## THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPTURE OF STIRLING. The moon was at its meridian as the vearied troops halted on the deep hadows of the Carse of Stirling. An shadows of the Carse of Stirling. An hour's rest was sufficient to restoreevery exhausted power to the limbs of the followers of Wallace: and, as the morning dawned, the sentinels on the ramparts were not only surprised to see a host below, but that they had passed the ditch, gained the counterscarp, fixed reable towers, and were over

looking the highest bastions.

At a sight so unexpected, the Southrons fled from the walls; but recovering rons fied from the walls; but recovering their presence of mind, they returned, and discharged a cloud of arrows upon their opponents. A summons meanwhile was sent to the citadel, to call De Valce and Cressingham to the defence of the garrison. The interior gates now sent forth thousands to the walls; and in proportion to the numbers which approached, the greater was the harvest of death prepared for the arm of Waliace, whose war-wolfs, throwing prodigious stones and springalls, easting forth brazen darts, swept away file after file of the reinforcement. The enemy, shrinking under the mighty tempest, ehed, the greater was the harvest

ground. The ramparts deserted, Wallace sprung from his tower upon the walls. At that moment De Valence opened one of the gates, and, at the head of a formidable body, charged the Scots.
Murray and Graham were prepared to
receive him, and forced him back upon
the troops in the town. Wallace with
his followers had absorbe and forced. his followers had already put Cressing-ham and his legions to flight; and, closely pursued by Kirkpatrick, they threw themselves into the castle. Meanwhile, the victorious commander-in-chief surded the amazed De Valence, who called to his men to fight to the latest

At last, he encountered the conquering chieftain arm to arm. Great was the dread of De Valence; but he resolved, if he must die, that the soul of his enemy should attend him to the other world. Drunk with rage, he made a desperate plunge at the heart of Walacce; but his swand missed its aim and lace : but his sword missed its aim, and lace; but his sword missed its aim, and entered the side of a youth, who had thrown himself before his general. Wallace saw where the blow fell, and closing on the earl, hurled him to the crossing on the earl, nuried him to the ground, and setting his foot upon his breast, would have buried his dagger there, had not De Valence dropped his sword, and raised his clasped hand in speechless supplication. Wallace suspended the blow; and De Valence exclaimed. "My life this case again, get claimed, "My life this once again, gal-lant Wallace! by your hopes of heaven, grant me mercy

Wallace looked on the trembling recreant with a glance which, had he ed the soul of a man, would have sessed the soul of a man, would have made him grasp at death rather than deserve a second. "And hast thou escaped me again?" cried Wallace. Then turning to his bleeding friend, "I yield him his life, Edwin; and you

"I yield him his life, Edwin; and you perhaps are slain?"

"Forget not your own bright principles to avenge me," said Edwin; "he has only wounded me; but you are safe, and I hardly feel a smart."

Wallace replaced his dagger in his girdle, "Rise, Lord de Valence; it is my honour, not my will, that grants your life. You threw away your arms. I cannot strike even a murderer who bares his breast. I give you that bares his breast. I give you that mercy you denied to nineteen unoffend-ing, defenceless old men, whose hoary ds your ruthless axe brought with blood to the ground. Let memory be the sword I have withheld!" While he spoke, De Valence had risen, and stood conscience-struck before Wallace. There was something in this denun ciation that sounded like a decree of a Divinity, and the condemned wretch beneath the threat, while he

panted for revenge.

The whole of the survivors in De Valence's train having surrendered when their leader fell, in a few minutes Wallace was surrounded by his chief-tains, bringing in the colours and the swords of their prisoners. "Sir Alexander Ramsay," said he to a brave knight, who had joined him in the Lothians, 'I confide Earl de Valence to your care. See that he is strongly guarded, and has every respect, according to the honour of him to whom I commit this charge."

The town was now in the possession of the Scots: and Wallace, having sent the captive Southrons to safe quarters, reiterated his pursuasions to Edwin to leave the ground, and submit his wounds to the surgeon. "No, no," replied he: "the same hand that gave me this, inflicted a worse on my general at Dumbarton: he kept tre field then, and shall I retire now and disgrace my example? No, my brother:

'Do as you will," answered Wallace, "so that you preserve a life that must never again be risked to save mine. While it is necessary for me to live, my almighty Captain will shield me: but, when His word goes forth that I but, when His word goes forth that I shall be recalled, it will not be in the snan be recaited, it will not be in the power of friendship, nor of hosts, to turn the steel from my breast. Therefore, dearest Edwin, throw not yourself away in defending what is in heaven, to be lent, or to be withdrawn

Edwin bowed his head, and, having suffered a balsam to be poured into hi wound, braced his brigantine over his breast, and was again at the side of his friend, just as he had joined Kirkpatrick before the citadel. The gates were closed; and the dismayed Cressingham was panting behind its walls, as Wallace demanded the parley to be sounded. Afraid of trusting himself within arrowshot of an enemy, who he believed con-quered by witchcraft, the terrified governor sent his lieutenant upon the

walls to answer the summons. The herald of the Scots demanded the immediate surrender of the place. Cres-

THE SCOTTISH CHIFFS; flated with confidence, he mounted the flated with confidence, he mounted the wall himself, and returned for answer, that he would fall under the towers of the citadel, before he would surrender to a Scottish rebel. "And, as an example of the fate which such a delin-quent merits," continued he, "I will change the milder sentence passed on Lord Mar, and immediately hang him Lord Mar, and immediately hang him and all his family on these walls, in sight of your insurgent army.'

"Then," cried the herald, "thus says Sir William Wallace: 'If even one hair on the heads of the Earl of Mar and his family falls with violence to the ground, every Southron soul who has this day surrendered to the Scottish arms shall ose his head by the axe.'

"We are used to the blood of traitors, "We are used to the blood of traitors, cried Cressingham, "and mind not its scent. But the army of Earl de Warenne is at hand; and it is at the peril your necks for the rebel your master to pet his threat into execution. Withdraw, or you shall see the dead bodies of Donald Mar and his family fringing these battlements; for no terms do we keep with man, woman, or child, who is linked with treason!"

At these words, an arrow, winged from a hand behind Cressingham, flew to the unvisored face of Wallace; but it struck too high, and ringing against his helmet, fell to the ground. "Treachery!" resounded from every Scottish lip; and, indignant at so villainous a rupture of the parley, every bow was drawn to the head; and a flight of arrows, armed with retribution, fied towards the battle ments. All hands were at work now bring the towers to the wall, while the archers drove the the archers men from their ramparts, soldiers below with pickaxes destroyed the wall to make a breach.

Cressingham began to fear that his determining to gain time, he shot flights of darts and large stones from a thousand engines, and discharged burning combustibles over the ramparts, in hopes of setting fire to the enemy's attacking machines. But all his promptitude machines. But all his proved of no effect. The giving way in parts, and Wallace was mounting by scaling ladders, and clasp ing the parapets with the bridges from his towers. Driven to extremity, Cress ingham resolved to try the attachmen of the Scots for Lord Mar; and, at the moment when Wallace had seized the barbican and the outer ballium, this singular politician ordered the prisoned earl to be brought out upon the wall of the inner ballium. A rope was round his neck, with one end run through a groove which projected from

he nearest tower.

At this sight, horror froze the blood At this signt, norror roze the block of Wallace, and the intrepid earl, descrying his friend on the ladder which would carry him to the summit of the battlement, exclaimed, "Do not hesi-Let not my span of life stand be tween my country and this glorious

"Execute the sentence!" cried Cress ingham. At these words, Murray and ingham. At these words, Murray and Edwin precipitated themselves upon the ramparts, and mowed down all before them in a direction towards their uncle. The lieutenant who held the cord, aware of the impolicy of the cruel mandate, hesitated to fulfil it, and, fearing a res-cue, hurried his victim back to prison. Meanwhile, Cressingham perceiving all would be lost should be suffer the enemy to gain this wall also, sent such number upon the men who had followed the cousins, that, overcoming some, and repelling others, they threw Murray over the ramparts. Edwin was surrounded; and they were bearing him off, struggl ing and bleeding, when Wallace rushed in amongst them; he seized Edwin; and, while his falchion flashed in their eyes with a backward step he fought his passage to one of the wooden towers he had fastened to the wall. Cressingham parley might be sounded.

"We have already taken Lord de Valence and his host prisoners," returned Wallace; "and we grant you no cessa-tion of hostilities till you deliver up the Earl of Mar and his family, and surrend er the castle into our hands.

Think not, proud boaster," cried the herald of Cressingham, "that we ask a parley to conciliate. It was to tell you that, if you do not draw off directly, not only the Earl of Mar and his family, but every Scottish prisoner within walls shall perish in your sight."

While he spoke the Southrons uttered a great shout. The Scots looking up, beheld several high poles erected on the roof of the keep; and the Earl of Mar was led forward. He was surrounded by shricking female forms clinging to his knees; and his aged hands were lifted to heaven, as if imploring its pity. "Stop!" cried Wallace, in a voice whose thundering mandate rung from tower to tower. "The instant he dies, tower to tower. "The instant he d Lord Aymer de Valence shall perish.

He had only to make the sign; and in a few minutes that nobleman appeared between Ramsay and Kirkpatrick "Earl," exclaimed Wallace, "though l granted your life in the field with uctance, yet here I am ashamed to put it in danger; but your own people com-pel me. Look on that spectacle! A venerable father in the midst of his family, he and they doomed to an igno minious and instant death, unless I be tray my country, and abandon these walls! Were I weak enough to pur-chase their lives at such an expense, they could not survive the disgrace but that they shall not die while I hav power to preserve them, is my resolve and my duty! Life, then, for life; yours for this family!" Directing his voice towards the keep, "The moment," cried he, " in which that vile cord presses to closely on the neck of the Earl of Mar, or any of his blood, the axe shall seven the head of Lord de Valence from his

De Valence was now seen on the top of one of the besieging towers. He was as pale as death. He trembled, but not with dismay only: ten thousand varying emotions tore his breast. To be thus set up as a monument of his own defeat; to be threatened with execution by an enemy he had contemned; to be exposed to such indignities by the unthinking ferocity of his colleague, filled find us prepared." singham was at that instant informed by a messenger that De Warenne was approaching with an immense army. In-

consider on terms of surrender.

Aware that Cressingham only wanted to gain time until De Warenne should arrive, Wallace determined to foil him with his weapons, and make the gaining of the castle the consequence of vanquishing the earl. He told the governor that he should consider Lord De Valence as the hostage of safety for Lord Mar and his family; and he consented to and his family; and he consented to withdraw his men from the inner ballium till the setting of the sun, at which hour he should expect the surrender of the fortress.

Thinking that he had caught the Scottish chief in a snare, and that the Lord Warden's army would be upon him long before the expiration of the armis-tice, Cressingham congratulated himself upon his manœuvre, and resolved that the moment Earl de Warenne should appear, he would destroy Lord Mar secret

ly in the dungeons.

Wallace fully comprehended what were his enemy's views, and what ought to be his own measures. As soon as he saw the unhappy group disappear from the battlements, he recalled his men from the inner ballium wall; and stationing several detachments along the ram-parts and in the towers of the outer wall, left De Valence in the barbican, under the charge of Lord Ruthven, who was eager to hold the means that were to check the danger of relatives so dear to him as were the prisoners in the

CHAPTER XXI.

DEEEAT OF DE WARENNE.

Having secured the advantages he had ained in the town and on the works of gamed in the town and on the works of the castle, by manning all the strong places, Wallace set forward, with his chosen troops, to intercept De Warenne. He took his position on a commanding ground, about half-a-mile from Stirling ground, about half-n-mile from Stifling, near the abbey of Cambuskenneth. The Forth lay before him, crossed by a wooden bridge, over which the enemy must pass to reach him, as the river was not fordable.

He ordered the timbers which supported the bridge to be sawn at the bottom, but not displaced in the least, that they might stand perfectly firm for as long as he should deem it necessary To these timbers were fastened strong cords, which were intrusted to sturdiest of his Lanark men, concealed amongst the flags. These preparations being made, he drew up his troops in order of battle. Kirkpatrick and Murray commanded the flanks. In the centre stood Wallace himself, with Ramsay on one side of him, and Edwin with Scrym-geour on the other awaiting the ap-

proach of the enemy.

Cressingham was not less well informed of the advance of De Warenne; and burning with malice against Wal-lace, and earnest to redeem the favour of De Valence by some act in his be-half, he left orders with his lieutenant, and went alone to an avenue of escape that was never divulged to any one but to the commanders of the fortress; and there, by making his way through a passage in the rock, he emerged at its western base, screened from sight by bushes. He had arrayed himself in a shepherd's dress, and, unseen, crept through the thickets, till he came up with the advance of De Warenne's army

on the skirts of Torwood.

Having missed Wallace in West
Lothian, De Warenne divided his army nto three divisions, to enter Stirlingshire by different routes, hoping to intercept him in one of them. The Earl of Montgomery led the first of twenty housand men; Baron Hilton the second of ten thousand men; and De Warenn-himself the third, of thirty thousand.

It was the first of these divisions that Cressingham encountered in Torwood Revealing himself to Montgomery, he recounted how Wallace had gained the town, and in what jeopardy the citadel stood. The earl advised waiting for a junction with Hilton or the Lord Warden, "which," said he, "must happen in

the course of a few hours."
"In the course of a few hours," returned Cressingham, "you will have no Stirling Castle to defend. The enemy will seize it at sunset, in pursuance of the agreement by which I warded him off, to give us time to annihilate him before that hour. Therefore, no hesita-tion, if we would not see him lock the gates of the north of Scotland upon us, even when we have the power to hurl him to perdition." By arguments such as these, the young earl was induced to give up his judgment; and accompanied by Cressingham, whose courage revived amid such a host, he proceeded to the

The troops of Wallace were drawn up on the opposite shore, hardly five thousand strong; but so disposed, the enemy could not calculate their numbers yet the narrowness of their front suggested to Cressingham they could not be numerous, as many must have been left to occupy the outworks of the town and the citadel. "It will be easy to surround the rebels," cried he; "and on the opposite shore, hardly five tho surround the rebels," cried he; "and that we may effect our enterprise before the arrival of the Warden robs us of the nonor, let us about it directly, and cross the bridge.

Montgomery proposed a herald being sent to inform Wallace that besides the long line of troops he saw, De Warenne was advancing with double hosts; and if he would surrender, a pardon should be granted to him. Cressingham was vehement against this measure; but Montgomery being resolute, the messenger was despatched. In a lew min-senger was despatched. In a lew min-utes he returned, and repeated to the Southron commanders the words of Wallace. "Go," said he, "tell your masters we came not here to treat a pardon of what we shall never allow to be an offence; we came to assert ou rights, and to set Scotland free. Til that is effected, all negotiation is in

"Then onward!" cried Montgomery.

bulent wishes to deprive of life them by whom he suffered.

Cressingham became alarmed, and dreading the vengeance of De Valence's powerful family, ordered a herald to say that, if Wallace would draw off his troops to the outer ballium until evening. Lord Mar and his family should be taken from their perilous situation, and he would consider on terms of surrender.

Aware that Cressingham only wanted to gain time until De Warenne should

precipitated into the stream. The cries of the maimed and the drowning were joined by the slogan of two bands of Scots, the one with Wallace towards the head of the river, and the other under the command of Sir John Graham, who rushed from his ambuscade on the opposite side upon the rear of the dismayed troops; and both divis-ions, sweeping all before them, drove those who fought on land into the river, and those who had escaped the flood to meet its waves again—a bleeding host.

In the midst of this conflict, which

rather seemed a carnage than a battle. Kirkpatrick, having heard the shouts of Cressingham on the bridge, now sought him amidst its shattered timbers with the ferocity of a tiger hunt-ing for his prey. He ran from man to man as the struggling wretches emerged from the water; he plucked them from the surge, but even while his and uplifted glaring eye-balls and uplifted axe threatened destruction, he only looked on them, and with imprecations of disappointment, rushed forward on chase. Almost in despair that the waves had cheated his revenge, he was hurrying in another direction, when he perceived a body moving through a hollow on his right. He turned and saw the object of his search crawling amongst the mud and sedges. "Ha!" cried Kirkpatrick, with a voice of thunder: "art thou yet mine? Damned, damned villain!" cried he, springing upon his breast. "Behold the man you dishonored! behold the hot cheek your dastard hand defiled! Thy blood shall obliterate the stain: Thy blood shall obliterate the seal and then Kirkpatrick may again fron "For mercy!" cried the horror

struck Cressingham, struggling to ex tricate himself.

"Hell would be my portion did I gran any to thee," cried Kirkpatrick; and with one stroke of his axe, he severed his head from his body. "I am a man again!" shouted he, as he held its bleeding veins in his hand, and p'aced it on the point of his sword. "Thou ruthless priest of Moloch and of Mammon, thou shalt have thine own blood to drink while I show

my general how proudly I am avenged! As he spoke, he dashed amongst the victorious ranks, and reached Wallace at the very moment he was extricating himself from his fallen hore, which a random arrow had shot under him. Murray at the same instant was bringing up the wounded Montgomery, who came to surrender his sword and beg quarter for his men. The earl turned ale as the first object that struck his sight was the fierce knight of Torthor land walking under a stream of blood which continued to flow from the head of Cressingham, as he held it triumph-antly in the air. "If that be your chief," cried Montgomery, "I have mistaken him much: I cannot yield my sword to him."

Murray understood him. "If cruelty

be an evil spirit." returned he. " it ha fled every breast in this army to shelter with Sir Roger Kirkpatrick; and its name is Legion! That is my chief!"
added he, pointing to Wallace. Wallace rose from the ground, and his eye fell on Kirkpatrick, who, waving the head in the air, blew from his bugle the triumphal notes of the Pryse, and then cried aloud, "I have slain the wolf of Scotland: My brave Highlanders are now casing my target with his skin; and when I strike its bossy sides,

skin; and when I strike its bossy sides, I will exclaim. 'So perishes my dishonour! So perish all the enemies of Scotland!'"
"And, with the extinction of that breath, Kirkpatrick," cried Wallace, looking sternly, "let your fell revenge perish also. For your own honour, commit no indignities on the body you have slain." have slain.

'Tis for you to conquer like a god!" cried Kirkpatrick: "I cried Kirkpatrick; "I have felt as a man: and like a man I revenge. This head shall destroy even in death: shall vanquish its friends for me: for will wear it like a gorgon on my sword, to turn to stone every Southron who looks on it." As he spoke, he disappeared amongst the ranks; and, as the triumphant Scots bailed him as he passed, Montgomery, thinking of his perishing men, suffered Murray to lead him to the scene of his humility. Wallace perceived him; and, guessing by his armour and dignified demeanour who he was, with a noble grace he raised his helmet-bonnet from his head as the earl approached. Montgomery looked on him; he felt his soul even more subdued than his arms. The blood mounted into his cheeks; he held out his sword in silence to the victor: for he could not bring his tongue to pronounce the word "Surrender." Wallace understood the "Surrender." Wallace understood the sign, and, holding up his hand to a herald, the trumpet of peace was raised It sounded; and where the moment before was the clash of arms, the yell of conquest, and cries for mercy, all was as still as death. The voice of Wallace rose from this awful pause. "Soldiers!" cried he, "God has given us victory: le

cried he, "God has given us victory: let us show our gratitude by our moderation and mercy. Gather the wounded into quarters, and bury the dead."

Wallace then turned to the extended sword of the earl; he put it gently back with his hand. "Ever wear what you honour," said he; "but, gallant Montarymer, when you past draw it let it he gomery, when you next draw it, let it be in a better cause. Learn, brave earl, to discriminate between a warrior's glory and his shame; between the de-fender of his country and the unproof his country and the unpro voked ravager of foreign states.

Montgomery blushed, but it was not with resentment. He looked down for a moment. "Ah!" thought he, "perhaps I ought never to have drawn it here." Then, raising his eyes to Wallace, said: "Were you not the enemy of the king, who, though a conqueror, sanctions none of the cruelties that have been committed in his name, I would give you my hand before the remnant of his brave troops, whose lives you grant.

But you have my heart, a heart that knows no difference between friend or foe, when the bonds of virtue would unite what only civil dissensions divide."

"Had your king possessed the you believe he does," replied Wallace, "my sword might have now been a prun-ing hook. But that is past. We are in my sword might have now been a prun-ing hook. But that is past. We are in arms for injuries received, and to drive out a tyrant; for believe me, noble Mont-gomery, that monarch has little pretensomery, that monarch has fittle precedules to virtue, who suffers the oppressors of his people or of his conquests to go unpunished. To connive at cruelty is to practise it. And has Edward ever is to practise it. And has been showned on one of those despots who, in his name, have for these two years past his name, have for these two years and ashes?" The laid Scotland in blood and ashes: appeal was too strong for Montgomery to answer; he felt its truth, and bowed with an expression in his face that told more than, as a subject of England, he dared declare.

The prisoners were conducted to the rear of the town, while the major part of rear or the town, while the major part of the tro. ps (leaving a detachment to un-burthen the earth of its bleeding load) came in front of Stirling, just as De Warenne's division appeared in the horizon. At this sight Wallace sent Edwin into the town with Lord Mont-Edwin into the town with Lord Montgomery; and extending his line, prepar-ed to bear down upon the appropriate earl. But the Lord Warden had re ceived information which fought better for the Scots than a host of swords When advanced a little way onward or the Carse of Stirling, one of his scouts brought information, that, having ap-proached the south side of the Forth, he had seen the river floating with dead bodies, and Southron soldiers flying on all sides, while the Scottish horns blowing the notes of victory. what he had learned from the fugitives he also informed his lord, that he had found it necessary to fly, for fear of being impeded in his return to him; as not only the town and citadel of Stirling had been taken by Sir William Wallace but the two detachments under Mont-gomery and Hilton were both discomfited, and their leaders slain or taken.

At this intelligence, Earl de Warenne stood aghast, and, while he was stil doubting that such disgrace to King Edward's arms could be possible, two or three fugitives came up and witnessed to its truth. One had seen Kirkpatrick with the bloody head of the governor of Stirling on his sword. Another had been near Cressingham in the wood when he told Montgomery of the capture of De Valence, and concluding that he meant the leader of the third divi-sion, he corroborated the scout's information of the two defeats. These accounts persuaded De Warenne to make a retreat, and his men, with no

make a retreat, and his hell, with he little precipitation, turned to obey.

Wallace perceived the retrograde motion of his enemy; and, while a stream of arrows from his archers poured upon them, he bore down upon the rearguard with his cavalry and men-at-arms, and sent Graham round by a wood to prise the flanks. All was executed with promptitude; and the terrified Southrons, before in confusion, now threw away their arms to lighten themselve for escape. De Warenne saw the effects of this panic in the total disregard of his orders; and dreadful would have been the carnage of his troops had h not sounded a parley.

The bugle of Wallace instantly an swered it. De Warenne sent forward his herald. He offered to lay down his arms, provided he might be exempted from relinquishing the royal standard and that he and his men might be per mitted to return without delay to Eng land. Wallace accepted the first article and granted the second; but with regard to the third, it must be on condition that he, Lord Warenne, and the officers taken in his army, or in other engage-ments lately fought in Scotland, should be exchanged for the like number of noble Scots he should name, who were prisoners in England; and that the common men of the army, now about to surrender their arms, should take an oath never to serve again against Scot-

These preliminaries being agreed to the Lord Warden advanced at the head of his 30,000 troops, and first laying down his sword, which Wallace immediately returned to him, the officers and arched by with their heads uncovered, throwing down their weapons as they approached their conqueror. Wallace extended his line as the procession moved; for he had too much policy to show his enemies that 30,000 had yielded almost without a blow to scarce 5,000. The oath was adminis tered to each regiment by heralds, sent for that purpose into the strath of Mon-teith, whither he directed the captured legions to assemble and refresh them selves, previous to their departure next morning to England. The privates thus disposed of, to release himself from the commanders also, Wallace told De Warenne that duty called him away, but that every respect would be paid to them by the Scottish officers. He then gave directions to Sir Alexander Ramsay to escort De Warenne and the rest of the noble prisoners to Stirling. Wallace himself turned with his veteran band to give a conqueror's greeting to the Baron of Hilton.

CHAPTER XXII.

STIRLING CASTLE. The prisoners taken with Montgomer were lodged behind the town, and the wounded carried into the abbey of Cam-buskenneth, but when Edwin came to move the earl himself, he found him to faint with loss of blood to sit a horse to Snowdon. He therefore ordered a litter and so conveyed his brave prisoner to the palace of the kings of Scotland in Stirling. The priests in Wallace's army not only exercised the Levitical but the good Samaritan's functions: and they soon obeyed the young knight's sum-mons to dress the wounds of Montgomery.

Messengers had arrived from Wallace acquainting his chieftains in Stirling with the surrender of De Warenne's Hence no surprise was created army. Hence no surprise was created in the breast of the wounded earl, when

"Blush not, my noble friend!" cried De Warenne: "these wounds speak more eloquently than a thousand tongues the gallantry with which you maintained the sword that fate compelled you to surrender; but I, without a scratch, how can I meet the unconquered Edward? And yet it was not for myself I feared: my brave soldiers were in all my thoughts, for I saw it was not to meet an army I led them, but against a storm of war, with which no strength that I commanded could stand."

while the English generals thus conversed, Edwin's heart yearned to be again at the side of Wallace: and he gladly resigned the charge of his noble prisoner to Sir Alexander Ramsay. Soon as he found a cessation in the conversation of the two earls, he drew near Montgomery to take his leave. "Fare well, till we meet again!" said th well, till young earl, pressing his hand. "You have been a friend, rather than an

enemy, to me."

"Because," returned Edwin, "I fol-lowed the example of my general, who would willingly be the friend of all man-

De Warenne looked at him with surprise; "And who are you, who, in that stripling form, utters sentiments which might grace the maturest years?"
With dignity Edwin replied: "I am With dignity Edwin replied: "I am Edwin Ruthven, the adopted brother of

Sir William Wallace."
"And the son of him," asked De Warenne, "who with Sir William Wal-lace was the first to scale Dumbarton walls?" At these words the check of Edwin was diffused with a more ani-mated bloom. At that moment when his courage was distinguished on the heights of Dumbarton by the vowed friendship of Wallace, he found himself eloved by the bravest and most amiable of beings, and in his light he felt both warmth and brightness; but this question of De Warenne conveyed to him that he had found fame himself; that he was then publicly acknowledged to be an object not unworthy of being called the brother of Sir William Wallace; and casting down his eyes, beaming with exultation, from the fixed gaze of De Warenne answered, "I am that happy Ruthven who had the honor to mount Dumbarton rock by the side of my general, and from his hand there received the stroke of knighthood."

De Warenne rose, much agitated.
"If such be the boys of Scotland, need we wonder, when the spirit of resistance s roused in the nation, that our strength should wither before its men?'

"At least," said Montgomery, "it de-prives defeat of its sting, when we are conscious we yielded to power that was irresistible. My lord, if the courage of this youth amazes you, what will you say ought to be the fate of this country, to be the crown of Sir William ought to be the crown of Sir William Wallace's career, when you know by what chain of brave hearts he is sur-rounded? Even tender woman loses the weakness of her sex, when she be-longs to him. I witnessed the hero-ism of Lady Wallace, when she defended the character of her husband in the midst of an armed host, and preserved the secret of his recreations late. I saw the loveliest of women whom the dastard Heselrigge slew!"

"Disgrace to knighthood!" cried

"Disgrace to knighthood!" cried Edwin with vehemence. "If you were spectator of that bloody deed, retire from this house: go to Cambuskenneth, anywhere; but leave this town before the injured Wallace arrives: blast not his eyes with a second sight of one who could have beheld his wife murdered."

Every eye was now fixed on the commanding figure of the young Edwin.

Lord Montzomery held out his hand.

"By this right arm I swear, noble youth, that had I been on the spot when Heselrigge lifted his sword against the breast of Lady Wallace, I would have sheathed my sword in his! It was not then that aw that matchless woman. Offended with my want of severity in the scrutiny I had made at Ellerslie a few hours before, Heselrigge sent me to Ayr. Arnulf quarrelled with me on the same subject; and I retired in disgust to England."

"Then how—you—you ought to be Sir Gilbert Hambledon?" said Edwin; "but whoever you are, as you were kind to the Lady Marion, I cannot but regret the hasty charge, and for which I beg

your pardon."

Montgomery took his hand and pressed it: "Noble Ruthven, your warmth is it: Noble Kuthven, your warmin is too generous to need forgiveness. I am that Sir Gilbert Hambledon; and had I remained so, I should not now be in Scot-land. But in an interview with the Prince of Wales on my accession in the earldom of Montgomery, he said it had been rumored I was disloyal in my heart to my king: and to prove the falsehood of your calumniators, continued he, I

## AS A FAMILY

MEDICINE For biliousness, cons lpation and Kidney dera gemen's Dr. A. W. Ghase's Kidney L ver Pills easly stand first.

Lots of suffering would be avoided and much serious disease prevented if every family did as the writer of this letter sug-

gests.
She has found out from experience with many medicines that there is nothing so good as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills as a family and medicine for bilious

Pills as a family and medicine for biliousness and constipation.

Such diseases as Bright's disease, diabetes and appendicitis almost invariably arise from neglect to keep the liver, kidney and bowels regular.

This emphasizes the wisdom of keeping Dr. A. W. Chases Kidney Liver Pills constantly on hand.

"For a long time I suffered from liver complaint and biliousness and could find nothing to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills. I have recommended these pills to many of my friends and they Ridney Liver Pills. I have recommended these pills to many of my friends and they have been well satisfied with the results. You can use this letter for the benefit of women who are suffering as 1 did." Miss Julie Langlois, Manor, Sask.

One pill a dose. 25 cents. a box. At all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

appoint ye de Ware against S band of yet cond and with prince." "Lord ! to me wh has been all the So

When he er, what in Till you : to him th to enjoy; the antid The br the lords leave, and ing alon appeared he, "I w to deman citadel. of the fiel The ba after Eas wards th

sent for

gomery, of De sight of assure H embassy cluded reason f sand had terms pr his bann lace kne have m patient family Murray Murr panied andsum but that the cont

enne p

punish

fered (

the arn

put the

the lieu

go forth

to spar

without

At t

entered averted not an him; a ency trumpe not ma sounds to Ma eternit accomp The senting proach not dis

mount

and de

venera

" W

"Le

"Th yours, ask th parati Scots. porter the hu his fat his at now sl that h first t

> duty here l while eral, y left h of the Murr

Lor

" My feelin

your pect I sho M