

One Of The Six Hundred

Continued from last issue.

Pit is a common prefix of Fifeshire localities. By some nautiquarians it thought to mean Piet; by others a grave.

Corra drew our attention to the clenched hand, and assured us that it grasped something that was meant to represent a lock or ringlet of hair.

Whether this was the case or not, it was impossible for us to say, so much was it covered by the green moss and ruse tthued lichens; but she added that "it embodied a quaint little legend which she would relate to us after dinner."

"An why not now, dear Cora?" said Lady Loftus. "If it is a legend, where so fitting a place as this old ruin, with its roofless walls and shattered windows?"

said Cora, pointing with her whip to the great hill of Largo, the cone of which was rapidly becoming hidden by a grey cloud; while another mass of vapour, dense and gloomy, laden with hail or snow, came heavily up from the German Sea, and began to obscure the sun. "See, a wintry blast is coming on and the sooner we get back to the glen the better. Lead the way, Newton, and we shall follow."

"With pleasure," said I; and giving a farewell glance at the old ruin I might never see again, I turned my horse's head northward, and led the way homeward at a msart canter; but we had barely entered Calderwood avenue when the storm of hail and sleet came down in all its fury.

Dinner over, I joined the ladies in the drawing-room, leaving the M. P. to take the place of Sir Nigel, who was still absent. The heavy curtains, drawn closely over all the oriels, rendered us heedless of the state of the weather without; and while Binns traversed the room with his coffee-trays, a group was gathered in a corner round Cora, from whom we claimed her story of the old castle we had just visited and she related it somewhat in the following manner.

CHAPTER IX.

"Is there any room at your head, Emma?"

Is there any room ta your feet?

Is there any room at your side, Emma?

Where I may sleep so sweet?

"There is no room at my side, Robin; there is no room at my feet. My bed is dark and narrow now; but, oh! my sleep is sweet."

Old Ballad.

During the time of King Charles I and the wars of the great Marquis of Montrose, his captain-general in Scotland—that terrible period when the civil war was waged in England, and Scotland was rent in twain between the armies of the Covenant and of the Cavaliers—William Calderwood of Piteadie was the lover of Annora Moultray ray's daughter of Symon, the Laird of Seafield; a tower which stands upon the seashore, not far from Kinghorn.

Both were young and handsome; both were the pride of the district at kirk, market, and merry-meeting; and a time had been fixed for their marriage when the troubles of the Covenant came. Calderwood adhered to the king, and the father of his bride to Cromwell, and the Puritan English.

So the poor lovers were separated; their engagement deemed broken by the parents of Annora, who were dark, gloomy, and stern religionists—true old Whigs of Fife; but on the day before William Calderwood departed to join the great Marquis, who was advancing from the north at the head of his victorious Highlanders, he contrived to have a farewell interview with his mistress at the little ruined chapel of Eglish Marie, which stood, within a few years ago, at Tyrie, in the fields near Grange.

In those days of ecclesiastical tyranny and social espionage, little could escape the parish minister; so the Reverend Elijah Howler promptly apprised Symon of Moultray of his daughter's "foregathering" with the ungodly one at that relic of Popery, the chapel of Mary. They were surprised by the furious father, who exclaimed— "Sackcloth and ashes! ye graceless limmer, begone to your spindle, and thou, mansworn loon, draw!"

Unsheading his word, he rushed upon Calderwood, and would have slain him, notwithstanding the sanctity of the place, but for the interference of his youngest son, Philip, who accompanied him, and parried the threatening sword. He hurled, however, the deepest and most bitter reproaches upon Calderwood, as "an apostate from the kirk of god; the adherent of a king who had broken the Covenant; a leaguer with the mansworn and God-forsaken James Graham of Montrose, and his murdering gang of Highland Philistines; the representative of a false brood, among whom no daughter of his should ever

mate without a father's curse resting on her bridal-bed," with much more to the same purpose.

The young gentleman strove to deprecate his anger; but, "Away!" the fiery old man resumed; hence, ye trouble o' Isreal, who hast hearkened unto the devil and his prelates; and beware how he cross the purpose o' Symon o' Seafield, for all the powers o' hell may fall to balk my vengeance!"

Under his shaggy brows his eyes glared at Calderwood as he spoke; and fiercely he drew his blue bonnet over them, as he hurled his broadsword into its scabbard, struck its basket-hilt significantly, and, grasping his terrified daughter by the wrist, dragged her rudely away. A farewell glance, mute and despairing, was all that the parted lovers could exchange. A s for the injurious reproaches of the irate old man, Willie Calderwood heeded them not.

He only mourned in his heart this civil and religious war, that had engendered hate and rancour in the breasts of those at whose board he had long been a welcome guest, and who certainly, at one time, loved him well.

If Symon of Seafield was rancorous in his animosity his wife, the Lady Grizel Kirkaldie of Abden, was double so. Thus the poor Annora, as she sat by her side, guiding the whirling spindle, spinning monotonously at her wheel, was compelled, in the interval of prayer, bible reading, catechizing, and mortification of the body and spirit to hear the most insulting epithets heaped upon the name of her young and handsome lover, whose figure, as she saw him last at Eglish Marie, with his long, black cavalier plume shading his saddened face, and his scarlet mantle muffling the hilt of the rapier he dared not to draw on her father, seemed ever before her.

To prevent their meeting again, Annora was secluded and carefully watched in the upper storey of Seafield Tower and by her brothers' folwing pieces many a stray pigeon was shot, lest a te might be tied under its wing.

The tower forms a striking feature the sea-beaten shore, midway between the Kirkcaldy and Kinghorn-ness. It rests on one side on a mass of red sandstone rock; on the other it was guarded by a fosse and bridge, the remains of which can be yet traced. To the seaward lie the Vows—some dangerous rocks, on which, on a terrific night in the e december of 1800, a great ship of Elbing perished with all her crew.

A roofless and open ruin now, exposed to the blasts which sweep up the Firth of from the German Sea, it has long been abandoned to the seaweeds, the bat, and the owl, and the ugia, as it was named of old in Fifeshire.

The seclusion of Annora was not required; for, on the very day after the interview which was so roughly interrupted at Eglish Marie, Willie Calderwood, at the head of sixteen troopers, all sturdy "Kailsuppers of Fife" well mounted and accoutred in half armour—i.e., back, breast, and pot, with sword pistol, and musketoon—had departed for the king's host, and joined the Marquis of Montrose, whose troops, flushed with their victorious battles at Tippermuir, Alford, Aldearn, and the Brig o' Dee, came pouring over the Ochil mount ins, to sack and burn the Castle of Gloom.

Tidings of this advance spread rapidly from the West to the East Neuk of Fife. Great numbers of the Whig lairds repaired to the standard of Baillem the covenanting general; and among others who dr3w their swords under him at the battle of Kilsyth, were Symon of Seafield and his three sons.

The latter, fiery and determined youths had but one object or idea—to single out and slay without mercy William Calderwood, on the first field where swords were crossed.

The parting injunction of their father to Dame Grizel was to leave nothing undone to urge on the marriage of Annora with the Reverend Elijah Howler, a sour visaged saint, in Geneva cloak and starched bands, with the lappets of a calotte cap covering his grizzled hair and cadaverous cheeks, who, during the troubles that seemed to draw nearer, had taken up his residence in that gloomy tower, which was half surrounded by the waves.

At another time, had she dared Annora, who was really a merry-hearted girl, with curling chestnut hair and clear bright hazel eyes, might have laughed at such a lover as this "lean and slippered pantaloon," who now, in scriptural phraseology, culled chiefly out of the Old Testament, besought her to share his heart and fortunes; but the dangers that overhung her affianced husband and her father's household whichever side conquered in the great battle, that was impending, and the monotony of her own existence, which was varied only by the long nasal prayers and quavering psalmody in which the inhabitants of the tower (chiefly old women now) lamented the iniquity

of mankind, and "warsled wi' the Lord—prayers and psalms that mingled with the cries of the sea-birds and the boom of the ocean on the rocks around the tower, all tended to crush her naturally joyous spirit, and corrode her young heart with artificial gloom.

She was frequently discovered in tears by Dame Grizel; and then sharp indeed, was the rebuke that fell upon her.

"Oh, mother dear," she would exclaim, "pity me?" "Silence! bairn, and greet nae mair" the lady would reply, sharply. "Harken to the voice of ane th' loves ye; but not after the fashion of this miserable world—the Reverend Elijah, Bethink ye on whom your hellicate cavalier may e'en the now be showering his ungodly kisses. Bethink ye—

That auld love is cauld love, But new love is true love. Elijah loves ye well, and, though the man be auld, his love is new and true. Annora shuddered with anger and grief; while her stern mother, giving additional impetus to her spinning-wheel, as she sat in the ingle by the hall fire, eyed her grimly askance, and muttered—

"Calderwood, forsooth! There never cam' faith or truth frae one o' the line o' o' Piteadie since the cardinal was stickit by Norman Leslie, a hundred years ago. Are ye a daughter o' mine and o' Symon Moultray, an yet are hen-hearted enough to renounce God and his covenanted kirk, and adhere to bishops and curates—to seek the fashionless milk that cometh frae a yeld bosom, sic as the kirk o' prelacy hath? Fiel and awa' wi' ye!"

"I forsake nae kirk, mother," urged the poor lassie; "but I will adhere to my Willie. Falsehood never came o' his line, and the Calderwoods are auld as the three trees o' Dysart."

"And shall be shunned like the de'il o' Dysart," replied her mother, beating the hearthstone with the high heel of her red shoe.

The cornfields were yellowing in the fertile Howe of Fife, and the woods were still green in all their summer beauty, when, about Old Lammusday, in the year 1645, there went a vague whisper t rough the land, none knew how—that a bloody battle had been fought somewhere about the Fells of Campsie; that many a helm had been eldven, many a blue-bonnetted head lay on the purple heather; and that many a Whig Fife laird had perished with his followers.

Sorely troubled in spirit, the Reverend Elijah Howler took his ivory-handled staff, adjusted his bands and his beaver above his calotte cap, and, in quest of sre tidings, set forth to Kin dom, at the market-cross of which h he had heard the terrible intelligence, that the sword of the ungodly had triumphed—that Montrose had burst into the lowlands like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour; and all along the Burntisland Road Elijah saw the Fife troopers come spurring, with buff coats slashed, and harness battered, bloody, dusty, and having all the signs of discomfort and fear.

Ere long he learned that Symon of Seafield and his three sons were in safety (thanks to their horses' heels); but that the Marquis of Montrose had encountered the army of the covenant on the field o' Kilsyth, where he had gained a great and terrible victory, slaying, by the edge of the sword, six thousand soldiers; that the killing covered fourteen miles Scottish—i. e., twenty five miles English—and that on the men of the Fifeshire regiments had fallen the most serious slaughter.

In fact, very few of them ever returned, for nearly all perished, and the terror of that day is still a tradition in many a hamlet of Fife.

Annora felt joy in her heart when her father and brothers returned; yet it was not without alloy, for where was he born whom she had sworn to love, and a lock of whose dark brown hair she wore in secret next her heart?

Lying cold and mangled, perhaps on the field of Kilsyth!

There one of her father's men, Roger of Tyrie, had found a relic of terrible import. It was a kilmaur's whittle; the blade was of fine steel, hafted with tortoise-shell, adorned with silver circlets. I t was graven with the Calderwood arms, and spotted with blood; but whose blood?

Symon and his sons came home to the tower crestfallen, and with hearts full of bitterness. Symon's steel cap, with its triple bars, had been struck from his head by the marquis's own sword, and now he wre a broad bonnet, with the blue cockade of the Covenant streaming from it, over his left ear.

Long, lank, and grizzled, his hair flowed over his shoulders upon his gorget and cuirass. His complexion was sallow, his expression fierce, as he trod, spurred and jack-booted into the vaulted hall of the tower, and grimly kissed Dame Grizel on the forehead.

"The goddess Philistines have been victorious, and yet ye have a' come back to me without scratch or scar," she exclaimed, with Spartan bitterness. "Even sae, gudewife—even sae; but for that day at Kilsyth the vengeance shall yet be ours!"

"Ye, verily," groaned Elijah Howler, "for it was a day of woe, a day of wailing and of loud lamentation," as the weeping of Jazer, when the lords of the heathen had broken down her principal plants; and as the mourning of

Rachel, who wept for her children, and would not be comforted."

"Get me a stoup o' ale," said Symon, with something like an oath, as he flung aside his sword and gauntlets.

"And thou, minion, after that day o' bluid, will ye cling yet to that son o' Belial, Willie Calderwood?" asked Symon, sternly of his shrinking daughter.

"Thrice I saw him in the charge, and covered him ilk time wi' my petronel; but lead availed not, and I handna about me a siller coin that fitted the muzzle of my weapon, else he had been i' the mools that nicht. But horse and spear lads!" he added, turning to his sons. "Ere we sleep, we shall ride by Grange, and rook out Calderwood Glen wi' a flaming lunt!"

So Symon and his sons had a deep carouse in the old hall with their troopers, all sturdy "Kailsuppers of Fife," drinking confusion to their enemies.

Now it is an open ruin; then it was crossed by a great oak beam, whereon hung spears and bows. On the walls were the horns of many a buck from Falkland Woods.

Many an oak almerie and meal-grnel stood round; and rows of pots and pans, pell-mell among helmets and corslets, swords and bucklers, spits and branders, made up the decorations and the furniture; while a great fire of wood and coal from "my Lord Sinclair's heugh's" blazed day and night on the stone hearth, making the hall to seem in some places all red and quivering in red light, or sunk in sable shadow elsewhere.

It had but two chairs—one for the laird, and one for the lady—for such was then the etiquette in Scotland; thus even the Reverend Elijah had to accommodate his lean shanks on a three-legged creeper.

Dogs of various kinds were always basking the fire on dun deer-skins; but the chief of them was Symon's great Scottish staghound, which was exactly of the breed and appearance described in the old rhyme—

Headed lyke a snake,
Hecked lyke a drake,
Footed lyke a catte,
Tayled lyke a ratte,
Syded lyke a team,
Chyned lyke a beam.

On that night Symon and his son, with Roger of Tyrie, and other followers, crossed the hill to Piteadie, and sacked and set on fire the dwelling of the Calderwoods, who, as adherents of the King, were deemed the pale of the law by the Scottish government.

In the murk midnight, from the tower head of Seafield, the heart-stricken Annora could see the red flames of rapine waving in the sky, beyond the woods of Grange, in the direction where she knew so well her absent lover's dwelling stood; and when her father and brothers came galloping down the brae, and clattering over the drawbridge of the tower, they laughingly boasted that in passing Eglish Marie, they had defaced the family tomb of the Calderwoods, and overturned the throchstone that marked where Willie's mother lay, under the shadow of an old yew tree.

"The nest is gane, Grizy," said Symon, grimly, as he unclasped his corslet, and hung his sword on the wall; "the nest is scouthered weel, and the black rooks can return to it nae mair."

"Would that we could lure the tassel to the goshawk again," said Lady Grizel, with a dark glance at her daughter. "For what end, gudewife?" asked Symon, with surprise.

"To make him a tassel on the dulcete there without," was the cruel response.

Annora felt as if her heart was bursting; it seemed so strange and unnatural that all this savage hate should exist, because her poor Willie adhered to the King rather than to the kirk.

A few weeks passed, and there was loud revelry, and many a stoup and black-jack of ale and usquebaugh drain ed joyfully in Seafield, for tidings came of the total rout of the Scottish Cavaliers at Philiphaugh, and of the flight of the great marquis and all his followers none knew whither; but rumfouir said to High Germanie.

Had Willie Calderwood escaped? asked Annora, in her trembling heart; or had he fallen at the Slatinmanslee, where the Covenanters butchered all fell into their hands, even mothers with their babes that hung at their breasts? And these acts, and many other such, did her new lover justify by many a savage quotation from the wars of the Jews in the days of old. Now th Kirk was triumphant, and Judas-like had sold its king, as old Peter Heyli, said, even as it would have sold its Saviour could it have found a purchaser.

trumpet, the English sectaries warned the General Assembly to begone from Edinburgh, and to assemble no more. Yet the Reverend Elijah was unhappy in another sense. Annora heard his pious love-making with averted ear, might as well have poured forth his texts, his dreary talks, and intoned homilies, to the waves that beat at the rocky basement of the tower—once Annora's prison and her home.

Meanwhile, she grew pale, and thin and sickly. Her younger brother, Philip, pitied her in his heart, and, after making inquiries, learned that Willie Calderwood was now in France, where he had been wounded in a duel by the Abbe Gony, but had become his friend and now adhered to him when he had become famous as the Cardinal de Retz; and, as such, served and defended him in the wars of the Fronde, with a hundred other cavaliers of Montrose.

"Oh, waly, waly, my mother dear," she exclaimed, using the bitterest old Scottish exclamation of grief, as she threw herself on the bosom of the unflinching Lady Grizel. "Pity me, for none love me here, and Willie is far far awa' in France owre the sea."

"A' the better, bairn—a' the better 'But I may never see him mair.'" "A' the better still, bairn."

"Oh, mother dear," urged the weeping girl, "dinna say sae; ye'll rive my pur heart in twain among ye. And this Fronde, and these Frondeurs, what is it, what are they?"

"What would it be but some Papist devilry, or a Calderwood wadna be in the middle o't?" was the angry response.

Poor Annora knew not what to think, for there were no newspapers in those days, and rumours of events in distant lands came vaguely by chance travellers, and at long intervals. Lothian and Fife were almost farther apart in those days than Scotland and France are now, in the matters of news and travel.

She felt like Juliet in the feud between the families—

"Tis but thy name that is my enemy Though art thyself though, not a Montague. What's Montague? It is not hand or foot, Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose By any other name would smell as sweet. —Doff thy name; And for that name, which is no part of thee, Take all myself

Even as water dropping on a granite rock will wear that rock away in course of time, so, by the systematic tyranny of her parents, and by their reiterated assurances, and even forged proofs, that Willie Calderwood had fallen, sword in hand, at the battle of the Baricades, was Annora worn and wearied into a state of acquiescence, in which she accepted Mr. Elijah Howler as her husband.

This was the climax of years of a gloomy, sabbatical life, during which the Judaical rigidity of religious observance made Sunday a periodical horror and Seafield Tower a daily hell.

So they were married, and he removed her from the tower to the adjacent manse, from the more cheerful and ungrated windows of which she could see in the distance the roofless turrets and open walls of Piteadie, where the crows clustered and flapped their black wings for the ruin had become a veritable rookery.

The king was dead; he had perished on the scaffold, and Scotland, under Cromwell and the false Argyle, was quiet, as we are told in that poetical romance by Macaulay, entitled "The History of England."

On a Sunday in summer, in the year of Glencairn's rising in the north for King Charles II., Annora sat in the Kirk of Calderwood about the beginning of sermon. The reverend Elijah with straight, lank hair, and upturned eyes, Geneva bands and gown, after a glance at the dark oak pew where his young bride and victim sat, like the spectre of her former self, and so pale, so crushed and heartbroken, twice repeated, in a dreary and quavering tone, the text upon which he was about to preach, with special reference to the rising in the north, inviting all sons of the Kirk to arm against the loyal Highlanders—

"He saith among the trumpets, Ha! Ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting! He is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword; he goeth forth to meet the armed men."

Job xxxix.

Having given this warlike text, he dusted his cloak, and turned the sand glass, which, according to the fashion of those days, stood on the reading-desk. The rustle of Bible leaves, as those that lie strewn in autumn, when gently stirred by the wind, passed through all the church; but from Annora's trembling and wan fingers, her Bible fell heavily to the ground.

passed slowly up the aisle the observed of all observers—as such cavalier fripperies were supposed to have passed away with Montrose and the King, stooped, and presented her with the fallen book.

Their haggard eyes met. He was pale even as death. A great wound, a sword-cut that traversed his face like a livid streak, in healing, had distorted the features; but like a glance of lightning that flashed into her soul, she recognized Willie Calderwood!

She would have shrieked, but lacked the power, a little sigh could only escape her, and so she swooned away.

There was a great commotion in the village kirk. She was borne forth into the air, and laid for a time upon a throchstone, or altar tomb, and was then conveyed to the manse, where she remained long as one on the verge of madness or the grave. The face of Willie, so sad and earnest, but, alas! so sorely distorted, seemed ever before her, together with his gallant air and courtly bearing, all of which were so different from those of the sour-featured Whigs by whom she was surrounded.

But she was informed by her younger brother, Philip, that she should never see that face or bearing more, as her lover had come home, sorely wounded and broken in health, not to seek vengeance on her or hers, but only to die among his kinsmen, the Calderwoods of the Glen; and that he had died there, three days after their meeting in the kirk; and was buried at Eglish Marie, in the tomb of the lairs of Piteadie.

It was in one of the last evenings of autumn, when after hearing this sorrowful narrative, and with it the knowledge that the only heart that ever truly loved her was cold in the grave, that Annora—in the craving for solitude and to be alone, left the old ivy-covered manse, and passing through the garden, issued into the glebe—a spacious park, surrounded by venerable trees—and seating herself upon a moss-grown stile, strove to think calmly if possible, and pray.

Resplendent in gold and purple, the sky threw out in strong contour the summits of the Lomonds, from which the last rays of sunset had faded; and where she sat alone. The darkness had almost set in, the woods were so leafy and dense; yet in some places the twilight was liquid and clear. The trees were already yellowing fast, and the sear and russet leaves that had fallen before the strong gales that swept through the Howe, or great midland valley of Fife, were whirling about the place where she sat, as if to remind her that the year was dying.

Often in happier times had she wandered here with Willie, and the bark of more than one tree there bore their names and initials cut by his knife or dagger. The woodcock was seeking his nest in the hedges, and the snipe and the wild coot were among the reeds and rushes of the loch and burn; and Annora: as she gazed around her, thought sadly that it was the autumn of a year of married misery, and the winter of her aching heart.

Suddenly some mysterious impulse—for there was no sound but the sense of something being nigh, made her look round, and then a start, a shudder, convulsed her, rooting her to the spot; for there by the stile whereon she sat was Willie Calderwood, looking just as she had seen him last, in his cavalier dress, with plumed beaver and hite cockade, long rapier and short velvet mantle; but his features, when viewed by the calm, clear twilight, seemed paler, his eyes sadder, and the sword wound on his cheek more livid and dark.

He was not dead—he lived yet, and her brother Philip had deceived her! She made a start forward and then drew back, withheld by an impulse of terror, and holding up her poor thin hands deprecatingly faltered out—

"Oh! come not nigh me, Willie. I am a wedded wife."

"And false to me, Annora. Is it not so?" he asked, with a voice that thrilled through her.

She wept, and laid her hands upon eyes, that had a glare in them, caused doubtless by his wound, seemed to pierce her soul; they seemed so bright, so earnest, and beseeching in the autumn twilight.

"They told you I was false to you, or slain in France, and you believed them?"

"I did, Willie," she sobbed, as she covered her face.

"I have lain on many a field, lassie, where the rain of heaven and the wind of night swept over me—fields where the living could scarce be kenned frae the dead, yet I was never slain."

"But, oh," she urged, "Willie never, never will ye ken—" "I ken a' They told you that I was dead, too, and grieved in yonder kirk."

"They did Willie dear—they did." "Yet I am here before you. I came home to wed you, lassie, and to join my Lord Glencairn in the north; and to fight against this accursed Cromwell and his Puritans, but it maunna be," he added, sadly, in a hollow tone. "Oh, leave me, Willie, leave me. If you should be seen wi' me—"

To be continued.