

his followers, and rushed upon the armed host of D'Arcy. At first the numbers were nearly equal, and the contest was terrible.—A man fought hand to hand, and the contest was terrible. Each man fought hand to hand, and the ground was contested inch by inch. The gilded ornaments of the armour of the horses were covered with blood, and their movements were encumbered by their weight. The sword of Wedderburn had already smitten three of the Chevalier's followers to the ground, and the two chiefs now engaged in single combat. D'Arcy fought with the fury of despair, but Home continued to rush upon him as a tiger that has been bereft of its cubs. Every moment the force of the Chevalier was thinned, and every instant the number of his enemies increased, as the neighbouring peasantry rallied round the standard of their chief. Finding the most faithful of his followers stretched upon the ground, D'Arcy sought safety in flight. Dashing his silver spurs into the sides of his noble steed, he turned his back upon his desperate enemy, and rushed along in the direction of Berleyn, and through Dunse, with the view of gaining the road to Dunbar, of which he was governor. Fiercely, Wedderburn followed at his heels, with his naked sword uplifted, and ready to strike: immediately behind him, rode Trotter, the henchman of the late Earl, and another of Home's followers named Dickson. It was a fearful race as they rushed through Dunse, their horses striking fire from their heels in the midst of the very sunbeams; and the sword of the pursuer within a few feet of the fugitive. Still the Chevalier rode furiously, urging on the gallant animal that bore him, who seemed conscious that the life of its

rider depended upon its speed. His flaxen locks waved behind him in the wind, and the voice of his pursuers ever and anon fell upon his ear, like a dagger of death thrust into his bosom. The horse upon which Wedderburn rode, had been wounded in the conflict, and as they drew near Broomhouse, its speed slackened, and his followers, Trotter and Dickson, took the lead in the pursuit. The Chevalier had reached a spot on the right bank of the Whitadder, which is now in a field of the farm of Swallowdean, when his noble steed, becoming entangled with its cumbrous trappings, stumbled, and hurled its rider to the earth. The next moment the swords of Trotter and Dickson were transfixed in the body of the unfortunate Chevalier.

"Off with his head!" exclaimed Wedderburn, who at the same instant reached the spot. The bloody mandate was readily obeyed; and Home taking the bleeding head in his hand, cut off the flaxen tresses, and tied them up as a trophy to his saddle-bow. The body of the 'Chevalier de la Beaute' was rudely buried on the spot where he fell. A humble stone marks out the scene of the tragedy, and the people in the neighbourhood yet call it—"Bawty's grave." The head of the Chevalier was carried to Dunse, where it was fixed upon a spear, at the cross, and Wedderburn exclaimed—"Thus be exalted the enemies of the house of Home!"

The bloody relic was then borne in triumph to Home castle, and placed upon the battlements. "There," said Sir David, "let the Regent climb when he returns from France for the head of his favourite—it is thus that Home of Wedderburn revenges the murder of his kindred."