and Lady *Charlotte* died unmarried.

He was made knight of the thistle in 1703, and dying in 1704, was succeeded by his son,

FRANCIS, Earl of Dalkeith, who was made knight of the thistle in 1724, and succeeded to the honours and title of Duke of Buccleugh, upon the death of his grandmother, the Dutchess, *anno* 1732, and was chosen one of the sixteen Peers for Scotland to the next *British* Parliament.

In 1743, he was restored to two of the Duke of Monmouth's titles, by act of Parliament, *viz.* Earl of Doncaster, and Baron Scott of Tyndale, by which he became a British Peer.

In 1720, he married Lady Jane Douglas, daughter of James Duke of Queensberry, by whom he had two sons and three daughters.

1. *Francis*, Earl of Dalkeith. 2. *Charles*, who died unmarried at Oxford, in 1747.

1st daughter, Lady *Anne*. 2. Lady *Jane*. 3. Lady *Mary*.

He died 22d April 1751.

FRANCIS, Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of Francis Duke of Buccleugh, in 1742, married Lady Caroline Campbell, eldest daughter of John duke of Argyle; by whom he had four sons and two daughters.

1. *John*, Lord Whitechester, who died young. 2. *Henry*, the present Duke of Buccleugh. 3. *Campbell Scott*. 4. *James*, who died young.

1st. daughter, Lady *Caroline*. 2. Lady *Frances*, born after her father's death.

He died in April 1750, and was succeeded by his son.

HENRY, who succeeded also to his grandfather *anno* 1751, and is now Duke of Buccleugh, Earl of Dalkeith, Lord Whitechester, Baron Scott of Buccleugh and Eskdale, in Scotland; and a Peer of England by the titles of Baron Tyndale in Northumberland, and Earl of Doncaster in Yorkshire, &c.

In

In 1767, he married Lady Elizabeth Montague, daughter to the Duke of Montague, by whom he has two sons and four daughters.

1. Charles Earl of Dalkeith. 2. Lord Henry.  
 1st daughter, Lady Mary. 2. Lady Elizabeth. 3. Lady Caroline. 4. Lady Henriët.

## CHARACTER

OF

## HENRY, DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH.

**T**O give a just portrait of one that no longer exists is confessedly difficult. But fully to investigate the character of an illustrious and virtuous nobleman, the living ornament of his country, would be a task of still greater importance.—The editor, sensible of his inability to do justice to that character which all respect and admire, shall only, in compliance with his engagement to the public, endeavour to sketch a few of its outlines.

**THOUGH** the private virtues of his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh might be exhibited in beautiful colours, and held up for the imitation of the great; yet, passing these, we shall only take notice of a few things in his public character which are known facts, and will be allowed evidences of a good and generous heart.

**A PREDILECTION** for the country, and respect for the memory of his ancestors, soon discovered themselves in this great man; who, at a very early period, prov'd himself every way worthy of his illustrious descent.

His



HIS GRACE's attachment to Scotland is the more to be admired, when we reflect that England gave him birth and the principal part of his education, with an amiable partner for life—and that too ere he had well come of age. It was not till after the celebration of the nuptials that, with his consort, he visited this country.

HAVING fix'd his principal residence at Dalkeith, his Grace soon gave proofs of a steady friendship for Scotland, by affording the warmest support to her trade and manufactures; and by giving every aid to the establishment of a Bank, which, from its constitution, he was satisfied would be of public utility; as no doubt it would, had the principles of honour and œconomy been strictly adhered to. But, in the end, both he and the nation were much disappointed.

HIS GRACE, like a true patriot, hath ever been ready to avow his political sentiments, when duty or necessity required. Nor has he hitherto attached himself to any party, further than he believed their conduct consistent with the welfare of the State. We find him, upon various occasions, opposing the Minister, and exerting himself to counteract the schemes of those, who, by secret influence, endeavoured to clog the wheels of election,—depriving not only the commoners, but even the great men in the nation of the sacred right which nature has given, and the precious blessings which liberty bestows; and this too at a time when many of our nobles were yielding themselves the tools of a party, and joyfully embracing the gilded bait!

NOTWITHSTANDING his opposition to Ministers, his Grace withdrew not himself when the necessities of the state and the safety of the kingdom call'd for his aid. Then the heroic spirit of the ancient Scotts, and the bravery of the Lords of Buccleugh, were found still alive in the chief of that honourable name, and noble descendant of that illustrious family. To secure the peace of his country, and repel the  
threaten'd

threaten'd invasion of her perfidious foe, the patriotic SCOTT was seen at the head of a regiment raised by himself, and mostly composed of volunteers from his own estates, who, like the dependents of Buccleugh in every age, crowded to the standard of their chief,—not counting their blood to great a price for the liberty and prosperity of their country. Having been raised for the defence of Scotland alone, the *Southern Fencibles* never had an opportunity of signaling themselves in the field. While the regiment existed, his Grace, like a brave commander, was seldom absent from head quarters, always attentive to duty, and ever ready to share with his men in the hardships of the march or the camp. The falling tear, when the government order for disbanding the regiment was read, demonstrated, more forcibly than any words, the gratitude of the soldiers, and the regard they had for their commander; and his Grace's assurance of future friendship to such of them as might stand in need of his assistance, bespoke a generous and feeling heart, and prov'd affection to be reciprocal.

As a Superior, or Landlord, it will be found that the Duke of Buccleugh has indeed few equals. Under what great man are the tenants more wealthy, or of longer standing? The predecessors of some have occupied the same farms for centuries past. As a proof that all do well, none are inclin'd to remove. While the tenants rejoice in being under such a worthy nobleman, his Grace feels satisfaction in beholding their prosperity.—If at any time, on account of a numerous family or unforeseen calamity, a tenant has fallen behind with the world, his Grace hath ever been ready, not to oppress, but to provide for his necessities.

UNIVERSAL BENEVOLENCE will be allowed the presidency amongst the Christian graces. And where is there a brighter display of that virtue than in this great character? The nation can produce few equals. In this, his illustrious consort,  
the

the amiable Montague, may vie with him,—and to her who holds his heart his Grace will be proud to yield the laurel.—The Duke and Dutchess of Buccleugh think not, like many, that to see the poor daily thronging their gate detracts from their dignity. No; their constant practice demonstrates the joy they feel in relieving their fellow-creatures depress'd with poverty and bending under the infirmities of old age.—Ask the poor in and around Dalkeith, who it is that daily relieves their wants?—Ask the needy householder, from whom he receives his weekly aliment?—Ask the family suddenly overtaken with distress, or disappointments in trade, who answers their petitions? Each tongue will reply, “*The Duke;*” or, “*The Dutchess;*” and every heart join in imploring the blessings of heaven upon the noble pair and their promising offspring.

HAPPY would it be for Scotland, were all her nobility possess'd of those eminent virtues that appear in their Graces of Buccleugh. The nation might then rejoice, and the heart now press'd with the iron hand of poverty might exult, looking forward to more joyful days.

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*The following VERSES on his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh's Birth-day, copied from the Scots Magazine for 1767, we presume will not be unacceptable to the reader.*

WHERE Melrose fane in ruin'd beauty stands,  
 The work of pious and of impious hands,  
 Old Father TWEED from off his pebbly bed,  
 This morn, hoarse murmuring rais'd his watry head.

What means, my sons, with angry voice he cried,  
 This frantic riot that disturbs my tide?  
 Peaceful, tho' dull, for many years I've lain,  
 Unstain'd by lovers or by warriors slain;

But

But now my hills with joyful shouts resound,  
 And gladness revels o'er my classic ground.  
 My rural *Etrick*, see, in mantle gay,  
 With dancing pace comes on his shining way;  
 My tragic *Yarrow* casts his mournful weeds,  
 And like a masker trips it down the meads.

While here in calm forgetfulness I lay,  
 What shame to wake me with this antic fray?  
 For shame, my sons! Tell *Etrick*, *Yarrow* tell!  
 What rage, what phrensy, does your bosoms swell?

*Yarrow*, the rapture glowing in his eyes,  
 With speedy words thus to his fire replies.  
 Roll, Father *TWEED*! roll on your silver streams,  
 With double splendor shine in sunny beams,  
 To where the *Tiviot* down his pleasant dale  
 Makes haste to meet thee with a joyful tale.

A *SCOTT*, a Noble *SCOTT*! again appears,  
 The wish'd for blessing of thy hoary years!

Hark! how th' impetuous *Esk* in thunder roars!  
 Hark! how the foaming *Liddal* beats his shores!

A *SCOTT*, a *SCOTT*! triumphantly they cry!  
 A *SCOTT*, a *SCOTT*! a thousand hills reply!

The night is past, again the day's at hand,  
 To light this dark, and long deserted land.

Be glad ye hills! rejoice each living spring!  
 Ye Muses wake! and every Valley sing!

ILLUSTRIOUS YOUTH! trace back the rolls of fame,  
 Peruse the annals of thy warlike name;

Cull the best honours of thy noble race,  
 Join to *SCOTT*'s daring genius, *MONMOUTH*'s grace;

Add, if thou wilt, the strenuous *DOUGLAS*' ire,  
 And temper all with *CAMPBELL*'s patriot fire:

Yet 'midst the glories of thy princely line,  
 The virtues of humanity be thine!

Our hapless land in vain has long complain'd,  
 Of chiefs in syren bondage still detain'd:



Idly in courts who waste their tedious days,  
 Asleep alike to pleasure and to praise.  
 Break thou the charm! with merit all thine own,  
 Seek an untrodden path to high renown!

Be thine, Fair MONTAGUE, the gen'rous part,  
 To aid the purpose of a patriot heart.

Be this thy country! thou her pride and boast!

And full repay her the long years she's lost.

So shall the streamy South revere thy name,

And task her muses to exalt thy fame.

So shall kind Heaven in all propitious prove,

Preserve thy glory, and reward thy love.

TWEED-SIDE, Sept. 13. 1767.

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The following note was omitted on page 14. Part I. where Satchels tells us that the house of Hassendean was the most ancient branch from Scott of Buccleugh.

At what period the male line of this family failed we cannot certainly determine. But it is some time since the lands of Hassendean, which are extensive, returned, by purchase, to the family of Buccleugh. David Scott, the first that we find designed of Hassendean was eldest son of Sir Walter Scott of Kirkurd, who, in 1446, exchanged his lands of Murdieston for the lands of Branxholm, &c. as note on page 46, Part I. The family of Hassendean being now extinct the representation devolves to William Scott of Burnhead and Crowhill, as lineal male descendant of the first John Scott of Burnhead, younger brother of David of Hassendean, and second son to the above Sir Walter Scott of Kirkurd. Vide Douglas's Peerage, page 101.

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# M E M O I R S

OF THE

LIFE AND MILITARY SERVICES

O F

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL ELLIOT.

**S**IR GEORGE-AUGUSTUS ELLIOT, the brave and gallant defender of Gibraltar, is the son of the late Sir Gilbert Elliot, Bart. of Stobs, in Roxburghshire.—The ancient and honourable family of Elliot of Stobs, as well as the collateral branch of Elliot of Minto in the same county, and of Elliot of Port-Elliot in Cornwall, are originally from Normandy. Their ancestor, Mr Alliot, came over with William the Conqueror, and held a distinguished rank in his army. There is a traditional anecdote in the family, relating to an honourable distinction in their Coat of Arms, which, as it corresponds with history\*, bears the appearance of truth. When the Conqueror set foot on the English land, he stumbled and fell on the earth. He immediately sprung up and exclaimed, that it was a happy omen, he had embraced the country of which he was to become the sovereign. Upon this Alliot drew his sword, and swore by the honour of a soldier, that he would maintain, at the hazard of his blood, the right of his Lord to the sovereignty of the earth which he had embraced. On the event of conquest, William added to the arms of Alliot, which was a batten or, on a field azure, the arm and sword as a crest, with the motto, *Per saxa, per ignes, fortiter et recte.*

\* Hume's History of England.

Sir GILBERT ELLIOT of Stobs had nine sons and two daughters. The present General was the youngest son, and he is now the only surviving one. His eldest brother, Sir John, left the title and estate to his son the present Sir Francis Elliot, who is nephew to the General.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS ELLIOT was born about the year 1718, and received the rudiments of his education under a private tutor retained in the family. At an early age he was sent to the University of Leyden, where he made a rapid progress in classical learning, and spoke with elegance and fluency the German and French languages. Being designed for a military life, he was sent from thence to the celebrated *Ecole Royale du genie militaire*; at La Fere in Picardy. This school was the most famous in Europe, by means of the great Vauban by whom it was conducted. Here it was that the foundation was laid of that knowledge of tactics in all its branches, and particularly in the arts of engineering and fortification, which has since so greatly distinguished this Officer. He completed his military course on the continent by a tour, for the purpose of seeing in practice what he had studied in theory. Prussia was the model for discipline, and he continued sometime as a volunteer in that service. Such were the steps taken by the young men of fashion in that day, to accomplish themselves for the service of their country.

Mr ELLIOT returned in the 17th year of his age to his native country, Scotland; and was the same year, 1735, introduced by his father, Sir Gilbert, to Lieutenant-Colonel Peers of the 23d regiment of foot, then lying at Edinburgh, as a youth anxious to bear arms for his king and country. He was accordingly entered as a volunteer in that regiment and continued for a year or more. At this time he gave prelude of his future military talents, and showed that he was at least a *soldier au coeur*. From the 23d he went into the Engineer Corps at Woolwich, and made great progress in that study, until his uncle, Colonel Elliot,

Elliot, brought him in as Adjutant in the second troop of Horse Grenadiers. In this situation he conducted himself with the most exemplary attention, and laid the foundation of that discipline which has rendered these two troops the finest corps of heavy Cavalry in Europe; with these troops he went upon service to Germany in the war before last and was with them in a variety of actions. At the battle of Dittengen he was wounded. In this corps he first bought the rank of Captain and Major, and afterwards purchased the Lieutenant-Colonelcy from Colonel Brewerton, who succeeded to his uncle. On arriving at this rank he resigned his commission as an engineer, which he had enjoyed along with his other rank, and in which service he had been actively employed, very much to the advantage of his country. He had received the instructions of the famous Engineer Beltidor, and made himself completely master of the Science of Gunnery. Had he not disinterestedly resigned his rank in the Engineer department, he would now, by regular progression, have been at the head of that corps. Soon after this he was appointed Aid de-Camp to King George II. and was already distinguished for his military skill and discipline. In the year 1759, he quitted the second troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, being selected to raise, form, and discipline the first regiment of Light Horse, called after him, *Elliot's*. As soon as they were raised and formed, he was appointed to the command of the Cavalry in the expedition on the coasts of France, with the rank of Brigadier-General. After this he passed into Germany, where he was employed on the Staff, and greatly distinguished himself in a variety of movements, while his regiment displayed a strictness of discipline, an activity, and enterprize, which gained them signal honour.—From Germany he was recalled, for the purpose of being employed as second in command in the memorable expedition against the Havannah. It was possible to find an officer in the sunshine of the Court, to whom, under the patronage of a prince, the trappings of the chief command might be given; but an Elliot was wanted to act, as well as



an Albemarle to shine, and for him they were obliged to go to the dusty plains of Germany. The circumstances of that conquest are well known. It seems as if our brave veteran had always in his eye the gallant Lewis de Velasco, who maintained his station to the last extremity, and, when his garrison were flying from his side or falling at his feet, disdained to call for quarter, but fell gloriously—exercising his sword upon his conquerors.

THE reader will pardon the recital of a short anecdote, which occurred immediately after the reduction of that fortress, as it shows, that in the very heat and outrage of war, the General was not unmindful of the rights of humanity.—He was particularly eminent among the conquerors of the Havannah, for his disinterested procedure, and for his checking the horrors of indiscriminate plunder. To him therefore appeals were most frequently made. A Frenchman, who had suffered greatly by the depredations of the soldiery, made application to him, and begged, in bad English, that he would interfere to have his property restored. The petitioner's wife, who was present, a woman of great spirit, was angry at her husband for his intercession, and said, "Comment pouvez vous demander du grace a un homme qui vient vous depouiller? N'en esperez pas\*." The husband persisting in his application, his wife grew more loud in the censure, and said, "Vous n'etes pas François †!" The General, who was busy writing at the time, turned to the woman, and said, smiling, "Madam, ne vous echauffez pas, ce que votre mari demande lui sera acorde ‡."—"Oh faut-il pour surcroit de malheur," exclaimed the woman, "que le barbare parle le François §." The General was so very much pleased with the woman's spirit, that he not only procured them their pro-

\* How can you ask a favour from a man who comes to rob you? Do not hope for it. † You are not a Frenchman. ‡ Madam, don't put yourself in a passion, what your husband asks shall be granted him. § O what an addition to my misfortune, that the barbarian speaks French!

perty again, but also took pains to accommodate them in every respect. This has been through life the manly character of the General. If he would not suffer his soldiers, for the sake of plunder, to extend the ravages of war, he never impoverished them by unjust exactions. He would not consent that his Quarter-master's place should be sold, "not only," says he, "because I think it the reward of an honest veteran; but also because I could not exercise my authority in his dismissal should he behave ill."

ON the peace his gallant regiment was reviewed by the King, when they presented to his Majesty the standards which they had taken from the enemy. Gratified with their fine discipline and high character, the King asked General Elliot what mark of his favour he could bestow on his regiment equal to their merit. He answered, that his regiment would be proud, if his Majesty should think, that, by their services, they were entitled to the distinction of *Royals*. It was accordingly made a royal regiment, with this flattering title, "The 15th, or *King's* royal regiment of Light Dragoon's." At the same time the King expressed a desire to confer some honour on the General himself; but he declared, that the honour and satisfaction of his Majesty's approbation of his services was his best reward.

DURING the peace he was not idle. His great talents in the curious branches of the military art, gave him ample employment. In the year 1775, he was appointed to succeed General A'Court, as Commander in Chief of the forces in Ireland. But did not continue long in this station; not even so long as fully to unpack all his trunks; for, finding that interferences were made by authority derogatory of his own, he resisted the practice with becoming spirit; and, not chusing to disturb the government of that kingdom on a matter personal to himself, he solicited to be recalled, and accordingly was so,  
when

when he was appointed to the command of Gibraltar, in a fortunate hour for the safety of that important fortress.

THE gallant defence made by the General, against the united forces of France and Spain, during a blockade and siege for upwards of three years, is not equalled in the annals of Britain. The system of his life, as well as his education, peculiarly qualified him for this important trust. He is perhaps the most abstemious man of the age. His food vegetables and his drink water; seldom or never indulging himself in animal food nor wine. He never sleeps more than four hours at a time. So inured to habits of hardiness, that what is painful to other men is natural and easy to him. His wants easily supplied, and his watchfulness beyond precedent. His example had a most persuasive efficacy on the brave troops in the garrison. Like him, they regulated their lives by the strictest rules of discipline; and severe exercise with short diet became habitual to them by their own choice. The preparations which he made for his defence, were contrived with so much judgment, and executed with such address, that, with a handful of men, he defended that garrison against an attack which would have been sufficient to exhaust any common set of men. Collected within himself, he never spent his ammunition in useless parade or unimportant attacks. The cool intrepidity he discovered on the ever-memorable 13th of September 1782, when the grand attack was made by the enemy, with forty-four sail of the line, ten battering ships, five bomb-ketches, several gun and mortar boats, a large floating-battery, a number of armed vessels, and near three hundred boats constructed for carrying troops,—their land-batteries mounted with above one hundred pieces of canon, and an equal number of mortars and howitzers, with an army of near forty thousand men, procured him the approbation of every individual of his gallant troops, who were eye witnesses of his conduct, and who shared with him in the dangers and glory of the day: And the new-invented method by which he  
brought

brought destruction on that formidable force, and terminated the aspiring hopes of the enemy, will be recorded to the latest generations, to the immortal honour of the British arms, and the lasting glory of the intrepid Elliot.

SOON after this memorable event, both houses of Parliament voted an unanimous address of thanks to the General; and his Majesty conferred on him the honour of Knight of the Bath, with a pension of *L. 1500 per annum*, during his own life, and that of his son.

THE General continues Governor of Gibraltar; where it is thought he will remain till the works now going forward, under his direction, tending to strengthen that fortress, are completed.

THOUGH he is now in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and has spent a great part of his life in severe discipline in sultry climates, and in hard struggles for the honour of his king and country, his temperate living has procured him a good state of health, and preserved his looks with great freshness.

GENERAL ELLIOT married a sister of the present Sir Francis Drake; by whom he has a son, at present Lieutenant-Colonel in the Inniskilling Dragoons; and a daughter, married to Mr Fuller of Bayley Park in Sussex. His Lady died about seventeen years ago.





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