SCOTTISH CHIEFS; THE THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER,

CHAPTER XXIX. CONTINUED.

Though affecting to despise his oppon Though affecting to despise its opponent, Edward was too good a general to contemn an enemy who had so often proved himself worthy of respect; and therefore, by declaring his determination to put all the Scottish chieftains to death, and transfer their estates to his conquering officers, he stimulated their avarice as well as love of fame, and they rushed to the combat. Wallace stood unmoved. Not a bow was drawn till the insection of the combat. towards the flanks of the Scots, fell into the pits. Then it was that the Highland archers launched their arrows; the plunging horses were overwhelmed by hers, who could not be checked in their career. New showers of darts their career. New showers of darks rained upon them, and made them rear and roll upon their riders; while others, who were wounded, but had escaped the pits, flew back in pain upon the infantry. A confusion ensued, so perilous, that the king thought it necessary to appoint the king thought it necessary to precipitate himself forward, and in person attack the main body of his adversary, which yet stood inactive. Giving the spur to his charger, he ordered his troops to press on over the struggling heaps be-fore them, and, being obeyed, with much difficulty and great loss, he passed the first range of pits; but a second and a wider awaited him, and there, seeing his men sink into them by squadrons, he beheld the army of Walla e close in upon them. Terrific was now the havoc.

Tae very number of the Southrons, and the mixed discipline of their army proved its bane. In the tumult, they proved its bane. In the tumult, the hardly understo d the orders which were given; and some, mistaking them, acted so contrary to the intended movements so contrary to the intended movements, that Edward, galloping from one end of the field to the other, appeared like a frantic man, regardless of danger, so that he could but fix others to front the tempest with himself. His officers trembled at every step he took, for fear that some of the secret pits should engliph him. However, the courage of their monarch rallied part of the army, whom he drave against the centre of the whom he drove against the centre of the Scots: but, at this juncture, the reserve under Graham charged him in the rear; and, the archers redoubling their dis charge, the Flanderkins, who were in the van of Edward, suddenly giving way with cries of terror, the king found himself obliged to retreat, or to run the risk of being taken. He gave a signal, the first of the kind he had ever sounded in his life; and drawing his English around him, fell back in tolerable order before the confines of his camp.

The Scots were eager to pursue him but Wallace checked the motion. us not hurt the lion till he stand at bay!' cried he; 'he will retire far ough from the Scottish borders, without our leaving this vantage-ground to drive him." What Wallace said came to pass. Soon no vestige of a Southron soldier, but the dead which strewed the as to be seen from side to side of the wide horizon. The royal camp wa at once seized by the Scots; and the tent of Edward, and its costly furniture, were sent to Stirling, as a trophy of th

Many chieftains from the north had drawn to Stirling, to be near intellig-ence from the borders. They were aware that this meeting between Wale and Edward was the crisis of their fate. The few who remained in the citadel of those who had borne the brunt of the opening of the glorious revolu-tion for their country, were full of sanguine expectations; but they who, at the utmost wilds of the Highlands, had only heard his fame, doubted how his fortunes might stand the shock of Edward's happy star. The lords whom he had released from the Scuthron prisons were all of the same opinion, for they knew what numbers Edward could bring and how unrivalled was his skill in th field. "Now," thought Lord Badenoch "will this brave Scot find the difference between fighting with the officers of a king, and a king himself, contending for what he determines shall be a part of his dominions?" Full of this idea, and resolving never to fall into the hands of Edward again, he kept a vessel in readiness to take him, as soon as the news of the Regent's defeat should arrive, to the quiet asylum of

France. The meditations of Athol, Buchan, and March, were of a different tendency. It was their design, on the earliest intimation of such intelligence, to be the first to throw themselves at the feet of Edward, and acknowledge him their sovereign. Thus, with various projects in their heads (which none but the three last breathed to each other), were several hundred chieftains assem bled around the Earl of Mar, when Ed-win Ruthven rushed into the hall, and, throwing the royal standard of England on the ground, exclaimed, "There lies the supremacy of King Edward!"

the supremacy of King Edward!"
Every man started on his feet, "You do not mean," cried Athol, "that King Edward has been beaten?" "He has been beaten out of the field!" returned Elwin. "These despatches will relate every particular. A hard battle our Regent fought, for our enemies were numberless; but a thousand good angels were his allies, and Edward himself fled.

I saw the king, after he had thrice rallied his troops and brought them to the charge, at last turn and fly. It was at this moment I wounded his standardbearer, and seized this dragon."

"Thou art worthy of thy general, brave Ruthven!" said Badenoch to Ed-win. "James," added he, addressing his eldest son, who had just arrived from Evange "the too must share our from France, "we, too, must show our Scottish blood."

Lord Mar opened the despatches, and read them aloud. Their contents ex cited a variety of emotions. When the nobles heard that Edward had offered Wallace the crown; when they found that, by vanquishing that monarch, he had subdued even the soul of the man who had hitherto held them all in awe; though in the same breath they read that their Regent had refused royalty, and was now, as a servant of the people, preparing to strengthen the borders; yet the most extravagant suspicions

awoke in almost every breast. A jealousy which at once annihilated every grateful sentiment, every personal regard, passed from heart to heart. A dead silence reigned, while the demon of hatred was taking possession of every breast; and none but the Lords Mar, Badenoch, and Lochawe, escaped the

contagion.

When the meeting broke up. Lord
Mar placed himself at the head of the officers of the garrison, and, with a herald holding the banner of Edward beneath the colours of Scotland, rode forth to proclaim the victory of the Regent. Badenoch and Lochawe hastened with the tidings to Snowdon. rest of the chiefs dispersed. As the trumpets before Lord Mar blew the loud acclaim of triumph, Athol said to Buchan, "Cousin, that is but the forerunner of what we shall hear to announce the usurpation of this Wallace. And shall we sit tamely by, and have our birthright wrested from us by a man of yesterday? No; if the race of Alexander be not to occupy the throne, let us not hesitate between the monarch of a nighty nation and a low-born tyrantbetween him who will at least gild our chains with chivalrie honours, and an ipstart whose domination will be as severe as debasing."

Murmurings such as these went from chief to chief, and descended to the minor chieftains, who held lands in fee of these more sovereign lords. Petty interests extinguished gratitude for general benefits; and, by secret meetings at the head of which were Athol, Buchan and March. a conspiracy was soon formed to overset the power of Wallace. Their design was to invite Edward once more to take possession of the kingdom and, to accomplish this with certainty they were to assume a pre eminent zeal for the Regent. March was to persuade Wallace to send him to Dunbar, a governor of the Lothians, to hold th refractory Soulis in check, and to divide the public cares of Lord Dundaff, who the public cares of Lord Dundall, who must find Berwick a sufficient charge for his age and comparative inactivity. "Then," cried the false Cospatrick, "when I am fixed at Dunbar, Edward may come round from Newcastle to that port, and, by your management, he must march unmolested to Stirling, and seize the usurper on his throne."

Such suggestions met with full approva! from these incendiaries; and, their meetings were held at night, they walked forth in the day, with cheerful countenances, and joined in the general rejoicing. They feared to hist even a word to Lord Badenoch; for, on Buchan having expressed some discontent to him at the homage that was paid to a man so much their inferior, his answer was, "Had we acted worthy of our birth, Sir William Wallace never could have had the opportunity to rise upon our disgrace; but, as it is, we must submit, or bow to treachery instead of virtue. This reply determined them to keep their proceedings secret from him, and also from Lady Mar; for both Buchan and Athol had listened to the fond

dreams of her love and ambition. Thus were they situated when the the dubious to be at once his mortal enemies. Lord Badenoch had listened with a different temper to the first breathings of Lady Mar on her favourite subject. He told her if the nation chose to make her benefactor king, he should not oppose it, because he thought that none of the blood-royal deserved to wear a crown, which they had all consented to hold in fee of Edward; but that he would never promote, by intrigue, an election which would rob his own post-erity of their inheritance. But when she gave hints of her being one day the wife of Wallace, he turned on her with a frown. "Cousin," said he, "beware how you allow so guilty an idea to take possession of your heart! It is the parent of dishonour and death. And didI think that|Sir William Wallace were capable of sharing your wishes, I would be the first to abandon his standard. But I believed him too virtuous to look on a married woman with the eyes of passion, and that he holds the houses of Mar and Cummin in too high a respect to breathe an illicit sigh in the ear of

ny kinawoman Despairing of making the impression relative Lady Mar space to find to dore on the subject; and Lord Badenoch, ignorate that she had imparted her criminal project to his brother and cousin, believed that his reproof had Thus performed her cure. self, he made no hesitation to be the first who should go to Snowdon, to com-municate to her the despatches of the Regent, and to declare the freedom of Scotland to be now almost secured. He and Lord Lochawe set forth, but they

had been preceded by Edwin.

The moment the countess heard the me of her nepnew announced, nade a sign for her ladies to withdraw; and, starting forward at his entrance "Speak!" cried she; "tell me, is the Regent still a conqueror?" "Where are my mother and Helen," replied he, "to share my tidings?" "Then they are good!" exclaimed Lady Mar. "Ah! you sly one, like your chief, you know your prower!" "And likehim I exercise it," roplied he: "Therefore, to keep your adyship no longer in suspense, here is a letter from the Regent himself." He presented it, and she, catching it curred round, and pressing it to her lips (it being the first she had received from im,) eagerly ran over its contents While re-perusing it, Lady Ruthven and Helen entered the room. The former hastened forward; the latter trembled, for she did not yet know the information which her cousin had brought. But the first glance of his face told her all was safe; and, as he broke from his mother's embrace to clasp Helen in his arms, she embrace to class refer in the arms are fell upon his neck, and with a shower of tears, whispered. "Wallace lives? Is well?" "As you would wish him," whispered he, "and with Edward at his will be a should be a s "Thank God; thank God!" she spoke in a louder tone, Lady Ruth-ven exclaimed, "But how is our Regent?" feet. Speak Edwin! How is the delight of all "Still the lord of Scotland,

answered he, "the invincible dictator of her enemies! The puissant Edward

has acknowledged the power of Sir

capital. Lady Mar again pressed the letter of Wallace to her bosom. "The Regent does not mention these matters in his letters to me," said she. E win related every particular that had befallen Walevery particular that had befallen Wal-lace from the time of his rejoining him. The countess heard all with com-placency, till he mentioned the issue of the conference with Edward's ambassa-dors. "Fool!" exclaimed she to her dors. "Fool!" exclaimed she to be self, " to throw away the golden opporself, " to throw away the golden opportunity that may never return! observing her disturbance, Edwin went on with the narrative. Then sounded the trumpet: and the herald's voice in the streets proclaimed the victory of the Regent. Lady Mar rushed to the window, as if there she would see himself. Lady Ruthven followed; and, as the acclamation echoed through the air. Helen pressed the cross of Wallace to her bosom, and left the room to enjoy her thoughts in the retirement of her own oratory.

A few days after the promulgation of this intelligence, it was announced that the Regent was on his return to Stirling. Lady Mar was not so inebriated with her vain hopes as to forget that Helen might traverse the dearest of should she again present herself to its object. She therefore hastened to her, when the time of his arrival drew near, and putting on all the matron, affected to give her the counsel of a mother. As all the noble familes around Stirling would assemble to hail the victor's re turn, the countess said she came to address her, in consideration of what assed in the chapel before the Regent's departure, not to submit herself to the observation of so many eyes. Not sus pecting the occult devices which worked in her stepmother's heart, Helen meekly in her stepmother's heart, freien meets, acquiesced with the reply—"I shall obey." This was sufficient for Lady Mar; she had gained her point; for, though she did not seriously think that igh she did not seriously anything more had passed between Wallace and Helen than what they had declared, yet she could not but discern the harmony of their minds; and she eared that frequent intercession might such sympathy to something dearer.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE RETURN OF THE REGENT-THE TRI-UMPHS OF WALLACE EXCITE THE ENVY OF THE NOBLES.

The few chieftains who had remained on their estates during the suspense be-fore the battle, from a belief that, if the issue proved unfavorable, they should be safest amongst their native glens, now came with numerous trains to greet the return of the Regent. The ladies brought forth their most splendid apreturn parels, and the houses of Stirling were hung with tapestry, to hail with due re pect the benefactor of the land.

At last the hour of the land.
At last the hour arrived when a messenger whom Lord Mar had sent out, returned with information that the Regent was passing the Carron. At these tidings the earl called out his retinue. ings the eari called out his retinue, mounted his steed, and ordered a sumptuous charger to be caparisoned with housings wrought in gold by the hands of Lady Mar and her ladies. The horse was intended to meet Wallace, and bring him into the city. Edwin led it forward. In the rear of the Earls of Mar and Badenoch, came all the chieftains of the country in gallant array. Their ladies, on splendid palfries, followed the superb ear of the Countess of Mar, and, preceding the multitude, left the town living being seemed now within its walls, excepting the Southron prisoners who had assembled at the top of the citadel to view the return of their conqueror.

Helen remained in Snowdon, believing that she was the only soul left in that vast palace. As she sat musing on the Wallace, a few months ago a despised outlaw, at this moment the idol of the nation, the door opened, and Lady Ruthven hurried in, "Helen," cried she, "I would not disturb you before "Helen." cried out, as you were to be absert, I would not make one in Lady Mar's train ; and come to enjoy with you the return of our beloved Regent !"

Helen did not speak, but her countenance told what were the emotions of her eart: and Lady Ruthven attempted to she desired on the mind of this severe relative Lady Mar spake to him no more to a view of the High street; but Helen begged to be excused. 'I hear enough, begged to be excused.

Said she: "my dear aunt, sights like
these overcome me. Let me remain
where I am."

Lady Ruthven was going to remon-

strate, when the huzzas of the people and soldiers, accompanied by acclamations of "Long live the victorious Wallace, our Prince and King!" struck Helen back into her seat; and Lady Ruthven, darting towards the window, cried aloud, He comes, Helen, he comes! His bonnet off his noble brow. ly does he look; and now he bows. Ah! they shower flowers upon him from the houses on each side of the street. How sweetly he smiles and bows to the ladies, as they lean from their windows! Come, Helen, come, if you would see the fection of majesty and modesty limited

Helen did not move; but Lady Ruthven, stretching out her arm in a moment had drawn her within view of Wallace. She saw him attended as a conqueror and a king, but the eyes of a benefactor and a brother he looked on all around Helen drew a quick sigh, and closing her eyes, dropped against the arras. heard the buzz of many voices, the peal of acclamations; but she distinguished nothing. Her senses were in tumults; and, had not Lady Ruthven seen her disorder, she would have fallen to the disorder, she would have fallen to the floor. The good matron was not so forgetful of the feelings of a virtuous heart, not to have discovered something of what was passing in that of her niece. From the moment in which she suspected that Wallace had made a serious improvement there she dranged all trilling. pression there, she dropped all trilling with his name; and now that she saw the distressing effects of that impression, she took the fainting Helen in her arms and laying her on a couch, by the aid of volatiles restored her to recollection. Seeing her recovered, she made no observation on this emotion; and Helen servation on this emotion; and Helen leaned her head and wept upon the bosom of her aunt. Lady Ruthven's tears silently mingled with hers, but she said within herself, "Wallace cannot William Wallace, and, after being beaten on the plain of Stanmore, is now making

the best of his way towards his own be always insensible to so much sweet-

As the populace passed the palace, Helen remained quiet in her position; but when the noise died away, she raised her head, and said, "My more than mother, fear me not! I am grateful to Sir William Wallace: I venerate him as the Southrons do their St. erate him as the Southrons do their St. George; but I need not your tender pity." "My sweetest Helen," replied Lidy Ruthven, "how can I pity her for whom I hope everything?" "Hope nothing for me," returned Helen, "but to see me a vestal here, and a saint in heaven." "What can my Helen mean?" replied Lady Ruthven. "Who would talk of being a vestal, with such a heart " Who would in view as that of the Recent of Scotin view as that of the Revent of Scotland? And that it will be yours, does not his elequent gratitude declare?"
"No, my aunt." answered Helen; "gratitude is elequent where love would be silent. I am not so sacrilegious as to wish that Sir William Waltace should transfer that heart to me which the blood of Marion forever purchased. No should these people compel him to be their king, I will retire to some monast ery, and forever devote myself to God, and to prayers for my country.

The composure which spread over the countenance of Helen, seemed to extend itself to Lady Ruthven. She pressed her in her arms, and kissed her. "Gentlest of human beings." cried she whatever be thy lot, it must be happy. "Whatever it be," answered Helen, "know that there is an Almighty reason for it. I shall understand it in the world to come, and I cheerfully acquiesce in this." "Oh! that the ears of lace could hear thee!" cried Lady Ruth ven. "They will, sometime, my graci-ous aunt," answered she. "When? ous aunt," answered she. "When where, dearest?" asked Lady Ruthven Helen answered not; but, pointing to the sky, rose from her seat, with an air as if she were really going to ascend chose regions. Lady Ruthven gazed on her in speechless admiration.

Far different were the emotions which

agitated the bosoms of every person present at the entry of Wallace. All out himself regarded it as the triumph of the King of Scotland; and, while some of the nobles exulted in their some of the nobles exulted in their future monarch, the major part felt the demon of envy so possess their souls, that they who, before his arrival, were ready to worship his name, now looked on the empire to which he seemed borne on the hearts of tho people, with a rancorous jealousy, which from that moment is harmilies from that all of his humiliation, or the fall of Scotland.

Those lad'es who had not retired from the cavalcade to hail their Regent a second time from their windows, pre-ceded him in Lady Mar's train to the ceded him in Lady wars train to the hall, where she had caused a sumptuous feast to be spread. Two seats were placed under a canopy of cloth of gold at the head of the board. The countess stood there in all splendor of her ideal rank, and would have seated Wallace in the royal chair on her right hand, but he drew back. "I am only a guest in this citadel," returned he; "and it will ill become me to take the place of the mas-ter of the banquet." As he spoke, he looked on Lord Mar, who, understanding the language of his eyes, without a word took the kingly seat, and so disappointed the countess. By this refusal, she still found herself no more than the governor of Stirling's wife, when she hoped a com pliance with her cunning arrangement would have hinted to all that she was to e the future queen of their acknow

ledged sovereign.

As the ladies took their seats at the board, Edwin, who stood by the chair of his lord, whispered, "Our Helen is not here." Lady Mar overheard the name of Helen, but she could not distinguish Wallace's reply; and, fearing that some second assignation, of a more happy ter mination than that of the chapel might be designed, she determined if Edwin were to be the bearer of a secret correspondence between the man she loved and the daughter she hated, to deprive them

speedily of so ready an assistant.

In the council, the following day, the Earl of March made his treacherous re quest; and Wallace, trusting his vehe ment oaths of fidelity, granted him charge of the Lothians. Athol and charge of the Lothians. Athol and Buchan were not backward in offering their services; and the rest of the discontented public with the grey folds of the mantle which en veloped her. He hastened forward in the contented public with the grey folds of the mantle which en veloped her. contented nobles, with equal deceit, bade him command their lives and for-While asseverations of loyalty illed the walls of the council hall, and the rejoicings of the people still sounded from without, all spoke of security and confidence to Wallace; and never, perhaps, did he think himself so absolute in the heart of Scotland, as at the very moment where three fourths of its nobil-ity were plotting his destruction.

Lord Lochawe knew his influence in the minds of the bravest chieftains and, previous to the Regent's appear ance in the council-hall, he opened his intentions to the assembled lords. Some assented with real satisfaction; the rest readily acquiesced in what they had laid o sure a plan to circumvent. soon after entered; and Lochawe once more declared the wishes of the nation that he would strike the decisive blov on the pretensions of Edward, by him-self accepting the crown. The bishop of Dunkeld seco ded the petition. Mar and Bothwell enforced it. and Bothwell enforced it. The dis-affected lords thought proper to throw in their conjurations also, and every voice, but that of Badenoch, poured forth entreaties that he would grant the prayers of the nation.

Wallace rose, and every tongue wa Scotland in " My gratitude to mute. creased with my life; but my answer must still be the same—I cannot be its

king. At these words, Lochawe threw him-At these words, Local self on his knees before him. "In my person," cried he, "see Scotland at person," cried he, "see Scotland at your feet? Still bleeding with the effects of former struggles for empire, she would throw off all claims but those of virtue, and receive as her anointed sovereign, her father and deliverer! She has no more arguments to deliver these are her prayers, and thus I offer them.

"Kneel not to me, brave Lochawe! cried Wallace: "nor believe the might of these victories lies so thoroughly in this arm, that I dare outrage its Maker! Were I to comply with your wishes, I should disobey Him Who has hitherto

made me His happy agent; and how could I guard my kingdom from His vengeance? Your rightful king yet vengeance? Your rightful king ye lives; he is an alien from his country but heaven may return him to you prayers. Meanwhile, as his representative, as your soldier and protector, I shall be blest in wearing out my life. My ancestors were ever faithful to the blood of Alexander; and in the same

fidelity I will die." The firmness with which be spoke, and the determined expression of his count-enance, convinced Lochawe that he was not to be shaken; and rising from his not to be shaken; and rising from his knee, he bowed in silence. March whispered to Buchan, "Behold the hypo-erite! but we will unmask him. He thinks to blind us to his towering ambition by his affected moderation. He will not be called a king, because, with our crown certain limitations are laid on the prerogative; but he will be our Regent, that he may be our dictator: and every day demand gratitude for voluntary services, which, performed as a king, could only be considered as his duty." When the council broke up, these sentiments were actively disse-minated amongst the disaffected throng.

Stirling now exhibited a constant carnival. As Wallace had commanded in the field, he decided in the judgment hall; and, while all his behests were obeyed with a promptitude which kept the machine of state constantly moving in the most beautiful order, his enemies could not but secretly acknowledge the perfection they were determined to de-The Countess of Mar, though appar

ently lost to all other pursuits than the enjoyment of her dignities, was ab-scribed in one great object of her passon; and eager to be rid of so danger-ous a spy as she deemed Edwin to be, she was laboring to effect his banish-ment, when an unforeseen circumstance carried him far away. Lord Ruthven, being on an embassy to the Orkneys had fallen ill. As his disorder was attended with extreme danger, he sent for his wife; and Edwin readily left the side of his friend, to accompany her to the isles. Lady Mar had now no scrutinizing eye to fear. Her nephew, Murray, was still on duty in Clydesdale; her husband trusted her too implicitly ever to turn on her a suspicious look and Helen, she contrived, should be as little in her presence as possible. The enemies of the Regent were

less active in the prosecution of their plans. The Earl of March had arrived at Dunbar; and, having despatched his treasonable proposals to Edward, had received letters from that monarch, accepting his services, and promising every reward that could satisfy his ambition, and the cupidity of those whom he could draw over to his cause. The wary king then told the Earl that, if he would send his wife and family to London as hostages for his faith, he was ready to bring a mighty army to Dun-bar, and by that gate once more enter These negotiations back Scotland. vards and forwards from London to Dunbar, and from Dunbar to the treach erous lords at Stirling occupied much time, and the more as great precaution was necessary to escape the vigilant eyes of Wallace. While treason secretly prepared to

spring its mine beneath the feet of the Regent, he, unsuspicious that any could be so discontented, where all were free and prosperous, thought of no enemy the tranquil fulfilment of his duties, b the minor persecutions of Lady Things were in this situation, Wallace one night was summoned from his pillow by a page of Lord Mar's, re questing him to repair to his chamber. Concluding that something alarming must have happened, he threw on his brigandine and plaid, and entered the apartment of the governor. Mar met him with a countenance the herald of a him with a countenance the heraid of a dreadful matter. "What has happen-ed?" inquired Wallace. "Treason!" answered Mar; "but from what point I cannot guess. My daughter has braved cannot guess. My daughter has brave a midnight and lonely walk frow Sno don to bring the proofs." As he spoke he led the chief into the room where Helen sat. Her long hair, disordered by no longer flitted before him, scared from his approach by the frowning glances of a step-mother. He had once attempted to express his grateful sentiments of what she had suffered for his sake; but the countess interrupted him, and Helen disappeared. Now he beheld her in a presence where he could declare all his gratitude; and he bent his knee respectfully before her, as she rose to his approach. Blushing and silent, she extended her hand to him to He pressed it warmly. "Sweet lence!" said he, "I am happy in rise. He percellence! this opportunity, however gained, again to pour out my acknowledgments to you; and though I have been denied that pleasure until now, yet the memory of your generous interest in the friend of your father is one of the most cherished

sentiments of my heart." "It is my happiness, as well as my duty, Sir William Wallace," replied she, "to regard you and my country as one; and that, I hope, will excuse the perhaps rash action of the night." As oke, he rose, and looked at Lord Mar for explanation.

The earl held a roll of vellum towards earl held a roll of the "was "This writing," said he, "was daughter, While him. found to-night by my daughter. While enjoying, with my wife and other ladies onlight right walk on the shores o the Forth, behind the palace, she saw this packet lying on the path before ner, as if it had just been dropped. It her, as if it had just been dropped. It bore no direction; she therefore opened it; and part of the contents soon told her she must conceal the whole till she could reveal them to me. Not even to my wife did she intrust the dangerous secret; nor would she run any risk by sending it by a messenger. As soon as sending it by a messenger. We seem the family were gone to rest, she wrapped herself in her plaid, and finding a passage through one of the low embrasures of Snowdon, made her way to the citadel and to me. She gave me the packet. Read it, my friend, and judge if we do not owe much to Heaven for so critical a discovery."

TO BE CONTINUED.

ON A SHORT TRIP THROUGH IRELAND.

Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I se et wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me; a exile thy bosom shall still be my home, my climate wherever I roam

Those words of Ireland's belov ed poet, Moore, express the sentiments which $\epsilon_{\rm X}$ ist in the hearts of the four million Irish or their descendants who have immi-grated from their native land in the la-eighty years. For those of us who have made ourselves acquainted with the un happy history of the land of our fore fathers, those of us who know Ireland's illustrious past, unhappy present, and unknown, if hopeful future, we cannot out help but look at her with sentiments much akin to those which we feel for the and in which we live and earn our bread. Of Canada, the land of our nativity, it is our patriotic duty and pleasure to say, "This is my own my native land," but this patriotic feeling does not prevent us from gazing across the sea with eyes of pity and of love at the home of the Shamrock and Irish

Although I was born in Canada, and the woman I have chosen for my sweet heart, friend and wife is French, God bless her, my grandparents came from the neighborhood of Tipperary, and thus it is with mingled pleasure and pain that I look back upon a visit to the land of St. Patrick, pleasure at having visited that most beautiful of islands, and pain that its kind-hearted, generous people should still be struggling in the bonds of misrule and landlordism.

On the seventh day out from New York, on a glorious July day, I first be-beld the green hills of Kerry in the

South of Ireland. As we came nearer we could see that the lands in sight were cultivated, as they were divided off by fences of furze, giving a checker board appearance to the lovely hills and valleys, and I found myself thinking that this was symbolic of the checkered history of Ireland. For surely no land has had so bright a beginning and yet so dark a succession of centuries. For in the sixth, seventh and eight centuries, that is the period following the advent of St. Patrick in the year 428. Ireland was the intellectual teacher of the Western world, and scholars of all Christendom came to take advantage o her learning and instruction. aloft the light of faith and from her mor asteries monks were sent to preach to the Scotch, the Germans and the Gauls. Churches and Monastic institu tions were so numerous in Ireland that she was called the Island of Saints. For three hundred years Ireland was the teacher of Europe, and then about the beginning of the ninth century her misortunes began by the invasion of the Danes. Their descents upon the coast of Ireland lasted two hundred years, and although the Irish ultimately drove them off, the Danish destruction of mon asteries and churches, their murdering and their plundering was disastrous to the culture and Christianity of the island. The final defeat of the Danes was brought about in 1014, by King Brian Boru whose harp I had the pleas Brian Boru whose narp I had the pleasure of seeing in Trinity College, Dublin. It was of this harp that Moore wrote his beautiful stanzas, "The harp that once thro' Tara's Hall," the last verse

> No more teams.
>
> The harp of Tara swells,
> The Chord alone that breaks at night
> Its tale of ruin te ls,
> Thus freedom now so seldom wakes,
> The only throb she gives
> Is when some heart, indignant breaks
> To show that still she lives." And God knows there have been

many hearts broken because of their failure to bring freedom to Ireland. After the Irish had freed themselves from the danger of Danish invasions. the English began the conquest of the Emerald Isle, and for the past eight hundred years it has been almost continual conflict between the Britons and the Celts until England has brought into ubjection, by might, not right, every-

thing Irish except their pride and love of freedom, and probably that also would have been conquered in any other race. In the fifty years after King William crossed the Boyne, in 1691, it is said

For Women Who Are Discouraged

Because of lingering weakness and nervous derangements there is new hope and Cure

The letter quoted voices the experience of thousands of women who have found health and joy in the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

The Christian Scientists are undoubtedly right. To some extent. The mind does influence the body both in health and disease and if you give up hope, leave off treatment and fall into discouragement and desconders. discouragement and despondency there is little reason to expect that good

health will force itself upon you. you are You must do your part if going to get strong and well. You must make up your mind and then select rational treatment.

If your system is weak and run down, your blood thin and watery and your nervous system exhausted choose treatment such as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which has never been equalled as means of building up health, strength

and vigor.

That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is parthat Dr. Unases Nerve Food is par-iments and derangements from which women suffer most is attested by such letters as the following from Mrs. D. D. Rurger Heather Rugo, Alte, which re-Burger, Heather Brae, Alta., which re-

fers to her niece. She writes:

"Mrs. Armstrong had great weakness, heart trouble and indigestion. In fact she was run down in every way and had lost all hope of ever getting well again. She had been in poor health for over four years after the birth of her first child. The persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has proven of mar well one benefit to her. She feels real well now, is looking fine and fleshing up so that one would hardly believe her the same person."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. that four hundr ed as sold them rising to th After viewing some hours, we Queenstown has port, and we wellittle ships called us through one harbors in the w side by green hill hours that I st only edifice of a nan's Roman Ca an imposing loo hill, but is certa pared with any Ireland. It was early train for Cork, t and called the

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the pleasant co travelled towar tained by the m dler who played strel Boy," " Wearing of th Cork is a lo people, on the nd has many p The church

which is over s visited by 1 the well-known The Bells of brated for the they have bee utiful poe Mahony, whose vault at the fo With deep affection of ten think of the Whose sound so willing round my cropp this I ponder w On these be ing the old s strel Boy," an A few mile

famed Blarney renowned Bla which is supp first magnitud ful one, with tongue to win I am sorry tunate as to twenty feet obtain 'he g supposed to top of the w ticularly the

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five thousa

surrounded which give scenery in the poet-la scribes it of Killarne garb of gra in order to the sense o ness. The stern, now ling with rugged wi gaze out andid su owned tha world no s gentlemer but my ad

There

is the mos s limited morning coach nin country, ottage a Here we potheen o goat's mi with so-c had for raw-bone inconver any trip tain stre by high the voic re-echo of the p

> you the tain pea driven Patrick At on of grass waters be the beautif have ev Alla

my case

by poo Killarn go, has say tha a great this ha trover