

**A Boy Hero.**

In heartless Paris, which to foreign eyes  
Seems made of mirrors, gaslight, and dis-  
play,  
A splendid building's walls began to rise,  
Ascending stone by stone from day to day.

High and more high the pile was builded  
well,  
And scores of labourers were busy there,  
When suddenly a fragile staging fell,  
And two strong workmen swung aloft in  
air.

Suspended by their hands to one slight hold,  
That bent and creaked beneath their sud-  
den weight:  
One worn with toil, and growing gray and  
old;  
One a mere boy, just reaching man's estate,

Yet with a hero's soul. Alone and young,  
Were it not well to yield his single life,  
On which no parent leaned, no children hung,  
And save the other to his babes and wife?

He saw that ere deliverance could be brought,  
The frail support they grasped must surely  
break,  
And in that shuddering moment's flash of  
thought,  
He chose to perish for his comrade's sake.

With bravery such as heroes seldom know,  
"Tis right," he said, and loosing his strong  
grip,  
Dropped like a stone upon the stones below,  
And lay there dead, the smile still on his  
lip.

What though no laurels grow his grave above,  
And o'er his name no sculptured shaft may  
rise?  
To the sweet spirit of unselfish love,  
Was not his life a glorious sacrifice?

—Harper's Young People.

**HUNTED AND HARRIED.**

*A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.*

BY R. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

THE courage of the poor man of whom we now write, gave way at the second stroke of the mallet, and, at the third, uttering a shriek of agony, he revealed, in short gasps, the names of all the comrades he could recall. Let us not judge him harshly until we have undergone the same ordeal with credit! A look of intense pity overspread the face of Andrew Black while this was going on. His broad chest heaved, and drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He had evidently forgotten himself in his strong sympathy with the unhappy martyr. When the latter was carried out, in a half fainting condition, he turned to Lauderdale, and, frowning darkly, said—

"Thou meeserable sinner, cheeld o' the deevil, an' enemy o' a' righteousness, div'ee think that your blood-stained haund can overturn the cause o' the Lord?"

This speech was received with a flush of anger, quickly followed by a supercilious smile.

"We shall see. Get the boot ready there. Now, sir" (turning to Black), "answer promptly—Will you subscribe the oath of the King's supremacy?"

"No—that I will not. I acknowledge nae king ower my conscience but the King o' kings. As for that perjured libertine on the throne, for whom there's muckle need to pray, I tell ye plainly that I consider the freedom and welfare o' Scotland stands higher than the supposed rights o' king and lords. Ye misca' us rebels! If ye ken the history o' yer ain country—whilk I misdoot—ye would ken that the Parliaments o' baith Scotland an' England have laid it doon, in declaration and in practice, that resistance to the exercise o' arbitrary power is lawfu', therefore resistance to Charles and you, his shameless flunkeys, is nae mair rebellion than it's rebellion in a cat to flee in the face o' a bull-dog that wants to worry her kittens. Against the tyrant that has abused his trust, an' upset oor constitution, an' broken a' the laws o' God and man, I count it to be my bounden duty to fight wi' swurd an' lip as lang's I hae an aim to strike wi' a tongue to wag. Noo, ye may dae yer warst!"

At a signal the executioner promptly fitted the boot to the bold man's right leg. Black's look of indignant defiance passed

away, and was replaced by an expression of humility that, strangely enough, seemed rather to intensify than diminish his air of fixed resolve. While the instrument of torture was being arranged he turned his face to the Bishop of Galloway, who sat beside Lauderdale, silently and sternly awaiting the result, and with an almost cheerful air and quiet voice said—

"God has, for his ain wise ends, made the heart o' the puir man that has just left us tender, an' he's made mine teuch, but tak' notice, thou wolf in sheep's clothing, that it's no upon its teuchness, but upon the Speerit o' the Lord that I depend for grace to withstand on this evil day."

"Strike!" said the Duke, in a low, stern voice.

The mallet fell; the wedge compressed the strong limb, and Andrew compressed his lips.

"Again!"  
A second time the mallet fell, but no sign did the unhappy man give of the pain which instantly began to shoot through the limb. After a few more blows the Duke stayed the process and reiterated his questions, but Black took no notice of him whatever. Large beads of sweat broke out on his brow. These were the only visible signs of suffering, if we except the deadly pallor of his face.

"Again!" said the merciless judge.  
The executioner obeyed; but the blow had been barely delivered when a loud snap was heard, and the tortured man experienced instant relief. Jock Bruce's little device had been successful, the instrument of torture was broken!

"Thanks be to thy name, O God, for grace to help me thus far," said Black in a quiet tone.

"Fix on the other boot," cried Lauderdale savagely, for the constancy as well as the humility of the martyr exasperated him greatly.

The executioner was about to obey when a noise was heard at the door of the Council Chamber, and a cavalier, booted and spurred and splashed with mud, as if he had ridden fast and far, strode hastily up to the Duke and whispered in his ear. The effect of the whisper was striking, for an expression of mingled surprise, horror, and alarm overspread for a few moments even his hard visage. At the same time the Bishop of Galloway was observed to turn deadly pale, and an air of consternation generally marked the members of Council.

"Murdered—in cold blood!" muttered the Duke, as if he could not quite believe the news,—and perhaps realized for the first time that there were others besides the Archbishop of St. Andrews who richly deserved a similar fate.

Hastily ordering the prisoner to be removed to the Tolbooth, he retired with his infamous companions to an inner room.

The well-known historical incident which was thus announced shall receive but brief comment here. There is no question at all as to the fact that Sharp was unlawfully killed, that he was cruelly slain, without trial and without judicial condemnation, by a party of Covenanters. Nothing justifies illegal killing. The justice of even legal killing is still an unsettled question, but one which does not concern us just now. We make no attempt to defend the deed of those men. It is not probable that any average Christian, whether in favour of the Covenanters or against them, would justify the killing of an old man by illegal means, however strongly he might hold the opinion that the old man deserved to die. In order to form an unprejudiced opinion on this subject recourse must be had to facts. The following are briefly the facts of the case.

A merchant named William Carmichael, formerly a baillie of Edinburgh, was one of Sharp's favourites, and one of his numerous commissioners for suppressing conventicles in Fife. He was a licentious profligate, greedy of money, and capable of undertaking any job, however vile. This man's enormities were at last so unbearable that he became an object of general detestation, and his excessive exactions had ruined so many respectable lairds, owners, and tenants, that at last nine of these (who had been outlawed, interdicted the common intercourse of society, and hunted like wild beasts on the mountains) resolved, since all other avenues of redressing their unjust sufferings were denied them, to take the law into their own hands and personally chastise Carmichael. Accordingly, hearing that the commissioner was hunting on the moors in the neighbourhood of Cupar, they rode off in search of him. They failed to find him, and were about to disperse, when a boy brought intelligence that the coach of Archbishop Sharp was approaching.

Baffled in their previous search, and smarting under the sense of their intolerable wrongs, the party regarded this as a providential deliverance of their arch-enemy into their hands. Here was the chief cause of all their

woes, the man who, more almost than any other, had been instrumental in the persecution and ruin of many families, in the torture and death of innumerable innocent men and women, and the banishment of some of their nearest and dearest to perpetual exile on the plantations, where they were treated as slaves. They leaped at the sudden and unexpected opportunity. They reasoned that what had been done in the past, and was being done at the time, would continue to be done in the future, for there was no symptom of improvement, but rather of increasing severity in the Government and ecclesiastics. Overtaking the coach, which contained the Prelate and his daughter, they stopped it, made Archbishop Sharp step out, and slew him there on Magus Moor.

It was a dark unwarrantable deed, but it was unpremeditated, and necessarily unknown, at first, to any but the perpetrators, so that it would be inexcusably unfair to saddle it upon the great body of the Covenanters, who, as far as we can ascertain from their writings and opinions, condemned it, although, naturally, they could not but feel relieved to think that one of their chief persecutors was for evermore powerless for further evil, and some of them refused to admit that the deed was murder. They justified it by the case of Phinehas. A better apology lies in the text, "Oppression maketh a wise man mad."

This event had the effect, apparently, of causing the Council to forget our friends Black and Ramblin' Peter for a time, for they were left in the Tolbooth for about three weeks after that, whereat Andrew was much pleased, for it gave his maimed limb time to recover. As Peter remarked gravely, "It's an ill wind that blows naebody guid!"

A robust and earnest nation cannot be subdued by persecution. The more the Council tyrannized over and trampled upon the liberties of the people of Scotland, the more resolutely did the zeal-hearted and brave among them resist the oppressors. As far as things temporal are concerned, the records of the Scottish Covenanters prove incontestably that those long-tried men and women submitted with unexampled patience for full eight-and-twenty years to the spoiling of their goods and the ruin of their prospects; but when it came to be a question of submission to the capricious will of the King or loyalty to Jesus Christ, thousands of them chose the latter alternative, and many hundreds sealed their testimony with their blood.

When at last the question arose, "Shall we consent to the free preaching of the Gospel being suppressed altogether, or shall we assert our rights at the point of the sword?" there also arose very considerable difference of opinion among the Covenanters. Many of those who held the peace-at-almost-any-price principle, counselled submission. Others, such as Richard Cameron, Donald Cargill, and Thomas Douglas, who believed in the right of self-defence, and in such a text as "smite a scorner and the simple will beware," advocated the use of carnal weapons for protection alone, although, when driven to desperation, they were compelled to go further. Some of the ejected ministers, such as Blackadder and Welsh, professed to be undecided on this point, and leant to a more or less submissive course.

Matters were now hastening to a crisis. A lawless Government had forced a law-abiding people into the appearance, though not the reality, of rebellion. The bands of armed men who assembled at conventicles became so numerous as to have the appearance of an army. The Council, exasperated and alarmed, sent forth more troops to disperse and suppress these, though they had been guilty of no act of positive hostility.

At this crisis, Cargill and his friends, the "ultra-Covenanters," as they were styled, resolved to publish to the world their "Testimony to the cause and truth which they defended, and against the sins and defections of the times." They chose the 29th of May for this purpose, that being the anniversary of the King's birth and restoration. Led by Robert Hamilton, a small party of them rode into the royal burgh of Rutherglen; and there, after burning various tyrannical Acts—as their adversaries had previously burnt the Covenants—they nailed to the cross a copy of what is now known as the Declaration of Rutherglen, in which all their grievances were set forth.

The news of this daring act spread like wildfire, and the notorious Graham of Claverhouse was sent to seize, kill and destroy all who took any part in this business. How Claverhouse went with his disciplined dragoons, seized John King, chaplain to Lord Cardross, with about fourteen other prisoners, in passing through Hamilton, tied them in couples drove them before the troops like sheep, attacked the Covenanters at Drumlog, received a thorough defeat from the undisciplined "rebels," who freed the prisoners,

and sent the dragoons back completely routed to Glasgow, is matter of history.

While these stirring events were going on, our friend Andrew Black and Ramblin' Peter were languishing in the unsavoury shades of the Tolbooth Prison.

One forenoon Andrew was awakened from an uneasy slumber. They bade him rise. His arms were bound with a rope, and he was led up the Canongate towards the well-remembered Council Chamber, in company with Ramblin' Peter, who, owing to his size and youth, was not bound, but merely held in the grasp of one of the guards.

At the mouth of one of the numerous closes which lead down to the Cowgate and other parts of the old town stood Will Wallace, Quentin Dick, David Spence, and Jock Bruce, each armed with a heavy blackthorn. Bruce had been warned by a friendly turnkey of what was pending—hence their opportune presence.

As soon as the prison party was opposite the close, the rescue party made a united rush—and the united rush of four such strapping fellows was worth seeing. So thought the crowd, and cheered. So thought not the city guard, four of whom went down like nine pins. Black's bonds were cut and himself hurried down the close almost before the guard had recovered from the surprise. No doubt that guard was composed of brave men; but when they met two such lions in the mouth of the close as Wallace and Quentin—for these two turned at bay—they paused and levelled their pikes. Turning these aside like lightning the lions felled their two foremost adversaries. The two who followed them met a similar fate. Thinking that four were sufficient to block the entry, at least for a few moments, our heroes turned, unlikeliest, and fled at a pace that soon left the enemy far behind.

This delay had given time to Black and his other friends to make good their retreat. Meanwhile Ramblin' Peter, taking advantage of the confusion, wrenched himself suddenly free from the guard who held him, and vanished down another close. The rescue having been effected, the party purposely scattered. Black's leg, however, prevented him from running fast. He, therefore, thought it best to double round a corner, and dash into a doorway, trusting to having been unobserved. In this, however, he was mistaken. His enemies, indeed, saw him not, but Ramblin' Peter chanced to see him while at some distance off, and made for the same place of refuge.

Springing up a spiral stair, three steps at a time, Black did not stop till he gained the attics, and leaped through the open doorway of a garret, where he found an old woman wailing over a bed on which lay the corpse of a man with a coffin beside it.

"What want ye here?" demanded the old creature angrily.

"Wow! wumman, I'm hard pressed! They're at my heels!" said Black, looking anxiously at the skylight as if meditating a still higher flight.

"Are ye ane o' the persecuted remnant?" asked the woman in a changed tone.

"Ay, that am I."

"Hide, then, hide, man—haste ye!"

"Where?" asked the perplexed fugitive.

"There," said the woman, removing the coffin lid.

Andrew hesitated. Just then hurrying footsteps were heard on the stair. He hesitated no longer. Stepping into the coffin he lay down, and the woman covered him up.

"Oh, wumman!" said Black, lifting the lid a little, "tak' care ye dinna meddle wi' the screw-nails. They may—"

"Wheesh! Haud yer tongue!" growled the woman sharply, and reclosed the lid with a bang, just as Ramblin' Peter burst into the room.

"What want ye here, callant?"

Peter drew back in dismay.

"I'm lookin' for—I was thinkin'—Did 'ee see a man—?"

The lid of the coffin flew off as he spoke, and his master sprang out.

"Man, Peter," gasped the farmer, "yours is the sweetest voice I've heard for mony a day. I verily thocht I was doomed—but come awa', lad. Thank 'ee kindly, auld wife, for the temporary accommodation."

The intruders left as abruptly as they had entered.

That night the whole party was reassembled in Mrs. Black's residence in Candlemaker Row, where, over a supper "o' parritch an' soor milk," Andrew Black heard from Jock Bruce all about the Declaration of Rutherglen, and the defeat of Claverhouse by the Covenanters at Drumlog.

"The thunderclouds are gatherin'," said Black with a grave shake of the head, as the party broke up and were about to separate for the night. "Tak' my word for't, we'll hear mair o' this afore lang."

We need scarcely add that on this occasion Andrew was a true prophet.

(To be continued.)