

# TALES

OF THE

## WARS OF MONTROSE.

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BY JAMES HOGG, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S WAKE."

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## WAT PRINGLE O' THE YAIR.

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ON Thursday evening, the 11th of September, 1645, Walter Pringle, an old soldier, came to the farm-house of Fauldshape, then possessed by Robert Hogg, and tapping at the window, he called out, "Are ye waukin, Robin?"

"No, I think hardly," said Robin. "But ance I hae rubbit my een an considered a wee bit, I'll tell ye whether I'm waking or no. But wha is it that's so kind as to speer?"

"An auld friend, Robin, an' ane that never comes t'ye wi' a new face. But, O Robin, bestir yoursel, for it's mair than time. Your kye are a' gane an' a good part o' your sheep stock, an your son Will's on

in the bed where he used to lie, an' a' is in outer confusion."

"Deel's i' the body. Did ever any mortal hear sic a story as that? Wha are ye ava?"

"It's me, Robin, it's me."

"Oo, I dare say it is, I hae little doubt o' that; but who me is, that's another question. I shall soon see, however."

By this time Robin was hurrying on his clothes, and opening the door, there he found Wat Pringle leaning on the window sill;—he asked him what was the matter.

"O Robin, Robin! ye hae been lying snorkin' an' sleepin' there, little thinkin' o' the judgement that's come ower ye! That bloody monster Montrose, for whom we were a' obliged to gang into mourning for, an' keep a fast day. That man wha has murdered more than a hunder thousand good Protestant Christians, is come wi' his great army o' Irish an' highland papists, an' they hae

laid down their leaguer at the head o' Phillip-haugh there, down aneith ye, an' the hale country is to be herried stoop an' roop; an' as your's is ane o' the nearest farms, they hae begun wi' you. Your kyes a' gane, for I met them an' challenged them; and the reavers speered gin the beasts were mine, an' I said they were not but they were honest Robin Hogg's, a man that could unco ill afford to lose them. 'Well, let him come to head-quarters to-morrow,' said one, 'and he shall be paid for both them and the sheep in good hard gold.'

" 'In good hard steel you mean, I suppose,' said I, 'as that is the way Montrose generally pays his debts.'

" 'And the best way too for a set of whining rebel covenanters,' said he.

" 'We are obliged to you for your kind and generous intentions, captain,' says I. 'There is no doubt but that men must have meat, if it is to be got in the coun-

try. But I can tell you, that you will not find a single friend in all this country except Lord Traquair. He's the man for you. But surrounded as he is wi' true covenanters, he has very little power; therefore the sooner ye set off to the borders o' the popish an' prelatie countries, it will be the better for ye.'

“ ‘Perhaps you are not far in the wrong, old carl,’ said he; ‘I suspect every man in this country for a rebel and a traitor.’

“ ‘You do not know where you are, or what you are doing,’ said I; for I wanted to detain him, always thinking your son Will would come to the rescue. ‘You have only fought with the Fife baillies and their raw militia, an' the northern lowlanders, wha never could fight ony. But, Billy, ye never fought the true borderers! ye never crossed arms wi' the Scotts, the Pringles, the Kers, and the Elliots, an' a hunder mae sma' but brave clans. Dear man! ye see that I'm nothing

but an auld broken down soldier ; but I'm a Pringle, and afore the morn at noon, I could bring as mony men at my back as would cut your great papish army a' to ribbons.'

“ ‘ Well said, old Pringle !’ said he ; ‘ and the sooner you bring your army of borderers the better. I shall be most happy to meet with you.’

“ ‘ And now you know my name is auld Wat Pringle,’ said I, ‘ gin we meet again, wha am I to speer for ?’

“ ‘ Captain Nisbet,’ said he, ‘ or Sir Philip Nisbet, any of them you please. Good b'ye, old Pringle.’ And now Robin, it is in vain to pursue the kye, for they're in the camp, an a' slaughtered by this time ; it was on the top of Carterhaugh-Cants that I met wi' them, an' the sodgers war just deeing for sheer hunger. But, O man, I think the sheep might be rescued by a good dog. Where in the world is your son Will ?”

“O, after the hizzies, I dare say. But if he had kend there had been ony battling asteer, the lasses might hae lien their lanes for him the night. But I’ll gang an’ look after my kye ; an gie in my claim, for there will be mae claims than mine to gie in the night. Foul fa’ the runnagate papish lowns, for I thought they had gane up Te-viotdale.”

“Sae we a’ thought, Robin ; but true it is, that there they are landit this afternoon, and the mist has been sae pitch dark, that the Selkirk folks never kend o’ them till the troopers came to the cross. But it seems that he is rather a discreet man, that Montrose, for he wadna’ let his foot soldiers, his Irish, an’ highlanders, come into Selkirk at a’, for fear o’ plundering the hale town, but sent them down by Hearthope-Burn, an’ through at the fit o’ the Yarrow ; an’ there they lie in three divisions, wi’ their faces to the plain, an’ their backs to the river an’ the forest, sae



that whaever attacks them, maun attack them face to face. Their general an' his horsemen, who pretend a' to be a kind o' gentlemen, are lying in Selkirk."

"O, plague on them! they are the blackest sight ever came into the forest. Ye never brought a piece of as bad news a' your days as this, Wat Pringle. I wadnae wonder that they lay in that strong place until they eat up every cow and sheep in Ettrick Forest, an' then what's to become o' us a'. Wae be to them for a set o' greedy hallions. I wish they were a' o'er the Cairn o' Mount again."

"But Robin Hogg, an' ye can keep a secret, I can tell you ane o' the maist extraordinary that you ever heard a' the days o' your life, but mind it is atween you an' me, and ye're no to let it o'er the tap o' your tongue afore the morn at twal o'clock."

"O, that's naething! I'll keep it a month if it's of any consequence."

“ Weel ye see as I was coming doiting up aneath Galashiels this afternoon, among the mist which was sae dark that I could hardly see my finger afore me,—it was sae dark that I was just thinking to mysel it was rather judgment like awsome, and that Providence had some great end to accomplish, for it was really like the Egyptian darkness, ‘darkness which might be felt.’ An’ as I was gaun hingin down my head, an’ thinkin what convulsion was next to break out in this terrible time o’ bloodshed an’ slaughter,—God be my witness if I didna hear a roar and a sound coming along the ground, that gart o’ the hairs on my head creep, for I thought it was a earthquake, an’ I fand the very yird dinnling aneath my feet, an’ what should I meet on the instant but a body o’ cavalry coming at full trot, an’ a’ mountit in glittering armour, an’ wi’ the darkness o’ the mist the horses an’ men lookit twice as big an’ tall as

they were. I never saw a grander like sight a' my life. 'Halt!' cried the captain of the vanguard. 'Hilloa! old man, come hither! Are you a scout or watcher here?'

" 'No, I am neither,' said I.

" 'Be sure of what you say,' returned he, 'for we have cut down every man whom we have met in this darkness, and, with our general's permission, I must do the same with you.'

" 'Hout, man!' says I again, 'ye'll surely not cut down an auld broken soldier gaun seekin' his bread?'

" 'Then if you would save your life, tell me instantly where Montrose and his army are lying?'

" 'But I maun first ken whether I'm speaking to friends or foes,' said I, 'for I suspect that you are Montrose's men, an' if you be, you will find yoursels nae very welcome guests in this country; an' I hae been ower lang a soldier to set my life at

a bawbee, when I thought my country or religion was in danger.'

" 'So you have been a soldier then?'

" 'That I hae to my loss! I was in the Scottish army all the time it was in England, and for a' the blood that was shed we might as weel hae staid at hame.'

" 'And are you a native of this district?'

" 'Yes, I am. I am standing within a mile of the place where I was born and bred.'

" 'Oho! then you may be a valuable acquaintance. Allow me to conduct you to our general.'

" The regiments passed us, and I might be deceived by the mist, but I think there might be about ten thousand of them, the finest soldiers and horses I ever saw. The general was riding with some gentlemen in front of the last division, and whenever I saw him I knew well the intrepid and stern face of Sir David Lesly. I made a

soldier's obeisance, and a proud man I was when he recognised me, and named me at the very first. He then took me aside, and asked if I could tell him in what direction Montrose was lying?

“ ‘ He's lying within three Scot's miles o' you, general,' said I. ‘ I can speak out freely now, for I ken I'm among friends. But strange to say you have turned your back on him, and have gone clean by him.’

“ ‘ I know that,' said he; ‘ but I have taken this path to avoid and cheat the Earl of Traquair's outposts, whose charge it is, I understand, to watch every road leading towards the army; but of course would never think of guarding those that led by it.’ He then took out a blotch of a plan which he had made himself from some information he had got about Lothian, and asked me a hundred questions, all of which I answered to the point, and at last said, ‘ Well, Pringle, you must meet me at the

Lindean church to-morrow before the break of day, for I have not a man in my army acquainted with the passes of the country, and your punctual attendance may be of more benefit to the peace and reformed religion of Scotland than you can comprehend.'

“ ‘ I'll come, General Lesly, I'll come,' said I, ‘ if God spare me life an' health; an' I'll put you on a plan too by which yon army o' outlandish papishes will never be a morsel to you. We hae stood some hard stoures thegither afore now, general, an' we'll try another yet. In the meantime, I maun gang ower the night, an' see exactly how they're lying.' An' here I am, sae that ye see, Robin, there will be sic a day on that haugh-head the morn as never was in Ettrick forest sin' the warld stood up. Aih mercy on us, what o' bloody bouks will be lying hereabouts or the morn at e'en !”

“ Wat Pringle, ye gar my heart grue, to think about brethren man-

gling an' butchering ane another in this quiet an' peaceable wilderness! I wonder where that great bloustering blockhead, my son Will, can be. Sorra that he had a woman buckled on his back, for he cannae bide frae them either night or day. If he kenn'd General Lesly were here, he wad be at him before twal o'clock at night. He rode a' the way to Carlisle to get a smash at the papishes, and a' that he got was a bloody snout. He's the greatest ram-stam gomerall that I ever saw, for de'il hae't he's feared for under the sun. Hilloa! here he comes, like the son of Nimshi. Whaten a gate o' riding's that, ye fool?"

"Oh, father, is this you? Are you an' auld Wat gaun down to join Montrose's army? Twa braw sodgers ye'll make."

"Better than ony headlong gowk like yōu. But I'm gaun on a mair melancholy subject: they have, it seems, driven a' our kye to the camp."

“ Ay, an’ cuttit them a’ into collops lang syne. I followed an’ agreed wi’ them about the price, an’ saw our bonny beasts knocked down, and a great part o’ them eaten afore the life was weel out o’ them.”

“ De’il be i’ their greedy gams! We’re ruined, son Will! we’re ruined! What will Harden say to us? Ye said ye had made a price wi’ them: did ye get any o’ their siller?”

“ D’ye think I was to come away wanting it? I wad hae foughten every mother’s son o’ them afore I had letten them take my auld father’s kye for nothing. But indeed they never offered—only they were perishing o’ hunger, an’ coudna be put aff.”

“ Come, now, tell us a’ about the army, Will?” said Pringle. “ Are they weel clad and weel armed?”

“ Oo ay, they’re weel clad an’ weel armed, but rather ill off for shoon. Ilka



man has a sword an' a gun, a knapsack an' a durk."

"And have they ony cannons?"

"Ay, a kind o' lang sma' things; no like the Carlisle cannons though; and ye never saw ony thing sae capitally placed as they are. But nae thanks to them, for they were trenches made to their hand by some of the auld black Douglasses, an' they hae had naething ado but just to clear them out a bit. Sae they hae a half-moon on the hill on each side, an' three lines in the middle, with impervious woods an' the impassable linns of the Yarrow close at their backs, whether they lose the battle or win the battle, they are safe there."

"Dinna be ower sure, Willie, till ye see. But think ye they haenae gotten haud o' none o' your father's sheep?"

"O, man, I hae a capital story to tell you about that. Ye see when I was down at the lines argle-bargaining about

my father's kye, I sees six highlanders gaun sthraight away for our hill, an' suspecting their intent, I was terribly in the fidgets, but the honest man, their commissary, handit me the siller, an' without counting it I rammed it into my pouch, an' off I gallops my whole might; but afore I won Skeilshaugh they had six or eight scores -o' my father's wedders afore them, and just near the Newark swire, I gae my hand ae wave, an' a single whistle wi' my mou' to my dog Ruffler, an' off he sprang like an arrow out of a bow, an' quickly did he reave the highlanders o' their drove, he brought them back out through them like corn through a riddle, springing ower their shoulders. I was like to dee wi' laughin' when I saw the bodies rinnin' bufflin' through the heather in their philabegs. They were sae enraged at the poor animal, that two or three o' them fired at him, but that put him far madder, for he thought they

were shooting at hares, an' ran yauffin an' whiskin' an' huntin' till he set a' the sheep ower the hill, rinnin' like wild deers, an' the hungry highlanders had e'en to come back wi' their fingers i' their mouths. But the Scotts an' the Pringles are a' rising with one consent to defend their country, an' there will be an awfu' stramash soon."

"Maybe sooner than ye think, Willie Hogg," said Pringle.

"For goodness' sake, haud your tongue," cried Robin, "an' dinna tell Will ought about yon, else he'll never see the morn at e'en; an' I canna do verra weel wantin him, gowk as he is. Come away hame, callant; our house may need your strong arm to defend it afore the morn."

Will did as his father bade him, and Wat Pringle, who was well known to every body thereabouts, went over to the town of Selkirk to pick up what information he could. There he found the townsmen

in the utmost consternation, but otherwise all was quiet, and not a soul seemed to know of General Lesly's arrival in the vicinity. After refreshing himself well, he sauntered away down to the Lindean kirk before the break of day, and as soon as he went over Brigland hill, his ears were saluted by an astounding swell of sacred music, which at that still and dark hour of the morning had a most sublime effect. Lesly's whole army had joined in singing a psalm, and then one of their chaplains, of whom they had plenty, said a short prayer.

Lesly was rejoiced when Wat Pringle was announced, and even welcomed him by shaking him by the hand, and instantly asked how they were to proceed. "I can easily tell you that, General," said Wat, "they are lying wi' their backs close to the wood on the linns o' Yarrow, an' they will fire frae behind their trunks in perfect safety, an' should ye break them up they

will be in ae minute's time where nane o' your horse can follow them, sae that ye maun bring them frae their position, an' then hae at them. Gie me the half o' your troops an' your best captain at the head o' them, and I'll lead them by a private an' hidden road into the rear o' the Irish an' Highlanders' army, while ride you straight on up the level haugh. Then, as soon as you hear the sound of a bugle frae the Harehead-wood answer it with a trumpet, and rush on to the battle. But by the time you have given one or two fires sound a retreat, turn your backs and fly, and then we will rush into their strong trenches, and then between our two fires they are gone every mother's son of them."

Now I must tell the result in my own way and my own words, for though that luckless battle has often been described it has never been truly so, and no man living knows half so much about it as I do. My grandfather, who was born

in 1691, and whom I well remember, was personally acquainted with several persons about Selkirk who were eye-witnesses of the battle of Philliphaugh. Now, though I cannot say that I ever heard him recount the circumstances, yet his son William, my uncle, who died lately at the age of ninety-six, has gone over them all to me times innumerable, and pointed out the very individual spots where the chief events happened. It was at the Lingly Burn where the armies separated, and from thence old Wat Pringle, well mounted on a gallant steed, led off two thousand troopers up Phillhope, over at the Fowls-hiel's swire, and then by a narrow and difficult path through the Hare-head wood. When they came close behind Montrose's left wing, every trooper tied his horse to a bush and sounded the bugle which was answered by Lesly's trumpets. This was the first and only warning which the troops of Montrose got of the approach of

their powerful enemy. The men were astonished. They had begun to pack up for a march, and had not a general officer with them, while Lesly's dragoons were coming up Philliphaugh upon them at full canter three lines deep. They however hurried into their lines, and the two wings into platoons, and kneeling behind their breast-works, received the first fire of the cavalry in perfect safety, which they returned right in their faces, and brought down a good number of both troopers and horses. Lesly's lines pretended to waver and reel, and at the second fire from the Highlanders, they wheeled and fled. Then the shouts from Montrose's lines made all the hills and woods ring, and flinging away their plaids and guns, they drew their swords and pursued down the haugh like madmen, laughing and shouting "Kilsythe for ever!" They heard indeed some screams from the baggage behind the lines, but in that moment of ex-

citation regarded them not in the least. This was occasioned by Wat Pringle and his two thousand troopers on foot rushing into the enemy's trenches and opening a dreadful fire on their backs, while at the same time General Lesly wheeled about and attacked them in front. The fate of the day was then decided in a few minutes. The men thus inclosed between two deadly fires were confounded and dismayed, for the most of them had left their arms and ammunition behind them, and stood there half naked with their swords in their hands. Had they rushed into the imperious recesses of the Harehead wood, they would not only have been freed from any possible pursuit, but they would have found two thousand gallant steeds standing tied all in a row, and they might all have escaped. But at that dreadful and fatal moment they espied their General coming galloping up the other side of the Ettrick at the head of three hundred cavalry,



mostly gentlemen. This apparition broke up David Lesly's lines somewhat, and enabled a great body of the foot to escape from the sanguine field, but then they rushed to meet Montrose,—the very worst direction they could take; yet this movement saved his life, and the lives of many of his friends. The men in the trenches fled to the wood for their horses. Lesly, with his left battalion, galloped to the Mill-ford to intercept Montrose, so that the field at that time was in considerable confusion. Montrose, seeing his infantry advancing at a rapid pace in close column, hovered on the other side of the river till they came nigh, and then rushing across, he attacked the enemy first with carabines, and then sword in hand. A desperate scuffle ensued here,—Montrose, by the assistance of his foot behind, forced his way through Lesly's army, with the loss of about a hundred of his brave little band, and soon reached the forest,

where every man shifted for himself, the rallying point being Traquair. But here the remainder of the foot suffered severely before they could gain the wood.

Mr. Chambers, who has written by far the best and most spirited description of this battle hitherto given, has been some way misled by the two Reverend Bishops, Guthrie and Wishart, on whose authority his narrative is principally founded. He insinuates, nay, if I remember aright, avows boldly that Montrose reached his army in time, and fought at their head with a part of his gentlemen cavalry. No such thing.—His army was to all intents and purposes broken ere he got in sight of it; his camp and baggage taken, and his foot surrounded without either guns or ammunition. It may be said, and will be said, that my account is only derived from tradition. True; but it is from the tradition of a people to whom every circumstance and every spot

was so well known, that the tradition could not possibly be incorrect; and be it remembered that it is the tradition of only two generations of the same family. As I said, my grandfather knew personally a number of eye-witnesses of the battle, and I well remember him, although it was his son, my uncle, who was my principal authority, who pointed out all the spots to me, and gave us the detail when he sung "The Battle of Philliphaugh," which was generally every night during winter. I therefore believe that my account is perfectly correct, or very nearly so.

The short detail of the matter is thus. Montrose was lying in Selkirk with five hundred gallant cavalry, judging that he was there in the way of any danger which might approach his camp, although he knew of none and as little suspected any, and it was the first volley from his own little platoon at the corner of the

Harehead wood (where their half-moon trench remains visible and little changed to this day) which first apprised him of his mortal danger. He instantly caused the trumpet to be sounded and tried all that he could to collect his drowsy friends, but hearing the firing increase, he lost patience and set off full speed at the head of about three hundred, leaving two hundred and thirty behind to come as they might. These at length followed on the same track, and were taken prisoners every man of them, and were all either murdered off-hand or hanged and beheaded except three. Wat Pringle begged the life of one, a Mr. Scott, of Walle, who had joined the royal army with twenty troopers three days before. Lesly granted it, but warned old Pringle not to be very forward in such requests.

No surprise could be more complete nor more extraordinary, but so it was; for the truth is that the bloody Montrose, as he

was called, was both dreaded and detested in the lowlands, and had not one friend beside the Earl of Traquair and this Mr. Scott of Walle. What could tempt him to join in such a mad campaign is inscrutable, but it must have been from some principle of wild veneration for the royal house of Stuart, for his son also engaged in the rebellion of 1715.

It is painful to detail the end of this fatal and disastrous fray, the last and only battle fought in Ettrick Forest for centuries. The retreating infantry were led by Duncan Stewart, of Sherglass, a cadet of Lord Napier's, and a brave and bold veteran, but who, flying at random without knowing a foot of the country, found himself assailed by Lesly's troopers and was obliged to take shelter in an old circular Danish or Pictish camp, at a place called Old Wark, a very little to the eastward of the famous castle of Newark. He had a redoubt on the

one side, a thicket on the other, and a great dilapidated drystone wall all around him. Here he was surrounded by Lesly's dragoons and summoned to surrender. Mr. Stewart went out to Lesly, and proffered to surrender himself and his men prisoners of war, provided their lives were spared, otherwise they would fight until there was not a man of them left. It is supposed, with some probability, that Lesly was not over fond of seven hundred desperate men and veterans bursting upon his ranks with sharp swords in their hands; he therefore said, with a grave face and his well known duplicity of character, that he had not the power of granting a free pardon to rebels against the state, but their lives should be spared until they were tried. On this assurance the men yielded, came out of their fold and piled their arms on each side of the door. They were then put into the dungeon vault of Newark Castle until Lesly asked counsel of the Lord, as he

termed it. The army assembled in the castle yard and joined in singing a psalm of praise and triumph, and then first one divine returned thanks for the victory, and then another, each of them concluding by asking counsel of God concerning the troublers of Israel now in the hands of his own people. But, alas! they did not only ask counsel but they pronounced judgment. For they alluded in inveterate terms to the torrents of covenanting blood unrelentingly shed by these cursed sons of Belial within the last six months, as also to the destruction of the Amalekites and of the whole kindred, priests and followers of Ahab, by the express commandment of the Almighty.

Thus the men's doom was sealed. They were conducted to a field a little to the eastward of the castle, where they were surrounded by the steel-clad bands of the covenant on foot, and desired to prepare

for death, for they had just five minutes to do so. Stewart expostulated vehemently with Lesly on the injustice of the sentence, and charged him on his honour as a soldier to keep his word with them and grant them a reprieve until they had a fair trial.

“You have been tried already, Sir,” said Lesly churlishly; “and that at a higher tribunal than any on earth; the Eternal God hath doomed you to death for wantonly shedding the blood of his saints. You have all been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and every one of the murdering wretches shall suffer on the spot, save yourself, whom I shall keep for a more ignominious death, for since you are so fond of standing a trial I shall keep you to be hanged.”

Lesly was as good as his word in both respects, for these seven hundred soldiers were all slaughtered on the spot, and left lying until the country people were obliged to bury them in pits some time afterwards.



About five hundred of them were Irishmen, brave fellows ; the rest were highlanders, save a very few Annandalians. The whole of the women, children, and camp attendants were likewise indiscriminately slaughtered, one woman only with her child escaping. This was horrible ! But I think in the slaughter of the soldiers Lesly has been more held up to obloquy than there was good reason for. Be it remembered that Montrose and his followers, in all their battles, never gave any quarter, but slaughtered on as long as they could find a man, until generally, with perhaps the exception of a few well mounted troopers, they annihilated the armies opposed to them. Now what is the great difference, pray, of slaughtering thousands of men running with their backs towards you, and the more summary way of surrounding them and shooting and stabbing them all dead at once. Whole quarries of these men's mouldering bones have been

found in my own remembrance. The place is denominated, "the slain men's lea." Mr. Chambers likewise says, that forty of the wives and children belonging to these hapless Irish soldiers were thrown over the bridge of the Avon near Linlithgow, and drowned. How so many of them could have reached West Lothian I cannot conceive. But the cause why I mention it is, that Sir Walter Scott once told me that it was from the old bridge of the Yarrow that they were thrown, and likewise mentioned his authority, which I have forgot, but it was a letter, and the date of the transaction proved it.

Having formerly mentioned *eye-witnesses*, it may naturally be surmised that of a battle fought so early in the morning, and of such short duration, there could be but few of these. There were many. The woody path and Hauden hill were covered with spectators little after the sun rising, and on the top of Bowhill too there

were several hundreds, from all of which places every evolution of the battle was seen. Among the latter group I am sorry to say there were many of my ancestors, who were the most active in waylaying Montrose's stragglers, scarcely one of whom they suffered to escape, as they knew all the fords and passes. All of these they brought prisoners to David Lesly, after robbing them, to share the fate of their companions. Perhaps the cutting of their fine cows into collops might partly instigate this vengeance, but the truth is, that Montrose, his kerns, his motives, and his principles were perfectly detested as well as dreaded in Ettrick Forest, and this system of utter extermination was not at all disapproved of. Indeed, several of the parishes and communities held days of thanksgiving to heaven for its singular and visible interference in their favour; as the darkness and density of the mist had been

prodigious, such as had never been witnessed by any living.

This account of mine is wholly from tradition,—from the accounts given me by my mother and uncle; but I have not the least doubt of its correctness, and from all I have heard I am obliged flatly to contradict another instance harped upon in all the histories relating to that period. It is said, that it was owing to the treachery of the Earl of Traquair that this extraordinary surprise was effected. The contrary was believed over all this country. It is said that he withdrew his son, Lord Linton, and his troop of horse from Philliphaugh on the eve before the battle. This is true—literally true. But for what purpose? To guard all the passes leading toward the army, they being the only men there who knew any thing about the country. He placed a strong party at a pass called Clovenford, another on Minch-moor, another on

Shilling-law, a place which I do not know, strange to say, but it must have changed its name, and a fourth at Paddock Slacks, but naturally enough, and any man would have fallen into the same error, never thought of placing one on the road to Melrose. These are from the authority of a very old man named Adam Tod, than whom I never met with one better versed in the historical traditions of the district. The following is a tradition related over the whole country, and which I know to be a literal fact.

Traquair, finding that he could not induce his vassals to rise heartily in the royal cause, arose before day on Saturday morning, the 13th of September, and with only one attendant, a smith of the name of Brodie, set out over Minch-moor to visit Montrose, and as he could not bring his promised complement of men, he filled a portmanteau of silver coin to enable the general to recruit for himself, and got it

fastened on behind the smith. On going up the hill he hailed one of his own videttes and asked if the roads were all clear? They assured him they were, and that there was not an enemy within twenty miles. So he and the smith rode on, until after going over the height about half a mile, the battle of Philliphaugh began. The smith had been at the battle of Kilsythe, and as soon as he heard the first fire he swore a great oath that there was the commencement of a battle. The Earl laughed heartily at him and remarked that the thing was impossible, as his own son and his own people were watching all the passes, and that for his own part he did not believe there was an enemy within fifty miles. "It is nothing more," his lordship added, "than Montrose's officers exercising their new recruits." The smith, however, continued to aver with many an oath that it was an engagement, and a serious one too ; but no asseveration would

convince the Earl. The two rode until they came to the place where the village of Yarrowford now stands, where they saw the foremost of the flyers coming up on them full speed. They were confounded, not knowing in the least what had happened, nor what party it was; and it is supposed to this day that as there were only ten riders in view, his lordship believed that it was a party of countrymen gathered to seize him and his treasure. However, they thought proper to turn and fly with all the speed at which horse-flesh could carry them. The Earl being a heavy stout man, durst not lay his horse's head to the hill of Minch-moor, but kept the vale of the Yarrow, plunging through one ford after another.

Montrose and the main body of the flying remnant took the Minch-moor road, but some others perceiving the Earl and his attendant speeding up the valley, and thinking they were of their own party,

pursued in the same direction. The Earl was now hard put to it, and was obliged to change horses with the smith three times; and on passing Lewing's hope, as my uncle's narrative went, and getting for a space out of sight of his pursuers, he caused the smith to throw the bag of money into a small lake, judging it safer there than with them, as it might fall into an enemy's hands, and moreover it was galling the horse terribly.

The Earl saw no more of his pursuers, but he never drew bridle until he reached Craig of Douglas, one of his own farms, where he rested till the twilight and then rode home, after sending the farmer and the smith to reconnoitre, so that he could not possibly be at home when Montrose and his party of fugitives called there, as the two reverend bishops both insinuate; while other historians have followed them, without ever enquiring into the improbability and utter absurdity of the accusation,



that Traquair betrayed the royal army ! I must therefore say a little more about this before proceeding with my narrative.

If those who accuse the great and good Lord Traquair of ingratitude and falsehood to his generous sovereign, who had by degrees raised him from a poor knight to be one of the greatest and richest peers of the realm, only knew the circumstances of the case as well as I do, they would be ashamed of the insinuation. They may say, the local traditions of a country are not to be depended on. I say they are. But granting that they are not, facts are stubborn proofs "an' downa be disputed", and this is one of them, that Traquair's attachment to King Charles's cause alone, and his expenses both public and private, forced him to dispose of two-thirds of the finest earldom in Scotland. And was he not by Cromwell subjected to a ruinous fine, the highest in the kingdom, because of his constant and steady attachment to royalty?

But to crown the matter and put it beyond farther dispute, he the next year but one raised a regiment of a thousand cavalry, while his son, Lord Linton, raised a company all equipped at their own expense, with whom they marched into England to attempt the rescue of Charles. Now, would any man in his right senses betray the cause of his master one year and the next venture his life and fortune, his only son's life, and the lives of all his farmers and vassals for the sake of that same master? It carries absurdity and contradiction on the very front of it. And dearly the expedition cost him; for his followers were sorely cut up at the battle of Preston, and both he and his son taken prisoners. The young man was ransomed on the plea of being obliged to obey his father's behests, but the old Earl was sent under a strong guard to Warwick Castle, where he was closely confined for four years and a half, a sure sign that Cromwell both

dreaded and hated him. He was then set at liberty, but what with expenses, fines, and imprisonment, quite ruined in his circumstances and broken hearted for the fate of his royal master.

If all these arguments should fail to acquit this great and good nobleman of perfidy and vacillation, hear what the noble Lord Clarendon says of him,—and I cannot quote better authority, excepting only my own informers, to whom every circumstance was as well known as if it had happened the day before, and always related without the least variation. “He was,” says Clarendon, “without doubt not inferior to any in that nation in wisdom and dexterity; and though he was often provoked by the insolence of some of the bishops to a dislike of their over-much fervour and too little discretion, his integrity to the king was without blemish, and his affection to the church so notorious, that he never deserted it till both it and he were

trode under foot, and they who were the most notorious persecutors of it, never left persecuting him to the death.”

After this long disquisition, I must return to Traquair's bag of money again, the history of which is as curious as any part of the tradition. The smith came over shortly after in search of it, but blacksmiths are not the best markers of the localities of a country, especially of a strange one; and owing to the confusion of the chase, he was completely bamboozled and could not know by a mile where the treasure was deposited. He got the people of Lewingshope, then a considerable village, to help him, but they having seen flyers riding up every glen and ridge that day, could not tell which way he and the Earl had passed. They drained two stagnant pools on the west side of the burn by which the natives had seen two gentlemen riding, but they found nothing. Long and diligent search was made but to no

purpose. The smith followed his lord into England and never returned, and what became of the bag of money remained a mystery.

But more than a hundred years after that period, a little flat shallow lake at the side of the old Finnieshaugh was drained for the purposes of agriculture, and just about the middle of the spot which the lake occupied numbers of old silver coins are ploughed up to this day. Some were put into my hand lately which a girl found lying together as she was hoeing potatoes. They were coins of Elizabeth and James, some of the size of a half crown, and some of a shilling, but thinner. I gave some of them to Sir Walter Scott shortly before his last illness. He knew them well enough, and did not value them farther than as a proof of the tradition relating to the Earl of Traquair. I have no doubt that the whole or a great part of that treasure might be recovered,

which has never been attempted. Sir Walter sent James Bryden a beautiful book, with a request to look for more of the coins on the same spot. They are no way injured. The one pool which the smith drained was about a quarter of a mile from this, and the other only about half that distance. Thus far local tradition carries me, and no farther, regarding this bloody scene, and hitherto my tale may be regarded as perfectly authentic. •

I said there was only one girl and a child suffered to escape from Montrose's camp, which was owing to her youth and singular beauty, so that the whole corps, officers and men, were unanimous in saving her. She retired into the Harehead wood with the child in her arms, weeping bitterly. Old Wat Pringle, who now repented grievously the hand he took in this ruthless business, kept his eye on the girl, and followed in the same direction shortly

after. He found her sitting on a grey stone suckling the baby, always letting the tears drop upon his chubby cheek, and kissing them off again.

“I’m feared, poor woman, that ye’ll find but cauld quarters here,” said Wat; “ye had better gang away through to Selkirk, an’ get some bit snug corner for you an’ your bit bairnie. If ye hae nae siller I’ll gie ye some, for I’m no that scarce the night, an’ as I hae nae muckle need o’t I’ll blithely share it wi’ you.”

“I thank you kindly, honest man,” said she, “but I have some money, only there is such a rage against our people in this quarter, that neither woman nor child is a moment safe from outrage and murder. I dare not for my life go to Selkirk, nor show my face any where. But if you could procure me any thing to eat, I would try to hide myself in this forest until the confusion and wrath of the country be somewhat abated, and then I

might find my way home to my own country."

"Sae ye're no o' this country then? I heard by your tongue, at the very first, that ye warnae a lassie o' this country. Where may your country be?"

"Far from this!" and she shook her head, as if forbidding any further inquiry.

"Poor womân! I'm sure my heart's sair for ye! But what in the world tempted you to follow the camp sae far on sic a mad expedition as this?"

"I did not follow the camp; I was living here, and came only last night to see and speak with my husband, and I have not seen him; and alas! I shall never see him again!"

"But then, cannot you go back to the friends you were living with?"

"No, something of such an atrocious nature occurred to me there, that there I can never go again. No, not for the world would I set my foot under that roof



again. Oh, I am sick of this country! Were it not for my poor baby, I should ——” Here she paused, wept more intensely than ever, and then added, “If you but knew how I have been insulted and misused!”

“Oho!” exclaimed Wat, passing his left palm over his brow, “I think I heard something of that this very day frae Jenny Stothert, o’ the mill, wha was out amang the dead foks enjoyin’ the sight most joyi’lly, ripping their pouches, an’ aye gieing them a knoit on the heads wi’ the ern-tings, when she thought they warnae dead enough, until one o’ Lesly’s troopers came and kicked her out of the battle-field. She then made up to me, an’ haver’d, an’ spake on till I tired o’ her, for her tongue’s just like the buller of a burn, it never devalds. But she was telling me something about the Laird o’ M—— and a young married lady, who was committed to his care. O! it was

a shameful story, if true! she canna gang there again at no rate. But an' ye be that quean ye're nae sma' drink, for I understood she was a woman o' some rank."—The girl shook her head and wept.—“Come, come! it's nonsense to sit hingin your head an' greetin there; my heart winna let me leave ye, an' if I did my conscience wad never win ower it a' my days. I hae a wee bit snug cot o' my ain under our chief, an' a daughter that leeves wi' me; an' I hae gotten mair siller an' goud the day than I ken what to do wi'. Gin I could get ye hame I could answer for your safety, but I'm feared ye'll no can manage it, for it's ower the hill.”

“O, I'll go any where for safety to myself and my hapless baby. He is the only tie now that I have to life, and I cannot tell you the thousandth part of the anxiety I feel for him.”

“Nae doubt, nae doubt; folks ain are

aye dear to them, an' the mair helpless the dearer. Think ye the creature wad let me carry him? see gin ye could pit him intil my pock."

"O mercy on us!"

"Na, but it's no sican ill place as ye trow. I hae carried mony a valuable thing in there. But I'm no sayin I hae ever carried aught sae valuable as that callant. Poor little chield, if he be spared he'll maybe be somebody yet."

This bag of old Wat's was one something like a sportsman's bag of the largest dimensions, for he was a sort of general carrier to all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and a welcome guest in all the principal houses. So the young woman, smiling through tears at the conceit, placed her boy in old Wat's bag with his head out, and as she walked beside him, patted and spoke to him. He was quite delighted, and soon fell sound asleep; and in that way they crossed Philhope, and

reached Wat's cot before sunset, which seems to have been near where the mansion-house of Yair now stands. As they were going over the hill, Wat tried all that he could to find out who she was, but she parried every enquiry, till at length he said, "I'm very muckle interested in you, my bonny woman, an' sae will every ane be that sees you. Now, my name's auld Wat Pringle, what am I to ca' you?"

"O, you may call me either May, June, or July; which you please."

"Then I'll ca' you by the ane o' the three that's nearest us, I'll ca' ye July, an' suppose I pit an a to it, it winna spoil the name sair."

"I fear you know more of me than I wish you did. That is, indeed, my Christian name."

"I suspectit as muckle. I find out a great deal o' things gaun dodgin about the country. An' what do ye ca' yon thing

i' your country that the fo'ks are working at up in the meadow?" She made no answer, but held down her head, while he continued, "O, never mind, never mind, ye're in a bad scrape an' a dangerous country for you, but ye're safe enough wi' auld Wat Pringle. He wadna gie up a dog to be hanged that lippeden till him, let be a young lady an' her bairnie wha are innocent of a' the blood sae lately spilt."

"I shall never forget your disinterested kindness while I have life. Pray, is your wife not living, Walter?"

"Hem—hem!—Na, she's no leevin."

"Is it long since you lost her?"

"Hem — hem! — Why, lady, an' the truth maun be tauld, I never had her yet. But I hae a daughter that was laid to my charge when I was a young chap, an' I'm sure I wished her at Jericho an' the ends o' the earth, but there never was a father mair the better of a daughter.

Fo'ks shoudna do ill that gude may come they say, yet I hae been muckle behadden to my Jenny, for she's a good kind-hearted body, an' that ye'll find."

Julia (for we shall now call her by her own name) accordingly found Jenny Pringle a neat coarsish-made girl about thirty, her hair hanging in what Sir Walter Scott would have called elf-locks, but which old Will Laidlaw denominated pennyworths, all round her cheeks and neck, her face all of one dim greasy colour, but there was a mildness in her eye and smile that spoke the inherent kindness of the heart. She received Julia in perfect silence, merely setting the best seat for her, but with such a look of pity and benevolence as made a deep impression on the heart of the sufferer, more especially the anxiety she shewed about the child; for all sorts of human distress, and helpless infancy in particular, melt the female heart. Julia had never been in such a

home in all her life, but after the cool and deliberate murders which she had that day witnessed, she felt grateful to her preserver and thankful to her Maker; and now her great concern was how to get home to the north to her friends, but Wat advised her seriously to keep by her humble shelter until the times were somewhat settled, for without a passport from the conquerors there was no safety at that time of even journeying an hour; so irritated was the country against the royal party, whom they conceived to be all papists, spoilers, and murderers, and rejoiced in rooting them out. But as the troops pass this place early to-morrow," continued Wat, "I'll try if the general will grant me a passport for you. I did him some good, an' though he paid me wi' a purse o' goud, ae good turn deserves another. I fancy I maun ask it for dame Julia Hay?"

"Yes, you may; but I know you will

not receive it. Indeed it is far from being safe to let him know I am here. But O, above all things, try to learn what is become of my husband and father.”

Wat waited the next day at the ford, for there were no regular roads or bridges in this country at that period. The military road up Gala water, or Strath-Gall, as it was then called, crossed the water sixty-three times. When General Lesly saw his old friend, he reined his steed and asked what he wanted with him, reminding him, at the same time, that he had warned him to be rather chary in his requests for favours to the disturbers of Israel. Wat told him that he merely wanted a passport to Edinburgh for a young girl named Julia Hay, and her baby.

“What! Lady Julia Hay?” said Lesly.

Wat answered that he supposed it was she. The general shook his head, and held up his hand. “Ah! Pringle, Pringle,



she is a bird of a bad feather," cried he; "a blossom of a bad tree! Were it not for the sanctity of her asylum under your roof-tree, I should give her and her little papist brat a passport that would suit her deserts better than any other. Give my compliments to her, and tell her that we have both her father and husband in custody, and that they will both be executed in less than a fortnight. You will see her husband there riding manacled and bound to a dragoon. Do you think I would be guilty of such a dereliction from my duty as grant a safe conduct to such as she? I shall tell you, as a true covenanted Protestant soldier, what you should do. Just toss her and her bantling over that linn into Tweed." And then with a grim Satanic smile, he put spurs to his charger, and left the astonished old soldier standing like a statue in utter consternation; and when that division of the army had all

passed, Wat was still standing in the same position looking over the linn.

“Ay, General Lesly! an’ these are your tender mercies! Od bless us, an’ we get sic orders frae a covenanted Christian soldier, what are we to expect frae a pagan, or a neegur, or a papisher, the warst o’ them a? But thae ceevil wars seem to take away a’ naturalty frae among mankind. There yesterday, our grand Christian troopers war just stabbin wives an’ bairns as deliberately as if they had been paddocks in a pool, an’ laughin at them. An’ the day I get orders to throw the Lady Julia Hay ower that linn, an’ her poor little baby after her! Rather well conceived for a covenanting General! Thank ye, Davie. But it will be lang or auld Wat Pringle obey your behests. Poor lady! my heart’s sair for her!” And thus talking to himself, Wat went home on very bad terms with General Lesly.

But here he committed a great mistake. He did not intend that Julia should learn the worst of his news, but in the bitterness of his heart he told the whole to his daughter Jenny, that she might see in what predicament their hapless lodger stood, and deprecate the awards of the general. Now, owing to the smallness of the cottage and Wat's agitation, Julia heard some part of what he said, and she would not let poor Jenny have any rest until she told her the whole; pretending, that the injuries she had suffered from the world had so seared every feeling of the soul, that nothing could affect either her health or her procedure through life. That she had laid her account to suffer the worst that man could inflict, and she would shew her country what a woman could bear for the sake of those she loved. Alas! she did not estimate aright the power of that energy on which she relied, for when she heard that her father and

husband were both in custody, and both to be executed in less than a fortnight, her first motion was to hug her child to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, and then sitting up in the bed and throwing up her hands wildly, she uttered a heart-rending shriek, and fell backward in a state of insensibility.

Now came Jenny Pringle's trial, and a hard one it was. The child was both affrighted and hurt, and was screaming violently; and there was the young and beautiful mother lying in a swoon, apparently lifeless. But Jenny did not desert her post; she carried the child to her father, and attended on the lady herself, who went out of one faint into another during the whole day, and when these ceased, she was not only in a burning fever, but a complete and painful delirium, staring wildly, waving her arms, and uttering words of utter incoherence, but often verging on sublimity. "Without

the head!" she exclaimed that very night. "Do the rebel ruffians think to send my beloved husband into heaven without the head? Ay, they would send him to the other place if they could!—but I see a sight which they cannot see. I see my beautiful, my brave, my beloved husband, in the walks of angels, and his sunny locks waving in the breeze of heaven. O sister, won't you wash my hands? See, they are all blood!—all blood! But no, no, don't wash my lips, for though I kissed the bloody head, I would not have it washed off, but to remain there for ever and ever. Sister, is it not dreadful to have nothing left of a beloved husband but his blood upon my lips? Yes, but I have, I have! I have this boy, his own boy, his father's likeness and name. Bring me my boy, sister, but first wash my hands, wash them, wash them."

They brought her the child, but she

could not even see him, but stretched her arms in the contrary direction, and though he cried to be at her, they durst not trust her with him. So Jenny was obliged to bring him up with the pan and the spoon, as she called it, and the lady lay raving like a maniac. She slept none, and never seemed in the least to know where she was; yet these kind-hearted simple people never abated one item of their attention, but sat by her night and day. When the child slept, Jenny rocked the cradle and waited on the mother, and when he waked, old Wat held him on his knee and attended to the sufferer. This they did alternately, but they never once left either the lady or the baby by themselves. It was indeed a heavy task; but the interest that the father and daughter took in the forlorn and deserted pair cannot be described. Never was there a mother's love for her child more intense than Jenny's

was for the little nursling thus cast so singularly on her care. He was, moreover, a fine engaging boy. As for old Wat, he had got more money than he and Jenny both could count, for Montrose's military chest was then very rich, owing not only to the spoil of all the great battles he had won, but the contributions raised in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all the principal towns in the kingdom. And though Wat declared that "he never rippit ane o' the dead men's pouches, yet the siller poured in on him that day like a shower o' hail-stones." The officers and soldiers were quite aware that Wat's stratagem had secured them an easy victory, and every one gave him presents of less or more, and he conceived that it was all sent by heaven as a provision for the mother and child which had been predestined to come upon him for support; and he generously determined, as the

steward of the Almighty, to devote his wealth solely to that purpose.

One evening in November following, a dark Whig-looking fellow, with a broad slouched beaver, came into Wat Pringle's cottage, and requested lodging for a night. This was refused on account of want of accommodation of any kind.

“O, but I will sit by the fire or recline in any nook,” said he, “for the night is severe, and I am determined to make good my quarters any how.”

“But what if I be determined that you shall not?”

“Why, man, you cannot sure be such a churl as to turn a brother soldier out of your house on such a night! I would not turn a dog out of my house on such a night.”

“Indeed, friend, neither would I, for I am not the churl you suppose; but the truth is, that there's a lady leevin here



just now that's a wee unsettled in her mind, an' we hae her baby too, that we're obliged to take care o', an' I canna hae them disturbed at no rate. But how d'ye ken, friend, that I hae been a soldier?"

"There is something in soldiership like free-masonry, one soldier always knows another."

"I dinna ken, friend, I'm sure I didna tak you for a sodger. I thought you might hae been a tinkler for a pinch; or, perhaps, a papist lown in disguise. But the truth is, that I wad rather hae your room than your company, sae gang an' seek another house where there's mair room an' convenience. There's plenty near by, an' dinna gang to stay, will we nil we, to be a disturber o' peace here."

"Stop, friend, stop; don't just be in such a d——d hurry, I want to have a little serious and friendly conversation

with you. You said there was a lady living here,—who is she?”

“An’ pray, what’s your business with that?”

“I merely want to know who she is. What’s her name? Answer me directly.”

“My truly, my man! but ye speak as ane having authority, an’ no like the scribes. If I ken’d wha was asking, that is, if I ken’d for a certainty,—but until then she is nameless, and under the protection o’ my roof.”

“What if I am her nearest relation, and the best friend she has?”

“Yes, but what if you are the greatest enemy she has? Where am I then?”

“Are you the same Pringle who led General Lesly’s ambush at the battle of Philliphaugh and was the sole cause of the destruction of the royal army?”

“Yes, I am that same Pringle, and I think nae shame to tell it. But for that

and every thing else, I am answerable to the laws of my country, an' no to every lang-leggit stravaeger that chooses to come in an' question me."

"You got a power of money there, I believe; be so kind as to shew me a little of it."

"I'll tell you what it is, chap, I like you very ill. This is my house, and I have a right to receive into it or turn out of it who I will. I therefore order you to leave this house instantly, or else I'll g'ye a salutation ye're little thinkin o'."

"I have told you, Pringle, that I won't leave the house, at least till I have said my errand. See, I am armed with two loaded pistols, and a good cut-and-thrust sword at my side, so I will not quit the house, nor will I suffer you to quit it. I want none of your money, but I want to give you some; therefore sit down, and talk to me like a reasonable man, and I shall tell you what is my

errand. I must have possession of that child, to restore him to his honours and estates."

"Ye shall sooner get the head off my body, lad, unless you show me your warrant an' authority. D'ye think I wad gie away the dear bairn at the order o' sic a blackguard tinkler-looking ruffian as you? Na, na! He has been thrown on my care and protection by a singular providence and most adverse fate, but I will protect him with my life until I can put him into better and surer hands."

"You talk of a warrant; I can at once get a warrant from Sheriff Murray for the removal of the child, but as you have been kind to him and his mother, if you will give me possession of the child without force or exposure you shall have this purse of gold. And the more to induce you to comply, know that if you will not give me up the boy peaceably, I must take him by force. Yes, I must have

possession of that child, though I should leave you both lying dead upon the floor."

Now ever since Wat got his great hoard of money and a lady and child to protect, he kept a firelock, which he denominated Long-Marston, always standing loaded behind the bed. Jenny Pringle, hearing the stranger's ominous speech, was frightened almost to death, for she saw her father's eyes gleam with rage, and as he ran round behind the bed like a madman, she knew he was going to seek Long-Marston to shoot the stranger; and snatching up the child in her arms, she bolted out at the door and ran towards the next hamlet. The stranger followed, but still at some distance, and old Wat followed after all with Long-Marston in full cock, but he could not possibly get this unaccountable intruder shot, because he and his daughter and the child were so nearly in a line. The man at length seized

Jenny, and by a singular chance, on the very spot on the top of the precipice which Lesly ordered the mother and child to be flung over. He succeeded in snatching the child from Jenny, but she being quite desperate, held him by both arms and pulled him backward, till both fell against the brae, and in this posture were they half leaning, half sitting, when up came Wat, posting on heavily and gasping for breath. The stranger pulled out his left side pistol and fired, but Jenny was tugging him so that he missed her father it was thought by some yards, and before he could get ready the other, Wat hit him a tremendous blow with Long-Marston on the back part of the head, which stunned him; and quitting hold of the child, he fell forward on his hands, and he then got up and tried to run, though rather in a stupid manner; and just as he was turning with pistol in his hand to shoot Wat, the latter shot him

through the heart with Long-Marston, and he fell down dead without uttering a groan.

The father and daughter were now in the utmost consternation and knew not what to do, yet they comforted themselves with the assurance that they could not conscientiously have done otherwise. The boy was little the worse, save that his frock was all torn in the struggle; but Jenny affirmed that "If she hadna pinioned the stranger by fixing baith his arms, he wad either hae thrawn the bairn ower the linn or strangled him." I have no doubt that Jenny dreaded such an issue, and perhaps it might be true, although the motive for such an attempt has never yet been accounted for.

Wat resolved to let the stranger lie on the spot where he fell, until some cognizance was taken of the affair, but in the meantime he took the purse of gold from his pocket and all his other monies, observ-

ing to Jenny, who deprecated the act, that he would keep it till it was claimed; it was better in his possession than that the first passenger should take it. That very night he sent off messengers to the sheriff and to all the chiefs of his own clan, the Pringles, but none of them came till the morning, and before that time a crowd was gathered round the body, and as Wat Pringle did not join them, they began strongly to suspect him of the murder, as the firing had been heard in the gloaming. Wat and his daughter told plainly how every thing had happened, and as they found one of the pistols discharged, the other loaded and cocked, and every thing corresponding, no doubt remained of the truth of the narrative, but the whole was wrapt in mystery, for though great crowds assembled no one knew the deceased. He was well proportioned, and his hair and beard jet black and curled, and it was the general opinion that he was a gentleman



in disguise of the persecuted royal party. Several went so far as to insinuate that it was no other than the Lady Julia's husband, the Hon. Colonel Sir Francis Hay, as it was known he had escaped from his enemies and was either in hiding or had gone abroad. The body was carried into the barn of Fairnylee, where it lay several days, but no one claimed or recognised it, and was at last buried at Lindean.

Wat Pringle was now in a dreadful quandary. The idea of having shot Lady Julia's husband and their beloved child's own father, was more than his mind could brook; and to add to his horror, Lady Julia fell a raving every day of having seen her husband's ghost, which told her that he was murdered. He could bear it no longer, and resolved to seek another asylum; so he applied to his own immediate chief, old James Pringle, of Whitebank, for a residence in his castle for the security of the child, whose life he was

persuaded would be further attempted. This was readily granted; but Wat found himself more unhappy there than ever, the mansion was so dark and gloomy, and he became convinced that there was not only one ghost but a number of ghosts haunted it, so he left it and took the road toward the Border, with the intention, it was thought, of leaving Scotland, having the lady and child, with all their clothes and goods, carried in a litter between two horses. He had plenty of money, more than he knew what to do with; but having a strong impression that it had all been sent to him for the support of that unfortunate pair, he determined to devote it solely to their behoof; so on reaching Hawick, a town in Teviotdale, now celebrated for its flannels and radicals, he found the Lady Julia so much exhausted that he was obliged to stop, so he took lodgings near the middle of the High-street above some public

offices, so that in case of any attack such as he had suffered, of which the dread had still haunted him, he could call assistance in a minute, and here he lived in peace and security; but, alas! it was of short duration, for Lady Julia's distemper took a new and strange turn, for she began to sit up in the bed and speak distinctly and forcibly, and for a time Wat and Jenny listened to her with awe and astonishment, and said to one another that she was prophesying; but at length they heard that she was answering questions as before a judge with great fervour, till at length her malady drew to a crisis, and she prepared for submitting to the last sentence of the law. She made a regular confession as to a Catholic clergyman, and received an ideal absolution. She then made a speech as to a general audience, declaring that she gloried in the sentence pronounced against her, because that from her earliest remembrance she had made up

her mind to lay down her life for her king and the holy Catholic church. She next, to their astonishment, asked to see her boy; and when they brought him, she weened she had parted with him only yesterday. She took him in her arms, embraced him, fondly kissed him, and once more shed a flood of tears over him, and those were the last as well as the first tears she had ever shed since the commencement of her woful delirium. Then blessing him in the names of the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and some of the apostles, she returned him decently to Jenny, kneeled, and recommended her soul to the mercy of her Redeemer, and then laying her head decently over an ideal block, was beheaded, and after a few shivers expired.

Wat and his daughter were paralysed with astonishment, but never doubted that it was a temporary fainting fit caused by some extraordinary excitement, but as no

signals of reanimation were visible, Wat ran for the town surgeon, an able and celebrated man; but all attempts at resuscitation proved fruitless, the vital principle was gone, the heart had ceased to beat, and the face was swollen and discoloured, the blood having apparently rushed to the head, on the belief that it was cut off, and would find a vent by the veins of the neck. In this extraordinary manner died the lovely Julia Hay, connected with some of the most noble and ancient families in Scotland, and the youthful wife of a valiant warrior, no one knowing where she was, but all her friends believing that she had perished in the general massacre at Philliphaugh, as they could trace her there, but no further. But at Hawick she died by ideal capitulation, and at Hawick she was buried, and thereby hangs a singular tale; but every thing relating to this young lady has something in it out of the

common course of nature. I must therefore follow the course of events.

Wat having no charge at home now save little Francis Hay, determined on leaving him and his kind foster-mother, Jenny, together for a space, and travel to the north to learn what had become of his darling boy's father, for the dread that he had shot him still preyed upon his mind; so on reaching Edinburgh he began his inquiries, but could find nobody that either knew or cared any thing about the matter. The general answer that he got was, that nobody heeded or cared about the lives of men in these days, for the two adverse parties were slaughtering, hanging, and cutting off each other's heads every day. He then sought out the common executioner, but he was a great drumbly drunken stump, and could tell him nothing. He said he did not even know the names of one-half of the people he put down,

but that he was very willing to give him a touch of his office for the matter of half a merk, for he had of late thrown off many a prettier man. They were fine going times, he said, but he sometimes got very little pay, and sometimes uncommonly good from gentlemen for hanging them or cutting off their heads. And then the savage sot laughed at the conceit. He said the soldiers were conducting a great number of prisoners through the town one day, and they selected four out of the number, two Irish gentlemen and two from Argyleshire, and brought them to the scaffold without judge or jury, and were going to hang them. “‘No, masters,’ says I, ‘the perquisites and emoluments of this board belong solely to me, and I cannot suffer a bungler to perform a work that requires experience and must be neatly done.’ I said neatly done! and so it ought; and now, for a half-mutchkin of brandy, I’ll show you how neatly I’ll do

it either with the rope or maiden if you dare trust me. Eh?—eh? What do you say to that?”

“Ye’re a queer chap, man,” said Wat; “but I hope never to come under your hands.”

“You may come under worse hands though, friend. Many a good fellow has entertained the same hopes and been disappointed. Only half a merk. Nothing! Men’s lives are cheaper than dung just now. I made only two silver merks out of all the four I was talking of; but when Montrose and his grand royalists come on, and then Argyle and his saints, oh! I shall have such fine going days! Well, I see you won’t deal, so let’s have the brandy at any rate; if you won’t treat me I shall treat you, so that you shall not go back to the Border and say that Hangie’s a bad fellow. He has seen better days, but brandy was his ruin. He was once condemned to be hung, and now he is what he is.”



Wat ordered the brandy and paid for it, but took care to drink as little of it as possible, of which his associate did not much complain; and after they had finished, the executioner led him away a few doors across the Parliament-close, and bid him ask there for a Mr. Carstairs, the clerk of the criminal court, who would give him what information he wanted; and by all means to return to him at the Blue Bell, and he would give him the history of a hangman.

Wat found Mr. Carstairs,—a little old grey-headed man, with eyes like a ferret,—who answered to Wat's request, that there were certain fees to be paid for every extract taken out of his journal, and until these were laid down he turned not up the alphabet. Wat asked what were the regular dues. "Joost thretty pennies, carle," said he, "an' I'll thank ye for the soom."

"Man, thretty pennies are unco mony pennies for answering a ceevil an' neces-

sary question, but I'll gi'e ye a siller merk."

"Aweel, aweel! Ye may try me wi' that i' the first place," said the clerk. Wat laid down the money, when the honest man returned him two-thirds of it. His thretty pennies came only to twopence-halfpenny, it being denominated in Scots money. He found there had been two Hays executed, a baronet and a young nobleman, but whether they were married or unmarried he could not tell, or any thing farther about them save that they had both lost their heads; of that he was certain. One of them had been on the roll for execution before, but was liberated by a party of his Catholic friends, but had lately suffered the last sentence of the law.

The first part of this information imparted some ease to Wat's mind, as it gave him hopes that he had not shot the knight himself; but when the day of Sir Francis

Hay's execution was stated he was struck dumb with amazement, for it turned out to be the very day and hour, and as near as could be calculated, the very instant when his poor devoted but distracted wife died by the same blow. I have heard and read of some things approximating to this, but never of a sympathetic feeling so decisive. Verily there "be many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in man's philosophy."

Wat returned to the Blue Bell, but found his crony, the hangman, too far gone to give him his history that night, which the other was rather curious to hear. The important story was begun many times, but like Corporal Trim's story of the King of Bohemia, it never got further. "Well, you see, my father was a baronet. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Because if you do not understand it is needless for me to go on. A baronet, you

see, is the head of the commons. Do you understand that? That is (*hick*) he is in the rank next to nobility."

"Yes, I think he is."

"Well (*hick*), well—I—think so—too. And my mother was an hon. right hon. though (*hick*). Do you understand that? Mind—take—that along with you (*hick*), else it is needless—for—me to proceed. I was the—third of five—devil of a boy—O, but I forgot to tell you that—my—father was a baronet—eh?—Would not like a tidd of the tow, would you? Ha—ha—ha!—would be grand sport!—Here's to General Lesly."

Wat was obliged to quit the son of the baronet, and the next morning he set out for the north, to see if there remained any chance for his dear little foster-son regaining his lands and honours. I am at fault here, for I do not know where the fine estate of Dalgetty lay. I think, perhaps, on the banks of the Don; for I know

that Wat Pringle journeyed by Perth and through Strathmore. However, the first information he got concerning the object of his journey was from a pedlar of Aberdeen, whom he overtook at a place called Banchony-Fernan, or some such daft-like highland name; and this body, in his broad Scandinavian dialect, told Wat all that he desired to know. He confirmed the day and the hour that Sir Francis suffered, for he had been present at it; and on his reciting part of the loyal sufferer's last speech, judge of Wat's wonderment when he heard they were the very same words pronounced by Lady Julia before her marvellous execution. And on Wat inquiring who was the heir to the estate, the pedlar, whose name was Muir, or perhaps Mair, said, "Eh, mun! the kurk and the steete hiv tucken them all untee their ein hunds. The lund's fat they ca' quuster'd and nee buddy can ave it, siving he hiv tucken

the kivinents. Now Frank wudna hiv tucken the kivinents if gi'en hum a' Mud-Mar; but whut dis he dee but reeses a rugement, and thucht tee kull the kivinent mun every saul o' thum; and he gurt several theesands of them slupp in thur beets and thur sheen tee. He murried a vury swut dar ying liddy, and she hid a seen; but when the kivinent men beguid to come reend hum, he sunt hur awa to a pleece they call the Beerder, to be suff out of the wee, and they nuver saw't eether agin."

"And then if that boy is leevin," said Wat, "will he no heir his father's estates an' titles?"

"Ney, ney min! ney jist noo. But thungs wunni lung continee thus gate. We're no to be all our days rooled and trimpld on bee a whun bleedy-mundit munisters; and then when thungs come all reend agin, the wee laddie will git his father's prupperty. But I haif te

tull ye the quorrest thung of all yut. Glastulich was to have had the prupperty, for he wis the nearest pruttistint are, and hid tucken the kivinents; but neither the shurry nor the fufteen wud gie hum possession until the troo are coold diklure his principulls. But bee sim unakuntible chance he's tint tee, and cannot be feend in ull Scutland."

Wat stood still and gazed on the pedlar for a considerable time, and then asked "who was this Glastulich?"

"Why he was jeest Tum Hay, the kirnel's unly survooving inckle, for ye saw he hid ints beyind nimber. A vild dig he vis."

"Can you tell me at a' what he was like?"

"Can I tull ye fat he wus leek? Veel may I tull ye thit, for muny a bludy neese he has guven mee. We foughted every day at the skeel. He was a guid munly looking chip, with a beird and hare as

blick as a kurley kree. He was a foyne lucking mun, but a dum'd bluckguard."

Wat was now convinced beyond a doubt, that this Thomas Hay of Glastulich was the very man he had shot as he was forcing the child from them, and having got all from the pedlar which he went to the north to learn, he treated him well at the little change-house beside the kirk; and there he told the astonished vender of small wares, that the sole heir of that ancient and illustrious race was living in his house and under his protection, his mother likewise being dead.

"Eh! guid kinshens min, but that's a sungilar piece o' noos!" said Mair. "Then I can be tulling you fat ye mebee dunna kene, that he has seme o' the bust bleed of a' Scotland in his vens, and as tumes cunna bude thus gate, that wee laddie will be a mun yet worth thousands a-year."

Wat then by the pedlar's advice went



to the sheriff-clerk of Aberdeen, and made him take a register of the boy's birth, name, and lineage, that in case of any change of government the true heir might inherit the property. Wat then returned to Hawick, and found his daughter and darling child quite well; but in a very short time after that, to their unspeakable grief, the boy vanished. Wat ran over all the town and the country in the neighbourhood, but could hear nothing of the child, save that one woman who lived on the sandbed said that "she saw him gaun toddlin about the water-side, and a man, a stranger to her, ran an' liftit him an' gae him a cuff on the lug for gangin' sae near a muckle water;" and this was the last news that Wat and Jenny heard of their beloved child, the sole heir to an ancient and valuable estate, and it was conjectured that he had been drowned in the river, although his body was never found.

Wat was the more confirmed in this by an extraordinary incident which befel him. Now this is no fiction, but as true as I am writing it. On coming up a sequestered loaning close by Hawick, in the twilight, he met with a lady without her head carrying a child at her breast, and frightened as he was he recognised the child as Lady Julia's, not as he was when he was lost, but precisely as he was on that day his father and mother died ; and that was the anniversary of the day. The appalling apparition was seen by other three men and a woman that same night ; but it was too much for honest Wat Pringle, he took to his bed, from which he never arose again, although he lingered on for some months in a very deranged and unsettled state of mind.

This may seem a strange unnatural story, but what is stranger still, that apparition of a lady without her head pressing a baby to her breast, continued to

walk annually on the same night and on the same lane for at least 150 years, and I think about forty of these within my own recollection. The thing was so well certified and believed, that no persons in all the quarter of the town in the vicinity of the ghost's walk would cross their thresholds that night. At length a resolute fellow took it into his head to watch the ghost with a loaded gun, and he had very shortly taken his station when the ghost made its appearance. According to his own account, he challenged it, but it would neither stop nor answer ; on which, being in a state of terrible trepidation, he fired and shot a baker, an excellent young man, through the heart, who died on the spot. The aggressor was tried at the judiciary circuit court at Jedburgh, and found guilty by the jury of manslaughter only, although the judge's charge expressed a doubt that there was some matter of jealousy between the deceased and his

slayer, as the sister of the former in the course of her examination said that her brother had once been taken for the ghost previously, and had been the cause of great alarm. There was no more word of the ghost for a number of years, but a most respectable widow, who was a servant to my parents, and visits us once every two or three years, told me that the lady without the head, and pressing a baby to her bosom, had again been seen of late years. Jenny Pringle, a girl of fortune for those days, thanks to the battle of Philliphaugh and a certain other windfall, was married in 1656 to her half cousin, Robert Pringle, who afterwards took some extensive farms about Teviot Side, and their offspring are numerous and respectable to this day.

Well, there was one day when this Robert Pringle was giving a great feast to the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers: the guests had mostly arrived

and were sauntering about the green until the dinner was ready, when they saw a gentleman come riding briskly over the Windy-Brow, and many conjectures were bandied about who it could be, but none could guess, and when he came up to the group and bid them good day, still none of them knew him. However, Pringle, with genuine Border hospitality, went forward to the stranger, and after a homely salutation desired him to alight.

“Are you Robert Pringle of Bidrule?” said the stranger.

“I wat weel, lad, that I’m a’ ye’ll get for him.”

“Then I have ridden upwards of a hundred and fifty miles to see you and your wife.”

“Faith, lad, an’ ye hae muckle to see when ye have come. I hae hardly ken’d any body travel sae far on as frivolous an errand. But you’re welcome howsomever. If ye had come but three miles to see

Jenny an' me that's introduction enough, let be a hunder an' fifty, an' as we're just gaun to sit down to our dinner, ye've come i' clipping-time at ony rate. Only tell me wha I'm to introduce to Jenny?"

"I would rather introduce myself, if you please." So in they all went to their dinner.

Mrs. Pringle stood beside her chair at the head of the table, and took every gentleman's hand that came up, but her eyes continued fixed on the handsome young stranger who stood at the lower end. At length she broke away, overturning some plates and spoons, and screaming out in an ecstasy of joy—"Lord forgie me, if it's no my ain wee Francie." He was nearly six feet high, but nevertheless, regardless of all present, she flew to him, clasped him round the neck, and kissed him over and over again, and then cried for joy till her heart was like to burst. It was little dinner that Jenny Pringle took that day,

for her happiness was more than she could brook, she had always believed that the boy had been drowned in the river until she saw him once more in her own house at her own table ; and she was never weary of asking him questions.

It was the Aberdeen pedlar who stole him for the sake of a reward, and took him safely home to his maternal uncle, whose small but valuable estate he then possessed ; but he found his father's property so much dilapidated by the covenanters and under-wadsets that he could not redeem, so that he could not obtain possession. He remained there several weeks, and the same endearments passed between Jenny Pringle and him as if they had been mother and son, for, as he said, he never knew any other parent, and he regarded her as such, and would do while he lived.

When he was obliged to take his leave, Jenny said to him " Now, Francie, my

man, tell me how muckle it will tak' to buy up the wadsets on your father's estate?" He said that a part of it was not redeemable, but that nearly two-thirds of it was so, and since the restoration, as the rightful heir, he could get it for a very small matter—about three thousand pounds Scots money.

“Aweel, my bonny man,” quoth Jenny, “ye came to my father an' me by a strange providence, but there was plenty came wi' you, and a blessing wi' it, for Robie an' I hae trebled it, an' I hae a gayin muckle wallet fu' o' gowd that has never seen the light yet. I hae always lookit on a' that money as your ain, an' meant to lay it a' out on your education an' settlement in the warld, sae ye sanna want as muckle to redeem your father's estate. But this maun a' be wi' Robie's permission, for though I hae keepit a pose o' my ain in case o' accidents, yet ye ken me an' a' that I hae are his now.”



“ My permission ! ” exclaimed Pringle ; “ my trulys, my woman, ye’s hae my permission, an’ if the bonny douce lad needs the double o’t it shall be forthcoming. Ye hae been a blessed wife to me, an’ there’s no ae thing ye can propose that I winna gang in wi’. But I maun ride away north wi’ him mysel’ to the kingdom o’ Fife, an’ see that he get right possession an’ investment, for thae young genteel-bred birkies dinna ken very weel about business. I confess I like the callant amaist as weel as he war my ain.”

Accordingly, Mr. Pringle set him home, whether to Dalgetty in Fife or Aberdeenshire I am uncertain, though I think the latter ; advanced what money he required, and got him fairly settled in a part of his late father’s property, called Dalmagh. He visited the Pringles once every year, and at length married their eldest child, Helen, so that he became Jenny’s son—in reality.

THE HISTORY OF THE  
CITY OF BOSTON  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT  
TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY NATHANIEL BENTLEY  
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## MARY MONTGOMERY.

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ON the 3d of July, 1641, when England was in utter confusion, a party of yeomen were sent toward Scotland with a young lady, sole heiress, of the name of Montgomery, whose father was one of the leading Royalist lords; but being imprisoned and in imminent danger, was obliged to send his infant daughter to her relations in Scotland. The party was led by Captain Seymour, a determined Catholic and hardy warrior; and in passing through the wood of Tarras, on the Border, they were encountered by a band of Moss-

troopers, led by one Beatson or Beattie, of Watkerrick. Beatson pretended to be leading his clan to join the Whig army, but in fact to obtain some plunder in the harassed state of the country; and on meeting with Seymour and his party, he accosted him in these words: "Whither away, brother, and on what expedition?"

"And pray who gave you a right to ask that?" said the other.

"Do you see this good spear which I hold in the rest, and this cut-and-thrust blade by my thigh, with all these men behind me, and yet ask me that question?"

"I'll see a higher commission than any of these, thou bonneted saucy Scot, before I explain my mission. Give way, and let me and my party pass; we have no quarrel with thee. Let it suffice that our mission is a private one, and has no connexion

with the political troubles of the present day."

"Ye are telling a braid downright lee, sir," said Wat o' Blackesk, "for dinna I ken you to be the maist determined an' abominable Papishur in a' the British dominions. I hae met wi' you, hand to hand, afore this, an' came rather off wi' the waur, but I'll speak wi' you now here in my ain coontry. Watkerrick, this is Captain Seymour, guan away on a Papish errand for his cursed master, whose cruelty has laid our country waste."

"Down with your arms, sir, instantly," said Beatson, "and you shall all have assurance of life and limb until farther instructions from the Commission of Estates."

"I despise and defy you and your commission," said Seymour. "Thou rude churl! Thou Border ruffian! Impede my pro-

gress if thou darest. I say open, and let me pass. I have no quarrel with thee ; or feel the weight of a weapon that never was turned in battle.”

“ Let me but at the villain !” cried Wat o’ Blackesk, and with that he rode furiously at Captain Seymour with his lance, but before one could have counted six, Seymour had cut off both the head of Wat as well as his lance. The rush of the Beatsons was then instantaneous and terrible. Seymour and his party fought stoutly, for there was no more parley, and several of the Beatsons were the first who fell, among whom was John of Watkerrick, their leader. The fray grew fiercer every minute, but the Beatsons being nearly two to one, prevailed, and every one of the English were cut down, saving one who had fled at the

beginning of the action, and was seen scouring off at full speed, with intention, as was supposed, of reaching the castle of Mangerton. The Beatsons supposing him to be the bearer of some great secret or treasure, gave chase with all their might, and Robert of Cassock being the best mounted, at length overtook him and speared him without ceremony in at the back; and behold, when he came to the ground, a lovely female child that was clasped in his bosom fell with him. She was richly dressed, but crying pitifully; and Robert, seeing her all covered with blood, thought she was wounded, and that it would be as good to stab her too at once and put her out of pain, and lifting his lance with as much deliberation as if about to leister a salmon, his ears were assailed by such an unearthly cry

from the dying man, that it made him start and withhold his stroke for the moment; and turning to him, he said in a fluttered voice, "What the deel's the matter w'ye, man?"

Though this was rather an annoying question to a man who had been fairly run through the body, yet he showed such anxiety about the infant that Robert was struck with a sort of natural awe and turned and listened to him. He pointed to the babe, held up his hands, and spoke in the most fervent tones, but he was a foreign priest, and Robert could not understand a word that he said. Rather astonished, however, that a man should be speaking what he could not comprehend, which had never happened to him in Eskdale before, he drew close to the wounded man, held down his head, and



asked very loud,. “ Eh? What are ye aye bletherin an’ sayin, man? Wha is the creature? Wha is she ava?”

The man spoke on in the same fervent tones, but not one word could Robert comprehend, till at length losing patience with him, and seeing a crucifix upon his breast, an object of the utmost detestation then in the south of Scotland, he stabbed him again through the body, bidding him “either speak sense that fo’ks could understand or haud his tongue for ever.” The poor forlorn priest, writhed and spurned, uttered his *Ave-Marias*, and ever and anon kissed the rood. Robert was rather affected, and stood for some time gaping and staring over him, saying at last to himself, “ Od I wonder what the body can be saying? But O! I’m sure the kissing o’ that bit black stick can do little for his soul’s

salvation. It is surely a maist ridiculous thing to be a Papist. But come, come, there's nae fun in this. It is best to pit sic a gomerel out o' pain;" and so saying he drew his sword, as sharp as a razor, and at one stroke severed the priest's head from his body.

In the meantime Jock of Thickside had come up and lifted the child, and seeing a golden crucifix and chain hanging around her neck, and gold and jewels about her beyond calculation, which had been placed there as their only place of safeguard in those marauding and troublous times, it probably having been weened that no ruffian hand would harm a helpless and lovely infant. Well, Jock Beatson perceiving these before his kinsman had done confessing and murdering the priest, claimed the baby as his own, he having

been the first lifter of her from the battle field. At the first, Robert of Cassock seemed very willing to consent to this arrangement, thinking to himself that he had plenty of these brats up and down the country already, and soon expected some more. But his eye had caught something about the babe, it was never known what it was, and all at once he refused to yield his right to her, saying that he had overtaken and slain her guardian with his own hand, which he (Jock Beatson) never could have done on his bauchle of a beast, and that therefore he should have his heart's blood before he had that child. This was a hard alternative, especially as this Robert was now the chief of the Beatsons after the fall of Watkerrick, and Jock of Thickside was rather hard put to it,

knowing something of the riches of which he was possessed.

Now it must be remarked, that the rest of the Beatsons who were pursuing the flying priest, perceiving that he was overtaken and slain, hasted back to the combat field to divide the horses and the spoil, and look after their wounded friends, so that at this time there were none nigh or in view but the two rough kinsmen and the baby. "I lifted her first, cousin; and you know by all the rules of our clan, that gives me a right to her and all about her; go and strip the priest, he is your own fair prey."

"I brought the priest and her both to the ground at the same blow, and I claim both, therefore give up what is my right before I am obliged to send you after the priest to bear him company."

“ Speak’st thou that way to me, cousin? If thou art disposed to use such language use it to thy equals, for thou knowest that this arm could master ten such as thine. Why, I’ll hold the child in the one hand and fight thee with the other, and if thou win her from me thou shalt have her.”

Robert of Cassock could bear no more ; but heaving his long bloody sword with which he had just beheaded the priest, he attacked his cousin, who held his drawn sword in one hand and the screaming infant below the other arm. At the very first turn Robert wounded both Jock and the child. “ Beshrew thy heart, man, thou hast killed the bairn !” said Thick-side, and flung the poor thing behind him as if it had been a bundle of clouts, and the combat went on with the most deadly feud, for the nearer the friends the more

deadly the animosity when such occurs. Sharp and severe wounds were given on both sides, and their morions and hawberks were hacked and hewed, for the two kinsmen were very equal in prowess. Robert was the strongest man, but Jock of Thick-side was accounted the best of the clan at handling his weapon, and at length, when both were much exhausted, he by a dexterous back stroke turned upward, wounded his cousin below the sword arm and he fell, cursing his opponent for a wretch and a villain.

When John Beatson saw what he had done in the heat of passion, he was cut to the heart, stood up like a statue, and the tears poured from his manly eyes, mixing with his blood. O, Rob Beattie, Rob Beattie! What have I done!" cried he, "and what hast thou done to pro-

voke this deadly enmity between two who have always agreed and loved like brothers! Now, Rob, to save thy life would I give all the ewes and kye on Thickside and the land that feeds them into the bargain. Can I do nothing for you in binding up your wounds.”

“No, no; you can do nothing for me,” said the other, “for I am cut through the midriff, and life is ebbing fast. Take thy prize, but take her and her wealth with my curse, and know she will prove a curse unto thee, and thy ruin shall arise from her, for thy claim on me was unjust.”

John, nevertheless, did all that he could to bind up and stem his cousin's wounds, and even brought him a drink in his helmet; he drank eagerly of it, then died in his cousin's hands. Poor

little Mary Montgomery, horror-struck by her wound, and the sight of two bloody men hacking and hewing at one another, and her kind conductor lying without the head, had rolled herself from her swaddling clothes, and was waddling across the moor, crying incessantly, and falling every minute. John Beatson followed, and seizing her by the frock he brought her back in his hand swinging like a thing of no value. "Haud the yaup o' thee, thou little imp!" said Jock. "Little does thou ken the evil thou hast bred this day! Sorrow that thou had been in thy mother's cradle an' ane o' thy braw velvet clouts about thee. Haud the tongue o' thee, I say, for I want but a hair to mak a tether o' that sal lay thee beside the tither twa. Plague on thee!



Haud thy yaup!" And with that he shook her until the dear young lady cried herself weak.

Jock of Thickside (for that was the familiar name he was known by) was so o'erspent by wounds, vexation, and the loss of blood, that he never so much as thought of ransacking the pockets of the priest, where he would have found some documents that would have redounded to his profit. But if Jock had found them he could not have read them, and would probably have burnt them or thrown them away. However, weary and heart-broken as he was for the death of his cousin and next neighbour, he took the babe carelessly on before him on the horse, regardless of her cries and whining, and bore her straight home to Christy his wife at their remote habitation, without going

any more nigh the field of battle to share the spoil.

“ O, Kitty Jardine ! Kitty Jardine ! I am a ruined man,” said he, “ but you are a made woman, for here’s a bit creature I hae brought you wi’ as muckle riches hingin’ about her shoulders as wad buy an earldom. But O, Christy, what think you I hae done ? Have nae I gane an’ killed Rob o’ Cassock, our cousin, for the possession o’ that bairn.”

“ Hush !” said Christy, laying her finger on her lips. “ Did ony body see you kill your cousin ?”

“ Na, no ane but that creature itsel, for there was nae another soul in sight but a Papish priest, an’ he coudna see very weel, for he wantit the head. But what gars ye speir that ? I killed him fairly in a set battle, an’ I’ll never deny it.”

“ That was bravely done. But was your quarrel with him just ? ”

“ I’m no just sae sure about that.”

“ Then deny it. Swear it was not you, else you are a dead man. You will be hanged in eight days, an’ every ane o’ the clan will cut a collop off you if you have fastened an unjust quarrel on Rob Beattie an’ murdered him.”

“ O Kitty, Kitty ! ye gar a’ my flesh creep ! I wadna care sae muckle for hanging, but to be cuttit i’ collops is terrible. But what do ye think ? He cursed me wi’ his dying breath, an’ prophesied that that bairn should prove my ruin. I dinna like to think o’ this at a’, Christy ; an’ I hae been thinkin that it might no be the warst way to pit the bit brat out o’ the gate.”

“ God forbid that ever sic a sin should lie at our door. Poor dear little creature !

She is thrown on our care by some strange chance, but she has brought plenty wi' her to pay for her boord wages, an' sooner would I part wi' it a' an' a' that I hae in the warld beside, than see a hair o' her head wranged;" and with that Christy Jardine hugged the child to her bosom and kissed and caressed her; and the babe, horrified as she had been by scenes of blood, and feeling herself once more under the care of one of her own kind sex, clung to Christy's neck, and again and again held out her little lovely mouth to give her protectress another kiss. Jock Beatson, the rough Mosstrooper, was so much affected by the scene that he blowed his nose three times between his fore finger and thumb, and as often brought his mailed sleeve across his eyes. "God bless you, Kitty!" said he.

The Beatsons stripped the slain, collected the fine English horses, a grand prize for them at that period, buried their friends and foes together in one pit, which is still well known, about half-way between Yarrow and Liddell, and bore home their wounded with care to their several families. It had been a dear-bought prize to them, for they had lost their leader and his second in command, and nearly as many brave men as had fallen of the English. They had seen Watkerick fall, but what had become of Robert of Cassock they could not comprehend. Several of the pursuers asserted that they had seen him overtake and bring down the flying warrior; but they knew no farther, and in the hurry and confusion none even seemed to remember that John of Thickside had ridden on to the final

catastrophe. So the next morning a party were sent out to search for Robert, dead or living; and as they well knew the place where he had been last seen, they went straight to it, and found both him and the headless priest lying stripped naked side by side. This circumstance was to them perfectly unaccountable.

Now it so happened, that Lord Nithsdale, who was a stern Catholic, had raised five hundred men to go to the assistance of King Charles, and he being the lord superior of the Beatsons, who were Protestants and hated him, sent up a strong force by the way of Eskdale, under Peter Maxwell of Wauchope, to command their services. Peter found them all gone on a different service, (as Lord Maxwell rather had suspected,) and followed straight on their

route, to force them to take the side of their liege lord. Peter chanced to take the other side of the ridge, and fell in with the headless priest and Robert of Cassock lying dead together. On stripping the former, Peter found a letter to Sir James Montgomery, stating that Lord Montgomery had sent his only child to Sir James, as the only place of refuge he knew of, with all the ready money he had, and all her late mother's jewels; that the child's name was Mary, and she was the sole heiress to three earldoms. The letter also recommended Captain Seymour and Father Phillippe to Sir James's confidence.

Peter Maxwell was astonished, for there without doubt was Father Phillippe lying without his head, side by side with one of the wild moorland clan denominated

“ the bloody Beatsons.” But he perceived that a valuable life and a valuable prize was in jeopardy, and not knowing what to do, he, like an honest man, went straight to his chief, put the letter into his hands, and stating how he came by it, asked his counsel how to proceed.

But by this time word had arrived at Lord Maxwell's camp, that a party of English troopers, supposed to be Catholics, on some private mission from King Charles into Scotland, had been met by a subordinate clan of his and totally annihilated. Lord Maxwell was in dreadful wrath, and forthwith took an oath to extinguish that marauding sept, and resolved at all events to have the child. So turning with one hundred of his choicest troopers, he rode without drawing bridle straight to Watkerrick, to ask an



explanation from the leader of that wild and desperate clan.

But it so happened, that when he arrived there, the whole of Eskdale, consisting chiefly of Beatsons, Bells, and Sandisons, were assembled together, burying their chief in his own chapel. A few lifted their bonnets to Maxwell, but suspecting his intents to be evil and dangerous, they took very little notice of him till he began to speak in an authoritative manner, demanding a word of their chief, but they only shook their heads and pointed at the bier. He then ordered his troopers to take every Beatson present into custody, in order to be tried for a breach of the king's peace. But as soon as his troopers began to lay hands on them, a thousand rapiers and daggers were drawn from under the vestments of mourn-

ing, and a desperate battle ensued for the space of ten minutes, when Lord Maxwell's troop was broken and every one fled at full speed the best way he could. As I said, Lord Maxwell had been the lord superior of Eskdale for ages, but he being a Catholic and the inhabitants of that wild region a sort of nominal Protestants, without much genuine religion among them, as they are to the present day, so they hated him, and in short wanted to be rid of him and possess their lands without feu-duty or acknowledgement to any lord superior. Such men wanted but a pretext for beginning the strife, and they did it with all their energy. Maxwell's men were scattered like the chaff before the wind, and he himself so hemmed in and belaid that he could not get homeward, but was obliged

to fly to the east with only three or four followers. A party of his rebellious vassals pursued with all their energy, and before he gained Craik-Cross his followers were all cut down one by one, but he himself being exceedingly well mounted, still kept far a-head. His horse was greatly superior to any of the Eskdale horses, but had been exhausted by his forenoon's ride from the tower of Sark to Watkerrick, so that before he reached the castle of Branksholm, some of the Bells and Beatsons were close upon him. When he came within view of the castle he waved his chapeau and shouted aloud, and the warder perceiving a nobleman pursued by commoners, raised the portcullis and let him in; but there was one George Bell so close upon him, with his heaved sword, that the portcullis in

falling cut off his horse's head, and he himself knocked out his brains against the iron bars.

That was a costly raid for the Beatsons, for Lord Maxwell that very night sold the superiority of Eskdale to the Laird of Buccleuch for a mere trifle, and that relentless chief raising his clan, cut off the Beatsons every one who possessed land to a man, except the young laird of Watkerrick, the son of the chief, whom he saved, and whose heirs inherit the estate to this day in a lineal descent. The original surname of the clan was Beatson, but from the familiar pronunciation it is now changed into Beattie.

In the mean time, as soon as Lord Maxwell reached his troops, he despatched a number of private spies in search of the young heiress, and it was not long until

they got a clue to her, for a countryman named David Little informed them that “he had seen Jack o’ Thickside cross at the Garwald water foot, on the evening of the 3d of July;—he was a’ covered wi’ blood, an’ had a bit bloody bairn wawin’ on afore him.”

One of the men then proceeded straight to Thickside by himself, and soon discovered that the missing child was indeed there, for John had only two sons nearly grown to men’s estate. But all that the man could do, was to return and inform his lord, he having no further instructions than merely to discover where the child was. Some dispute that took place between Sir Richard Graham and Lord Maxwell, about the marching of the troops of the latter on such an expedition, crossed Maxwell so much that he was

arrested on his journey, and shut up in Carlisle Castle as a rebel to the State, his troops marching back to Nithsdale and Galloway.

While these things were going on, there were some insinuations spread against John of Thickside, and it was rumoured that he had murdered his kinsman and next neighbour, Rob of Cassock. He had got a strange child nobody knew how; he was covered with wounds, and it was perfectly well known that he had not been at the division of the spoil, nor the burying of the slain; and it was said there were "some very braw velvet clouts covered wi' goud" that had been seen by some of the vassals about the house; in short, strong suspicions were entertained against Thickside, and the Beatsons, though a lawless

sept as regarded others, had the most upright notions of honour among themselves, and would in no wise suffer the highest of their clan to wrong the lowest, so they themselves took hold of Jock of Thickside, and carried him to Dumfries gaol, to take his trial before that very Lord Maxwell, who, like himself, was at that time shut up in prison.

I have often been amazed at discovering how the truth comes out under circumstances the most concealed and secret, and the first hint that circulates is very often the most accordant with it. Word reached Christy Jardine, that she had an heiress to three lordships in her keeping, and that the child would be forced from her in a few nights, with all that she possessed; and if that was re-

fused, her house and fortalice would be laid in ashes.

Christy was terribly perplexed. Her husband had been borne off to prison on suspicion of the slaughter of his cousin. She was aware that he was guilty, and knowing the hands that he was in, she had but little hope of his escape. But above all, she felt that the tearing of that sweet babe from her would be the same as tearing her heart from her bosom, and she could think of no way of preservation but by absconding with her to some other place. So as it approached towards evening on the 17th of July, Christy prepared every thing for her departure. She hid all the jewels and a part of the gold in a hole of the little fortalice, and built them up so as that neither



wind, water, nor fire, could touch them; and putting the rest of the gold in the lining of her bodice, and the golden cross being about the child's neck, which she would not get off, but took for a charm to keep the fairies from her; as soon as night set in she left her home weeping bitterly, carrying the sleeping babe along with her, and sped away toward the country of those who sought to reave her of her child, for there lay her native country, and she knew no other. About the break of day she heard the voices of a troop of men meeting her, on which she crept behind a turf dike, and squatted down in perfect terror, lest the child should awaken and cry. As bad luck would have it, the men sat down to rest themselves on the side of the path, right opposite to where Christy and her pre-

cious charge lay concealed, and she heard the following dialogue among them.

*First Man.* “ Are we far frae that out-o-the-way place, Thickside, does ony o’ you ken? How far off are we, Johnstone?”

*Second Man.* “ About seven miles, as I guess; and I shoudna’ be ill pleased though we should never find it. I look on the hail o’ this expedition as unfair. What has our Lord Maxwell ado wi’ the brave old fellow’s wean, however he came by her? But I trow it is the yellow goud he wants. Jock himself is lying in prison an’ hard suspicions entertained against him, an’ no ane to defend his place but a callant; an’ if they refuse to gie up the wean an’ her treasure, we are to burn an’ herry. The de’il a bit o’ this is fair play.”

*First Man.* “ But think if Jock Beatson

be a murderer, Johnstone, an' hae killed his cousin for the greed o' this bairn's siller, which they say wad buy a' the lands o' Eskdale. Then think what he deserves. What is your opinion about that?"

*Second Man.* "Od I believe that he killed Robert o' Cassock; for it is plain that the Priest wanting the head coudna' hae killed him. But then I think he killed him in fair combat, for he has nae fewer than ten wounds a' before; an' his armour, which was brought to Dumfries, is hacked an' hewed, ye never saw aught like it. Od we'll bring them a bairn o' ony kind. If it be but a lassie, they canna ken ae bairn by another, an' it will be a grand fortune to ony bit weelfaurd lass bairn to get three lordships."

*Third Man.* "I hae half a dozen wenches, an' my wife has seven, ye shall

get the wale o' them a', Johnstone, if ye like to make the experiment."

*Fourth Man.* " I wad rather hae a haul at Jock o' Thickside's ewes an' kye. Let us, if you please, go according to order."

*Second Man.* " Devil-a-bit! The time is come that I hae been looking for a while past, when every man does that which is right in his own eyes. But it shall never be said o' Jock Johnstone that he took advantage o' the times to do aught that's oppressive or unjust; an' I think this mission o' ours is an unfair one. An' if a' be true that I hae heard, the best days o' the Beatson's are bye."

When the dialogue had reached thus far, there was a dog or sort of blood-hound belonging to the troop popped his head over the turf dike, right above where

Christy and her sleeping charge lay concealed. He never got such a fright in his life! He uttered such a bay as made all the hills yell, and fled as if a hundred fiends had been after him, never letting one yelp await another.

“May a’ the powers o’ heaven preserve us,” cried one; “what can be ayant that dike? sure am I it is something neither good nor canny, for Reaver never fled frae the face o’ clay sin’ the day that he was born.”

The first horrid bay of the dog wakened the child, who stood up in her rokelay of green, and began to prattle, and the men hearing the small voice in a language which they did not well understand, conceived that they were indeed haunted by the fairies, and grew exceedingly frightened, and as Christy thought, some of

them fled; but one Charles Carruthers, more bold than the rest, cursed them for cowards, and went away, though manifestly agitated, to peep over the dike. The lovely infant, clad in green, met his face with hers on the top of the old green dike; but if Reaver got a dreadful fright, Carruthers got a worse, for he actually threw himself back over, and made sundry somersets down hill before he could gain his feet, and the whole troop then fled in the utmost astonishment. As for Reaver he got such a fright, that he ran off and was never more seen.

Poor Christy journeyed on with a heavy heart, for she heard that evil was determined against her. Yet was she glad that she had made her escape with the child; and she had some hope in the honour and forbearance of Johnstone, who

seemed to be a leading man among Maxwell's soldiers. This party reached Thickside about sun-rising, and found only James, the youngest son at home; for the eldest had followed his father to Dumfries to minister to him. James told them frankly that his father had brought home a child from the battle, but that when or how he got her he knew not; but he added, "My mother will maybe ken, for she sleeps wi' her. She says they ca' her Maly Cummy."

But when they went to Christy's apartment, behold "the sheets were cold, and she was away!" There was neither dame nor child there, at which James was greatly confounded, thus to be deprived of both his father and mother; and the men easily discerned that he was in

no way privy to the concealment. The soldiers searched the cowhouses, hinds' houses, and shepherds' cots, but no concealed lady, child, or treasure could they find; so they burnt the house of Thick-side, and drove the cattle, according to their lord's order.

During the time of the search, and the contention about seizing the spoil, the youth James contrived to send off an express to Garwal, who sent expresses to every landward laird of the clan, and though the Beatsons knew not until the following year that Lord Nithsdale had sold them and their possessions, yet having once shown a spirit of insubordination, they were determined to submit to nothing. So when the Maxwells came to a place called Sandy-ford, a strait and difficult passage



across the Black-Esk, they were encountered by a body of the Beatsons, and cut off to a man.

Christy and her lovely little charge arrived late that same evening of the foray at a cot in Langley-dale, where she was kindly welcomed by a lone widow to a night's lodging, chiefly on account of the beauty and polished dialect of little Mary, who was quite a phenomenon among those rude borderers. And the next day, when Christy was about to continue her journey, the widow, whose name was Clark, besought her to stay with her, and help her with the spinning of some webs for Lady Langley. Christy accepted the offer, for no one could excel her at spinning; and the two continued on carding and spinning time about, very busy and very happy to all appearance, although in truth Christy's

heart was yearning over the precarious situation of her husband, as well as her household goods and gear; and Widow Clark yearning no less to know who the strangers were whom she had got in her house. Christy said "the bairn was her's, but the father o' her was a grand nobleman wha had fa'n into some scrape, an' the king had cuttet off his head. Sae as the bairn wasna jeetimate, the friends had just sent her back to her poor mother again."

"Ay, ay!" said widow Clark; "we leeve in awfu' times! For sin' ever I can mind, which is near forty years, the lives o' men hae been naething countit on. Whenever a man's indictit as they ca't, the nixt word that we hear is, that he's hanged." (Christie let the thread drop out of her hand, and her cheek grew pale.)

“ An’ then how mony hae been shot an’ hanged without either indictment or trial? The lives o’ men are nae mair countit on now-a-days than they were a wheen auld ousen or auld naigs. But O, I heard some ill news yestreen! Ye maun ken that there’s a wild bloody clan wha leeve up in the moorlands that they ca’ Beattie’s, wha it is thought will soon be extirpit, for they hae risen in rebellion against their lord, an’ as near killed him as he’ll ever miss being killed again. An’ there’s ane, it seems, the worst o’ the hale bike, wha has killed a gentleman, an’ stown an heiress. Aweel, ye see, the Lord Maxwell o’ Niddisdale, he sends up a band o’ sodgers to rescue the bairn; but when they gaed there, the rascally thieves wadna produce her. Weel, the sodgers brunt an’ hirried, for ye ken thae Beatties are a’ outlaws an’

thieves, an' fair game. But what does the villains do, think ye? I declare I was tauld yestreen, that they gathered till a head, and had killed Lord Niddisdale's men ilka ane, an' roastit an' eatin them."

"Hout! they surely wadna do that. It wad only be some o' the recovered cattle that they roastit an' eatit. That ye ken is the rule."

"I ken nae sic thing, but this I ken, that the knaves will soon be a' hanged, that's some comfort. The villain that murdered the gentleman an' stealed the bairn an' her tocher, is ta'en away to Dumfries already to be hanged. An' if Lord Maxwell of Niddisdale had them a' where he is, there wadna ane o' them escape. This bonnie bairn's your ain, you say?"

"Ay, weel I wot is she, though I maun say it, to my shame. An' I maun e'en

try to work for her bread an' my ain baith."

"Because a kind of glose cam' o'er me that this might be the stawn heiress, an' that I might get mysel' strappit neatly up by the neck about her. But what need I say sae? What interest could a poor workin' body like you hae in stealing a bairn to bring a double weight on your shoulders? An' what a bit gildit trinket is this wi' some glass beads in it that she wears on her naked bosom?"

"That's a charm for keepin' away the fairies, the brownies, an' a' evil spirits frae her. Her father, wha was a great maister o' airts, lockit that about her neck that it might never be ta'en aff."

"Aih! but that is a valuable thing an' a blessing to my house, for muckle, muckle I hae been plaguit wi' them! So she's

your ain bairn, you say? Weel I canna help having my jealousings. She's verra unlike ye. What is your name, darling?"

"Why, Maly! little Maly Gumly!" said the child carelessly, as she sat on the floor caressing a kitten.

"I am ruined now," thought Christy to herself, "and all will out together!"

"What mair nor Mary did you say? Tell me what mair?"

"I don't know what you say," said the child. "What mare is it? Is it papa's own or the ane I rode on wid auld Fader Flip."

"What does the creature say?" said Widow Clark. "Who was Father Flip, Mary?"

"O, it was de man dat wanted de head, you know; when Maly yan and

kie'd, and de bloody man took Maly up and toss'd her."

"O, she's clean ayont my comprehension," said Widow Clark. "But what mair do they ca' ye forby Mary? What mair did you say?"

"I did not say any thing about a mare," said the child. "Come, come, pussey, you must go with me, and if you dare to scratch me, I will beat you."

"That's nae bairn o' this country, however," said the widow; "ye hae surely been far up through England when ye met wi' your misfortune?"

"That's rather a sair subject, Mrs. Clark, but ye ken weel how many English officers, baith noblemen an' gentlemen, hae been hereabouts for ower lang a time for our good. If ye ken'd a' that I hae suffered for that bairn your heart wad

bleed for me. An' lack-a-day I fear my sufferings for her winna be a' ower yet." And with that Christy fell a-crying bitterly as she thought of her husband and of her burnt habitation. But who can fathom the latent fountains of tenderness in a woman's heart, especially when helpless infancy is concerned?

Widow Clark felt that she had sounded a chord too delicate, and concluded by saying—"Weel, weel, cheer up your heart, an' think nae mair about it. What's done canna be undone, an' ye hae a pair o' good hands o' your ain, an' are weel wordy o' your room, sae ye are welcome to stay here as lang as you like, an' your wark shall stand for your meat, an' if we ply weel, we'll surely support sweet little Mary atween us."

This speech was rewarded by a gush



of grateful tears from Christy, for her heart yearned over the child, and from that day forward Mrs. Clark never put another question to Christy about the child. She called herself Christy Melville, and said the child was to be called after her own surname, by order of her father the day before he was beheaded. So one was called Christy and the other Mary, and there was no more said about it. But every sabbath day Christy left the charge of little Mary with the widow, went off before day and returned again by night; and though the widow watched her, she saw that she sometimes went one way and sometimes another, and could not comprehend her business. It was afterwards discovered that she went to Dumfries and Thickside week about.

Christy saw and learned from others

that she stood on ticklish ground; a high reward having been offered for the discovery of the child, she took good care to conceal the riches she brought with her, never even venturing to buy her a new frock, unless out of their joint savings. That Widow Clark really believed the child to be Christy's is rather doubtful; but certain it is she acquiesced in the belief, for she loved both the child and mother, and had no mind to part with them. So the child grew in stature and in beauty. But we must return to Christy's family.

Jock of Thickside was tried before Lord Nithsdale immediately on his return from England, but the Beatsons, his accusers, refused to attend, keeping their fastnesses, for they knew that as far as the power of the Maxwells extended they were a

proscribed clan; and moreover their late slaughter of the band of English rendered them supremely obnoxious to their old tyrannical liege lords. But Maxwell was at the pains to send officers up among them, who examined them, and the Beatsons told all that they knew, for they lamented the death of their brave clansman Robert of Cassock exceedingly, and all of them suspected John of Thick-side. It was proven that he was not on the field at the dividing of the spoil, nor the burying of the slain, nor even at his chief's funeral the next day, and that he was seen crossing the Esk on the evening of the 3d, with a crying child on the horse before him.

This was all, and there was nothing more criminal in it than what attached to

the whole clan who were present at the foray, and all this Jock had confessed plainly at first, but schooled by his wife, he denied that he had ever left the field of strife. He said he had picked up a lovely child trying to waddle away from the field of battle, and he being wearied and wounded, rode straight home and took the child with him to try to preserve her innocent life.

“Then tell me, ruffian, what thou hast done with that child?” said Lord Maxwell; “for that baby’s life was of more value than the lives of thy whole race.”

“It is false,” said Jock.

“What say’st thou, caitiff? Speak’st thou so to me?”

“Yes, I do. For there is not a life of my race which is not as valuable in the

sight of heaven as either thine or her's, and I hope a great deal more so than those of any papist's on earth."

A buzz of approbation ran through the crowded council-room at this bold reply; for the Dumfriesians had suffered much from the Catholics and abhorred them, and Lord Maxwell perceiving this, answered mildly and said, "Tell me what thou hast done with that noble child, and thy life shall be as dear to me as thou rashly supposest it is to heaven?"

I must give John Beatson's explanation in his own words. "Troth ye see, ma' lword, I feught verra hard that day an' levelled a good deal o' the Englishers wi' the swaird. But that wasna my wyte, far we had a commander, a chief o' our ain, an' whan he began the fray, what could we do but follow. Besides we ken'd the

days o' the papishes war ower, as ye'll soon find to your cost, an' we thought the sooner we made an end o' a wheen o' them the better. But to come to the bairn again that ye hard sic a wark about; troth I was laith to pit the secret out. But faith an' troth, my lord, ye murdered her yoursel'. An' it's gayan like a papish's trick after a'. They're sae frank at takin the lives o' others it's weel done when they snap ane anither's at orra times."

"Explain what you mean, Beatson. This is too serious a business to be jeered with. I never saw the child, and therefore could have had no hand in taking her life. But it is a business which, if I judge aright, will cost you your neck."

"Aweel! I ken ye hae resolved on that already, an' gin a' my kinsmen had but ae

neck among them ye wad chop them a' off at aince. But I ken wha's head better deserves to be chopped off, and I'll explain the matter to you an' a' that hear me. I fund a bairn there's nae doubt o't, trying, poor thing, to waddle away an' escape frae the field o' battle. Sae I took her by the frock-tail an' pu'd her up afore me, an' findin that she was laden wi' goud an' diamonds an' precious stones, an' that I was sair woundit an' forefoughten, I thought I wad tak her for my prize an' let my friends share the rest amang them. Sae I brought hir hame an' gae her to my wife, wha poor woman kissed her, caressed her, an' fed her wi' the best in the house. But behold I was sent to prison, an' your lordship, knowing that I wasna at hame to defend my ain, sent up your sogers wha surroundit the house; an' my poor wife

was sae fley'd that she took up the baby an' a' her riches into a hiding place in a garret which nae leeving soul could find out. But behold the base knaves set the house on fire an' brunt it every stab, an' my honest woman an' the bonny bairn war baith brunt to ashes. But that's the gate honest an' true men hae been long guidit by the papishes."

Lord Nithsdale looked confounded. He knew such a deed had been done; the plain narrative affected him, and he exclaimed "God forgive me." The populace grew outrageous. They pulled Lord Nithsdale from the seat of justice, and knocked and pommelled him so, that it was with great difficulty his officers and adherents got him pushed into the dungeon of the prison and locked up there. From that day he never more mounted the



bench of justice in Dumfries. The times were changed with him. The mob assumed the rule for a season. The crown tottered on the head of the king, while a more powerful hand grasped at it, and all was utter confusion. In the mean time, John of Thickside was set free, amid the shouts of an exulting mob. But though liberated in this singular and tumultuous way, he was not exculpated in the eyes of his kinsmen, who regarded him with a jealous eye and refused to associate with him. They suspected him not only of having foully slain Robert of Cassock, but of having made away with the child for the sake of her treasure, for though the Beatsons heard the story as a fact that the wife and child were both burnt, they did not believe it.

When Mary came to be about nine

years of age she was taken notice of by Mrs. Maxwell, commonly called Lady Langley. This lady was a widow, her husband having fallen in the civil wars, and she had retired to an old solitary but neat mansion in this wild dell, with her only surviving child, a boy in his teens. Now, as Lady Langley supplied the two women with constant work, she often called at their cot to see how her woollen and linen yarn were coming on, and pay them by the spindle. So every time she saw and conversed with little Mary Melville, as she was called, she could not help admiring her singular beauty and fine address; and at length proposed to take her home and educate her along with her son, who had a tutor of his own. This proposal was blithely accepted by the two women, for though

both of them by dint of hard spelling and misnaming words could read a little, they found themselves quite inadequate to teach their little darling any thing beyond the alphabet, every letter of which they mispronounced.

Mary proved a most apt learner, as girls about that age generally are, and soon made great advancement in overtaking the young laird. Lady Langley was so pleased with herself at having taken this fatherless and interesting child under her protection, that she condescended often to attend to her education herself, though with a great deal of pomp and circumstance. It was while guiding her hand in writing one day that Lady Langley perceived the cross on the girl's bosom, and was struck dumb with astonishment,

thinking it was streaked with blood. She took it out and stared at it. Mary made no resistance, but stared on the lady's face in return. It was a cross of gold set with rubies in a most beautiful way.

“ Mary Melville, what is this ? ” said the lady ; “ child, this cannot be yours . ”

“ I believe it is, madam, ” said Mary seriously. “ It has hung there since ever I remember, and I have heard that it was locked round my neck by my father the day before he was beheaded . ”

“ He has died for the true religion then, ” said the lady, turning up her eyes, and then turning over the cross, she saw upon the adverse side these words, if I remember aright, set in very small diamonds, *Mater Dei, memento M. M.* “ Ay, there it is ! There it is, ” exclaimed she, “ Mo-

ther of God, remember Mary Melville! Girl, that cross is worth an estate. Do you remember aught of your papa?"

"I think always I remember of riding in a coach with a gentleman whom I was wont to call so."

"What was his name?"

"I have quite forgot, but men took off their caps when they spoke to him."

"Was your own name always Mary Melville?"

"No, it was not. I am almost certain it was not. But O I cannot remember! I think they called me Mary Gurney or Gulney, or some such sound as that. But it is all uncertain and quite like a dream."

"But you never had any mother or mamma save poor Christy."

"No, no, I never had any mother or

mamma but Christy, excepting Mrs. Clark, who is the very same."

"Ay, ay! So then the story is all too true! Your father has been a gentleman, perhaps more. But your mother has been one of the herd, perhaps a common strumpet, so you must never think to rise in life, Mary. Never presume to thrust yourself into genteel society, for there is a stain on your lineage which all the beauty and accomplishments of the world cannot efface."

"I don't see that at all, Lady Langley, why I should be looked down on by the world for a misdemeanor in which I had no share."

"It is the way of the world, child, and to the ways of the world we must submit, as we cannot frame it anew to our own ideas or the particular circumstances that suit

ourselves. But blessed be God who cast you on my protection, for I will breed you up in the true religion, and as you never can rise in life, I will get you placed in a nunnery."

"A nunnery? What's that? I do not like the name."

"It is a religious house where young women are brought up in the fear, nurture, and admonition of the Lord, well prepared for a better state, and well provided for all their lives."

"Well, I should like that exceedingly. Are there plenty of young gentlemen in it?"

"No, no! There is no man suffered to enter those sacred gates but the father confessor."

"I think I shall not go. I'll rather take

my chance with old mother Christy, to such luck as may cast up."

Lady Langley smiled and made a long speech about mothers, which I do not choose to bring into my tale, and by degrees half and more persuaded the young volatile beauty that she was directing her on the right path. In the meantime the young laird and she learned on and gambolled on together. He was constantly playing tricks on her, and keeping her squalling in their hours of amusement, and sometimes he would pretend to lash her from him with a horse-whip, but in one minute she was between his shoulders again. Lady Langley gave them many profound lectures on the impropriety of their intimacy, and would often impress Mary's mind so much that she would try to keep aloof from



George for days together. But the game always began again. They went a nutting, they went a bird-nesting, keeping out of the severe dame's sight, and ultimately George would stand or sit and gaze in silence at the growing beauties of Mary, while the return he got for this worship was often no more than a slap on the cheek or a fillip on the nose.

But the time arrived when George was obliged to leave his mother's house for some Catholic college, whether in France or Ireland I have forgot, but he remained there a number of years, and was only home once all the time, and then when he met with Mary he did not know her. It was a droll scene. Mary accosted him with ease and familiarity, while he could only bow, stare, and hesitate. When told that it was his old playmate, Mary Mel-

ville, he actually cried for joy at seeing her so lovely. The lady took good care to keep them asunder, so that they only met once by themselves for a few minutes, but during that short space something had passed between them which never was forgotten by either of them.

But the time at length arrived when it behoved George Maxwell to come home and take the charge of his own affairs, and then Lady Langley resolved to put her scheme into execution with regard to Mary, and get her disposed of in a nunnery. She made no mention of such a thing, but said she wanted to send her as a companion and governess to her cousin, the Countess of Traquair, who she knew generally went abroad every year, and had plenty of interest. Mary was obsequious and rather fond of the change,

but it took all Lady Langley's eloquence to persuade the two old dames to part with her, and strange to say, Mrs. Clark was the far most obstinate in yielding and affected at parting with her.

The Earl of Traquair's chaplain and livery servant at length arrived by appointment, and after a great deal of kissing and crying, Mary, mounted on a fine palfrey, rode cheerfully away with her ghostly conductor; the liveryman's horse being quite laden with necessaries which the good old woman forced her to take along with her.

I could never find out what road they took for the castle of Traquair. A printed account of the transaction that I have seen says they were going to lodge that night with a sort of broken or deposed clergyman at a place called Braeger, so that it is

probable it was at the steps of Glen-dearg that they encountered a horde of men and women, lodging in two tents in which fires were blazing, and plenty of noise and singing going on, while the bagpipe was lending its loudest strains to the chorus. The priest was frightened, as well he might, for he knew by the inimitable strains of the bagpipe which he had frequently heard, that the carollers were THE FAAS, a reckless tribe of gipsies that generally travelled twenty-four strong, and through all the country took and did whatever they listed, but who never visited any place more than once in a year, and those who were civil to them they would not wrong, but reaved without scruple from their adversaries.

The priest as I said was not at all at his ease, but to get off the road at the

steps was impossible, and to return back over the dreary path they had passed was both cowardly and inconvenient, so the three were obliged to pass on. But to get by unperceived was impracticable. The horses stopped and snorted, and the dogs of the gipsies bayed until out sallied a body of the Faas, and without ceremony seized the three hapless travellers and bore them in to the chief, taking care meantime to secure their horses out of sight.

What a scene was there! There was plenty of lamb and mutton roasting and stewing, which the gipsies, with the help of their dogs, had reaved from the flocks that fed all around them, and plenty of the best French brandy, for they were smugglers as well as gipsies. Now the man who seized Mary and carried her

into the gipsy's tent was no other than the celebrated Gordon Faa the piper ; which she knew by this token, that every step which he took with her the great drone uttered a groan, she having some way pressed against the bag, to the infinite amusement of the gang, who screamed with laughter at the piper and his splendid load.

The smell of the viands was so delicious that, truth to say, the chaplain eyed them as ascending from the cauldron with great satisfaction, and after blessing the good things in Latin, partook most liberally of them as well as of the brandy. He knew the chief, and named him by his name, LORD JOHN FAA. He also knew the piper, naming him, so that no doubt of the identity of the priest remained. The Lord Traquair of that day

was a great and good man, respected over all Scotland, and by this wandering horde as much as any ; nothing therefore could exceed the kindness of the gang to their guests, and it must be acknowledged that both the priest and servant enjoyed themselves exceedingly, for they really felt that they were much more comfortable than they could possibly have been with the broken curate at Braeger.

Not so with poor Mary. It was a scene of rudeness, roughness, and recklessness, of which she had never even dreamed, and the gipsy women were the far worst. And moreover Gordon Faa, the piper, who kept close by her, plagued her with his assiduities, looking upon her as his lawful prize, although again and again snubbed both by the stern looks and degrading taunts of his chief John Faa, lord of Little

Egypt, who at length drove him into the secondary tent, leaving none in that tent save his mother, two brethren, the priest, Mary, and himself. They slept on rushes; but as Mary refused to lie down, the chief like a gentleman sat and watched with her. As soon as all were quiet, he proposed at once to make her queen of the gipsies, assuring her that no lady in the land should fare better or be better attended. She tried to turn it into a jest, and said she was already engaged to the piper. Lord John let her know that he was jesting none about the matter, and told her that Gordon the piper was a low dastardly poltroon whom he, John Faa, could snuff out like a candle, and not so much as burn his fingers on him.

“ I beg your pardon, Sir Sovereign,” said Mary. “ Now, in my opinion, the



piper is the most proper man of the two, and as I am engaged to him it is most ungenerous in you to propose taking me from your kinsman."

"I would take you from my brother," said he, "for of all the women I have ever seen on earth you are the most beautiful. But believe me it would be wise and prudent in you to acquiesce in my proposal. It will be the better for you, because what you refuse me on friendly terms I am resolved to take by force."

"I must first hear what my conductor and ghostly confessor says to that," said Mary. "And you yourself must also first procure the consent of the piper before we can proceed farther in this matter."

Now it so happened that there was only the thickness of the canvass between the jealous piper and them all this time,

and he heard every word that was uttered and took it all for earnest, and there was one other heard it, who, to all appearance, was the soundest sleeper there, and that was the chief's mother, the queen dowager of the gipsies, and as she both adored and dreaded her son, she resolved to further his views in the attainment of his object, a queen of the gipsies, that would not only do them credit but astonish all the country.

The next morning they packed up their baggage in a time unaccountably short, and set off before sunrise. The priest asked for their horses and liberty to proceed, but the chief told him that he would conduct them in safety to Traquair gate, provided he would marry him to that young lady with whom he was resolved never to part. But if he refused to do

that, perhaps — he — would not be permitted—to go much farther.

The chaplain's blood ran chill to his heart, for he knew with whom he had to do. A gang that accounted no more of the lives of men than of sheep. "If I have the consent of parties," said he with a pale and quivering lip, "why then I can have no objections."

"How can you say so, father Crosbie?" said Mary, "would you marry me to the chief of a lawless gang of outlaws, vagabonds, the terror and disgrace of the country. Be assured then, once for all, that I would rather die a thousand deaths than submit to such a degradation."

"Don't just say so far, young madam," said the old gipsy queen, "we'll see about that by and by."

"Well, well, we'll not say any more

about these matters just now," said the chief. "But as we are all going the same road let us journey on together till breakfast-time, and when we have got a hearty meal we shall either remain together or part good friends."

The chaplain, who would gladly have been off, answered mildly, "Why, now begging your honour's pardon, I think we had better proceed by ourselves. You are the very best of fellows, and the best of landlords, but think what will be said through the country if the Earl of Traquair's chaplain, a gentleman in holy orders, and a lady belonging to that great family, should be seen travelling through the country with the gipsies?"

"There is no one to see us here," said Lord John, "for no one dares to come near us as we pass out the way, therefore let

us journey on till we breakfast together, which will not be before eleven, as we take always only two hearty meals a-day.”

Some went a fishing, some went a shooting, and some a reaving, and as appointed they all met at a place called Back-Burn at eleven to breakfast. They had plenty of fine trout, some of the birds now called *game*, and both lamb and mutton beside; and after both men and women had partaken of a full quaigh of brandy, they sat down to a hearty breakfast, and then after another quaigh of brandy the chief said, “ Now, Sir Priest, proceed we to business, if you please, and join this young woman’s hand with mine, as nothing less than such a ceremony will satisfy the consciences of women.”

Here the piper came forward, bonnet in hand, and thus addressed his chief. “ My

lord, how is it that I should be forced to remind you of the unaltered and inviolable law of this and all well regulated communities regarding spulzie ; you know too well that it is that whoever first finds the prize and takes possession is the legal owner without dispute and without reference ; you have therefore no right nor claim to that young maiden. She is mine. And before our kinsmen I make my appeal, and dare you to touch her so much as with one of your fingers.”

Lord John Faa stood up curling his dark lip, while his mustachios moved up and down like the whiskers of a cat with rage. “Thou butterfly ! Thou moth ! Thou thing of wind and whistles ! Darest thou for thy heart’s blood speak thus to me ?”

“Yes, I dare !” said the piper, “for I ask only justice.”

“ Then take that as a part of thy measure of it,” said the chief, aiming a tremendous blow at the piper’s left temple. But Gordon Faa the piper was a proper man though in a subordinate capacity; he broke the force of his chief’s stroke with his left elbow, and returned it with such interest that he laid his chief flat on the green, where he lay motionless with the blood gushing from his mouth and nose, right before the entrance of his tent. The piper instantly struck with the enormity of his offence, turned his back and fled, and in the hurry of lending assistance to the chief no one noted this till the old gipsy queen called out. “ Is the dog to be allowed to escape thus?” On which Ellick Faa, the chief’s brother, threw off his coat, drew a rapier, and pursued him.

There was not one of the sept, however, a match for the piper in speed, which had often been proved before, and at this time terror increasing it he shot away from his pursuers like a hare from a colley dog. Another brother perceiving this, pursued also, and the chief recovering from the stunning blow followed behind, calling on his brothers to stop, but they neither heard nor regarded. Some of Gordon the piper's near connexions next followed, both men and women, and the path down the river, over knowe and dell, was seen by the shepherds and peat-workers from the hills covered with a long line of gipsies, all running like mad people, and they said one to another, "There's some drunken fray among the Faas, an' it'll no settle without blood."

The piper kept quite a-head, and it is



believed would have done so and far out-run all his pursuers. What then tempted him to take earth is unaccountable, for though far a-head and out of sight of his pursuers, he bolted into the very first house he came to, which was the farmhouse of Coggerhill. It so happened that there was not a soul in the house but one young girl, who was standing at the kitchen table baking bannocks. She knew Gordon Faa the piper, for she had danced to his strains only three days before, and she asked in astonishment "What's the matter? What's the matter? Guide us, Gordon, what's the matter?"

"Nae ill to you, deary; nae ill to you," said he, and flying into a corner of the milkhouse, he hid himself behind a salt barrel and a meal one. I can give the particulars of this catastrophe correctly,

for it was the daughter of that girl who related the story to me again and again when I was a boy. Her name was Tibby Scott, and she lived with an only daughter at Craig-hill on Lord Napier's land, and I am sure is still remembered by many living.

“What's the matter, Gordon?” said she. “Nae ill to you, deary,” said he. “But for God's sake dinna tell ony o' them that I'm here.”

He had not well done speaking when Ellick Faa entered, with his thirsty rapier ready in his hand. “Did you see a man, lassie?” said he, hurriedly; “did you see a man? Saw you aughts o' our piper here?”

“Na,” said she, as if quite surprised by the question, on which Ellick uttered an oath and ran again to the door. But the

view from that house being very extensive all around, and he seeing no one flying, returned again into the house, and said, "O d— him, he must be here!" and instantly commenced a search, when the panting of the piper soon led to his discovery. Ellick seized him by the neck, and dragged him out to the middle of the kitchen-floor, while the piper seemed to be deprived of all power either to plead or fight, but arms he had none. Ellick trailed him out on his back, and setting his foot on his throat, he stabbed him through the heart. He was standing on him with both his feet, the girl said, and when he pulled out his rapier from his breast, the blood spouted upwards against the loft. The piper died instantly.

That blood remained on those joists and flooring for a century, and I have often

looked at it myself in the old farm-house of Coggerhill, with a sort of awe and terror, although only a memorial of former days. The chief's younger brother next arrived, and likewise ran his weapon through the body of the piper, but it hardly shivered, he having been run through the heart at the first. The chief next arrived with his face and breast covered with blood; but his rage and grief, when he saw Gordon the piper was murdered, is past describing. He cursed his brethren for their impetuosity, and the girl was wont to say, that she believed if he had a weapon in his hand he would have slain them both. When his rage had somewhat subsided, he lamented his fallen kinsman in the most dolorous and pathetic terms, and wept like a child over him, saying, "Thou art foully slain, Gordon, thou

art foully slain! and I would rather it had been myself, or either of them than thou. For it was I who was the aggressor! yes, it was I—it was I!”

Sundry others arrived, both men and women, and great was the lamentation for the fall of the piper, and dreadful the execrations on his murderers. They then took the byre door from its hinges, stretched the ghastly corpse upon that, and bore him back to the tent, where they wrapped the body up in linen and woollen, and buried it on the very spot where his chief fell when he knocked him down, and where his grave is to be seen to this day, on Brackhope Ridge—and with one stone at the head, and another at the feet: a dreadful lesson to the insubordinate members of all clans.

In the mean time, while this horrible and fatal affray was going on, and the gipsy men all away, the priest and livery-servant made their escape; mounting their steeds, they rode with all their might, and reached the castle of Traquair before it was quite dark, where they related their grievous story, but not truly, to save themselves from the shame of leaving Mary behind. The truth was, that the priest pleaded very hard that Mary should accompany him; but the old gipsy queen, and the other women that remained at the tent, would not suffer her to depart, but held her by force. The priest threatened her with the vengeance of Lord Traquair, and said he would send an armed body of men at once, who would not only take the young lady from them, but cut them

all to pieces. But the old hag is said to have answered him in these bitter words :—

“ Ay, gang or ride your ways, and warn the Earl o’ Traquair. We dinna gie *that* for him (snapping her fingers). An’ afore ye win the Kirk-Rigg, we’ll mak her she sanna be worth the sending for, nor will she gang wi’ ye if ye wad tak her.”

Mary cried most bitterly, and entreated the priest, by all that he held sacred to remain with her and be her protector ; but he was glad to escape with life and limb, and left Mary in a swoon, held down by three gipsy women. Therefore when he went to Traquair, he said that they had fallen in with the powerful gipsy gang called the Faas, and that the young lady for whom they were sent

rather chose to remain with them and be their queen, than come to Traquair to be a servant. Lady Traquair would not believe this report, after the letters she had had from her cousin, but the Earl believed it, and sent no succour.

But there is a power far above that of the nobles of the earth, that watches over truth and innocence; and Mary failed not at every interval of hateful persecution in this dreadful dilemma, to implore protection of heaven; and her prayers were heard, for she *was* delivered, and that in a most wonderful manner.

When the gang returned with the mangled and bloody corpse of the piper, her feelings received a fearful shock. She expected nothing but death from those lawless ruffians; but it was not death so much as dishonour that she dreaded;



and after the gipsy queen's speech to the priest, she had good reasons for dreading both. She however seized a clasp knife, and concealed it in her bosom, resolved, if any violence was offered to her, to stab the aggressor, and if unable to accomplish that to stab herself. But the old gipsy queen either missed the knife, which was a sort of closing dagger, and a most insidious and dangerous weapon, or some way or other suspected Mary's design, for the three hags laid all hold of her at once, forced the knife from her, and tied her hands behind her back.

When the piper's burial was over, the chief was very down-hearted and out of tune. He was angry that the chaplain was gone; he was angry that the young lady was detained against her will, and her hands bound behind her back. In

short, he was angry with every thing, and ordered his mother to let Mary depart; for he had no heart to compel her to submit to his will by force.

“Not by force!” said she. “How then should a queen of the Egyptians be wooed but by force? I thought I had a noble and daring son of thee, but I have only a chicken-hearted craven! Where could you find such another queen as this thrust upon you by chance. The like of her is not in broad Scotland; and after proposing the thing, to draw back! Faugh! force forsooth! Where lives the maiden who does not like to be forced to some things? I—ay I was laid on the bride-bed with your father, with my hands tied behind my back; and what I was obliged to submit to, my daughter-in-law may well submit to after me. I would not have a queen of

our brave and ancient tribe who was not taken by force, because otherwise she would not be worth having. Win her and wear her, say I. There she lies at your command. Lord Traquair may send for her to-morrow, but I sent him word that before that time he should find her not worth the taking; and neither would she go with his men if he would take her. Come, comrades, let us take a walk up by the Back Burn, and leave the young couple by themselves."

Mary was then left in the tent with Lord John Fa, with her hands tied behind her back. He had, however, used no violence with Mary, for she all her life spoke of him with respect. He had, perhaps, offered some—for it seems that he discovered the cross in her bosom, which at once struck him speechless and motionless.

This golden cross, be it remembered, was a very affecting thing. It was an effigy of the Saviour on the cross, with large rubies for the nails, and smaller ones resembling the streaming of the blood. The savage, who certainly had known something about the Christian revelation, was so struck with the sight of this apparently bloody cross, than he shrunk back speechless and horrified, while Mary, seeing his perturbed looks, appeared as much terrified as he. At length, with a quivering lip, he spoke words to the following purpose:—"Lady, you are the favoured of heaven; and rather than offer any violence to that pure and lovely frame would I spill my own heart's blood. You are free. Here I loose you with my own hands, and fear not that one of our tribe dare so much as touch you with a foul finger."

Poor Mary was so overjoyed at this miraculous relief, that she kneeled at her deliverer's feet, and embraced his knees ; and then, how astonished was the old reckless queen and her associates, at seeing the chief and the beauty meeting them walking arm in arm. The gipsies, of course, formed conclusions wide of the truth.

But that very afternoon the chief mounted Mary on her own palfrey, and he and his two brethren accompanied her as far as a place called Corse Cleuch, where she got the room to sleep in and they the barn ; and the next day they set her safely down at Traquair gate, with every thing pertaining to her. Lord and Lady Traquair were highly pleased with the generosity and kindness of this roving barbarian chief, and it was thought (but to the truth of

this I cannot speak) that it was through the earl's powerful interest that there was never any cognizance taken of the piper's murder. It was as likely to have been occasioned by the times being so terribly out of joint: but so it was, that the two brothers escaped with impunity.

As for Mary, she seemed to have been born to a life of wild romance; for no sooner had she shewn her face at Traquair than John Stewart, second son to the earl, and denominated The Tutor of Caberston, fell desperately in love with her, and intreated of his parents permission to marry her. They were highly indignant at the proposal, but finding him obstinately intent on his purpose, they were obliged to apply to Mary herself, and rely on her prudence. She was aware how well the young gentleman loved, and also how ad-

vantageous the match would have been,—for he was afterwards Earl of Traquair. But she listened to the admonitions of her new guardians, and the next time the Tutor addressed her, she gave him such a lecture on his imprudence in proposing such a thing, and of their great inequality in life, he being the son of a powerful nobleman, and she a poor nameless foundling, unacknowledged by any one, that the young man was astonished, but nowise diverted from his purpose; for in place of that, when he found her so disinterested, his love glowed fiercer than ever, and he determined, at all hazards, on making her his wife.

Mary told the countess every thing candidly, and all the gentleman's vehement protestations; and that acute lady perceived that, knowing her son's temper and

disposition, there was nothing for it but separating them. She therefore persuaded her two sons Charles and John, to go on a visit to their relations in Nithsdale; and in the mean time she smuggled off Mary to France, in company with two of her daughters, the ladies Lucy and Ann, with charges to them to get her introduced into the convent of Maisendre, with which the Scottish Catholic nobility were all connected: so off they set to Edinburgh in the earl's huge lumbering carriage, and did not reach that city until dark of an autumn day, when they alighted at the earl's house in the Canongate.

Mary had not well set foot on the pavement, when one touched her arm and said "Mary, I want to speak with you."

Mary thought she knew the voice, and turned aside with the woman without he-



sitation. It was her unfailing friend, Christy, who never lost sight of her except one of the nights she was detained by the gipsies. On the very day that Mary left Langley-Dale poor Christy vanished from Mrs. Clark's cottage. Whoever reads this will suppose that then she had gone home to her own dwelling at Thickside, but, alas! Thickside was no more her dwelling—the Beatsons had been extirpated, and their ancient feudal territory parted among the Scotts, and John of Thickside and his sons had shared in the fate of their brethren. So Christy had made up her mind to stick by her adopted daughter. She was sure she was a lady of quality, but who she was, or what she was, remained a mystery. The good woman, however, had plenty of tokens to prove her protégée's origin, if ever she should

be claimed; in particular, the gold and ruby cross, which was locked about her neck and hung down on her breast, was one that could never be disputed. She followed her to Traquair, and was there a day before her; and ere she left home she got some intelligence that Mary was destined for a foreign convent. While Mary was at Traquair, Christy was refused admittance to her, and never saw her; but when she set off for Edinburgh, she set off also, and was there before her, and contrived to get the first word of her on her alighting from the carriage, and with the bustle and confusion of taking out the ladies and the luggage, Mary's retreat was never noted.

“My dearest Mary,” said Christy, “leave these great people at once and retire again with me. Your doom is fixed if

you refuse this, and you are to be sent to France and confined within the walls of a nunnery for life.”

“ But do you not think, mother, that a life devoted to religion is the best life that a woman can lead ? ” said Mary.

“ No, no, Mary, that was not the end of woman’s creation. She was made for the nourishing of the immortal mind and bringing up beings for eternity, and therefore it is mean and selfish in her to care only for herself. For my part, I would rather see you take the evil and good things of life as they come, to be a wife and a mother, than have you immured in a convent, even though that secured you of heaven at last.”

With arguments of this tendency, expressed in more homely but more forcible language, she persuaded Mary to elope

with her, and abandon her noble friends and her luggage for ever. So the two went to the house of a Mistress Jardine, in a place called Alison Square. She was cousin german to Christy, and had often spent a few weeks with her at Thickside, and with that lady they took up their lodgings and lived in style, for Christy had plenty of the good red gold with her, and they lived at least as well as the ladies of Traquair did in their grand house in the Canongate. Christy also brought her darling several appropriate dresses, so that at this time Mary was really an angel in loveliness.

Great was the stir among the earl's people when it was discovered that Mary was missing. It was the most unaccountable thing ever known! that a young lady should vanish stepping out of a coach, who

had not an acquaintance, male or female, in Edinburgh, and leave all her baggage to whomsoever pleased to take possession of it. None could give any account of her, save that one page said he saw her step aside on the plain stones, speaking to an elderly woman, but that being called on at the time he saw no more. The very worst construction was thus put on poor Mary's elopement, for sooth to say the Traquair young ladies hated her, finding they never could catch a glance from a gentleman when Mary was present, and they now asserted that their chaplain had told the truth, that she had remained a night with the gipsy chief of her own free choice, and had now gone off with a lady of the town, of whom she could know nothing, on the very first hint; and they charitably concluded that she was an

undone creature, and that her personal beauty had been given her for her ruin.

In the meanwhile, the Tutor of Caberston returned from his visit to Nithsdale, and when he found that his darling Mary was smuggled away from him in rather an equivocal manner, his rage was quite boundless. He accused his mother fiercely to her face, and told her he would follow that inimitable girl to the limits of the earth, and defied the machinations of man or woman to deter him from the attainment of her. So mounting his horse he galloped straight to Edinburgh, determined, if she had gone on shipboard, to follow her straight to France and prevent her taking the veil; but on reaching his father's house in Edinburgh, and finding that Mary was a-missing, his chagrin surpassed all bounds, and to their evil

insinuations regarding her, he not only turned a deaf ear, but cursed them all for a parcel of affected fools and idiots, ever to suppose that guilt or deceit could lurk beneath a face and form like those of Mary Melville. In short, Lord John, or the Tutor as he was commonly called, was in such a rage and in such chagrin that the family were distressed, and even frightened about him. And when he was just at the worst, behold there arrived his half-cousin, George Maxwell, in search of the same lost beauty, and came straight to the earl's house, his nearest kinsman, in Edinburgh.

The Tutor was happy at meeting him, being so much interested in the same discovery. They were very like each other, exactly of the same age, and though only half-cousins, there was a family resem-

blance between them that was most singular; and when dressed in the same way, (and it is well known that the dresses of gentlemen, as well as ladies, were very formal in those days,) no one could distinguish the one from the other.

They agreed between themselves to search for Mary Melville till they found her, if she was alive and in Scotland, and that no ill blood might be between them, to leave the appeal entirely to herself when found. It was not easy to find any one in Edinburgh then. There was no half-dozen of papers with advertisements going every day. There was nothing to rely on but bodily exertion and ocular proof. There was only one street in Edinburgh then; the High Street and the Canongate, which is a continuation of



the former, stretching from the Castle to the Palace. That street our two young lovers traversed every day, but always traversed it in vain. They attended at the private meetings of the Catholics, but they found her not. They went to every public place—to every popular meeting, whether sacred or civil, but Mary they could not discover.

As they were walking up the Lawn-Market towards the Castle one day, a lady, a perfect angel in beauty, dressed in green silk, with a green turban and feathers, beckoned to them across half the street. They returned the salute, and walked on for a long time in perfect silence. “Who in the world is that?” said Maxwell.

“I think she is one of the Ladies Gordon,” said Lord John. “I don’t know any other ladies of rank, and she is very

like them in her stately manner and superb dress. She is, however, a beautiful young creature."

They walked on in silence again until coming up to the Castle-Hill. "My Lord John," said Maxwell, "it strikes me that that lady who smiled and beckoned to us was no other than Mary Melville, the young lady for whom we are so anxiously searching."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lord John. "She is, in my opinion, Lady Mary Gordon." But then stopping, and making himself some inches higher, he exclaimed, "Good heavens, is it possible that that exquisite splendid being could be Mary Melville!"

"There is something, my lord, that schoolfellows never forget," said Maxwell, "and there was a smile and some dimples

yonder which I am sure could be nobody's but Mary's!"

"Let us follow then," said the Tutor, "and trace her to her domicile. She is worth the looking after, at all events. If that really was Mary, what a jewel!"

The two kinsmen then wheeled round and pursued down the High Street, but did not overtake the two ladies, as they had turned off to the right for the Horse Wynde, that led to their lodgings. Shortly after that Maxwell fell sick, either from disappointed love or of vexation at the insinuations constantly poured into his ears against his adored Mary. However, sick he grew and took to bed, and his physician said it was agitation of mind that caused his illness.

The Tutor was now left to prowl about by himself, which he did every day, al-

ways keeping a sharp look-out for the lady dressed in green silk; and one day when he was taking a look at the Palace of Holyrood, the splendid home of his royal relatives, whom should he meet face to face in the gallery but the identical lady in green silk, his admired Mary Melville, leaning on the arm of old Christy of Thickside.

“Miss Melville!” exclaimed he. “Blessed be all the powers above that I have at last found you out !”

“And pray, wherefore, sir?” said Mary.

“Because, with your dear permission, we shall never part again,” said he.

“It will be very long before you attain that, sir?” said Mary, rather saucily. “I know my distance better, and have got some feeling lectures about that before now.”

And with that she moved off along the gallery, making the plumes in her turban nod in a rather disdainful manner. "Mary! my dear Mary!" cried Christy, "Pray whaten a bee has gotten into your head the day? Are ye gane daft, lassie?" But Mary capered on, and down the stair she went. Christy ran back to Lord John, taking him all the while, be it noted, for George Maxwell, and making a real country courtesy, said, "Dear, dear, sir! Ye see Mary has ta'en some o' her tantrums the day. They're queer creatures, thae young women! It's impossible to comprehend them. For I can tell you ae thing, that she likes you better than baith her meat an' her drink. Ay, than either her right hand or her right ee, or than a' the men o' Scotland put thegither. An' tak ye an auld fool's word for't, ye're

as sure o' her as ye're sure o' your denner the day. In an honourable way, that's to say."

"Thank you, thank you, for the dear information!" said the Tutor; at the same time holding out a handful of silver and gold pieces to her.

"Na, na! Na, na! I want nane o' your siller an' gowd, sir!" cried Christy, holding her closed fist above her head. "Mary has mair gowd than baith her an' I can count or ever will be able to count a' our days, I believe. Na, na! Keep your siller to plenish your house when you get Mary, for I assure ye that will be to do, and in some style, too! Only this I can assure ye o', if you want to hae Mary in an honourable way, ye're sure o' her."

Lord John stood like a statue, saying

within himself, "The daughter of a nobleman! More gold than she will ever be able to count! Of a Catholic nobleman, who died for the cause; and such a jewel for beauty! In love with me, too! I'll have her in spite of all the kinsmen and kinswomen on earth. I'll have Mary Melville! Yes, I'll have her to myself, let them all say what they will."

Christy hurried after her darling and adopted daughter, and overtaking her in the area, she said, "Dear, dear, Mary! What gart ye take the strunts at the young laird the day? Ye ken how weel he likes ye, an' I ken gayen weel how somebody likes him. I canna understand thae dortie fits. I'm sure when I was young, I never took ony o' thae dortie fits at the man I liket, except aince by the by."

"Stop, stop, dear mother Christy!

What are ye speaking about ?” said Mary. “ Yon young gentleman was no other than the Lord John Stewart of Traquair, or the Tutor of Caberston, as he is called. He is a youth of a haughty and imperious temper, and of a high though amiable family ; but, in short, a young nobleman whom I would no more think of marrying than the Prince of Wales, to be a discredit to his high and proud ancestry. He made love to me before, but I like him very ill.”

“ Dear Mary ! If yon be nae George Maxwell, the laird of Langley, I never saw him.”

“ I tell you he’s no more the laird of Langley than you are, but the Lord John Stewart, the Tutor of Caberston.”

“ Then what hae I done, Mary ! What hae I done ! I told him that I was sure



he had your heart, an' that if he axed you in an honourable way he should hae you. I e'en gae him my word o' honour on it."

"Then you have done very wrong, mother Christy, and that which may lead to much ill. He is only George Maxwell's half-cousin, and I know there is a singular family likeness between them. But could you not distinguish the impetuous and haughty looks of the one from the modest and respectful looks of the other? Ah! there is something in the features of early schoolfellows which never can be forgotten, and which even a half or a whole century could not efface from the mind. Had he been George Maxwell, of Langley, my mischievous and teasing youthful playmate, I do assure you my behaviour would have been far

otherwise. But I understand he is living in the same house with his cousins, and a great favourite there, so that I have but a small chance of any further notice from him. But it shall be long before I make any efforts to obtain it."

"Ah, ye hae a prood speerit, Mary! An' its proper an' fitting that ye should too: for I ken mair about ye than ye ken yoursel, if some reports be true. But ye sal never hear them frae me, unless I can reach the foundation o' them."

"Hush, hush!" said Mary. "See there is the Lord John Stewart following us; and as I am firmly resolved to resist his proffers, whatever they may be, I beg that we may elude him some way or other that I may not be harassed by his courtship."

“Ye’re a queer lassie, Mary; for I wad think the offer of a young nobleman for a husband was no that bad.”

They, however, went into a nobleman’s house on the right hand side of the Potter-Row, and as soon as the Tutor saw them fairly housed, he ran home and hasting up to Maxwell, who was sitting in his room with a napkin about his head, and some cordials or medicines beside him, told him that he had met with Mary Melville, and though he had not got her verbal consent to marry him, he had gotten that of the old dame who had the charge of her. That she was really the most lovely creature that ever trode the face of the earth. And as Lord John seems to have been a forthright honest fellow, he told him at once where she lived.

George Maxwell arose and dressed him-

self, ill as he was, and went straight to the nobleman's house, and desired to speak to Miss Melville. No such person was known there. Maxwell retired modestly as one who had been hoaxed, and just at the door he met the Tutor, who gave him a look of high offence as if he thought he had been taking advantage of him.

“She is not here, my lord,” said Maxwell.

“Not here!” said he. “I know better;” and rapping loudly, a footman came to the door, when Lord John asked for Miss Mary Melville.

“I know of no such lady, sir,” said the footman. “But as you asked the same question not five minutes ago, pray may I request your address.”

“Lord John Stewart, of Traquair,” said he.

Now it so happened that the Earl of Traquair had been the lord of the mansion's great friend and patron. I think his name was Anstruther, a baronet and one of the Judges of the Court of Session; so when he heard Lord John announce his name, he hastened into the lobby, welcomed him, and compelled him to come in and be introduced to his family, loading him with every sort of attention and kindness, and then enquired jocularly who the Miss Melville was whom he was asking so anxiously after.

The Tutor answered, that she was a young lady who had been recommended to the care of his father and mother, but that she had eloped from them, and they were most anxious to recover her, as she was an heiress and the daughter of a

nobleman who had suffered for his adherence to the cause of King Charles.

“Melville, Melville!” said the Judge. “There must be some mistake, for no nobleman of that name in Britain has suffered either in person or forfeiture for such adherence. Are you sure she is not Lady Mary Montgomery? She would, indeed, be worth looking after.”

“No; we have known her always only by the name of Miss Melville.”

“Then it is some deception, Lord John; some cheat depend on it, and the less you trouble yourself about her the better. Come, look round you; what think you of my daughters here?”

Lord John did look round the room, for how could he avoid it. He perceived there was one of the young ladies very

pretty. She chanced to be a young widow with a fortune, but he thought no more of it at that time. The Judge then said jocularly, "But my dear Lord John, what tempted you to suppose that this lost sheep, this stray runaway beauty of yours, could be an inmate here?"

"For the best of all reasons," said the Tutor. "For I traced her into your door—saw her admitted and welcomed."

"That is the most singular circumstance I ever heard," said the Judge. But seeing his three daughters begin to titter and blush, and look very sly to one another, he asked an explanation. They would not give it, but laughed louder, blushed deeper, and bowed down their faces to their knees.

"I don't understand this at all," said

the Judge. "My Lord John can you explain it to me? There must be something under this. I beg, my dear girls, that you will explain what you mean. Was Miss Melville really here yesterday?"

"Why, sir, it is rather an awkward circumstance, and I pity the noble young gentleman with all my heart," said the handsome widow. "But the truth is that there *was* a lady here yesterday, a young lady clad in green—a very fine girl, but accompanied by an old plain country-looking dame. They were ushered in here, and the young lady begged pardon and said, that she was watched and haunted by a gentleman whom she disliked exceedingly, and whom she wished by all means to elude, and that she was obliged to take shelter in our house to mis-



lead him. She stood at that window and watched until he went out of sight, and then took her leave. She was quite a lady—a very fine girl indeed! But from the appearance of her patroness, I would not say that she is any better than she should be.”

Lord John's face grew red, then pale, and then red again, yet he could not help giving a sly smile to the lovely and wicked widow. He rose to go away, but the Baronet and judge compelled him to stay to a family dinner, declaring at the same time that he had been more obliged to his father than any man on earth.

When the footman admitted Lord John, he took him for the same gentleman who had called a few minutes before, for everybody mistook the one cousin for the other, their

dress and looks being precisely the same, so he shut the door, and Maxwell was left by himself to saunter about in the street and do as he liked. In less than five minutes who should appear but the lovely Mary Melville and old Christy of Thick-side. Maxwell ran to them, and never was a lover better received. When he took Mary's hand and kissed it, the tears streamed down her cheeks, and the three all returned straight back to Mrs. Jardine's again, to Mary's lodgings. Every thing was soon understood between them. Their hearts had both understood it before, and it appeared at once that they were inseparable.

“Now, dear, dear Mary, just tell me this,” said Christy. “Will ye ever pre-soon to say or pretend that that's no the

gentleman we met in Holyrood-house the tither day, wha I promised you to—in an honourable way, that's to say?"

"No more than I am you or you me, Christy. Do you think old schoolfellows can ever forget one another? Never! If you knew how oft I had been between these now broad shoulders, and how oft pinched and tickled by those mischievous hands, you would not suppose I could mistake his face again."

"Aih, wow, sirs! But there's mony wonderfu' things i' this warld! An' mony wonderfu' changes!" exclaimed Christy. "But love bizness gangs on the same an' the same for ever! Aye love an' aye love! an' aye generation an' generation! frae the werry day that our auld father Aedie fell to this day; an' some think that was the werry thing that brak him too."

“Whisht, whisht!” said Maxwell, “and inquire at Mrs. Jardine if she has any room for me, for my cousin John Stewart is so violently in love with Mary, and such a violent young man altogether, that I would rather live beside you or near you than in the Earl’s family. It would be so delightful to see you every day.”

Mrs. Jardine could not spare him a parlour and bed-room, but she got him both right opposite, from which, though he could not properly speak, he could make signs every hour of the day; so that the two lovers generally spent the greater part of the day together, walked together, took their meals together; but on Sunday, going to a private chapel together, who should they meet in front of the altar but Lord John Stewart. Mary was dressed in pure white that

day, with a white gauze veil, and no man could conceive an angel, far less a virgin, more lovely. When Lord John saw them enter, arm in arm, his countenance flamed with rage. He was in love with Mary, fervently, deeply in love; and after the agreement he had made with his kinsman, he conceived himself undermined and insulted; and as Maxwell had left his father's house in the Canongate privately, he weened that Maxwell himself was conscious of the advantage he had taken. So, on leaving mass, he came sternly up and asked his cousin's address, which was given without reserve, and that same evening, Sunday though it was, Lord John sent him a challenge by the hand of Lord Adam Gordon. Maxwell would willingly have entered into an explanation; but Lord Adam, who was

likewise the Tutor's cousin, had no such instructions, so he refused all kind of capitulation, and the challenge was of course accepted, the place appointed, and every thing settled for the next morning at sun-rising.

But now a particular difficulty occurred to Maxwell. Where was he to find a second? He had not one gentleman acquaintance in Edinburgh, save Lord John Stewart himself. There was, he knew, a sort of writer body who had done a good deal of business faithfully for the late Mr. Maxwell, his father, and also for himself in his minority, whose name was Johny Fairbairn; so, considering him a friend, he ran to him and told him his circumstances, begging of him to be his second, and telling him at the same time that he was the only son of his old friend Mr. Maxwell, of Langley.

The writer was sitting in his little snug parlour at the top of three stairs in St. James's Court, reading his Bible, that day being (as may be remembered) the sabbath. But when he heard the young man's name and request, instead of appearing distressed, he appeared to regard him with laughter and contempt.

“ Ay, ay, man,” said he, “ so thou's the son o' my first an' best friend, George Maxwell? An' thou's gawn to thraw away thy life in a sinfu' combat, likely about some wench; without thinking what is to become of thee mwother and of the family name. O, man! thou's a great fule! An' then to think that Johny Fairbairn wad bear thee out in sickan madness! That's the maist ridiculous o' the hale! But there's ae thing I can do for thee, which is mainly requisite. I'll

draw out thee testment. It shall only cost thee ten puns."

George Maxwell stood thoughtful for a few minutes, and then said, "By the by, that should have been done. But there is no time now. I must go and look after a second. The thing is settled."

"Now stop, my dear callant, and think for a wee," said Johny, "an' I'll convince ye that ye're ane o' the greatest fules in the warld. The morn's morning ye maun either murder a kinsman, or he may murder you. If ye murder him, ye will leeve a miserable life o' remorse, an' be passed into hell-fire at last, like a bouking o' foul blankets into a tub. An' gin he murder thee, which is the maist likely o' the twa, how do you think thou'lt set up thee face to thee Maker, or what wilt thee say for theesel? Couldst thou really



hae the assurance to say, ‘ Now thou seest, Sire, that I’s comed sooner to thee than I intendit. But it happened that a friend of mine an’ I fell out about a wench, an’ then ye see it grew an affair o’ honour, an’ I hae thrown away my life there’s nae doubt o’t. But thou maun just excuse me, for ye ken a gentleman’s naething at a’ without his honour.’ What think’st thou the Judge’s answer wad be to thee? I think I can tell thee. It wad be, ‘ Tak that chap awa’ wi’ his honour, an’ plunge him wi’ his heels upmost into the hottest kittle o’ boiling brimstone thou canst find, an’ let him sotter there till he learn to ken the value o’ his tint honour.’ ”

Maxwell could not stand this satire. He found he had come to the wrong man, so he turned his back and fled; but the satiric limb of the law followed, calling out, “ Na,

na, stop. I's no done wi' thee yet. Thou hast forgot the testment an' the ten puns. Ah, fule, fule, fule!" added he, as Maxwell's feet blattered down the lowest stair.

Maxwell was now hard put to it, for there was not one individual in or near Edinburgh of whom he had the least knowledge, but with the bee honour in his head, and half-crazed with that and some inward gnawings, he ran up toward the castle, to try if any one officer there would stand his second. But in going up the castle hill a curious chance befel him. He perceived a fine-looking young gentleman sitting apparently much interested in the view toward the north, so he joined him and asked him the names of such and such places, and at once perceived from his dialect that he was from his own country. "I perceive, sir, that

you are a gentleman. In that no one can be mistaken," said Maxwell, the duel alone occupying his mind. The stranger stared in his face, and thought him mad. "I am unknown here, sir, and I think, from your tongue, that you are from my own country. Pray will you be so kind as stand my second in a duel to-morrow morning?"

"With all my heart," said the other, "for I know that none but a gentleman would either give or accept of a challenge. Therefore I am your man depend on it. Name the place and hour."

"The place," said Maxwell, "is Nicholson's small park—the furthest away one. The time is at the sun-rising. I am George Maxwell of Langley, and my opponent is the Lord John Stewart of Traquair."

“ And I am likewise George Maxwell,” said the stranger ; “ a countryman and relation of your own. I am a younger son of the family of Springkell, and a student at the college here.”

“ Then God bless you for a noble-hearted fellow. We are indeed near relations, and both named after the same noble progenitor.”

“ Why I do not expect that God will bless me much the more for this undertaking. But a Borderer likes always to see a trick of his old trade. Nothing to him like a bout at crown-cracking. Pray will I get a cuff at the second? Who is he?”

“ I believe he is one of the young Gordons of Huntly, likewise a cousin of my own ; so it unfortunately happens that we are all relations together who are engaged in this quarrel.”

“Nay, he is no relation to me that I know of. I’ll fight him. It is said that those highlanders are good at the broadsword, or claymore as they call it. But if Lord Adam Gordon will fight me with the Border long cut-and-thrust, I will bet a hundred pounds to his twelve pennies on the issue. I wish you would give up your quarrel with Lord John Stewart to me. If I don’t settle him, never trust a Maxwell again.”

“This is the devil of a fellow, that I ever met with!” thought the other Maxwell to himself, turning round and indulging in a burst of laughter. “No, no, my brave namesake, that will never do. I have accepted Lord John’s challenge, and I’ll fight him whatever may be the consequence. It is for all that is dear to me in life, to which he has no more right nor claim than you have.”

“ Ho ! hem ! I understand it ! Well, I’ll fight him for you, and lay no claim to the girl neither. Is it a bargain ? ”

“ No, no ; speak not of that, but meet me very early at my lodgings to-morrow morning.”

“ Never fear ! I’ll be with you, and I’ll see you get justice too, by G—d ! ”

The opponents met next morning in a small inclosure, somewhere about where Rankeilor Street now is. And it having been agreed on that they were to fight with long two-edged swords, as was then the custom, before the word was given to begin, young Maxwell of Springkell said to the other second, “ What suppose we should also take a turn in the meantime, Lord Adam ? ”

“ We have no quarrel, sir,” said the other.

“ No, true, we have no quarrel ; but when friends are fighting, I hate to stand and look on. Please then, my lord, to draw ! ”

Lord Adam complied. The word was given, and the two pairs began at the same time. The Maxwells soon found with whom they had to do. In the course of from ten to fifteen seconds, Lord Adam disarmed his opponent without shedding a drop of his blood. The other was a very hard battle indeed, and it appeared to both the seconds that Maxwell had rather the best of it. At length they were both wounded — Maxwell seriously. Then was the time that the other Maxwell ought to have interposed and made peace, and for the neglect of that he was sore blamed afterwards. But he was stupified by his sudden defeat,

and could do nothing but stand staring at Adam Gordon with a sword in either hand. At length Lord John wounded Maxwell for the third time, closed with him and downed him, and had just his hand raised to run him through the heart, when Gordon seized his arm, and wrenched his sword from his hand, addressing him in terms so severe that I do not choose to repeat them. He then led him from the field, but as he was forced away, he turned and said, with great bitterness, "I must go, since it is your will; but I'll have the lady still, in spite of his heart's blood."

As they were going off the field, Gordon turned round and struck his opponent's sword into the earth till it sunk to the hilt, saying, "There is your grand sword, Maxwell; I hope the next time you



use it you will use it better, and in a more legitimate cause." Maxwell never got over that sudden defeat. Some said it broke his heart and killed him, as he deemed his arm unequalled. I think he died abroad, but am not certain.

Maxwell conducted his friend home, and Dr. Bennet dressed his wounds, expressing considerable doubts of his recovery. Mary attended him without the least restraint or affectation, wept over him, and blamed him sore for risking his life for her, adding one day, "Did you ever think that any body could take me from you?"

It is impossible to conceive, far more to describe, how dear she became to Maxwell. He felt that she was the dearest part of his being, both soul and body, and

that he never could exist without her. In the mean time, Lord John Stewart having found her out, offered her marriage in perfect sincerity, and was not a little astonished, as well as chagrined, when he found that she absolutely refused him; and he being a young nobleman of that wild impetuous temper that he could not brook opposition to his will in any thing, told her plainly on going away that he *would* have her, either by foul or fair means, that she might depend on.

This frightened her and her lover both, for they knew that Lord John would try to be as good as his word, and the two were married forthwith by a worthy old priest, who had been reduced by the change of times from the highest to the lowest grade of his profession; and even before George Maxwell was very fit for

the journey, the two set out for Langley Dale on horseback: old Christy absolutely refusing to ride, took her foot for it, and was home before them.

Lord John took the best and most rational amends for his disappointment that any man could do, for the very next week he was married to the handsome young widow, Lady Weir, the daughter of his father's friend, Sir Philip Anstruther, the judge.

When George Maxwell and his lovely bride reached home, they were coldly received by Lady Langley, and informed, to their utter consternation, that they were not worth a farthing in the world, for that owing to the part that her late husband had acted with the royalist lords, the estate was sequestrated, as well as the furniture, even to the dishes and spoons,

and every thing to be sold by public auction, the forfeiture having passed the Great Seal. The estate was exposed to sale in the Royal Exchange at Edinburgh. No man offered money for it. Then came the roup of the household furniture and cattle, at which a great concourse of people attended, when, behold, an old country-looking wife bought up every thing. At first she had to buy up some articles rather dear, nevertheless she would not let one of them go away; but soon a whisper ran that she was an agent for Lady Langley, and then, so high was the respect entertained for the old family, that no one would bid a farthing over old Christy's head. She got every thing at her own price. She actually got richly carved chairs at twopence a-piece, and splendid tables for sixpence each. The auctioneer was astonished, but

all his eloquence signified nothing. He got many to laugh at him, but not one to bid him money save old Christy. He at length was driven to the alternative of just asking, "See, old lady, what will you give for this?" and then strike it off to her whatever she offered. He at one time said, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is very remarkable. Certainly this old lady has bewitched you and tongue-tied you every one, else you have no regard for your own interests. Here is a state-bed mounted in full, containing every thing requisite for a king lying down in. I am sure this bed, as it stands, cost upwards of a hundred pounds. We shall begin it as low as thirty pounds. Who bids thirty pounds for it? Will nobody offer thirty pounds for this splendid piece of furniture, with

mattresses, feather-beds, sheets, and coverlets? Only thirty pounds.”

“ I’ll gie you thirty pennies for it, man ; an’ that’s a fair offer frae ae friend till another.”

“ Old witch, that you are ! I wish that you had been a hundred miles hence to-day !”

“ Dear, what wad hae com’d o’ your roup then ?”

“ But remember, old madam, that every thing is to be ready money here to-day.”

“ Hout, na ! ye’ll surely gie me sax months’ credit. It’s the gate o’ this coontry. We never pay aught in less than sax months.”

“ It must be on better security than you are likely to bring then.”

“ Oo, I’ll gie you the government cre-

ditors for my security, as you an' them hae been sae muckle obliged to me the day, ye canna refuse that ye ken."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, my instructions are to sell every thing within and without the house. Every thing on the premises for what it will bring, so I am compelled to proceed. There is only one half-crown bidden for this elegant bed! Does none bid more? Two and sixpence, once! Two and sixpence, twice! Going, going! Gone! Devil take the old witch! This is deplorable! What shall I do?"

The same thing went on the whole day. The crowd got so much amused with the dilemma in which the auctioneer was placed, that there was a roar of laughter constantly going through it, and I believe if it had been for nothing more than the fun of

the thing, no one would have bid a penny. No one did, however. Christy got every thing at her own estimate. She got a pair of capital bay mares for nine shillings and sixpence, and one cow for sevenpence-halfpenny. The whole sum came to a mere trifle, which Christy paid down in good yellow gold, placing the family exactly as they were before the forfeiture, and yet she still went and lodged with widow Clark as usual, and would by no means stay in the mansion-house, modestly judging that she was not fit company for them and their guests.

Before the assemblage parted that night, the auctioneer announced that the estate of Langley Dale was to be sold at the cross at Dumfries on the 7th of April, in seven lots, which he specified, and every one of which was to be knocked down to the



highest bidder for ready money only. Well, the 7th of April came, but as ready money was as scarce in Scotland then as at present, there were not very many purchasers attended. In the meantime the story had spread over the whole country about old Christy, and it was reported and believed that all the Maxwells had combined to preserve the estate in the family, and had employed this old woman as the most unfeasible agent they could fix on, and every one rejoiced at the stratagem, and at the part old Christy had acted. There were three of the Maxwells had agreed to buy up the mansion-house and the farm around it for their young relation, but farther they had not resolved to credit him in the ticklish state he stood with the new government.

The auctioneer was placed upon a raised platform with the clerk beside him. The mansion-house of Langley was first exposed, with the garden, offices, and farm adjoining, at the moderate upset price of £10,000 Scots. Springkell was just going to offer the upset price for the behoof of the present proprietor, when, behold, old Christy stepped forward and offered 500 merks!

If any body had but seen the astonishment of the clerk and auctioneer when they saw their old friend appear before them again; their jaws actually fell down, and they looked like men bewitched or as if struck with a palsy. They perceived how the sale would go, and how they would be regarded by their employers, and their spirits sunk within them; so after a great deal of palaver the lot was

knocked down to Christy for 500 merks, a sum rather short of £27—at this very time it is let at £243.

George Maxwell being there among his noble and most respectable relations, would not let one of them open their mouths to bid for him as soon as old Christy appeared, so the sale went on much as before. There were plenty there who knew old Christy, and the whisper soon went round that this was the agent of the Maxwells again, and not one person would bid a farthing against her. She bought up the whole at her own price, and the last farm, that of Auchenvoo, which a friend of my own now possesses, she obtained at not the twentieth part of what is now paid for it in annual rent.

There was some demur about the payment. Among the treasure which Christy got with Mary when a baby, there were

a great number of foreign gold coins of which she did not know the sterling value, but on which she had set a nominal value of her own, something proportioned to the size. These the agents for the sale refused to take, and tried on that account to reverse the whole bargain. But the Maxwells backed old Christy and appealed to the sheriff, Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who knew as little about the value of the coins as any of them did. But he loved the old Maxwells, and took a most excellent way of settling the dispute. He made them take so much of the sterling coin of the realm and weigh the foreign coin against it, and pronounced the one as of the same value with the other. As this came very nearly to one-third more than Christy had set upon her foreign specie, the estate turned out to be very cheap at last.

These transactions were all a mystery to the Maxwells. Christy had never mentioned Mary's treasure to any living save to Lord John Stewart by mistake, and he having lost her and married a rich widow instead, thought no more of it; and they really imagined, like the rest of the country, that she was the secret agent of the clan. She would not live with them, but still with Mrs. Clark; but there was no endearment that they did not load her with, for there were they established in their ancient property freer of burdens than it had ever been since it came into the possession of the family, and all bestowed on them by a poor old widow, by what means they could not comprehend.

Lady Mary Montgomery had been called over every cross in the south of Scotland and north of England once a-year, for a

number of years, and £100 offered for her discovery, that being the only means then in use of advertising; and it so happened that Lord John Faa, the king of the gipsies, was the man who discovered her to her friends and actually gained the reward,—a generous and kind action seldom misses it. “He had been guilty of some fact, but I canna just be telling e’enow what that fact was,” as Mrs. Macknight used to say; but certain it is he was lying in Ayr prison at the time when he heard the proclamation through his grated loop-hole, and when the description was read of the golden cross set with rubies, which was locked round her neck, he was certain he could find a clue for her discovery.

He accordingly, the next day, sent for Sir James Montgomery, and disclosed to him all that he knew about the young

lady. How that she had once fallen into his hands by mere chance. That she had even been delivered to him with her hands bound behind her back, but that he was so much impressed by her beauty, her tears, and above all, by the bloody cross of gold upon her breast, that he instantly released her and conducted her in safety to the castle of Traquair, where he delivered her to the ladies of that mansion.

Now this must have been a Sir James Montgomery of Ayrshire, and not as I supposed, Sir James of Stanhope; for I know that Faa was lying in the prison of Ayr, and that he sent for Sir James Montgomery, who attended him on the very day that he sent, and listened to the gipsy lord's narrative with wonder and astonishment. He instantly bailed him from prison, armed and mounted him, and took

him in his train as a witness who could not be deceived. There was, however, no deception attempted. When they arrived at Traquair House the Earl and the Countess were from home, having gone abroad; but Lord Linton, Lord John, his young wife, and another young lady were there, and welcomed Sir James with all the usual kindness and hospitality for which the family had been long remarkable; and the Tutor, who knew most about the young lady, told Sir James at once that the young lady who had been recommended to their family under the name of Mary Melville, had eloped from them, and was now married to a young kinsman of their own, Mr. Maxwell, of a place called Langley. That he had since heard that their lands had been forfeited, and that they had been roused out at the door, and he knew no



further about them. He said not a word about his own love or the duel he had fought for her, his wife being present; but he told Sir James further, that she was supposed to be the daughter of a nobleman who had suffered in some way for his adherence to King Charles, but who he was could never be discovered. That he thought he had heard his mother once speak of a cross set with jewels, but for his part he had never seen it, and knew not positively whether it was of her or some other lady that the countess had then been speaking. Perhaps it was hers, for there was something said about an M.M. being on it.

Sir James clapped his hands for joy. "It is she! it is she indeed!" cried he. "My own dear and long-lost ward! Her

husband is fortunate! She is worth fifty thousand a-year to him, exclusive of long and heavy arrears, which are due to her, but all are well secured."

He rode straight to Langley Dale next day, and found his long-lost kinswoman a lovely, beloved, and happy wife, though rather, as they themselves supposed, in poor circumstances, as they were indebted for all that they possessed to a poor old woman, who had acted the part of a mother to Mary from her earliest recollection.

When Sir James alighted at Langley-gate with his train of three armed followers, there was no little stir within the house, visitors of such apparent rank being rarely seen there. He told his name and designation, and said he wanted a private word of the young lady of the mansion.

He was shown into a room, and Mary instantly came to him with a pale face, wondering what a great baronet could want with her. After the usual compliments and salutations had passed, Sir James said, while Mary stood actually panting for breath, "My dear young lady, I hope I come with good tidings to you!"

"Thank you, Sir James, thank you, though I cannot conceive what those tidings may be."

"Pray, will you allow me one look of the medal suspended from that gold chain around your neck?"

Mary pulled it out and presented it, on which Sir James kneeled and kissed certainly the most beautiful crucifix that ever was framed by the hands of men. And then saluting the lady, he said, "You do

not know, madam, who you are or what your rank is, but I know. Come, then, and let me introduce you to your husband, although rather a novel way of introduction."

Then leading her in by the hand to the parlour where Maxwell and his mother stood awaiting them, he said to the former, "I give you joy, sir, of this your lovely young wife. Such joy as I never had the power of conferring before, and never shall again; but I give it you with all my heart, and hope by your behaviour you will continue to deserve it. You are the most lucky man, Mr. Maxwell, that ever Scotland bred. This young and most lovely wife of yours, sir, I may now introduce to you as the Honourable Lady Mary Montgomery, sole heiress of three lordships, all of which you will inherit

through her, though not the titles, excepting perhaps the Irish one. But these are of small avail. With this lady's hand you have secured to yourself £50,000 a-year, besides upwards of £500,000 of cash in hand, all run up in arrears of rent since she was lost, but all firmly secured in bonds at full interest. So I think you must confess you are the most fortunate man that ever was born."

George answered modestly that he held his darling Mary in such estimation, that no earthly advantage could enhance her value to him, but that he certainly would be grateful to Providence as long as he lived for such an extraordinary windfall of fortune. But Mrs. Maxwell, who had been pinched for money all her life, hearing of £500,000 of tocher and £50,000 a-year, seemed to lose all power

of calculation. She held up her hands—her frame grew rigid. Her face grew first deadly white, then of a mulberry hue, and down she fell in a swoon. This somewhat marred the joy of the happy group, but after the old lady was laid in bed she gradually recovered. She, however, lay raving about “thousands and hunders o’ thousand puns” for nearly three weeks.

When matters were a little settled, old Christy was sent for, that every thing might be fairly authenticated. Christy, for the first time, divulged the whole truth concerning the young lady; of the death of the priest, and the capture of the child with all her gold and jewels about her person. But that the documents relating to her birth had by some chance fallen into other hands, she wist not how. She

knew that one noble family, of whom she had great dread and great suspicions, was in search of the babe, but that she, dreading it was in order to make away with her and possess themselves of her treasure, thought it best to abscond with the dear infant, and claim her as her daughter, in order to preserve every thing to her that was her own, which she had done to the value of a plack. She then stated how she had bought up the estate and every thing pertaining to it with the lady's own treasure, and that she had a good deal still of which she neither knew the value nor the use, but which should be produced, to the last mite.

She then went to her little concealed treasure, and brought a great number of gold ducats and doubloons, with many other foreign coins of which I have forgot

the names. She likewise produced all the little precious trinkets that had belonged to Mary's mother, Lady Montgomery, even to her wedding ring, which affected Mary exceedingly. It is easy to conceive that old Christy and Mrs. Clark were placed in snug and comfortable situations for the rest of their lives.

When all these things were fairly settled, and Mary's capture proved to a day and an hour, Sir James said, "But, Lady Mary, I have a henchman of my own to introduce to you, merely to see if you know and acknowledge him, for if you do, it is a fact that you are indebted to him for all your riches and honours, and he deserves his reward."

He then went and brought in John Faa, lord of Little Egypt and of all the Egyptian tribe in Britain.



Mary at once courtesied to him, and said, " Ah, my Lord John Faa here too ! As noble and generous a person as ever breathed, and well deserving to be chief of a more respectable clan. But you was an awful morning, Faa. However, *you* behaved as a gentleman to me, and I shall never forget it."

" Do you know, you blackguard gipsy," said Sir James, " that this lady, whom you protected and released, is no other than the Honourable Lady Mary Montgomery, the sole heiress to three earldoms ? "

" Lord, what a prize I hae looten slip away frae me ! " exclaimed Faa, holding up his hands, with a countenance of exultation. " But od ye see, Sir James, her beauty an' her tears, an' aboon a' the bloody cross on her breast, struck me

wi' the same veneration as if she had been the Virgin Mary (which she was by the by). But od ye see I coudna hae injured a hair of the lovely creature's head to hae been made king o' the island. Na! Nor for nae earthly feeling or advantage."

Sir James then paid him down his hundred guineas, and said, "Now, had it been a hundred thousand I could have paid it from that lady's wealth to-morrow.

"A hunder pounds! a hunder pounds!" exclaimed the gipsy chief, "there was never as muckle money in a gipsy's pouch sin' the warld stood up, or else it was nae as honestly come by. Mony thanks t'ye a', leddies an' gentlemen;" and Faa began to bow himself out of the room, when Mary said, "Farewell, Lord John, and as you once freed me, when in dreadful

jeopardy, if you are ever in one, which is not unlikely to happen from what I saw of your subjects, be sure to apply to me, and if either my interest or credit can relieve you, they shall not be wanting." That time did arrive in the course of three years, but thereby hangs a tale, which I hope I shall live to relate.

Before the gipsy chief was dismissed, Sir James had noted that old Christy was standing up in a corner, sobbing and drowned in tears. "What is the matter, my worthy old dame?" said he.

"O, sir," said she, "I never ken'd really wha my dear, dear bairn was qwhill now. The very first night that she came to my arms, she said that her name was Maly Gumly, a name of which I could make nothing. And when I was obliged to abscond with her for fear of being burnt to

ashes, which we wad hae been had we staid at hame another day, an' when I cam' here to leeve wi' her, as my ain bairn, she told Widow Clark that her name was Maly Gumly, and that she had ridden in a coach with her father, and that men took off their caps to him. I think I hae acted the part o' a mother to her, an' if I should never see her face again, which I fear will now be but ower seldom, I shall say that o' her, that a kinder-heartit, mair affectionate, an' dutifu' creature was never formed o' flesh an' blood."

Mary ran up, clasped old Christy to her bosom, and kissed the tears from her cheeks.