BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BARNS OF AYR. Wallace no sooner landed, than he commenced his march. Murray came up with him on the banks of the Irwin; and two hours before midnight, the littl army entered Langlane Wood, where they halted, while their general proceeded to reconnoitre the town. Wal-lace had already declared his plan of destruction: and Graham, as a first mea struction: and Granam, as a first measure, went to the spot he had fixed on with Macdongal, his servant, as a place of rendezvous. He returned with the man, who informed Wallace that, in honor of the sequestrated lands of the ered chiefs having been that day partitioned by De Valence amongst certain Southron lords, a grand feast was now held in the governor's palace.
Under the very roof where they had shed the blood of the trusting Scots,

they were now keeping this carousal.

"Then is our time to strike!" cried
Wallace; and ordering detachments of his men to take possession of the avenues to the town, he made a circuit, with others, to come in front of the castle gates by a path that was less frequented than the main street. The darkness eing so great that no object could b distinctly seen, they had not gone far before Macdougal discovered that he had lost the road. "Our swords will find one," answered Wallace: "lead

Uneasy at any mistake in a situation where so much was at stake. Graham hailed a twinkling which gleamed from the window of a cottage. Kirkpatrick, with Macdougal, offered to explore the In a few minutes, they arrived at way. In a few minutes, they arrived at a thatched building, from which issued the wailing strains of the coronach. They found two poor women wringing their hands over a shrouded corpse, and Wal ace recognised Espa his nurse, declining years. "Here he lies!" cried the old woman, drawing him towards the rushy bier, and disclosing the body of Sir Ronald Crawford. Wallace gazed on it with a look of such dreadful import, that Edwin trembled with a nameless horror. "Oh," thought he, nameless horror. "Oh," thought he, "to what is this noble soul reserved? Is he doomed to extirpate the of Scotland, that every ill falls direct upon his head?"

The old woman related the way in which she obtained the corpse of her murdered master. Wallace sighed heavily as he looked on the face of the aged mourner. A napkin concealed the wound of decapitation. "Chiefs," cried she, "ye have not seen all the cruelty of these murderers." At these words she withdrew the linen, and lifting up the pale head, held it towards Wallace. "Here," cried she, "once more kiss these lips! They have often kissed yours when you were a habe, and as in-sensible to his love as he is now to your sorrow." Wallace received the head in his arms: the long silver beard, thick with gouts of blood, hung over his hands. He fixed his eyes on it intently for some minutes. An awful silence pervaded the room; every eye was riveted upon him. Looking round on his friends with a countenance whose deadly hue gave a sepulchral fire to the gloomy denunciation of his eyes, "Was it necessary," said he, "to turn my heart to iron that I was brought to see this sight?" All the tremendous purpose of his soul was read in his face, while he laid the head to he while he laid the head back upon the bier. His lips again moved, but none heard what he said, as he rushed from the hut, and with rapid strides proceeded towards the palace.

He well knew that no honest Scot could be under that roof. The building, though magnificent, was altogether of wood; to fire it was his determination. To destroy all at once in the theatre of their cruelty, to make an execution, not engage in a warfare of man to man, was his resolution; for they were not soldiers he was taking, but assassins: and to pitch his brave Scots in the open field against such wretches, would be to dishonor his men, and to give criminals a chance for the lives they had forfeited.

Having set strong bodies of men at the mouth of every sallyport of the citadel he turned upon the guard at the barbicangate, and slaying them before they could give the alarm, he and his chosen troops entered the portal, and made direct to the palace. The lights which blazed through the windows of the banqueting-hall showed to the spot; and having detached Graham and Edwin to storm the keep where their fathers were confined, he took the halfintoxicated sentinels at the gates by surprise, and striking them into a sleep from which they would wake no more, he fastened the doors upon the assassins. lastened the doors upon the assassins. His men surrounded the building with hurdles filled with combustibles; and when all was ready, Wallace mounted the roof, and tearing off the shingles, with a flaming brand in his hand, showed himself to the affrighted revellers; and as he threw it blazing amongst them, he cried aloud, "The blood of the murdered calls for vengeance; and it

At this instant the matches were pu the faggots which surrounded building, and the party within, spring-ing from their seats, hastened towards the doors. All were fastened; and retreating into the midst of the room, the looked towards the tremend ous figure above, which seemed come to rain fire upon their guilty heads. A glance told De Valence whose was the hand which had launched the thunderbolt at his feet; and turning to Sir Richard Arnulf, he cried, "My archenemy is there!" The shouts of the Scots, and the flames pouring into every opening, raised such a terror within the breasts of the wretches within, that they again and again flew to the doors Not an avenue appeared; a escape. most suffocated with smoke, and scorched by the blazing rafters which fell from the roof, they made a desperate attemp to break a passage through the portal

Where was mercy, when our fathers and mothers fell beneath your sword?"

Aymer de Valence came up at this moment with a wooden pillar, which he and the strongest man in the company but too from my man in the company had torn from under the gallery dashing it against the door, they drove it from its bolts; but now a wall of men opposed them. With the determination despair, they rushed forward, and the of the Scots fell; but, foremost rank ere the Southron could press into the open space, Wallace had closed upon them; and the merciless Arnulf, whose voice had pronounced the sentence of death upon Sir Ronald Crawford died beneath his hand. Wallace was not aware that he had killed the go ernor of Ayr, till the exclamations of his enemies informed him that the instigator of the massacre was slain. This event was welcome news to the Scots; and they pressed on with redoubled

Aroused by so extraordinary a noise, and alarmed by the flames, the soldiers of the garrison hastened, half-armed to the spot; but their presence rather added to the confusion than gave assistance to the besieged. The men were without leaders; and not daring to put themselves in action, for fear of being punished for having presumed to move without their officers, they stood dismayer and irresolute; while those very officers, who had been all at the banquet were falling under the swords of

The men who guarded the prisoners The men who guarded the prisoners, having their commanders with them, made a stout resistance; and one of them, stealing off, gathered a few companies of the forces of the garrison, and taking Graham in flank, made havoe amongst that part of his division. Edwin blew the signal for assistance. Wallace heard the blast, and seeing the day was won at the palace, he left the day was won at the palace, he left the finishing of the affair to Kirkpatrick and Murray; and, drawing off small party to reinforce Graham in his turn, he took the Southron officer by surprise. The enemy's ranks fell around him; and grasping a battering-ram, he the door of the burst open the door of the keep. Graham and Edwin rushed in; and Wallace sounding his bugle with the notes of victory, his reserves entered in every direction, and received the flying sold-iers upon their pikes.

Dreadful now was the carnage, for the

Southrons fought every man for his life; and, the Scots driving them into the flames, what escaped the sword would have perished in the fire, had not Wallace ordered the trumpet to sound a parley. He was obeyed; and he pro-claimed that whoever had not been accomplices in the massacre of the Scottish chiefs, if they would ground their arms, and take an oath never again to serve against Scotland, their lives should be spared.

Hundreds of swords fell to the ground and their late holders, kneeling at his feet, took the oath prescribed. At the head of those who surrendered appeared the captain who had commanded at the prison; he was the only officer of the garrison who survived. Wallace comnitted him to the care of Murray, and turned to give orders to Ker respecting the surrendered and the slain. Graham had deemed it prudent that, exhausted by anxiety and privations, the noble captives should not come forth to join captives should not come forth to join in the battle; and not until the sound of victory echoed through their dun-geons would be suffer the eager Dundaf to see and thank his deliverer. Mean while Edwin appeared before the eye of his father. After recounting the

of his father. After recounting the events which had brought him to be a companion of Wallace, the injuries of Scotland in Ayr, he knocked off his chains. Eager to perform the like service to all who had suffered in the like manner, accompanied by the happy Ruthven (who gazed with delight on his son, treading so early the path of glory), he hastened around to the other dungeons, and pro-claimed to the astonished inmates freedom and safety. Having rid themselves of their shackles, he had just entered with his noble company into the vaulted chamber which contained Lord Dundaff when the peaceful clarion sounded. the happy tidings, Graham started on his feet: "Now, my father, you shall see the bravest of men!'

heavens when Wallace, turning round at the voice of Edwin, beheld the released nobles. This was the first time he had seen the Lords Dundaff and Ruthven, but several of the others he remempered having met at the fatal decision of the crown. While he was welcoming to the crown. his friendship the men to whom his valor had given freedom, how great was his surprise to see in a prisoner, who appeared between Ker and a soldier, Sir ohn Monteith, the chieftain whom he had parted with a few months ago at Douglass, and from whose fatal invita tion to that place he might date the ruit of his happiness.

"We found Sir John Monteith amongst the slain before the palace," said Ker; "he alone breathed; I knew him instantly. How he came there I know not, but I brought him hither to explain it to vourself.'

Ker withdrew to finish the interment of the dead; and Sir John, still leaning on the soldier, grasped Wallace's hand, "My brave friend," cried he, "to owe my liberty to you is a twofold pleasure for I see before me the man who is to verify the words of Baliol, and be not only the guardian, but the possessor of the treasure committed to our care." Wallace, who had never cast a thought

on the box since he knew it was under the protection of Saint Fillan, shook his head. "A far different meed do I seek, my friend," said he. "To behold these nappy countenances of my countrymen is greater reward to me than would be the development of all the splendid mysteries which the head of Baliol could devise. But how did you happen to be in Ayr, and how, above all, amongst the slaughtered Southrons at the palace?'

Monteith informed Wallace that on Arnulf was at their head; and in a Douglass, Sir Arthur Heselrigge was at their head; and in a Douglass, Sir Arthur Heselrigge was and hourly annoyed by the victorious voice which terror rendered piercing, told the story of the box, and he sent to have Monteith brought prisoner to throw showers of arrows and other

reached the ears of Sir Roger Kirk-patrick, who in a voice of thunder re-plied—"That ye gave, ye shall receive! town and destroyed the governor, the walls, the unhappy Earl of Glouces-Though the Scots did not pursue advantage offered by the panic in which this retribution threw their enemies, this retribution care was taken by the English lieutenan to prevent a repetition of the same dis-aster. Every suspected person was seized, and those already in confinement were loaded with double chains. Monteith being known as a friend of Wallace, was sent under a strong guard towards Stirling, there to stand his trial before Cressingham and Ormsby; "but by a lucky chance." said he, "I made my escape while my guards slept. However, I was soon re-taken by another party and conveyed to Ayr, where Arnulf.discovering my talents for music, compelled me to sing at his entertain For this purpose he last night banqueting-room at confined me in the the palace; and thus, when the flames surrounded that building, I found myself exposed to die the death of a traitor, though then the most oppressed of Scots. Snatching up a sword, and striving to join my brave countrymen, the Southrons impeded my passage, and I fell under their arms,

Happy to have rescued his old acquaintance, Wallace committed him to Edwin to lead into the citadel. As he gave these directions, he took the colors of Edward from the ground where the Southron officer had laid them, and, giv ing them to Sir Alexander Serymgeour, ordered him to fill their former station on the citadel with the standard of Scotland. The standard was no sooner raised than the proud clarion of triumph s blown; and the Southron captain, placing himself at the head of his dis armed troops, under the escort of Murray, marched out of the castle. His design was to proceed to Newca thence embark with his men to join their king in missed the victorious Scots to find rereshment in the well-stored barracks of the Southrons, retired to rejoin his friends in the citadel.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE SIEGE OF BERWICK.

In the course of an hour, Murray re turned with information that he had seen the departing Southrons beyond the barriers of the town; and he was ac companied by Lord Auckinleck, the so of one of the barons who had fallen in the palace of Ayr. This young chief-tain, at the head of his vassal, came to support the man whose hand had thus satisfied his revenge; and, when he met Murray at the north gate of the town, ecognised in his flying banners a friend of Scotland, he was happy himself known to an officer of Wallace, and to be conducted to that chief.

As Lord Andrew and his

colleague made the range of the suburbs, the glad progress of the victor Scots changed the whole aspect of that late gloomy town; and, with every heart rejoicing, every house teeming with numbers to swell his ranks, did Wallace, the day after he had entered Ayr, see all arranged for its peaceful establishment; but, ere he bade that town adieu in which he had been educated, one duty demanded his stay-to pay funeral honours to the remains of hi grandfather; and, with every solemnity due to his virtues and his rank, Si Ronald Crawford was buried in the chapel of the citadel.

While Wallace confided the ag d Elspa and her sister to the care of Si Reginald Crawford, to whom he also re signed the lands of his grandfather "Cousin," said he, "you are a valiant and a humane man. I leave you to be the representative of your uncle; to cherish these poor women whom he loved; to be the protector of the people, and the defender of the suburbs. The citadel is under the ommand of the Baron of Auclinleck, who, with his brave followers, was the first to hail the burning of the accursed Barns of Ayr."

After this solemnity and these dis positions, Wallace called a review of his roops, and found that he could leave live hundred men at Ayr, and march an army of at least two thousand out of it. On the third morning after the conflagration of the palace, he quitted Ayr, and marching over its far-stretching hills, manned every watch-tower on their summits; for now he found his victories had preceded him, and many, from hall nd hovel, turned out to offer him services. The panic struck Southron governors fled at the view of his standards: the flames of Ayr seemed to menace them all: and castle and fortalice from Muirkirk to Berwick, opened their gates before him.

Arrived under these blood-stained owers, which had so often been the objects of dispute between the powers of England and Scotland, he prepared for their immediate attack. Berwick being a valuable fortress to the enemy, not only as a key to the invaded kingdom, but a point whence by his ships he commanded the whole of the eastern coast of Scotland, Wallace expected that a desperate stand would be made here, to stop the progress of his arms. But being aware that the most expeditious mode of warfare was the best adapted to promote his cause, he first took the town by assault, and having driven the garrison into the citadel, assailed them by a vigorous siege. It had lasted not more than ten days, when Wallace de-vised a plan to obtain possession of the ships which commanded the harbour. He found among his own troops many men who had been used to a seafaring these he disguised as fugitive Southrons, sent in boats to the ships which lay in the roads. The feint took and by these means seizing upon the vessels nearest to the town, he manned them with his own people, and going out with them himself, in three days made himself master of every ship on the

By this manoeuvre, the situation of the besieged was rendered so hopeless, that no mode of escape was left but by desperate sallies. They made them, but without other effect than weakening their strength and increasing their miseries. Without provisions, without the night in which they had parted at Douglass, Sir Arthur Heselrigge was and hourly annoyed by the victorious aid of any kind for his wounded men,

ter was ready to rush upon death, to avoid the disgrace of surrendering the fortress. Every soul in the garrisreduced to despair. Wallace had found means to dam up the spring which supplied the citadel with water. famished with hunger, smarting with wounds, and perishing with thirst, threw themselves at the feet of their officers imploring them to represent to the governor, that, if he held out longer, he must defend the place alone: they could not exist another day under their present sufferings.

The governor now repented of the rashness with which he had thrown himself, unprovisioned, into the citadel, when his first division had been overpowered in the assault of the town, his evil genius suggested that it was th best to take the second unbroken into the citadel, and there to await the arrival of a reinforcement by sea. But he had beheld the ships which defended the harbour seized Wallace before his eyes. Hope was then crushed; and nothing dishonour seemed to be his alternative. Cut to the onl at the consequences of his want of judgment, he determined to retrieve his fame by washing out that error with his blood. To fall under the mins of Berwick Castle was his resolu Such was the state of his mind. when the officers appeared with the petition of his men. In proportion as they felt the extremities into which they were driven, the offence he had ommitted glared with tenfold enormity in his eyes, and with wild despair m they might do as they would, but, for his part, the moment opened the gates to the enemy, oment would be the last of his life. that was a son-in-law Edward would never yield his sword to a

Terrified at these threats on himself the soldiers, who loved their general, declared themselves willing to die with him; and, as a last effort, proposed making a mine under the principal mine under the principal tower of the Scots, and, by setting fire ofit, at least destroylthe means by which ey feared their enemies would storm

the citadel. As Wallace gave his orders from this commanding station, he observed the besieged passing in numbers behind a mound, in a direction to the tower where he stood. He concluded what was their design; and, ordering a counter-mine to be made, what he anticipated happened: Murray, at the head of his miners, encountered those of the castle, at the very moment they would have set fire combustibles which were to consume the tower. The struggle was violent, but short; for the Scots drove their adversaries through the aperture into the centre of the citadel. At this instant, Wallace, with a band of resolute men, sprung from the tower upon the walls: and, while they were almost de serted by their late guardians (who had quitted them to assist in repelling the foe below), he leaped into the midst of the conflict, and the battle general. It was decisive; for beholding the resolution with which the weakened and dying men supported the cause their

governor was determined to defend, Wal-lace found his admiration and his pity alike excited; and, even while his men seemed to have every man's life in his hands, when one instant more would make him master of the castle (for not Southron would then breathe to dispute it.) he resolved to stop the carnage. At this moment when a gallant officer, who, having assaulted him with the vehemence of despair, lay disarmed and under him; at that moment when the discomuted knight exclaimed, "In mercy strike, and redeem the honor of Ralph de Monthermer!" Wallace raised his bugle and sounded the note of Every sword was arrested; and the universal clangor of battle was

lost in expecting silence. "Rise, brave earl," cried he to the governor: "I revere virtue too sincere-ly to take an unworthy advantage of my fortune. The valor of this garrison commands my respect; and, as a proof of my sincerity, I grant to it, what have never done to any, that yourself and these dauntless men march out with the honours of war, and without any bonds on your future conduct towards leave it to your own us. again be made instruments to enchain a

ree and brave people."
While he was speaking, De Monthermer leaned gloomily on the so ord he had returned to him, with his eyes fixed on his men. They answered with looks that said they understood him; and, passing a few words in whispers to each other, one at last spoke aloud: Decide for us, earl. We are as ready to die as to live, so that we may be in

neither divided from you.' At this generous declaration, the proud despair of De Monthermer gave way to nobler feelings; and while tear stood in each eye, he turned to Wallace, and, stretching out his hand to him, "Noble Scot," said he, "your unexampled generosity, and the invincible fidelity of these heroic men, have com pelled me to accept the life I had re-solved to lose under these walls rather than resign them. But virtue is re-sistless; and to it do I surrender that pride of soul which made existence inufferable under the consciousness of aving erred. When I became the having erred. When I became the husband of King Edward's daughter, I pelieved myself pledged to victories death; but there is a conquest, and eel it, greater than over hosts in the feel it, greater than over nosts in the field: and here taught to make it, the husband of the princess of England, the proud Earl of Gloucester, consents to live to be a monument of Scottish nobleness; and of the inflexible fidelity of

"You live, illustrious and virtuous Englishman," returned Wallace, "to re deem that honor of which the repacious England had robbed country. Go forth, therefore, as my conqueror; for you have in this spot ex-tinguished that burning antipathy with which the outraged heart of William Wallace had vowed to extirpate every Southron from off this ravaged land. Honor, brave earl, makes all men brethren; and as a brother I open these

"I shall remember you, Sir William Wallace!" reterned De Monthermer; and as a pledge of it, you shall never Wallace!" see me again in this country, till I come an ambassabor of that peace you fight. But meanwhile, e for which you remember that they have not been made so much the spoil of my royal father's ambition, as of the your own venal nobles. Had I not be-lieved that Scotland was unworthy of reedom, I should never have appeared upon her borders; but now that I see she has brave hearts within her, who not only resist oppression, but know how to wield power, I detest the zeal which I volunteered to rivet her chains; and I repeat that never again shall my hostile foot impress this land."

These sentiments were answered in the same spirit by his soldiers; and the Scots, following the cample of their leader, treated then with every kind-After dispensing amongst them provisions and appointing means to convey the wounded in comfort, Wallace pade a cordial farewell to the Earl of Gloucester; and his men conducted Their reconciled enemies over the Tweed. There they parted. The English bent their course towards London, and the Scots returned to their victorous general.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MARCH TO STIRLING.

The fall of Berwick excited such con fidence in the minds of the neighbour-ing chieftains, that every hour brought fresh recruits to Wallace. Amongst the many of every rank and age who hastened to pay their respects to the deliverer of Berwick, was Sir Richard Maitland Thirlstane, a veteran of such celebrity that he was known by the title of Stalwarth Knight of Lauderdale.

Wallace was no sooner told of the approach of the venerable knight, than he set forth to bid him welcome. At the sight of the champion of Scotland, Sir Richard threw himself off his horse with a military grace that would hav become even youthful years, and hasten-ing towards Wallace, clasped him in his arms, "Let me look on thee," cried the old night: "let me feast my eyes or the brave Scot who again raises this hoary head, which has so long bent in shame for its dishonoured country As he spoke he viewed Wallace from head to foot. "I knew Sir Ronald Crawford and thy valiant father," continue he. "O! had they lived to see this day! but the base murder of the one thou hast nobly avenged, and the honourable grave of the other, on Loudon Hill, thou wilt cover with the monument of thin own glories. Low are lain my children in this land of strife; but in thee I see

son of Scotland that is to dry our embraced Wallace again and again; and, as he expatiated on the energy with which the young victor had pursued his conquests, Wallace drew him towards the castle, and their pre sented to him the two nephews of the Earl of Mar. He paid some complinents to Edwin on his early success in the career of glory; and then turning to Murray, "Ay!" said he, "it is joy to me to see the valiant house of Bothwell in the third generation. Thy grandfather and myself were boys together at the coronation of Alexander the Second, and that is eighty years ago. Since then, what have I not seen!—the death of two Scottish kings; our princes ravished from us by untimely fates; the throne sold to a coward, and at last seized by a foreign power! I have been the father of as brave and beauteous a family as ever blessed a parent's eye: but they are all tore from me. Two o my sons sleep on the plain of Dunbar my third, my dauntless William, since that fatal day, has been kept a prisoner in England; and my daughters, they too are passed away. The one, scorning the mere charms of youth, and prefer The one, scorning ing a reunion with a soul that had long conversed with superior regions, love the sage of Ercildown; but my friend lost this rose of his bosom, and I the child of my heart, ere she had been a vear his wife. Then was my last an only daughter married to the Lord Mar; and, in giving birth to my dear Isabella, she too died. Ah! my good young knight, were it not for that sweet child, the living image of her mother, I should be alone; and my hoary would descend to the grave un wept, unregretted!" The old man wept. To give the mourning father time to recover himself, Wallace was moving to wards the lords in an opposite quarter of the hall, when he was interrupted by Ker, who brought information that a youth had just arrived from Stirling with a sealed packet, which he would not deliver into any hands but those of Wallace. Wallace requested his friends to show every attention to the Lord of Thirlstane, and withdrew to meet the messenger. On his entering the anteroom, the youth sprung forward; but checking himself, he stood, as if irreso-lute what to say. "This is Sir William Wallace, young man," said Ker: "deliver your embassy."

these words, the youth pulled packet from his bosom, and put it into the chief's hand. Wallace gave orders to Ker to take care of him, and then turned to inspect its contents. How he was startled at the first words! and ho was every energy of his heart roused

when he turned to the signature:
"A daughter, trembling for the life of her father, presumes to address Sir William Wallace. You have been his deliverer from the sword, from chains and from the waves. Refuse not again to save him to whom you have so often given life; and hasten, brave Wallace, to preserve the Earl of Mar from the scaffold.

"A cruel deception brought him from the Isle of Bute, where you had imagined you had left him in security. Lord Aymer de Valence, escaping a second time from your sword, fled under the cover of the night from Ayr to thought had overtaken him; and he is Stirling. Cressingham found him an now in that citadel. Follow us with

gates for you to repass into your apt coadjutor. They concerted how to country. When there, if you ever reavenge the late disgraces of the Earl decrease. gates for you to repass. Into your country. When there, if you ever remember William Wallace, let it be as a man who fights not for conquest, nor renown, but to restore Scotland to her rights, and then to resign his sword in peace." determined, by a mock trial, to condemn my father to death; and thus, while they distress you, put themselves in possession of his lands and wealth, with the semblance of justice. The substance of this was communicated to me by De moment of hot contention for the rights which you believe wrested from you, do his part of the affair, by proving to me how insensible he is to the principle which move a patriot and a man insensible he is to the principle honor.

"Having learnt that Lord Mar had retired to Bute, these enemies of our country sent a body of men, disguised as Scots to Gourock. There they stopped and despatched a messenger into island, to inform Lord Mar that Sir William Wallace was waiting to con-verse with him on the banks of the Frith. My noble father, unsuspicious of treachery, hurried to oney the summons. Lady Mar accompanied him, and so both fell into the snare. He was brought a prisoner to Stirling, where another affliction awaited him; he was to see his deather and start in contribute. daughter and sister in captivity. After I had been betrayed from St. Fillan's monastery by the falsehoods of one Scottish knight, and rescued from his power by the galantry of another, sought the protection of my aunt, Lady Ruthven, who then dwelt at Alloa, the banks of the Forth. Her husba had been invited to Ayr by some treach erous requisition of the governor Arnul and with many other lords was thrown into prison. Report says, bravest of men! that you have given freedom to my betrayed uncle. The moment Lord Ruthven's person was secured, his estates were seized; and my aunt and myself being found at Alloa, we were carried prisoners to this city. we tad no valiant arm to preserve us from our enemies. Lady Ruthven's first-born son was slain on the fatal day of Dunbar; and in terror of a like fate she has placed her eldest surviving boy in a convent.

"Some days after our arrival, my dea father was brought to Stirling. Though captive in the town, I was not the confined to any closer durance than t walls. While he was passing through he streets, rumor told my aunt that the Scottish lord then leading to prison was er brother. She flew to me in as to tell me the dreadful tidings. no more, saw no more, till, having rushed into the streets, and bursting through every obstacle of crowd and soldiers, I found myself clasped in my ather's shackled arms! My grief distraction baffled the attempts of the guards to part us; and what became of me I know not, till I found myself lying on a couch, attended by many and supported by my aunt. covered to lamentation and to tears, my aunt told me I was in the apartments of the Deputy, Warden. He, with Cressingham, having gone out to meet the man they had so basely drawn into their toils, De Valence himself saw the struggles of paternal affection contend-ing against the man who would have torn a senseless daughter from his arms and yet, merciless man! he separated us, and sent me, with my aunt, a prisoner

to his house.
"The next day, a packet was put into from my father to me, and a letter from the countess to Lady Ruthven, telling her of all your goodness to me and to my father, and narrating the cruel manner in which they had been ravished from the asylum in which you had placed them. She said that, could she find means of apprising you of the danger in which she and her husband were involved, she was sure you would fly to their rescue. Whether she has found their rescue. Whether she has found these means, I know not; for all communication between us was immediately rendered impracticable. The messenger that brought my aunt the packet vas a good Southron, who had been won by Lady Mar's entreaties; but, on his quitting our apartments, he was seized by a servant of De Valence, and put publicly to death, to intimidate all others from the like compassion on the sufferings of unhappy Scotland.

"Earl de Valence com elled my aunt to yield the packet to him. I was made a close prisoner: but captivity could have no terrors for me, did it not divide e from my father and grief on grief what words have I to write it?—they condemned him to die! That fatal letter of my step-mother's was brought out against him; and as your adherent, Sir William Wallace, they have sentenced him to lose his head.

"I have knelt to Earl de Valence; have implored my father's life at his hands; but to no purpose. He tells me that Cressingham at his side, and Ormsby by letters from Scone, declare it necessary that an execution of consequence must be made to appa! the disis more esteemed in Scotland than the Earl of Mar, he must die!

" Hasten, then, my father's preserver and friend, hasten to save him! for the sake of the country he loves; for the sake of the helpless being de-pendent on his protection! I shall be on my knees till I hear your trumpet before the walls; for in you and heaven now rests all the hopes of

"HELEN MAR." A cold dew stood on the limbs of Wallace as he closed the letter. might be too late. The sentence was passed on the earl : the axe might already have fallen. He called to Ker. and the messenger was brought in.
Wallace inquired how long he had been from Stirling. "Only thirty-four hours," replied the youth, adding that he had travelled night and day, for fear the news of the risings in Annandale, and the taking of Berwick, should precipitate the earl's death.

"I accompany you this instant," cried Wallace. "Ker, see that the troops get under arms." As he spoke, he turned Wallace. into the room where he had left the knight of Thirlstane. "Sir Richard Maitland," said he, "there is more work for us at Stirling. Lord Aymer de Valence has again escaped the death we

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