THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CITADEL. When Wallace withdrew, Lady Mar, who had detained Murray, whispered to him that she should like to be present at the planting of the standard. Mar declared his willingness to accon pany her, and added, "I can be supported thither by the arm of Andrew; for sorry should I be to be absent from so glorious

As they approached the citadel. a sight. Wallace and Sir Alexander Scrymgeour had gained the summit. The standard of Elward was yet flying. Wallace looked at it for a moment, and then layino his hand on the staff, "Down, tho red drugon;" cried he, "and learn to bow before the Giver of all victory!" As he spoke, he rent it from the roof and, casting it over the battlements, Lion of Scotland in its stead. As the vast evolvements floated on the air, the cry of triumph, the loud clarion of victory, burst from every heart, horn, and trumpet below. It was a shout that pierced the skies, and en-tered the soul of Wallace. "O God!" cried he, "we got not this in possession through our own might; but Thy right hand, and the light of Thy countenance, overthrew the enemy! Thine the conquest, Thine the glory!"

Thee, O power of Heaven!" rejoined Seryngeour. "Let this standard be Thine own, and whithersoever we bear it, the result will be victory!"

Wallace, dropping on his knee, cross sword, in token that he ed it with his sword, in token that he subscribed to the vow, and, rising, took Sir Alexander by the hand: "My brave frient," said he, 'we have here plante the tree of freedom in Scotland. Shoul Should I die in its defence, swear to bury me moder its branches; swear that no en-slaved ground shall cover my remains."

"I swear," cried Scrymgeour, laying his crossed hands upon the a m of Wallace: "I swear with a double vow: the blood of my brave ancestor whose valour gave me the name I bear; by the cross of Saint Andrew and by your valiant self, never to sheath my sword, while I have life in my body, until Scotland is free!"

The colours fixed, Wallace and his colleague descended the tower, and perceiving the earl and countess, who sat on a bench at the end of the platform, approached them. The countess rose. Lord Mar caught his friend by the hand, with a gratulation in his eyes that was unutterable; his lady spoke, hardly conscious of what she said; and proposed to the earl to retire with Lady Mar into the citadel, where she would be more suitably lodged than in the square tower. Lord Mar was obeying this movement, when, stopping, he exclaimed, "But where is that wondrous boy who was your pilot over these perilous rocks? Let me give him a soldier's thanks."

Happy at so grateful a demand, Wallace beckoned Edwin, who, just relieved from his guard, was standing at some distance. He took him by the hand, and, putting it into that of the earl, "Here," said he, "is my knight of fifteen; and he is the standard of the earl, and he is a sight of the earl of and last night he proved himself more worthy of his spurs, than many a man who has received them from the hands

hall wear those of a king," re 'He shall wear those of a king, fe-joined Lord Mar, unbuckling from his feet a pair of golden spurs;—"these were fastened on my heels by our great King Alexander, at the battle of Largs. intended them for my only son but the first knight in the cause of rescued Scotland doubles that blessing: he is the son of my heart and soul!'

As he spoke, he would have prethe young hero to his breast; but Edwin trembling with emotion, slid down upon his knees and, clasping the earl's hand to his heart, said, in a hardly audible voice—"Receive and pardon the truant son of your sister Ruthven!"

"What!" exclaimed the veteran, "is it Edwin Ruthven that has brought me Come to my arms. thou dearest child of my dearest Janet!"

The uncle and nephew were folded in each other's embrace. Lady Mar wept; and Wallace, unable to bear the remembrances which such a scene pressed upon his hear, turned away towards the battlements. Edwin murmured a short explanation in the ear of his uncle, and then rising, allowed his cousin Murray to buckle the royal spurs on his feet. The rite over, he kissed Lord Andrew's hand in token of acknowledgment, and called on Wallace to bless the new honours conferred on his knight.

Wallace turned round, and, stretching forth his hand to Edwin, replied, "Have we not performed our mutual promises? I brought you to the spot where you were to reveal your name; and you have destared it to me by the voice of glory your uncle awhile to seek his repose cooke, he bowed to the countess and, Edwin taking his arm, they walked

and, Edwin taking his arm, they walked towards the eastern postern.

Agitated with the delightful surprise of thus peeting his favourite sister's son, and exhausted by the variety of his late emotions, the earl acquiesced in a proposal for rest, and leaning on Lord Andrew, proceeded to the citadel.

The countess, lingering at he side of the rough knight of Torthorald, looked backs and when she saw Wallace disappears.

the rough kingut of Drohorata, fooked back; and when she saw Wallace disappear, she sighed. Murray led the way into the apartment lately occupied by De Valence. Lady Mar east her eyes round the splendid chamber, and seated herself on one of its tapestried couches. The earl placed himself beside her-Murray drew a stool towards them, and

Kirkpatrick took his leave.
"My dear Andrew." said the earl, "in the midst of this proud rejoicing, there is yet a canker at my heart. Tell me en my beloved Helen disappeared in the tumult at Bothwell, she was under your protection?"

replied Murray; "and I "She was." replied Murray; "and I thank the holy Sr. Fillan, she is now in the sanctuary of his church." Murray recounted the events which had happened to him from the moment of his withed to him from the moment of his withdrawing behind the arras, to his confiddrawing behind the arras, to his confidadvanced to meet him. "What is it I my lord and I to be left again to our the safety of a religious sanctuary, he

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; ing the English soldier, with the iron

box, to the care of the prior.

Lord Mar sighed heavily when he spoke of that mysterious casket. contains," said he, "it has drawn much evil and much good. The ver it contains, domestic peace of Wallace was ruined by it; and the spirit which now restores Scotland to herself was raised by his wrongs! But tell me, added he, do you think my daughter safe so near the

garrison of the enemy?"
"Surely, my lord, said the countess "Surely, my lord, said tre countess, remembering the enthusiasm with which Helen had regarded even the unknown Wallace;" surely you would not bring that tender child into a scene like this! d a messenger to convey secretly to Thirlstane: there she will be afe under the protection of her grand-

The earl acquiesced; and, saying that he would consult with Wallace about the securest mode of travel for his daughter, he turned to Lord Andrew to earn further of their late proceedings but the countess once more interrupted him. "Alas! my lord, what would your do? His generous zeal will offer to go in person for your daughter. We know not what dangers he may then incur; and surely the champion of Scotland is not to be thrown into peril for any

"Allow me," resumed Murray, "to be the happy knight that is to bear the surrender of Dumbarton to my sweet cousin. Prevail on Wallace to remain in this garrison till I return; and then full tilt for the walls of old Stirling, and the downfall of Cressingham!" Both the countess and the earl were

pleased with this arrangement. The latter retired into an inner chamber to repose; and the former desired Lord Andrew to inform Wallace that she should expect to be honored with his presence at noon, to partake of such fare as the garrison afforded. On Murray's coming from the citadel,

he learnt that Wallace was gone towards the great tower. He followed him; and, on issuing from the postern, he saw the chief standing, with his helmet off, in the midst of the slain. "This is a horrid sight!" said he to Murray, "but it shall not long lie thus exposed. I have just ordered that these sad wrecks of human nature may be lowered into the Clyde; its rushing stream will carry them to quiet grave beneath yon peaceful sea." His own dead, amounting to no more than fifteen, were to be buried at the foot of the rock.

"But why, my dear commander," cried Lord Andrew, "why do you take any thought about our enemies? Leave them where they are; and the eagles of our mountains will soon find them

ves. For shame, Murray!" was the reply of Wallace; "they are dead, and our enemies no more. They are men like ourselves; and shall we deny them a place in that earth whence we all

sprung?'
"I know," replied Lord Andrew, that I am often the asserter of my own folly; and I do not know how you will forgive my inconsiderate impertinence.

Because it was inconsiderate, replied Wallace; "inhumanity is too a guest to live in such a breast as

yours.
"If I ever give her quarters," replied
Murray, "I should most woefully disgrace the companion she would meet
there. Next to the honor of fair Scotland, my cousin Helen is the goddess of my idolatry; and she would forswear my love and kindred, could she believe n capable of feeling otherwise than mison with Sir William Wallace.

Wallace looked towards him with be nign pleasure. "Your sweet cousi does me honor; and William Wallace cannot but be proud of such approba-

"Ah! my noble friend," cried Murray if you knew all her goodness, all the would indeed esteem her: you would love her as I do.

The blood flew from the cheek of Wal-"Not as you do, Murray. I can no more love woman as you Such scenes as these have divorced woman's love from my heart. I am all my country's, or I am nothing.'

"Nothing!" reiterated Murray. the friend of mankind, the champion of Scotland, the beloved of a thousand valuable hearts, nothing? Art thou not the deliverer of thy country?"

Wallace turned his eye upon Murray with an expression of mingled feelings be all this, my friend, and Wallace will yet be happy! But not to me of love and woman; tell me not to the of love and administration of those endearing qualities I have prized too tenderly, and which are now ried to me for ever beneath the ashe of Eilerslie Not under the ashes of Ellerslie,

eried Murray, "sleep the remains of your lovely wife." Wallace eyes turned on him. Murray continued quick upon him. Murray continued:
"My cousin's pitying soul stretched itself towards them; by her directions they were brought from the oratory in the rock, and deposited, with all holy rites, in the cemetery at Bothwell."

The glow that animated the heart of Wallace overspread his face. His eye spoke volumes of gratitude: his lips moved, but his feelings were too big for utterance, and, pressing the hand of Murray, he turned away, and walked owards the cliff. When all the slain were lowered to their last beds a young priest in the company of Scrymgeour gave the funeral benediction, both to the departed in the waves and those

whom the shore received.

Having visited the wounded prisoner and his own wounded prisoners and his own wounded friends, Wallace was informed that Malcolm, earl of Lennox, passing by the foot of the rock, saw the Scottish standard flying from its citadel; and as amazed as overjoyed at the sight, had sent to request the layer of heiner admitted.

quest the favor of being admitted.
"Let me bring him hither!" interrupted Kirkpatrick; "he is brave as the day, and will be a powerful auxili-

"Every true Scot must be welcome to

these walls," returned Wallace.
Kirkpatrick hastened to the northern side of the rock, at the foot of which stood the earl and his train. With all the pride of a freeman and a victor, Sir

this citadel, and our king's colors flying from its towers! Where is the Earl de Valence? Where the English garri-

The English garrison," replied w twelve hundred Kirkpatrick, "are now twelve hundred men, beneath the waters of the Clyde, De Valence has fled; and this fortres manned with a few hardy Scots, sha sink into the waves before it again see Scots, shall the English dragon on its walls.

"And you, noble knight," cried Lenox, "have achieved all this. the dawn of a rlessed day for Scot land !

"No," replied Kirkpatrick; "I am but a follower of the man who had struck the blow. Sir William Wallace of Ellerslie is our chief; and, with the po his virtues, he subdues not only friends but enemies to his command." He then narrated the events of the last four and narrated the events of the last four and twenty hours. The earl listened with wonder and joy. "What!" cried he, "so noble a plan for Scotland, and I ignorant of it—I, that have not waked nor slept day nor night for many month, without thinking or dreaming of some enterprise to free my country and, behold! it is achieved in a moment I see the stroke as a bolt from heaven and I pray heaven it may sacrifice throughout the nation! me, worthy knight, lead me to your chief; for he shall be mine too: he shall command Malcolm Lennox and his

Kirkpatrick gladly turned to obey him, and they mounted the ascent to-gether. Within the barbican-gate stood Wallace, with Scrymgeour and Murray. The earl knew Scrymgeour well, having often seen him in the field as hereditary standard-bearer of the kingdom: of the persons of the others he was ignorant. 'There is Wallace !" exclaimed Kirknatrick.

Not one of those very young men?

interrogated the earl.
"Even so," was the answer of the knight; "but his is the youth of the brave Ammon: greybeards are glad to now before his golden locks, for beneath them is wisdom As he spoke, they entered the bar-

bican, and Wallace advanced to meet his guest. "Earl," said he, "you are welcome to Dumbarton Castle." his guest. "Bravest of my countrymen," returned Lenuox, "received a soldier's embrace receive the gratitude of a loyal heart accept my services, my arms, my men-my all I devote to Scotland and the

Wallace, warmly straining the earl to his breast, said, "Such support will give sinews to our power. A few months, and, with the blessing of that Arm which has already mowed down the ranks which opposed us, we shall see Scotland

at liberty

And may Heaven, brave Wallace, exclaimed Lennox, "grant us thine arm to wield its seythe. But how have you accomplished this? How have you few overthrown this English host?"

"He strikes home when right points his sword,' replied Wallace: "the injuries of Scotland were my guide, and justice my companion. We feared nothfor God was with us: we feared othing, and in His might we con uered."
" And shall yet conquer!" cried Len-

nox; "I feel the strength of our cause. and from this moment I devote myself t

"Not to die, my noble lord," said Murray; "we have yet many an eve to dance over the buried fetters of Scotland; and, as a beginning of our jollitie must remind our leader that my aunt's oard awaits him.'

locard awaits him."

Lord Lennox understood, from this address, it was the brave Murray who spoke to him, for he had sufficient from Sir Roger Kirkpatrick to explain how the Countess of Mar and her patriot husand came within the castle.

The countess had arrayed herself with all her powers to receive her deliverer, nd awaited his arrival with an emotion at her heart which made it bound against her bosom, when she saw the wishes advancing along the platform. All others were lost to her as platform. All others were lost to her as in a mist; and, hastily rising from the window as the chiefs entered the porch, she crossed the room to meet them at the description of the crossed the room to meet the crossed the crossed the room to meet the crossed the cro

the sight of so much beauty and splendour in such a scene. Lady Mar had already attained her thirty-fifth year; but, from the graces of her person, and the address with which she set forth all ner charms, the enchanted gazer found t impossible to suppose her more than three or four and rather thought that it was some amphant queen he was going to salute, than a wife who had so lately shared captivity with an outlawed husband, Murray stared at such magnificence in his aunt; but Wallace scarcely obthat it was anything unusual, and, bowing to her, presented the Earl of Len-She smiled; and saying a few words of welcome to the e rl, gave her hand to Wallace, to lead her back into

Lord Mar had risen from his seat, and. eaning on his sword (for his warlike arm refused any other staff) he stood up or their entrance. At the sight of Lord Lennox, he uttered an exclamation of glad sur rise. Lennox embraced him: I too am come to enlist

"God armeth the patriot!" was all the reply that Mar made as the tears rolled over his cheek, and he shook him by the hand.

"I have four hundred stout Lennox men," continued the earl, "who, by tomorrow's eve, shall be ready to

our leader to the very borders."
"Not so soon," interrupted the countess: our deliverer needs repose.

"I thank your benevolence, Lady Mar," returned Wallace; "but the issue of the night, and the sight of Lord Lennox this day, with the promise of so great a support, are such elements that we must go forward."

be sure," rejoined Kirk-Aye, to be sure, rejoined rick: "Dumbarton was not patrick: during a sleep; and if we stay loitering here, the devil that holds Stirling Castle may follow the sent of De Va'ence, and so I lose my revenge."

"What!" said the countess; "and are

see? Sir Roger Kirkpatrick master of enemies? Sir William Wallace, I should have thought'

"Everything, madam," rejoined he, "that is demonstrative of my devotion to your venerable lord; but, with a brave garrison, I hope you will consider your-self safe here until a wider range of security be won, to enable you to retire to

As the apostrophe addressed to Wallace, in the latter part of the countess's speech, had been said to himselt in a rather low voice, his reply was made in a similar tone, so that Lord Mar did not ear any part of the answer but the con-"What!" said he, "is my cluding words. "What! said he, is my ever fearful Joanna making objections to keeping garrison here?"
" coniess," replied Wallace, "that a

armed citadel is not the most pleasant abode for a lady; but, at present, excepting perhaps the church, it is the safest; and I would not advise your lady o remove hence, until the plain be de as free as this mountain.

The sewer now announced the board in the hall; and the countess leading the way, reluctantly gave her hand to the Earl of Lennox. Lord Mar leaned on the arm of Wallace, and was followed by Edwin and the the relief tains.

CHAPTER XIV. LADY MAR.

During the repast, the countess fixed her insatiate eyes on the countenance of Wallace. His plumed helmet was laid aside; and the corselet unbuckled from his breast disclosed the symmetry of his his oreast disclosed the symmetry of his fine form, and left his graceful move-ments to be displayed with advantage by the folds of his tartan vest. It was a warrior she looked on : the formidable Wallace, bathed in the blood of Heselrigge, and breathing vengeance against the adherents of Edward. It was the enemy, then, of her kinsmen of the house of Cummin; it was the man for whom her husband had embraced so many dangers; t was the man whom she had denounced to one of those kinsmen, and whom she had betrayed to the hazard of an ignominious death. Where now was the fierce rebel, the ruiner of peace, the outlaw whom she had wished in his grave? The idea was distraction. She could have fallen at his feet, and, bathing them with her tears, have implored his pity and forgiveness. Even as the wis Did he know all, could he pardon such weight of injuries? She cast her eyes with a wild expression upon his face. At that moment, Wallace addressed a few words to her, but she knew not what they were; her soul was in tumults mist passed over her sight, which eemed to wrap all her senses in a

The unconscious object of these en tions bowed to her inarticulate reply supposing that the mingling voices others had made him hear hers indistinctly. Lady Mar found her situation so strange, and her agitation so inex-plicable, that, feeling it impossible to smile, courtsied to the company,

When she had gained the upper apartments, she threw herself along the near-est couch, and, striking her breast exclaimed, "What is this that is How does my soul seem to pour itself out to this man! Oh! how does it extend itself, as if it would absorb his, even at my eyes! Only twelve hours—hardly twelve—have I seen this William Wallace, and yet my very being is lost in his!"

information which had sent Earl de Valence's men to surround him in the tains; should be ever learn that at Bothwell she had betrayed the cause on which he set his life, she felt that which he set his life, she moment would be her last. For now, to sate her eyes with gazing on him, to hear his manhood. the sound of his voice, to, receive his smiles, seemed to her a joy she could deny a few tears dropped in stealth over only surrender with her existence. the grave of my wife and child?" What then was the prospect of so soon losing him, even to crown himself with The Earl of Lennox stood amazed at convoy of Helen to the Tweed, she determined to persuade her nephew to set out without the knowledge of his general. She did not allow that it was youthful beauty and more lovely mind of her stepdaughter which she feared : even to herself she cloaked her alarm under the plausible excuse of care for the chieftain's safety. Composed by this arrangement, her features smooth; and, with a sedate air, she received her lord and his friends when they

entered the chamber.

But the object of her wishes did not appear. Wallace had taken Lord Lenappear. nox to view the dispositions of the fortress. Ill satisfied as she was with his e, she did not fai to turn it to advantage; and, while her lord and his friends were examining a draft of Scotand, she took Lord Andrew aside, and conversed with him on the subject near-

est her heart. "It certainly belongs to me alone, as her kinsman and friend, to protect Helen to the Tweed," returned Murray; "but, my good lady, I cannot comprehend why
I am to lead my fair cousin such a pilgrimage. She is not afraid of heroes You are safe in Dumbarton; and why

not bring her here also?"
"Not for worlds!" exclaimed the countess, thrown or her guard. Murray looked at her with surprise. It recalled her to self-possession and she resumed:
"So lovely a creature, in this castle,

would be too great a magnet. You must have known that it was the hope of obtaining her which attracted the Lord Soulis and Earl de Valence to Bothwell. The whole castle rung with the quarrel of these two lords on her account, when you effected her escape. Should it be known she is here, the same desire of obtaining her would give double excitement to De Valence to recover the place; and the consequence

who can answer for?"

By this argument, Murray was persuaded to relinquish the idea of convey ing her to Dumbarton; but remembering what Wallace had said respecting

advised that she s Fillans till the calls more firmly established. "Send a mes-senger to inform her of the rescue of Dumbarton, and of your and my uncle's health," continued be, "and that will be sufficient to make her happy."

That she was not to be thrown in Wal-lace's way satisfied Lady Mar; and she approved Murray's decision. Relieved from apprehension, her face was again dressed in smiles, and with a bounding heart she welcomed the re-entrance of Wallace with the Earl of Lennox.

Absorbed in one wish, every charm she possessed was directed to the same point. She took up one of the lutes which decorated the apartments of De Valence, and, touching it with exquisite delicacy, breathed the most pathetic air her memory could dictate. Wallace rose from his chair, and walking towards a window, stood with his eyes fixed on the descending sun. "So has set all my joy: so is life to me—a world without a un-cold, cold, and charmless !"

The countess vainly believed that some sensibility advantageous to her new passion had caused the agitation; and she ran through many a melodious descant, till she saw Wallace start, and with a pale countenance leave the room. There was something in his countenance which excited the atarm of the Earl of Lennox, who arose, and, overtaking the chief at the threshold, inquired what was the matter. "Nothing," answered Wallace, forcing a smile, "but music displeases me. With this reply, he disappeared. The excuse seemed strange, but it was true; for her whose strains user to greet his morning and evening hours was silent in the grave! Edwin had at intervals cast a glance

upon the changing complexion of his commander; and no sooner did he see him hurry from the room, than he also eft the apartment. After seeking for a long time, without avail, he was return ing, when, attracted by the splendors the moon which silvered the beacon-hill ne ascended, to tread that acclivity in light which he had so miraculously passed in darkness. He moved on with a flying step, till a deep sigh arrested him. He listened: it was repeated. He approached the spot, and saw a human figure reclined. He walked forward Again the figure sighed; but with a depth so full of piercing woe, that Edwin hes-A cloud passed over the moon and sailing off again, displayed to the anxious boy that he had drawn very near his friend. "Who goes there?" exclaimed Wallace, starting to his feet "Your Edwin," returned the youth

"I teared something wrong had hap-pened, when I saw you look so sad, and leave the room abruptly.

Wallace pressed his hand in silence

Then some evil has befallen you?' in quired Edwin; "you do not speak!" Wallace seated himself, and leaned his head upon the hilt of his sword.

new evil has befallen me, Edwin; but there is such a thing as remembrance that stabs deeper than the dagger remain longer without giving way to remain longer without giving way to tears, she rose from her seat, and, forctears, she rose from her seat, and the state of the st

my general? often told me that memory is a balm to all ills, with the good; and have you not been good to all?—the benefactor, the preserver of thousands. Surely, if man can be happy, it must be Sir William

" And so I am, my Edwin, when I contemplate the end; but, in the interval, is it not written that man was made to mourn? — Doubly I mourn, doubly am I for, had it not been for enebereaved: She was now silent; but thoughts mies more fell than those which beguiled She was now strength and anguish reaght with self-reproach and anguish occupied her mind. Should this god of father: I might have lived to have glor occupied her mind. Should this god of ied in a son like thee: I might have ideal anguled anguled as such a seen my wedded angel clasp such a blessing to her bosom: but now, both are On the return of Wallace, Lord Len-These are the recollect tions which sometimes draw tears down thy general's cheeks; and do not believe, brother of my soul, that they disgrace his manhood. The Son of God wept over the tomb of his friend; and shall I

Edwin sobbed aloud. "No son could love you dearer than I do. Ah! let my duty, my affection, teach you to forget you have lost a child. I will replace all to you but your Marion; and she the pitying Son of Mary will restore to you in the kingdom of heaven."

Wallace Mark and Art Mary Wallace Mark and Mary Wallace Mark and Mary Mark and Mark and Mary Mark and Mark an

the kingdom of heaven."
Wallace looked steadfastly at the young preacher. "Out of the mouth of babes we shall hear wisdom. "Thine, dear Edwin, I will lay to heart. Thou shalt comfort me, when my hermit-soul shuts out all the world besides."
"Then I am indeed your brother!"

ried the happy youth: "admit me but to your heart, and no fraternal, no filial tie shall be more strongly linked than

"What tender affections I can spare from those resplendent regions," answered Wallace, pointing to the skies, are thine. The fervours of my once ardent soul are Scotland's, or I die; but thou art too young, my brother, to understand all the feelings, all the seeming contradictions of my contending heart." answered Edwin. "What

was Lady Marion's, you now devote to Scotland. The blaze of those affections which were hers would consume your being, did you not pour it forth on your country. Were you not a patriot, grief would prey upon your life. "You have read me, Edwin," replied

Wallace; and that you may never love to idolatry, learn this also. Though Scotland lay in ruin. I was happy. I felt not captivity in Marion's arms; even opp ession was forgotten, when she made the sufferer's tears cease to sue made the sufferer's tears cease to flow. She absorbed my wishes, thoughts and life; and she was wrested from me, that I might feel myself a slave; that the iron might enter into my soul, with which I was to pull down tyrany, and free my country pull down tyranny, and free my country. Mark my sacrifice, young man ; new smokes, and the tumes are inextinguishable. Never love as I have loved, and you may be a patriot without nishable. And you may be a patriou and you may be a patriou tasting of my bitter cup!" I can love none

better than I do you, my general! and is there any crime in that?"

" None, my Edwin; the affections are never criminal but when, by their excess, they blind us to superior duties. band's territories in the isle of Bute. The offence of mine is judged; and I The journey, she would contrive, should

bow to the penalty. When the expla-tion is made, then may my ashes sleep in rescued Scotland!—and God will grant the scraph spirits of my wife and infant me in their arms to Paradise He took the arm of Edwin, and they descended the bill together. On platform they were met by Murray. "I come to seek you," cried he; "we have had woe on woe in the citadel since you

left it. Nothing very calamitous," returned "Nothing very calamitous, returned Wallace, "if we may guess by the merry visage of our ambassador."
"Only a little whillwind of my aunc's in which we have had airs and showers

enough to wet us through and blow us

dry again."
The conduct of the lady was more extrivagant than her nephew chose to describe. After Wallace's departure, the chiefs entered into a conversation respecting his future plans; and Lennox mentioned that, when the Lennox men arrived (for whom he had despatched it was Wallace's intention to march immediately for Stirling, whither he supposed Aymer de Valence might have fled. "I shall be left here," continued the earl, "to relieve you Lord Mar, from the severer duties attendant on being governor of this place."

No sooner did these words reach the ears of the countess, than she was struck with despair; and hastening towards her husband, she exclaimed, You will not suffer this ?'

" No," returned the earl, mistaking her meaning: " not being able to peron the station form the duties attendant with which Wallace would honour me, shall relinquish them altogether to happy to find Lord Lennox, and be myself under his protection.

Ah! where is there protection with-out Sir William Wallace?" cried she. "If he go, the enemy will return.
Who then will repel them from these walls? Who will defend myself and your only son from falling again into the hands of our foes Mar observed Lord Lennox colour as

this imputation on his bravery: and, shocked at the affront which his wife had given to so gallant a chief, he re-plied. "Though I cannot be strong in plied. your defence, yet the earl of Lennox is an able representative of our command-

"I will die, madam," interrupted Lennox, "before anything approaches you or your child."

She again addressed her Lord with arguments for the detention of Wallace. ir Roger Kirkpatrick at last said, "Be assured, madam, our Samson was not brought into the world to keep guard over ladies; and I hope guard over ladies; and I hope he will be wiser than allow himself to be tied to the girdle of any woman living."

The earl was offended with his roughness; but ere he could so express him-self, his lady darted on Kirkpatrick a severe retort, and then, turning to her husband, with two or three byster call sobs, exclaimed—" It is well seen what will be my fate when Wallace is go have stood by, and beheld me thus insulted?

Distressed with shame at her conduct and anxious to remove her fears, Lord Mar whispered to her, threw his arms round her waist. She thrust him from her: "You care not what becomes of ae : and my heart disdains your blandishments.

Lennox rose in silence, and walked to the other end of the chamber. Sir Roger Kirkpatrick followed him, mutering his thanks that he had never oked with a wife. Serymgeour been yoked with a wife. Scry and Murray tried to allay the by describing to her how the fortress-would be as safe under the care of Lennox as of Wallace; but she was

nox advanced to meet him. "What shall we do, general?" said he. "Un-less you have the power of Hercules and can be in two places at once, either leave the rest of fear we must Scotland to fight for itself, or never

restore peace in this castle!"
Wallace smiled, but, before he could answer, Lady Mar entered the room; she held her infant in her arms; her hair was composed, but shone in tears. Lord Lennox, taking Murray by the arm, withdrew him out of the apartment. She approached Wallace—" You are come, my to speak comfort to the moth eliverer. poor babe. My cruel lord here, and the Earl of Lennox, say you mean to abandon us in this castle."

"It cannot be abandoned," returned the chief, "while they are in it; but if so warlike a scene alarms you, would not a religious sanctuary"—
"Not for worlds!" cried she; what

altar is held sacred by the enemies of our country? Oh! wonder not should wish this innocent babe Oh! wonder not that I to be from under the wing of such a protector. But that is impossible, Joanna," re joined the earl. Sir William Wallace has other duties to that of keeping

guard over any private family. His presence is wanted in the field; and e should be traitors to the cause did we detain him."
"Unfeeling Mar," cried she, "thus to echo the words of the barbarian Kirkpatrick; thus to condemn us to You will see another tragedy; die! your own wife and child seized by the returning Southrons, and laid bleeding

at your feet !' Wallace walked from her much agita-

ted. "Rather inhuman, Joanna, whispered Lord Mar, " to make such a reference, in the presence of our protector. not stay to listen to a pertinacity that is as insulting to the rest of our brave leaders, as it is oppressive to Sir William Wallace. Edwin, you will come for me when your aunt consents to be guided by right reason." As he spoke, he entered the passage that led to his own apartment.

Lady Mar sat silent. She was not to be warned from her determination by the displeasure of a husband whom she now regarded with the impatience of a now regarded with the impatrite or a hondwoman towards her taskmaster; and, only solicitous to compass the de-tention of Wailace, she resolved, if he would not remain at the castle, to per-suade him to conduct her to her hussuade him to conduct her to her hus-band's territories in the isle of Bute.

holding chance Edwin What " That m mother's child. (daughter prisoner lose this plead to noble W

JAN

ecupy i

of me."
The a way to would you If you She r stands castle of to attrac until a g Wallace, Wallac remember quired i was dec Lady M into the his swee

trambied she drop and, in a head up There more th he, draw child, Mar. At the Lady M entrance like dis husband

you to I upon the but nor mitted ! did not THE LO

here," s

city's creased horror eyes we where where a sparks ly, a br apparer stretch "He volts w

growd

he said

ly lifte

laid on The be He wi mirael surgeo ing his him a week. their ! mothe Catho them. differenter

ing on olic h while Unde Sacre trust eyes r mothe and w and d mean

ly and

Th her. sligh were troub while