

## THE BRAES OF MAR.

BY ALEXANDER LAING, BRECHIN.

The standard on the braes o' Mar  
Is up and streaming rarely;  
The gath'ring pipe on Loch-na-gar  
Is sounding long and sairly.  
The Highlandmen  
Frae hill and glen,  
In martial hue,  
With bonnets blue,  
With belted plaids,  
And burnish'd blades,  
Are coming late and early.

Wha wadna join our noble chief,  
The Drummond Glenary,  
Macgregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,  
Fannure, and gallant Harry?  
Macdonald's men,  
Clan-Ronald's men,  
MacKenzie's men,  
MacGillivray's men,  
Strathairn's men,  
The Lowland men,  
Of Caledonia Airy.

Fe! Deaill, up and let's awa!  
We canna langer parley,  
When Jamie's back is at the wa',  
The lad we lo'e sae dearley.  
We'll go, we'll go  
And meet the foe,  
And ding the plaid,  
And swing the blade,  
And fornae dash,  
And back and slash—  
And feg the German Carlie.

## CAPTAIN BUNCE.

A LEGEND OF LIVERPOOL.

At the time of our legend there stood in Water Street, Liverpool, an antique, quaint-looking inn, called the "Crown." Tom Kemplar, the landlord of the establishment, was one of the most genial and kindly-disposed men in the town. He was credulous, simple-minded, and charitable to a fault, and, as a natural consequence, old Tom, as he was termed by his familiar associates, was but too often imposed upon; nevertheless his nature was not in any way altered thereby, and he invariably lent a ready ear to any tale of distress. Kemplar was an old sailor; for a considerable portion of his life, he had been a boatswain on board a man-of-war. In the good old days when George the Third was King, having served his Majesty truly and faithfully for nearly a quarter of a century, he retired on a pension, and settled in Liverpool, his native town. He was well known, and much respected, and, at the suggestion of two or three mess-mates, he took the "Crown" inn, where he drove a tolerably profitable trade, for he had plenty of customers among the ships' crews, many of whom went out of their way to have a glass in Tom's cosy front parlour.

One evening he had paid a visit to an old friend whose house was situated on the outskirts of the town. The "Crown" inn was left in charge of his niece, who was an orphan, albeit her uncle was as good as a father to her. Kemplar was returning home at rather a late hour at night. The quarter of the town through which he was threading his way was comparatively deserted by pedestrians, when suddenly a man presented himself, and asked for alms.

"What! beggins at this time of night?" said the landlord of the "Crown." "Who and what are you?"

"I'm a seaman that's cast adrift, and almost perishing for want," answered the stranger.

The man's looks gave additional force to his words; his whole appearance was wretched to the last degree; his figure was tall and attenuated, and his clothes seemed to hang in loose shreds about him.

"You look as if you had been beating about in troubled waters. If you are an able-bodied seaman you ought not to be in this plight. How came you to be cast adrift?"

"Ah! that's a long story."

"Maybe it is; but hark ye, my man, I suspect you're nobody but yourself to blame in the matter. It's the old story; I've seen too many of your sort in my time."

"It is the old story," observed the other, with something like bitterness in his tone. "When a man's down, everybody kicks him. It's the way of the world."

"Well, there, I didn't mean to say anything harsh to you," returned the good-natured landlord. "If I can serve you, I will; but first of all tell me how it is you are in this plight?"

"The ship I belonged to has sailed without me. I confess it was partly my own fault that I did not get on board in time. Since then I've not been able to meet with a berth."

"Ugh! that's a bad! However, here's a crown; get yourself something to eat or to drink. Now get home at once."

"Home, indeed? I should like to know where mine is," muttered the stranger.

"No home, eh?"

"None whatever."

"A stranger in the town?"

"Well, yes; nobody cares to know me. I'm without a friend in a big city like this, worse luck!"

Kemplar hesitated for a moment, and scrutinized the speaker.

"I don't much like the looks of you," he said, presently. "Still, misfortunes overtake the best of all. If you follow me I'll give you a night's lodging; that's about as much as you can expect from a stranger."

"You are the best friend I've met with since I've been in Liverpool; and if it is ever in my power to recompense you—"

"That will do; I don't want any promises," interrupted the landlord. "Follow me."

The two walked on, Kemplar leading the way and the stranger following. In a short time they arrived at the "Crown" inn.

"Now," said Kemplar, "go into the tap-room, and I will send you something to eat and drink."

"Thank you, sir; I shall not forget this kindness," returned his companion, entering the tap-room.

A substantial supper and a mug of ale were served to the new comer, who did ample justice to the same. In the course of half an hour after this the landlord entered the room, and joined in the conversation with those assembled therein.

The stranger remained silent and abstracted, and seldom spoke unless some one addressed him and then he answered only in monosyllables. Kemplar could not help observing that many of those present regarded him with looks of mistrust.

"He's one too many here," muttered the landlord to himself; and thereupon he touched the new comer on the shoulder, and motioned him to follow.

"You'd like to be shown your berth, I dare say," said Kemplar, as soon as he and his companion had reached the passage.

"Ay, that I should," returned the stranger. "I'm so done over, that I'm not fit company for anyone."

He was conducted by his kind host into an attic in the back part of the house.

"You'll be able to rest here, I daresay. It ain't the captain's cabin, as you see; but—"

"It's good enough for me," interrupted the castaway.

"Well, then, make the best of it; and may your sleep be sound. Good night."

And with these parting words Kemplar descended the staircase, and again entered the public room.

"You've got a queer customer to-night, any how, Kemplar," said one of the party. "He looks as if he had come from some desolate island. Who is he?"

"That's more than I can tell you. At present, to speak figuratively, as my old cap'n used to say, he's tossing about among the breakers."

"Ah! and you have taken him in out of charity, I suppose?" said another of the party. At this there was a roar of laughter.

"You're not far out," said Tom Kemplar.

"I don't like his looks," said the first speaker.

"The man's miserably off. Don't be too hard upon him," observed the landlord, in a reproving tone.

"Well, he might be a little more sociable and communicative," said a little man by the chimney corner, as he shook the ashes out of his pipe. "In my opinion, he ain't good for much; but then, you know, you always were so easily imposed on."

"Well, it's no business of yours, Mr. Perkins," said the landlord, sharply.

"Oh, I'm done!" returned the other. "You ought to know best. It is no business of mine."

In the due course of time the house was cleared, and the doors fastened for the night. Tom Kemplar mixed himself a glass of grog, and sat ruminating for some time. Presently he said, addressing his niece, "Is there anybody else to come in?"

"No. The two gentlemen up-stairs went to bed before you came home."

"Ah, that is well! And the miserable-looking fellow who came with me is by this time fast asleep, I daresay."

"What a strange, uncouth sort of a man he seems, uncle!" said Jane Kemplar.

"Yes, he's all that. Let us hope he is a better sort of fellow than people take him to be."

"Do you know him?"

"Not I. He begged a night's lodging, said he was a mariner, and I hadn't the heart to refuse him."

"My dear, good-natured uncle!" said Jane, putting her arms round the old man's neck. "How like you! Of course you couldn't find it in your heart to say no."

Several loud raps were given at the outer door.

"Who can that be, I wonder?" exclaimed the girl.

"Some roysterers, I suppose," observed Kemplar.

The knocks were repeated with additional force.

The landlord of the "Crown" rose from his seat, and went to the door of the house.

"Who's there?" he said, loud enough for those on the outside to hear him.

"We must come in! We demand admittance in the King's name!" exclaimed a voice.

The bolts were drawn back and the door opened. Three men entered the passage.

"Now, my friends, what is your business?"

"Who have you got in the house?"

"Who have I got, gentlemen? Only two or three travellers, who are by this time fast asleep, I should suppose."

"You must give us their names and a description of their persons. We are officers."

"I know that. But you don't suppose that I harbour improper characters in this house? I've served his Majesty, man and boy, for hard upon five-and-twenty years."

"We know you to be a well-conducted, honest man, Mr. Kemplar. Nevertheless, we have a duty to perform," said the chief officer. "Cast your eye over this paper."

So saying, the officer handed a printed placard to Tom Kemplar. He read as follows:

"Murder and Piracy on the High Seas.—One Hundred Pounds Reward.—Whereas William Goulding, better known as Captain Bunce, having escaped from the prison ship Atalanta, this is to give notice that the above reward will be given to any person or persons who will give

such information as shall lead to the apprehension of the aforesaid pirate."

"Look here, my hearties!" exclaimed Tom; "you've come to the wrong shop! Tom Kemplar is not the man to harbour pirates or robbers in his house! Go your ways, without further ado!"

"We can't do that," returned the officer. "We must search the premises."

"Search!" ejaculated Kemplar. "What if I object?"

"We must use force."

"A plague upon you all! Search, then!"

While this conversation had been taking place there was one inmate of the establishment who had been listening to the loud altercation. This person was the stranger. Wretched as was his appearance, he was as active as a cat. He opened the lattice window, crept through the same, and let himself down, by means of a rope, on to the roof of an out-house in the rear of the premises. He then passed along a narrow wall. Favoured by the darkness of the night, he escaped observation, and succeeded in getting clean off.

The officers entered the sleeping apartments of the two commercial travellers, but found themselves at fault. They then entered the other rooms, and, finally, arrived at the one which had been so recently occupied by the stranger.

They found it tenantless; and, much to Kemplar's surprise, the bed had not been occupied.

"You told us that you had three persons stopping here!" said the officer, in a severe tone.

"So I have," answered the landlord. "I suppose the one belonging to this room has gone aboard some of the vessels with a messmate or two."

"What is he?"

"A sailor—so he said."

"Describe his appearance."

Tom gave a crude idea of the man's form and features. He told them, moreover, that the poor wretch was in such a miserable plight that he had taken him in only out of sheer compassion.

"We are baffled for the present," observed the officer. "Say nothing about this visit. Mr. Kemplar, it's likely enough that we may have occasion to see you again. I am very sorry to have troubled you in the matter, or put you to any inconvenience. Good night!"

And, with these words, the speaker passed out of the house, followed by his companions.

"A pack of inquisitorial lubbers," exclaimed Tom, "to overhaul a King's servant in this fashion! But I'm thankful that runaway slipped his cable before they went aloft!"

"So am I, uncle," chimed in Jane. "I don't like the idea of a man being hunted down in this house!"

"I expect he's a bad lot, though!" remarked the landlord.

The fact of the King's officers having entered his house in search of an escaped pirate preyed upon the mind of honest Tom Kemplar, who had been throughout his life jealous of honour. He fancied that people looked upon him with suspicion, and he could ill brook the ill-timed jests of some of his customers when they alluded to the subject. It was a sore subject with poor Tom. It had such a marked effect upon him that when he received notice from Montreal of the death of a cousin in that town, together with an intimation from the executors that he thereby was to inherit a considerable sum under the will of his deceased relative, he gladly availed himself of this excuse to pay a visit to Canada.

He left his house in charge of his niece, and, before his departure, made it over to her in case anything should happen to him. It was in vain that Jane endeavoured to dissuade him from setting out upon his expedition. When Tom had made up his mind to anything, he was not to be turned aside; and so, after a painful parting, the old boatswain found himself once more afloat upon salt water.

The vessel in which he set sail was a small merchantman, named the Lord of the Isles. For the first three or four weeks after her departure from the port of Liverpool, but little occurred to cause any trouble or anxiety to the captain, the crew, or the passengers on board. The sea was calm, and the weather favourable. The aspect of affairs, however, suddenly altered. The captain's countenance became overcast, and those around him could not fail to perceive that he was much troubled.

"What is the matter, sir! Anything amiss?" said one of the passengers.

"I fear there is," answered the captain. "A strange sail is in sight, and—well, the fact is, we are chased."

"Chased!—chased!" echoed several on board, in various tones of doubt, alarm, and determination.

"Yes; however extraordinary it may appear to many of you," continued the commander of the Lord of the Isles, "I have no doubt that such is the fact, for the vessel which was this morning seen right astern, and which has maintained an equal distance during the day, is coming up with us hand over hand. I am quite sure, therefore, that she is after no good. She's a rakish-looking craft, and, if I mistake not, means mischief."

At this declaration many a face showed signs of the deepest anxiety.

On ascending the poop, assurance became doubly sure. The strange vessel was gaining fast upon the Lord of the Isles. She was a long,

dark-looking vessel, low in the water, but having very tall masts, with sails as white as the driven snow.

By this time, all was bustle and confusion, for there was a general consternation on board. What few arms were available were placed in the hands of the crew; ammunition was handed up, pistols and cutlasses were distributed. Notwithstanding these preparations and fixed determination to make a stout fight of it, the general impression was that the opposing vessel would prove to be more than a match for the merchantman.

The stranger quickly approached, and quietness was ordered.

The moment was an interesting one. A deep silence reigned throughout the Lord of the Isles, save now and then the dash of the water against the ship's side, and here and there the half-suppressed ejaculations of some impatient son of Neptune. The enemy—for so those on board the merchantman had learned to designate the stranger—came gradually up in the wake of its prey. No light—no sound issued from her; and, when within a cable's length of the Lord of the Isles, she luffed to the wind, as if to pass to the windward, but the voice of the captain, who hailed her with the usual salute, "Ship ahoy!" made her apparently alter her purpose, though she answered not, for shifting her helm, she darted to the leeward of the merchantman.

Again the trumpet sent forth its summons; but, still, there was no answer, and the pirate ship was now about a pistol-shot from the other vessel's larboard quarter.

"Once more, what ship's that? Answer, or I'll send a broadside into you!" was uttered in a voice of thunder from the trumpet of the captain of the merchantman.

Still all was silent, and many a heart beat with quicker pulsation.

On a sudden, the pirate began to lower her steering sails, which appeared to be taken in by some invisible agency; for, all this time, not a single human being was visible on board of her.

Matters began to assume a very serious aspect. In the space of a few brief seconds, the pirate ship was alongside the other, her starboard ports were hauled up, and those on the deck of the merchantman could plainly discern every gun, with a lantern over it, as they were run out.

The pirate, in a voice of thunder, called out: "Strike!"

This was answered by a loud cheer from those on board the Lord of the Isles.

The pirate poured in a volley from her guns, which were handled with remarkable skill. This was answered by the two guns of the merchantman. The unequal nature of the conflict soon became painfully apparent. Unless than a quarter of an hour after the commencement of hostilities, the merchantman was in a terribly crippled condition.

The pirates now proceeded to board the disabled ship. A desperate hand-to-hand fight ensued, in which many men were killed and wounded. The pirates were astounded at the obstinate resistance offered by their enemies, who fought as British tars have invariably done in actions of this and a similar nature; but the odds were fearfully great, and despite the many acts of heroism and valour, the pirates succeeded in gaining the mastery. The captain and first mate of the Lord of the Isles were slain in the earlier part of the conflict. Tom Kemplar, however, avenged the captain's death. He used his cutlass with terrible effect, and cut down many of the pirates. Unhappily for poor Tom, his companions in arms had been falling one after another, and there seemed every probability of the old man-of-war meeting with a similar fate. Nevertheless, Tom would not yield; for a considerable time he managed to keep the pirates at bay. Eventually he was felled by a blow from a marling-spike. Several of his enemies rushed forward for the purpose of dealing a death-stroke, when a stentorian voice called out, "Back—back, all of you!"

There was a general murmur of discontent at these words. The men who surrounded Kemplar said he had slain several of their comrades, and must, therefore, die.

Upon this the pirate captain levelled his pistol, and said that the first man who attempted to harm the wounded and prostrate boatswain should be shot through the heart.

The men seemed to quail before the glance of their fearless commander, and withdrew, leaving Kemplar in the hands of their chief.

By this time Tom was enabled to comprehend that he had escaped with his life by almost a miracle. He looked into the face of his saviour, and recognized the features of the man to whom he gave food and shelter at the old "Crown" inn.

"Mercy on us, it is you!" exclaimed Tom, rubbing his eyes, and looking wonderingly at the pirate.

"Yes, it is me," returned the other. "One good turn deserves another. Be of good cheer; you have fallen into good hands. I will protect you."

And the speaker kept his word. He watched over his wounded friend during the time he was with him, and upon the first opportunity he placed him on board an English vessel bound for Quebec.

But little remains to be told. Kemplar paid a visit to Montreal, settled all his affairs to his own satisfaction, and, finally, returned to the "Crown" inn, to spend the remainder of his days in peace.