

erable King. "Brandanes—your noble Prince"—here his grief and agitation interrupted for a moment the fatal information it was his object to convey. At length he resumed his broken speech,—“An axe and a block instantly into the court-yard!—Arrest!”—The word choked his utterance.

“Arrest whom, my noble liege?” said Mac-Louis, who, observing the King influenced by a tide of passion so different from the gentleness of his ordinary demeanor, almost conjectured that his brain had been disturbed by the unusual horrors of the combat he had witnessed.—“Whom shall I arrest, my liege?” he replied. “Here is none but your Grace’s royal brother of Albany.”

“Most true,” said the King, his brief fit of vindictive passion soon dying away. “Most true—none but Albany—none but my parent’s child—none but my brother. O God! enable me to quell the sinful passion which glows in this bosom—*Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!*”

MacLouis cast a look of wonder towards the Duke of Albany, who endeavored to hide his confusion under an affectation of deep sympathy, and muttered to the officer,—

“The great misfortune has been too much for his understanding.”

“What misfortune, please your Grace?” replied MacLouis. “I have heard of none.”

“How!—not heard of the death of my nephew Rothsay?”

“The Duke of Rothsay dead, my Lord of Albany!” exclaimed the faithful Brandane, with the utmost horror and astonishment,—“When, how, and where?”

“Two days since—the manner as yet unknown—at Falkland.”

MacLouis gazed at the Duke for an instant; then with a kindling eye and determined look, said to the King, who seemed deeply engaged in his mental devotion,—“My liege! a minute or two since you left a word—one word—unspoken. Let it pass your lips, and your pleasure is law to your Brandanes!”

“I was praying against temptation, Mac-Louis,” said the heart-broken King, “and you bring it to me. Would you arm a madman with a drawn weapon?—But oh, Albany!—my friend, my brother—my bosom counsellor!—how—how earnest thou by the heart to do this!”

Albany, seeing that the King’s mood was softening, replied with more firmness than before,—“My castle has no barrier against the power of death—I have not deserved the foul suspicions which your Majesty’s words imply. I pardon them, from the distraction of a bereaved father. But I am willing to swear by cross and altar—by my share in salvation, by the souls of our royal parents—”

“Be silent, Robert!” said the King; “add not perjury to murder.—And was this all done to gain a step nearer to a crown and sceptre? Take them to thee at once, man; and mayst thou feel as I have done, that they are both of red-hot

iron!—Oh, Rothsay, Rothsay! thou hast at least escaped being a king!”

“My liege,” said MacLouis, “let me remind you that the crown and sceptre of Scotland are, when your Majesty ceases to bear them, the right of Prince James, who succeeds to his brother’s rights.”

“True, MacLouis,” said the King, eagerly, “and will succeed, poor child, to his brother’s perils! Thanks, MacLouis, thanks—You have reminded me that I have still work upon earth. Get thy Brandanes under arms with what speed thou canst. Let no man go with us whose truth is not known to thee. None in especial who has trafficked with the Duke of Albany—that man, I mean, who calls himself my brother!—and order my litter to be instantly prepared. We will to Dunbarton, MacLouis, or to Bute. Precipices, and tides, and my Brandanes’ hearts, shall defend the child till we can put oceans betwixt him and his cruel uncle’s ambition.—Farewell, Robert of Albany—farewell for ever, thou hard-hearted, bloody man! Enjoy such share of power as the Douglas may permit thee—But seek not to see my face again, far less to approach my remaining child! for, that hour thou dost, my guards shall have orders to stab thee down with their partisans!—MacLouis, look it be so directed.”

The Duke of Albany left the presence without attempting further justification or reply.

What followed is matter of history. In the ensuing Parliament, the Duke of Albany prevailed on that body to declare him innocent of the death of Rothsay, while, at the same time, he showed his own sense of guilt by taking out a remission or pardon for the offence. The unhappy and aged monarch secluded himself in his Castle of Rothsay, in Bute, to mourn over the son he had lost, and watch with feverish anxiety over the life of him who remained. As the best step for the youthful James’s security, he sent him to France to receive his education at the court of the reigning sovereign. But the vessel in which the Prince of Scotland sailed, was taken by an English cruiser; and although there was a truce for the moment betwixt the kingdoms, Henry IV. ungenerously detained him a prisoner. This last blow completely broke the heart of the unhappy King Robert III. Vengeance followed, though with a slow pace, the treachery and cruelty of his brother. Robert of Albany’s own gray hairs went, indeed, in peace to the grave, and he transferred the regency which he had so foully acquired, to his son Murdoch. But, nineteen years after the death of the old King, James I. returned to Scotland, and Duke Murdoch of Albany, with his sons, was brought to the scaffold, in expiation of his father’s guilt and his own.*

* The death of the Duke of Rothsay is not accompanied with the circumstances detailed by later writers in Wynton. The Chronicle of Lochleven says simply:—

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The honest heart that’s free frae fear
Intended fraud or guile,
However Fortune kick the ba’,
Has aye some cause to smile.

BURNS.

We now return to the Fair Maid of Perth, who had been sent from the horrible scene at

“A thousand four hundred yeris and twa,
All before as ye herd done,
Our lord the king’s eldest some,
Suet and vertuous, yong and fair,
And his nerast lauchful ayr,
Honest, habil, and avenand,
Our Lorde, our Prynce, in all plesand,
Cunnand into letterature,
A seymly persone in stature,
Schir Davy Duke of Rothsay,
Of Marche the seyn and twenty day
Yauld his Saule to his Creatoure,
His corse till hollowit Sepulture.
In Landoris his Body lies,
His Spiritie until Paradye.”

B. ix. chap. 23.

The Continuator of Furdon is far more particular, and though he does not positively pronounce on the guilt of Albany, says enough to show that, when he wrote, the suspicion against him was universal; and that Sir John Ramorny was generally considered as having followed the dark and double course ascribed to him in the novel.

“Anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo primo, oblit columna ecclesie robustissima, va eloquentia, thesaurus scientie, ac defensor catholice fidei, dominus Walterus Treyl episcopus S. Andree; et etiam domina Anabella regina apud Eoomam decessit, et sepulta est in Dunfermelyn. Hi enim duo, dum viverent, honorem quasi regni exaltabant; videlicet, principes et magnates in discordiam concitatos ad concordiam revocantes alienigenas et extraneos egregie susceptantes et convivantes, ac munificè dimissos laticantes. Unde quasi proverbialiter tunc dictum exstitit, quòd mortuis reginà Scotie, comite de Douglas, et episcopo Sancti Andree, ablit decus, recessit honor, et honestas oblit Scotie. Eodem anno quarta mortalitas exstitit in regno. Paulo ante dominus rex in consilio deputavit certos consiliarios, valentes barones et milites, juratos ad regendum et consiliandum domitum David Stewart ducem Rothsayensem, comitem de Carrik, et principem regni, quia videbatur regi et consilio quòd inmisceretur se sepius effrenatis lusibus et levioribus ludicris. Propter quod et ipse consilio strictus saniori, juravit se regimini eorum et consilio conformare. Sed mortuà reginà ipsius nobill matre, que cum in multis refrænabat, tanquam laqueus contritus fuisset, speravit se liberatum, et, spreto proborum consilio, denuo in priori levitate se totum dedit. Propter quod consilium procerum sibi assignatum quitabat se regi, et si voluisset, non tamen posse se eum ad gravitatem morum flexisse attestatur. Unde rex impotens et decrepitus eripit fratri suo duci Albanie, gubernatori regni, ut arrestaret, et ad tempus custodia depararetur, donec virgè disciplinæ castigatus, seipsum meliùs cognosceret. Non enim osculatur filium pater, sed aliquando castigat. Sed quod rex proposuit ad filium emendam, tendit ei ad noxam. Nam uterque bajulus litteræ regalis ad gubernatorem de facto ostendit, se incoentorem et instigatorem regi ut taliter demandaret, quod honori alterius obviret, sicut experientia exitus rei patefecit. Domini enim Willelmi Lindsey de Rossy et Johanne. Remorgeny milites, regis familiares et consiliarii, nunciis et portatores erant literarum regis gubernatori: quique etiam, ut dicitur, duci Rothsayensi prius suggererunt, ut, post obitum episcopi Sancti Andree, castrum suum ad eum regis, quousque novus episcopus institueretur, reciperet et servaret: quique ipsum ducem, nihil mali premeditatum, ad castrum Sancti Andree simpliciter, et cum moderata familia, equitatem, inter villam de Nid’ et Stratyrum arres-

Falkland, by order of the Douglas, to be placed under the protection of his daughter, the now widowed Duchess of Rothsay. That lady’s temporary residence was a religious house called Campsie, the ruins of which still occupy a striking situation on the Tay. It arose on the summit of a precipitous rock, which descends on the princely river, there rendered peculiarly remarkable by the cataract called Campsie Linn, where

taverant, et per potentiam eundem ducem ad ipsum castrum Sancti Andree, sibi ad deliberandum paratum, induxerunt, et ibidem in custodia tenuerunt quousque dux Albanie, cum suo consilio apud Culros tento, quod de eo faceret, deliberaverunt. Qui quidem dux Albanie, cum domino Archibaldo II. comite de Douglas, manu validâ ipsum ad turrim de Faulkland, jumento impositum et russeto colloquio chiamidatum transxerant: ubi in quadam honesta camerula eum servandum deputaverunt. In qua tam diu custoditus, scilicet per Johannem Selkirik et Johannem Wrycht, donec dyssenteria, sive ut alii volunt, fame tabefactus, finem vite dedit vij. Kal. Aprilis, in vigilia Pasche, serò, sive in die Pasche summo mane, et sepultus est in Londoris. Præmissus verò Johannes Remorgeny tam principii, quam domini regi, erat consiliarius, andax spiritus, et pronunciatione eloquentissimus, ac in arduis causis prolocutor regis, et casidicus disertissimus: qui, ut dicitur, ante hæc suggestit ipsi principii duci Rothsayensi, ut patrum suum ducem Albanie arrestaret, et, qualicunque occasione nactâ, statim de medio tolleretur: quod facere omnino princeps refutavit. Istud attendens miles, malitie sue fulgine occæcatus, à capitis desiderio nequivit, hujusmodi labe attachatus; quia, ut ait Chrysostomus, ‘Cotroceri omnino nequit animus pravâ senel voluntate vitiatus.’ Et ideo, vice versâ, pallium in alterum humerum convertens, hoc idem maleficium ducem Albanie de nepote suo ducem Rothsayensi facere instruxit; aliâ sine fallo ut assertit, dux Rothsayensis de ipso finem facturus fuisset. Dicitur insuper D. Willelmus Lindsey cum ipso Johanne Remorgeny in eadem sententiam forte consentivit, pro eo quòd dicitur dux Rothsayensis sororem ipsius D. Willelmi Euphemiam de Lindsey affidavit, sed per sequentia aliarum matrimonia attemptata, sicut et fillam comitis Marchie, sic eandem repudiavit. Ipse enim, ut æstimò, est ille David, de quo vates de Brecklynton sic vaticinatus est, dicens;

Peallor gæstis David Luxuria festis,
Quòd tenet uxores uxore suâ meliores,
Deficient mores regales, perdet honores.

Paulo ante captionem suam apparuit mirabilia cometes, emittens ex se radios crinitos ad Aquilonem tendentes. Ad quam visendum cum primò appareret, quodam vespere in castrò de Edinburgh cum aliis ipse dux seddens, fertur ipsum sic de stella disceruisse, dicens: ‘Ut à mathematicis audivi, hujusmodi cometes cum apparet, signat mortem vel mutationem alicujus principis, vel alicujus patriæ destructionem.’ Et sic evenit ut prædixit. Nam, duce capto, statim in præjacentem materiam, sicut Deus voluit, redit stella. In hoc potuit iste dux Sibyllie prophetissæ comparari, de qua sic loquitur Claudianus:

Miror, cur aliis que fata pandere soles,
Ad propriam cladem cæca Sibylla taces.”

The narrative of Boece attaches murder distinctly to Albany. After mentioning the death of Queen Annabella Drummond, he thus proceeds:—

“Be quhals deith, succedit greit displeisr to hir son, David, Duk of Rothsay: for, during hir life, he was halidin in virtuous and honest occupatoun: efter hir deith, he began to rage in all manner of insolence; and fulveyt virgins, matrons, and nunnis, be his unbridillit lust. At last, King Robert, informit of his young and insolent maneris, sent letteris to his brothir, the Duk of Albany, to intertene his said son, the Duk of Rothsay, and to leir him honest and civil maneris. The Duk of Albany, glaid of thir writtings, tuk the Duk of Rothsay betwix Dundee and Sanct Androis, and brocht him to Falkland, and includit him in the tour thairof, but only meit or drink. It is said, aone woman, havand commiseratioun on this Duk, leit meill fall down throw the loftis of the toure: be quhilkis, his life wes certane

Its waters rush tumultuously over a range of basaltic rock, which intercepts the current like a dike erected by human hands. Delighted with a site so romantic, the monks of the Abbey of Cuppar reared a structure there, dedicated to an obscure Saint, named St. Hunnand, and hither they were wont themselves to retire for pleasure or devotion. It had readily opened its gates to admit the noble lady who was its present inmate,

days savit. This woman, fra it was knawin, was put to deith. On the same maner, ane othir woman gaif him milk of hir paup, throw ane lang reid; and wes slane with gret crueltie, fra it was knawin. Than was the Duk destitute of all mortall supplie; and brocht, finalie, to sa miserable and hungry appetite, that he eit, nocht allanerlie the filth of the toure quhare he wes, but his awin fingaris: to his gret marterdome. His body wes beryit in Lundoris, and kithit miraklis mony yeris eftir; quhill, at last, King James the First began to punis his slayaris; and fra that time furth, the miracelis ceisist."

The *Remission*, which Albany and Douglas afterwards received at the hands of Robert III., was first printed by Lord Hailes; and is as follows:—

"Robertus, Dei gratiâ, Rex Scottorum, Universis, ad quorum notitiam presentes literæ pervenerint, Salutem in Domino sempiternam: Cum nuper carissimi nobis, Robertus Albanus Dux, Comes de Fife et de Menteth, frater noster germanus, et Archibaldus Comes de Douglas, et Dominus Galwidie, filius noster secundum legem, ratione filie nostræ quam duxit in uxorem, præcarissimum filium nostram, primogenitum David, quondam ducem Rothsaye ac Comitem de Carrick et Atholite, capi fecerunt, et personaliter arrestari, et in castro Sancti Andree primo custodiri, deinde apud Fancland in custodia detineri, ubi ab hac luce, divinâ providentiâ, et non aliter, migrasse dignoscitur. Quibus componentibus coram nobis, in concilio nostro generali apud Edinburgum, decimo sexto die mensis Maii, anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo secundo, inchoato, et nonnullis diebus continuato, et super hoc interrogatis ex officio nostro regali, sive accusatis, hujusmodi captionem, arrestationem, mortem, ut superius est expressum, confitentes, causas ipsos ad hoc moventes, pro publica, ut asseruerunt, utilitate arctantes, in presentia nostra assignarunt, quas non duximus presentibus incedendas, et ex causâ: Habitâ deinde super hoc diligentibus inquisitione, consideratis omnibus et singulis in hac parte considerandis, hujusmodi causam tangentibus, et maturâ deliberatione concilii nostri præhabita discussis, prænotatos Robertum fratrem nostrum germanum, Archibaldumque filium nostrum secundum jura, et eorum in hac parte participes quoscunque, viz., arrestatores, detentores, custodes, consiliarios, et omnes alios consilium, videlicet, auxilium, vel favorem eisdem præstantes, sive eorum jussum aut mandatum qualitercunque exsequentes, excusatos habemus; necnon et ipsos, et eorum quemlibet, a crimine læsæ majestatis nostræ, vel alio quocunque crimine, culpa, injuria, rancore, et offensa, que eis occasione præmissorum imputari possent qualitercunque, in dicto concilio nostro palam et publicè declaravimus, pronunciamus, et diffinivimus, tenoreque presentium declaramus, pronunciamus, et per hanc diffinitivam nostram sententiam diffinimus, innocentes, innoxios, inculpabiles, quietos, liberos, et immunes, penitus et omnimodo: Et si quam contra ipsos, sive eorum aliquem, aut aliquam vel aliquam, in hoc facto qualitercunque, participes, vel eis quomodolibet adherentes, indignationem, iram, rancorem, vel offensionem, conceptimus qualitercunque, filios proprio motu, ex certa scientia, et etiam ex deliberatione concilii nostri jam dicti, annullamus, removemus, et adnullatos volumus haberi, in perpetuum. Quare omnibus et singulis subditis nostris, cujuscunque status aut conditionis existerint districtè, præcipimus et mandamus, quatenus sæpe dictis Roberto et Archibaldo, eorumque in hoc facto participibus, consentientibus, seu adherentibus, ut præmittitur, verbo non detrahent, neque facto, nec contra eosdem murmurent qualitercunque, unde possit eorum bona fama ledi, vel aliquod præjudicium generari, sub omni pena quæ exinde competere poterit, quomodolibet ipso jure. Datum, sub testimonio magni sigilli nostri, in monasterio Sanctæ Crucis de Edinburgum, vice-

as the country was under the influence of the powerful Lord Drummond, the ally of the Douglas. There the Earl's letters were presented to the Duchess by the leader of the escort which conducted Catharine and the glee-maiden to Campsie. Whatever reason she might have to complain of Rothsay, his horrible and unexpected end greatly shocked the noble lady, and she spent the greater part of the night in indulging her grief, and in devotional exercises.

On the next morning, which was that of the memorable Palm Sunday, she ordered Catharine Glover and the minstrel into her presence. The spirits of both the young women had been much sunk and shaken by the dreadful scenes in which they had so lately been engaged; and the outward appearance of the Duchess Marjory was, like that of her father, more calculated to inspire awe than confidence. She spoke with kindness, however, though apparently in deep affliction, and learned from them all which they had to tell concerning the fate of her erring and inconsiderate husband. She appeared grateful for the efforts which Catharine and the glee-maiden had made, at their own extreme peril, to save Rothsay from his horrible fate. She invited them to join in her devotions; and at the hour of dinner gave them her hand to kiss, and dismissed them to their own refectory, assuring both, and Catharine in particular, of her efficient protection, which should include, she said, her father's, and be a wall around them both, so long as she herself lived.

They retired from the presence of the widowed Princess, and partook of a repast with her duennas and ladies, all of whom, amid their profound sorrow, showed a character of statelyness, which chilled the light heart of the Frenchwoman, and imposed restraint even on the more serious character of Catharine Glover. The friends, for so we may now term them, were fain, therefore, to escape from the society of these persons, all of them born gentlewomen, who thought themselves but ill-assorted with a burgher's daughter and a strolling glee-maiden, and saw them with pleasure go out to walk in the neighborhood of the convent. A little garden, with its bushes and fruit-trees, advanced on one side of the convent, so as to skirt the precipice, from which it was only separated by a parapet built on the ledge of the rock, so low that the eye might easily measure the depth of the crag, and gaze on the conflicting waters which foamed, struggled, and chafed over the reef below.

The Fair Maiden of Perth and her companion walked slowly on a path that ran within this parapet, looked at the romantic prospect, and

simo die mensis Maii prædicti, anno Domini millesimo quadringentesimo secundo, et regni nostri anno tertio decimo."

Lord Hailes sums up his comment on the document with words which, as Pinkerton says, leave no doubt that he considered the Prince as having been murdered, viz: "The Duke of Albany and the Earl of Douglas obtained a remission in terms as if they had actually murdered the heir-apparent."

judged what it must be when the advancing summer should clothe the grove with leaves. They observed for some time a deep silence. At length the gay and bold spirit of the glee-maiden rose above the circumstances in which she had been and was now placed.

"Do the horrors of Falkland, fair May, still weigh down your spirits? Strive to forget them as I do; we cannot tread life's path lightly, if we shake not from our mantles the raindrops as they fall."

"These horrors are not to be forgotten," answered Catharine. "Yet my mind is at present anxious respecting my father's safety; and I cannot but think how many brave men may be at this instant leaving the world, even within six miles of us, or little farther."

"You mean the combat betwixt sixty champions, of which the Douglas's esquerry told us yesterday? It were a sight for a minstrel to witness. But out upon these womanish eyes of mine—they could never see swords cross each other, without being dazzled. But see,—look yonder, May Catharine, look yonder! That flying messenger certainly brings news of the battle."

"Methinks I should know him who runs so wildly," said Catharine—"But if it be him I think of, some wild thoughts are urging his speed."

As she spoke, the runner directed his course to the garden. Louise's little dog ran to meet him, barking furiously, but came back to cower, creep, and growl behind its mistress; for even dumb animals can distinguish when men are driven on by the furious energy of irresistible passion, and dread to cross or encounter them in their career. The fugitive rushed into the garden at the same reckless pace. His head was bare, his hair dishevelled; his rich acton, and all his other vestments, looked as if they had been lately drenched in water. His leathern buskins were cut and torn, and his feet marked the sod with blood. His countenance was wild, naggard, and highly excited, or, as the Scottish phrase expresses it, much *raised*.

"Conachar!" said Catharine, as he advanced, apparently without seeing what was before him, as hares are said to do when severely pressed by the greyhounds. But he stopped short when he heard his own name.

"Conachar," said Catharine, "or rather Eachin MacIain—what means all this?—Have the Clan Quhele sustained a defeat?"

"I have borne such names as this maiden gives me," said the fugitive, after a moment's recollection. "Yes, I was called Conachar when I was happy, and Eachin when I was powerful. But now I have no name, and there is no such clan as thou speak'st of; and thou art a foolish maid to speak of that which is not, to one who has no existence."

"Alas! unfortunate——"

"And why unfortunate, I pray you?" ex-

claimed the youth. "If I am coward and villain, have not villainy and cowardice command over the elements?—Have I not braved the water without its choking me, and trod the firm earth without its opening to devour me? And shall a mortal oppose my purpose?"

"He raves, alas!" said Catharine. "Haste to call some help. He will not harm me; but I fear he will do evil to himself. See how he stares down on the roaring waterfall!"

The glee-woman hastened to do as she was ordered; and Conachar's half-frenzied spirit seemed relieved by her absence. "Catharine," he said, "now she is gone, I will say I know thee—I know thy love of peace, and hatred of war. But hearken—I have, rather than strike a blow at my enemy, given up all that a man calls dearest—I have lost honor, fame and friends; and such friends!" (he placed his hands before his face)—"Oh! their love surpassed the love of woman! Why should I hide my tears?—All woman my shame—all should see my sorrow. Yes, all might see, but who would pity it?—Catharine, as I ran like a madman down the strath, man and woman called shame on me!—The beggar to whom I flung an alms, that I might purchase one blessing, threw it back in disgust, and with a curse upon the coward! Each bell that tolled, rung out, Shame on the recreant caitiff! The brute beasts in their lowing and bleating—the wild winds in their rustling and howling—the hoarse waters in their dash and roar, cried, Out upon the dastard!—The faithful nine are still pursuing me; they cry, with feeble voice, 'Strike but one blow in our revenge, we all died for you!'"

While the unhappy youth thus raved, a rustling was heard in the bushes. "There is but one way!" he exclaimed, springing upon the parapet, but with a terrified glance towards the thicket, through which one or two attendants were stealing, with the purpose of surprising him. But the instant he saw a human form emerge from the cover of the bushes, he waved his hands wildly over his head, and shrieking out, "*Bas air Eachin!*" plunged down the precipice into the raging cataract beneath.

It is needless to say, that aught save thistle-down must have been dashed to pieces in such a fall. But the river was swelled, and the remains of the unhappy youth were never seen. A varying tradition has assigned more than one supplement to the history. It is said, by one account, that the young Captain of Clan Quhele swam safe to shore, far below the Liars of Campsie; and that, wandering disconsolately in the deserts of Rannoch, he met with Father Clement, who had taken up his abode in the wilderness as a hermit, on the principle of the old Culdees. He converted, it is said, the heart-broken and penitent Conachar, who lived with him in his cell, sharing his devotion and privations, till death removed them in succession.

Another wilder legend supposes, that he was snatched from death by the *Daions Shie*, or fairy-

folk; and that he continues to wander through wood and wild, armed like an ancient Highlander, but carrying his sword in his left hand. The phantom appears always in deep grief. Sometimes he seems about to attack the traveller, but, when resisted with courage, always flies. These legends are founded on two peculiar points in his story—his evincing timidity, and his committing suicide; both of them circumstances almost unexampled in the history of a Mountain Chief.

When Simon Glover, having seen his friend Henry duly taken care of in his own house in Curfew Street, arrived that evening at the Place of Campsie, he found his daughter extremely ill of a fever, in consequence of the scenes to which she had lately been a witness, and particularly the catastrophe of her late playmate. The affection of the glee-maiden rendered her so attentive and careful a nurse, that the Glover said it should not be his fault if she ever touched late again, save for her own amusement.

It was some time ere Simon ventured to tell his daughter of Henry's late exploits, and his severe wounds; and he took care to make the most of the encouraging circumstance, that her faithful lover had refused both honor and wealth, rather than become a professed soldier, and follow the Douglas. Catharine sighed deeply, and shook her head at the history of bloody Palm Sunday on the North Inch. But apparently she had reflected that men rarely advance in civilisation or refinement beyond the ideas of their own age, and that a headlong and exuberant courage, like that of Henry Smith, was, in the iron days in which they lived, preferable to the deficiency which had led to Conachar's catastrophe. If she had any doubts on the subject, they were removed in due time by Henry's protestations, so soon as restored health enabled him to plead his own cause.

"I should blush to say, Catharine, that I am even sick of the thoughts of doing battle. Yonder last field showed carnage enough to glut a

tiger. I am therefore resolved to hang up my broadsword, never to be drawn more unless against the enemies of Scotland."

"And should Scotland call for it," said Catharine, "I will buckle it round you."

"And, Catharine," said the joyful Glover, "we will pay largely for soul masses for those who have fallen by Henry's sword; and that will not only cure spiritual flaws, but make us friends with the Church again."

"For that purpose, father," said Catharine, "the hoards of the wretched Dwining may be applied. He bequeathed them to me, but I think you would not mix his base blood-money with your honest gains!"

"I would bring the plague into my house as soon," said the resolute Glover.

The treasures of the wicked apothecary were distributed accordingly among the four monasteries; nor was there ever after a breath of suspicion concerning the orthodoxy of old Simon or his daughter.

Henry and Catharine were married within four months after the battle of the North Inch, and never did the corporations of the glovers and the hammermen trip their sword-dance so fealty as at the wedding of the boldest burghess and brightest maiden in Perth. Ten months after, a gallant infant filled the well-spread cradle, and was rocked by Louise, to the tone of

Bold and True
In bonnet blue.

The names of the boy's sponsors are recorded, as "Ane Hie and Michty Lord, Archibald Erl of Douglas, ane Honorabil and gude Knight, Schir Patrick Charteris of Kinfauns, and ane Gracious Princess, Marjory, Dowaire of his Serene Highness David, umquhile Duke of Rothsay." Under such patronage a family rises fast; and several of the most respected houses in Scotland, but especially in Perthshire, and many individuals, distinguished both in arts and arms, record with pride their decent from the *Gow Chrom* and the *Fair Maid of Perth*.

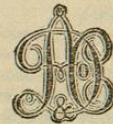
END OF THE FAIR MAID OF PERTELE.

WOODSTOCK.

A ROMANCE

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART



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