

THE SCOTTISH CHIEFS; OR THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

CHAPTER XXXI. CONTINUED.

"Burthen not my name, rash young man!" replied Bruce, "with the charges belonging to your own mad ambition. Who disturbed the peace in this Scotland after the battle of Dunbar, but William Wallace? Who raised the country in arms, but William Wallace? Who stole from me my birthright, but William Wallace? Who affected to rebel a crown, that he might the more certainly fix it on his head, but William Wallace? And who dares now taunt me with his errors and mishaps, but the same traitor to his lawful sovereign?"

"I am indeed of his blood," replied he; "and it must now be my study to prove my descent, by deeds worthy of my ancestors. I am Robert Bruce, the eldest son of the Earl of Carrick and Annandale. Grieving over the slaughter that his valiant arm has made of his own people, he walked out in melancholy. I followed; and I heard, unseen, all that passed between you and him. He retired to his tent, and unknown to him, I hastened across the Carron, to vow my loyalty to virtue; to declare my determination to live for Scotland, or to die for her, and to follow the arms of Sir William Wallace, till he plants my father on the throne of his ancestors."

"I take you at your word, brave prince!" replied the Regent, "and this night shall give you an opportunity to redeem to Scotland what your father's sword has this day wrested from her. What I mean to do must be effected in the course of a few hours. That done, it will be prudent for you to return to the Carrick camp, and there take the most effectual means to persuade your father to throw himself at once into the arms of Scotland. The whole nation will then rally round their king; and as his weapon of war, I shall rejoice to find the commission with which God has entrusted me. He then briefly unfolded an attack which he meant to make on the camp of Edward, while his victorious troops slept in fancied security."

"He had sent Sir John Graham to Stirling, to call out his garrison; Ker he had despatched on a similar errand; and, expecting that by this time some of the troops would be arrived in the southern extremity of the Carron, he had collected the Carron. Being thus armed like one of the young soldiers to give him his armour, and find himself another suit in the heap that was collected from the dead. The brave Scot acquiesced; and Wallace retiring with his royal companion, Bruce soon covered his gay haquequet with this rough mail; and, placing the Scotch bonnet on his head, put a large stone into his golden helmet, and sank it in the Carron. Being thus armed like one of the commonest soldiers, Wallace put the trusty claymore of his country into his hand, and clapping him to his heart—"Now it is," cried he, "that William Wallace lives anew, since he has seen this hour!"

On re-emerging from the wood, they met Sir John Graham, who had arrived with five hundred fugitives from Lord Bute's division, whom he had collected on the Carron. He informed his friend the Earl of Mar was within half a mile of the Carron, with three thousand men, and that he would soon be joined by other reinforcements to a similar amount. While Graham spoke, a squadron of armed men approached from the North side, and Wallace, advancing towards them, beheld the bishop of Dunkeld in his sacerdotal robes, with a crosier on his breast; and, instead of his crosier, he carried a drawn sword.

wrought with gold, with golden sandals on his feet, and a helmet of the same metal on his head, crested with white feathers. The moment the eye of Wallace fell on him, the stranger threw himself on one knee before him, with so noble a grace that the chief was lost in wonder. The youth, after an agitated pause, bowing his head, exclaimed, "pardon this intrusion, bravest of men! I come to offer you my heart, my life; to wash out, by your side, in the blood of the enemies of Scotland, the stigma which now dishonours the name of Bruce!" "And who are you, noble youth?" cried Wallace. "Surely my prayers are at last answered; and I hear these sentiments from one of Alexander's race?"

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Mar, to take the Southron camp in the rear; while he should attack the front, and pierce his way to the royal tent. With caution the battalion of Mar wound round the banks of the Forth, to reach the point of its destination; and Wallace, proceeding with a noiseless step, gained the hill which overlooked his rear. His front ranks, shrouded by branches that had torn from the trees in Tor wood, now stood still. As the moon sunk, they stole gently down the hill and were within a few paces of the first outpost, when one of the sentinels exclaimed, "What is that?" "Only the wind amongst the trees," returned his comrade; "I see their branches waving; we may have but work to-morrow." Wallace did live, and the man slept to wake no more; for a Scottish brand was through every Southron heart on the outpost. That done he threw away his sough, leaped the dyke which lay in front of the camp, and with Bruce and Graham, at the head of a thousand men, proceeded onward to the pavilion. At the moment he should blow his bugle, the divisions he had led with him, were to surround him and Lord Mar, were to press forward to the same point.

Guided by the lamps which burnt around the royal quarters, the Scots reached the tent. Wallace had already laid his hand upon the curtain which was its entrance, when an armed man, with a presented pike, demanded, "Who comes here?" The Regent laid the interrogator at his feet; but the voice awakened the king, and perceiving his danger, he snatched his sword, and calling aloud, sprung from his bed, with Lord Lennox, and half a score of knights before Wallace could reach the spot. But short would have been their protection; they fell before his arm and that of Graham, and left a vacant place, for Edward had disappeared. Foreseeing the fate of his guards, he made a timely escape by cutting a passage through the canvas of his tent. Wallace, perceiving that his prize had eluded his grasp, blew the appointed signal to Mar, and Lennox, caught one of the torches, and, setting fire to the drapery, rushed to meet his colleagues amongst the disordered lines. Graham and his followers with firebrands in their hands, threw conflagration into all parts of the camp, and seemed to assail the enemy from every direction. The king in vain sought to rally his men. The English alone hearkened to his call; superstition had laid their petrifying hand on all the rest. The heart of England? And thither must our Regent follow him! O my lord, retract your demand! Release Sir William Wallace from a vow that will destroy him!" "Wallace!" cried the now soul-struck earl, "what have I done? Has a father's anxiety asked of you amiss? If so, pardon me! But if my daughter also must perish for Scotland, take her, O God, uncontaminated, and let us meet in heaven!" "Wallace, I will fulfil it," cried he, "let thy paternal heart rest in peace; and by Jesus' help, Lady Helen shall again be in her own country, as free from Southern taint as she is from all mortal sin! De Valence dare not approach her heavenly innocence with violence; and her Scottish heart will never consent to give him a lawful claim to her precious self. Edward's legions are far beyond the borders; but yet I will reach him, for the demands of the morning at Falkirk are now to be answered in the halls of Stirling."

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The Regent's expectations that he should fall in with some of the chasing squadrons were the next morning gratified. Crossing the Bathgate hills, he met the returning battalions of Lennox, with Lord Mars, and also Sir John Graham. Lord Lennox was thanked by Wallace, and despatched to re-occupy his station in Dumbarrow; but the captains of Mar and of Graham could give no account of their leaders, than that they last saw them fighting valiantly in the Southern camp, and had since supposed that during the pursuit they must have joined the Regent's squadron. A cold dew fell over the limbs of Wallace at these tidings, and he looked on Murray and Edwin. The expression of the former's face told him what were his fears; but Edwin strove to encourage the hope that all might yet be well. "They may not have yet returned from the pursuit; or they may be gone to Stirling."

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and has long been my prayer! But, dearest, most unwearied of friends! still the tears of mortality will flow; for I leave my children fatherless in this faithless world. And my Helen! O Wallace! the angel who exposed her precious self through the dangers of that midnight walk, to save Scotland, her father, and his friends, is lost to us! Joanna, tell the rest," said he, gasping, "for I cannot."

Wallace turned to Lady Mar with an inquiring look. "Surely," exclaimed he, "there is not to be a wreck of all that is estimable on earth? The Lady Helen is not dead?" "No," said the earl, "but—" he could proceed no further; and Lady Mar forced herself to speak. "She has fallen into the hands of the enemy. On my lord's being brought to this place, he sent for myself and Lady Helen; but, in passing by Dumbarrow, and our brave Graham were in the last conflict, where are they, that do not see them share our victory?" "I hope," returned Wallace, "that we shall rejoice then in safety at Stirling! Our troops parted in the pursuit; and, after having sent back the lowland chieftains, you see I have none with me now but my own particular followers."

"God forbid!" ejaculated Mar, "God forbid that my blood should ever mingle with that of any one of the people who have wrought such woe to Scotland! Swear to me valiant Wallace, by the virtues of her virgin heart, by your own immaculate honor, that you will rescue my Helen from the power of this Southern lord!" "So help me heaven!" answered Wallace. A groan burst from the lips of Lady Mar, and her head sunk on the side of the couch. "What? Who is that?" exclaimed Mar, raising his head in alarm. "Believe it your country, Donald!" replied she; "to what do you bind its only defender? Are you not throwing him into the midst of his enemies, by making him swear to rescue Helen? Think not that De Valence will forego a pursuit, and take her into his hands! Must our Regent follow him? O my lord, retract your demand! Release Sir William Wallace from a vow that will destroy him!" "Wallace!" cried the now soul-struck earl, "what have I done? Has a father's anxiety asked of you amiss? If so, pardon me! But if my daughter also must perish for Scotland, take her, O God, uncontaminated, and let us meet in heaven!" "Wallace, I will fulfil it," cried he, "let thy paternal heart rest in peace; and by Jesus' help, Lady Helen shall again be in her own country, as free from Southern taint as she is from all mortal sin! De Valence dare not approach her heavenly innocence with violence; and her Scottish heart will never consent to give him a lawful claim to her precious self. Edward's legions are far beyond the borders; but yet I will reach him, for the demands of the morning at Falkirk are now to be answered in the halls of Stirling."

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LINCOLN'S CENTENARY. A CHARACTER STUDY OF GREAT INTEREST TO YOUNG AND OLD.

By G. M. Seward.

(CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.)

Mr. Seward proposed as his own plan of action, that Lincoln should repudiate his party, ignore his former principles of political action, surrender the moral triumph of his Presidential election, declare war against four foreign nations under given conditions; and he concluded by hinting very broadly that he himself was quite willing to be the chief actor in the affair. So perfect was Lincoln's self-control—so limitless his patience, so great his noble desire to preserve harmony among those who were trying to save the Union, that he simply returned the memorandum to Mr. Seward with a firm conclusive and courteous rebuke, and never again was the subject alluded to by either of them. Only to Mr. Nicolay, his private secretary, did the great-hearted President reveal this amazing incident, and no one of his cabinet even suspected it until, thirty years later, the correspondence was published when Lincoln had long been dead. Mr. Seward recognizing his master's "Executive force and vigor are rare qualities. The President is the best of us," he wrote to his wife. There were no more very serious differences between him and his chief, to whom he was devoted, loyal and always respectful.

As to Stanton, he had been a scornful and unsparring critic of the new administration, but he had great learning, unselfish patriotism, and conscientious convictions of duty. Magnanimity was one of Lincoln's most striking traits. Patriotism moved him at every step. As, at the beginning of the war, he placed at the head of three most important military departments three of his political opponents, Patterson, Butler and McClellan, so, in this present instance, on Cameron's departure from the Cabinet, he called on Stanton to succeed him. When objection was raised on account of Stanton's unpopularity, Lincoln said: "He is in the habit of jumping up and down when he lost his patience, Lincoln quaintly said: "Well, if he gets to jumping too much, we will treat him as they used to treat a minister I knew out West. He would get so excited and wrought up, at revival meetings, that they had to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. But I guess we will let Stanton jump awhile."

He had studied Mr. Stanton's character, and within a few weeks he was satisfied of the accuracy of his judgment in making the selection; their daily intercourse brought the two men into relations which could not have existed between men of weaker character. Unlike Mr. Chase, his colleague of the Treasury Department, Mr. Stanton had the highest admiration for Lincoln's ability and judgment, and his imperious will and stubborn convictions would not have yielded to any one else. On the other hand, no one appreciated so much as Lincoln the genuine worth, the deep sincerity, and the rare ability to organize and execute, that existed in his new secretary of war. There were continual differences of opinion between them. Men of strong character seldom think alike, and with his peculiar temperament and impulsive disposition Mr. Stanton could not have served under a chief less amiable and considerate than Lincoln.

There is no doubt that the President's patience was often sorely tried, but in the same spirit that governed him when he invited Mr. Stanton into the Cabinet he continued to recognize the necessity of toleration and forbearance. While he usually yielded to his War Secretary in details, in matters of supreme importance he invariably insisted upon following his own judgment, and with a gentle but unyielding firmness compelled Mr. Stanton to submit to his will. For example, Mr. Stanton refused to carry out an order of the President concerning the enlistment of rebel prisoners of war who wished to enter the service of the Union, and when the order was repeated, refused a second

Bronchitis More Than a Cold

Sometimes it becomes chronic and returns again and again, wearing out its victim.

At other times it develops rapidly into pneumonia—cure is found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Any cold is serious enough when its dreadful possibilities are considered, but when there is soreness or tightness in the chest and a dry harsh cough, you can look for bronchitis, which is often confused with an ordinary cold. It is usually known by aching limbs and body pains, chilly feelings, weariness and weakness, pain in the chest and a tight, tearing cough. Fever, dry skin, thirst, coated tongue and constipation are other symptoms. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine seems almost like a specific for bronchitis because it is so successful in loosening up the cough, aiding expectoration and preventing the inflammation from reaching the lungs. Bronchitis is particularly dreaded because of its tendency to develop into pneumonia and even when this does not result bronchitis is likely to return again and again whenever a slight cold is taken until it wears out even the most vigorous system.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is so prompt in affording relief and so thorough and far reaching in action that it succeeds when ordinary cough medicines have no influence. Mr. James F. Thompson, Yonge Mills, Leeds Co., Ont., writes: "Last winter my two boys were so bad with colds on the chest or bronchitis that they coughed all night and could get no rest or sleep. Several good remedies were tried, but no avail until I was told about Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and this treatment soon cured them." 25 cts. a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.