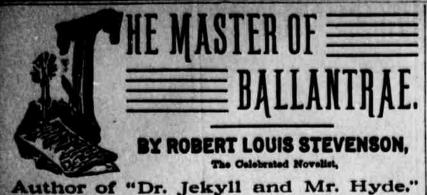
## THE LANCOASTUR DATING INVERINGENDER, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 10



CHAPTER L

MARY OF BARLIER EVENTS DURING THE STER'S WANT

natter is what long been looking for and public curi ceity is sure to wel come. It so befell that I was Inti-- inter mately mingled with the last years and history of the and there does not live one man so able as my self to make th matters plain, or so desirous to narrate

HE full truth

faithfully. I know the them faithfully. I know the master; on many secret steps of his career I have an au-mentio memoir in my hand. I sailed with him on his last voyage almost alone, I nucle one upon that wintests journey of which so many takes have gone abroad, and I was bers at the man's death. As for my late Lord Durrisdeer, I served him and loved him near twenty years, and thought more of him here I knew of him. Altogether, I think the more I knew of him. Altogether, I think it not fit that so much evidence should per-ish; the truth is a debt I owe my lord's mem-ory, and I think my old years will flow more smoothly and my white hair lie quieter on the pillow when the debt is paid. The Duries of Durrisdeer and Ballantrae were a strong family in the southwest from the days of David I. A rhyme still current in the country side:

e country side: <u>Eitile folk are the Durrisdeers,</u> They ride wi' ower mony spears— are the mark of its antiquity; and the name

appears in another, which common report attributes to Thomas of Ercildoune himself-I cannot say how truly, and which some have applied—I dare not say with how much function—to the events of this narration:

Twa Duries in Durrisdeer. Ane to tie and ane to ride, An III day for the groum And a waur day for the bride. thentic history besides is filled with their its, which (to our modern eyes) seem not rery commendable; and the family suffered its full share of those ups and downs to which the great houses of Scotland have been ever liable. But all these I pass over, to come to

thest memorable year 1745, when the rounda-tions of this tragedy were laid. At that time there dwelt a family of four persons in the house of Durrisdeer, near St. Bride's, on the Solway shore—a chief hold of their race since the Reformation. My aid hord, eighth of the name, was not old in years, lord, eighth of the name, was not old in years, he suffered prematurely from the disabil-sof age; his place was at the chimney. There he sat reading, in a lined gown. with few words for any man and wry word for none, the model of an old retired house where i and yet his mind very well nourished with study, and reputed in the country to be more cunning than he seened. The Master of Ballantrae, James in baptism, took from his father the love of serious reading; some of his fact perhaps as well, but that which was only policy in the father became black dissimulation in the son. The face of his bedissimulation in the son. The face of his be-havior was merely popular and wild: he sat late at wine, later at the cards; had the name in the country of "an unco man for the lasses," and was ever in the front of broils. But for all he was the first to go in, yet it was observed he was invariably the best to come off, and his partners in mischief were usu-ally alone to pay the piper. This luck or destrictly got him several ill wishers, but with the rest of the country enhanced his result on, so that great things were looked utation, so that great things were looked in his future, when he should have gained more gravity. One very black mark he had to his name, but the matter was hushed up at the time, and so defaced by legends before I came into those parts that I scruple to set it vn. If it was true it was a horrid fact in one so young, and if false it was a horrid cal-umny. I think it notable that he had always vaunted himself quite implacable, and was taken at his word; so that he had the addi-tion among his neighbors of "an ill man to cross." Here was altogether a young noble man (not yet 34 in the year '45) who had made a figure in the country beyond his time of life. The less marvel if there were little and of the second son, Mr. Henry (my late Lord Durrisdeer), who was neither very bad nor yet very able, but an honest, solid sort of lad like many of his neighbors. Little heard, I my; but indeed it was a case of little spo ken He was known among the salmon luously followed; he was an excellen good horse doctor besides, and took a chief hand, almost from a boy, in the management of the estates. How hard a part that was, in uation of that family, none knows bet ter than myself, nor yet with how little color e a man may there acquire the repuof justice a man may there acquire the repu-tation of a tyrant and a miser. The fourth person in the house was Miss Alison Graeme, a near kinswoman, an orphan, and the heir to a considerable fortune which her father had acquired in trade. This money was led for by my lord's necessit oudly called for by my lorg a notzaged, and lood the land was designed accordingly to be Miss Allson was designed accordingly to her side, the master's wife, gladly enough on her side with how much good will on his is anothe matter. She was a comely girl, and in those days very spirited and self willed; for the old lord having no daughter of his own, and my lady being long dead, she had grown up sent she might. To these four came the news of Prince Charlie's landing, and set them presently by the cars. My lord, like the chimney keeper that he was, was all for temporizing. Miss Alison held the other side because it appeared romantical; and the master (though I have beard they did not agree often) was for this once of her opinion. The adventure tempted him, as I conceive; he was tempted by the opportunity to raise the fortunes of the se, and not less by the hope of paying off his private liabilities, which were heavy be youd all opinion. As for Mr. Henry, it ap wars he said little enough at first; his part later on. It took the three a who day's disputation before they agreed to steer sourse, one son going forth to strike a middle course, one son going forth to strike a blow for King James, my lord, and the other theying at bome to keep in favor with King George. Doubtless this was my lord's decision; and, as is well known, it was the part played by many considerable families But the one dispute settled, another opened. For my lord, Miss Alison and Mr. Henry all held the one view: that it was the cadet's part to go out; and the master, what with ess and vanity, would at no rate connt to stay at home. My lord pleaded, Miss fillion wept, Mr. Henry was very plain sposen; all was of no avail. direct heir of Durrisdeer that id ride by his king's bridle," says the "If we were playing a manly part," says br. Henry, "there might be sense to such talk. But what are we doing! Cheating at arda?"

"I say this, Harry," returned the master, "that when very obstinate folk are met there are only two ways out: Blows-and I think

none of us could care to go so far; or the ar-bitrament of chance-and here is a guines piece. Will you stand by the toss of the coinf"

at gift of silence. Presently he car

"I am the cadet and I should go," said b

"And my lord here is the master, and he save

I shall go. What say ye to that, my bro

coinf" "I will stand and fall by it," said Mr. Henry. "Heads, I go; shield, I stay." The coin was spun and it fell shield. "Bo there is a lesson for Jacob," says the master. "We shall live to repent of this," says Mr. Henry, and fung out of the hall. As for Miss Alison, she caught up that piece of gold which had just sont her lover to the wave and fung if clean threads the the wars, and flung it clean through th family shield in the great painted window.

"If you loved me as well as I love you, you would have stayed," cried she. "I could not love you, dear, so well, loved

I not boner more," sung the master. "Oh!" she cried, "you have no heart; I hope you may be killed!" and she ran from

the room, and in tears, to her own chamber It seems the master turned to my lord with his most comical manner, and says he, "This looks like a devil of a wife."

"I think you are a devil of a son to me," cried his father, "you that has always been the favorite, to my shame be it spoken. Never a good hour have I gotten of you since you were born; no, never one good hour," and repeated it again the third time. Whether it was the master's levity, or his in-subordination, or Mr. Henry's word about the favorite son, that had so much disturbed

my lord, I do not know; but I incline think it was the last, for I have it by all ac counts that Mr. Henry was more made up to from that hour. Altogether it was in pretty ill blood with

his family that the master rode to the north; which was the more sorrowful for others to remember when it seemed too late. By fear and favor he had scraped together near upon a dozen men, principally tenants' sons; they were all pretty full when they set forth, and rode up the hill by the old abbey, roaring and singing, the white cockade in every bat. It was a desperate venture for so sinall a company to cross the most of Scotland unsupported; and (what made folk think so the more) even as that poor dozen was clattering up the bill, a great ship of the king's navy, that could have brought them under with single boat, lay with her broad ensign stream-ing in the bay. The next afternoon, having given the master a fair start, it was Mr Henry's turn; and he rode off, all by himself to offer his sword and carry letters from hi father to King George's government. Miss Alison was shut in her room and did little but weep, till both were gone; only she

stitched the cockade on the master's hat and (as John Paul told me) it was wetted with tears when he carried it down to him. In all that followed, Mr. Henry and m old lord were true to their bargain. That ever they accomplished anything is more than I could learn; and that they were any way strong on the king's side, more than believe. But they kept the letter of loyalty. corresponded with my lord president, sat still at home, and had little or no commerce with the master while that business lasted. Not was he, on his side, more communicative Miss Alison, indeed, was always sending him expresses, but I do not know if she had many answers. Macconochie rode for her once, and found the Highlanders before Cariisle, and the master riding by the prince's side in high favor; he took the letter (so Maccono chie tells), opened it, glanced it through with a mouth like a man whistling, and stuck it in belt, whence, on his horse passageing, it

fell unregarded to the ground. It was Mac

Jurrisdeer, to the change house, and if they

had little left of the guinea, they had less of

heir wits. What must John Paul do but

burst into the hall where the family sat at

immer, and cry the news to them that "Tam

Macmorland was but new lichtit at the door,

nd-wirra, wirra-there were name to com-

They took the word in silence like folk con

lammed; only Mr. Henry carrying his palm o his face, and Miss Alison laying her head

outright upon her hands. As for my lord

"I have still one son," says he. "And, Henry, I will do you this justice, it is the kinder that is left."

It was a strange thing to say in such a me

ment; but my lord had never forgotten Mi-Henry's speech, and he had years of injustice

on his conscience. Btill it was a strange thing; and more than Miss Alison could let

pass. She broke out and blamed my lord for his unnatural words, and Mr. Henry, because

he was sitting there in safety when his brother lay dead, and herself, because she

had given her sweethcart ill words at his de parture; calling him the flower of the flock,

wringing per hands, protesting her love and

crying on him by his name; so that the ser-

ance stood astenialed. Mr. Henry got to his feet and stood hold-

ing his chair; it was he that was like ashes

"Oh," he gurst out suddenly, "I know you

or the estates; and the one brother being

dead, my old lord soon set his heart upon her marrying the other. Day in, day out, he

would work upon her, sitting by the chimney side with his finger in his Latin book, and his

eyes set upon her face with a kind of pleasant intentness that became the old gentleman

very well. If she went, he would condole

with her, like an ancient man that has seen

worse times and begins to think lightly even

of sorrow; if she raged, he would fall to reading again in his Latin book, but always

with some civil excuse; if she offered (as she

often did to let them have her money in a

gift, he would show her how little it consisted

consent, that Mr. Henry would cer-

with his honor, and remind her, even if he

hind him!

now.

loved him!

n both sides.

bluode

tainly refuse

was like ashes.

it, and indeed I have seen it in his hands.

for that matter, she was bermit filled with the spirit of the Duries, and would have gone a great way for the glory of Durrisdeer, but not so far, I think, as to marry my poor patron, had it not been otrangely enough) for the circumstance of his extreme unpopu-tation.

for the circumstance of his extreme suppor-iarity. This was the work of Tam Macmorland. There was not much harm in Tam; but he had that grisvous weakness, a long tongue; and as the only man in that country who had been out (or rather who had come in again) he was sure of listeners. Those that have the underhand in any fighting, I have observed, are ever anxious to persuade them-why they wars intraved. By Tam's ac-

observed, are over anxious to persuade them-solves they were betrayed. By Tam's ac-count of it, the rebels had been betrayed at overy turn and by every officer they had; they had been betrayed at Derby, and be-trayed at Falkirk; the night march was a step of treachery of my Lord George's; and Childden was lost by the treachery of the Macdonalds. This habit of finputing treason grow upon the fool, till at last he must have in Mr. Henry size. Mr. Henry (by his ac-count) had betrayed the lads of Durrisdeer; he had promised to follow with more men, and instead of that he had ridden to King George. George. "Ay, and the next day!" Tam would cry.

less, and there's mony a cauld corp amang the Hieland heather!" And at this, if Tam had been drinking, he would begin to weep. Let any one speak long enough he will get believers. This view of Mr. Henry's behavior

believers. This view of Mr. Henry's behavior crept about the country by little and little; it was talked upon by folk that knew the contrary but were short of topics; and it was heard and believed and given out for gospel by the ignorant and the ill willing. Mr. Henry began to be shumed; yet awhile, and the commons began to murmur as he went by, and the women (who are always the most because they are the most safe) to cry

out their reproaches to his face. The master was cried up for a saint. It was remembered how he had never had any hand in pressing the tenants; as, indeed, n more he had, except to spend the money. H was a little wild perhaps, the folks said; but how much better was a natural, wild lad that would soon have settled down, than a skin flint and a sneckdraw, sitting, with his nose in an account book, to persecute poor teu-ants. One trollop, who by all accounts had been very badly used by the master, yet made herself a kind of champion of his memory. She flung a stone one day at Mr. Henry. "Whau's the bonnie lad that trustit ye?"

she cried. Mr. Henry reined in his horse and looked

upon her, the blood flowing from his lip. "Ay, Jess?" says he. "You, too? And yet ye should ken me better." For it was he who had helped her with money. The woman had another stone ready, which

she made as if she would cast, and he, to ward himself, threw up the hand that h his riding rod. "What, would ye beat a lassie, ye

sie Broun within an inch of her life. I give it as one instance of how this snowball grew, and one calumny brought another, until my poor patron was so perished in reputation that he began to keep the house like my lord. Af this while, you may be sure he uttered complaints at home; the very ground of the dal was too sore a matter to be handled and Mr. Henry was very proud and strangely obstinate in silence. My old lord must have heard of it, by John Paul, if by no one else; and he must at least have remarked the altered habits of his son. Yet even he, it is probable, knew not how high the feeling ran; and as for Miss Allison, she was ever the last person to hear news, and the least interested when the heard them. In the beight of the ill-feeling (for it died

away as it came, no man could say why) there was an election forward in the town of St. Bride's, which is the next to Durrisdeer, standing on the Water of Swift; some gries ance was fermenting, 1 forget what, if ever heard, and it was currently said there would be broken heads ere night, and that the sheriff had sent as far as Dumfries for sol-diers. My lord moved that Mr. Henry should be present, assuring him it was neces-sary to appear for the credit of the house. "It will soon be reported," said he, "that w do not take the lead in our own country."

"It is a strange lead that I can take," said Mr. Henry; and when they had pushed him conochie who picked it up; and he still kept further, "I tell you the plain truth," he said, 'I dare not show my face.

its family portraits, and the pargetted with pendants, and the carved chims one corner of which my old lord ast r in his Livy. He was like Mr. Henry much the same plain countenance, only more subtle and pleasant, and his talk a thousand times more entertaining. He had many questions to ask me, I remember, of Edin-burgh college, where I had just received my mastership of arts, and of the various pro-fessors, with whom and their proficiency he seemed well acquainted; and thus, talking of things that I knew, I soon got liberty of speech in my new home. in my new home. In the midst of this came Mrs. Henry into

the room; this was before the birth of Miss Katharine. She used me with more of contine. She used me with more of con don than the rest; I kept her in the

descention than the rest: I kept her in the third place of my esteem. It did not take long before all Pate Mao morland's take were blotted out of my be-lief, and I was become, what I have over since remained, a loving servant of the house of Durriscieer. Mr. Henry had the chief part of my affection. It was with him I worked and I found him an exacting master, keep-ing all his kindness for those hours in which we were unemployed, and in the steward's office not only loading me with work, but viewing me with a shrewd supervision. At length one day he looked up from his paper with a kind of timidness, and says he, "Mr. Mackellar, I think f ought to tell you that you do very well." That was my first word of commendation, and from that day his jeal ousy of my performance was relaxed; soon t was "Mr. Mackellar" here and Mackeliar" there with the whole famil for much of my service at Durrisdeer transacted everything at my own time and to my own fancy, and never a farthing chal

enged. Even while he was driving me, I had be Even while he was driving me, I had be gun to find my heart go out to Mr. Henry no doubt partly in pity, he was a man so pal pably unhappy. He would fall into a deep muse over our accounts, staring at the page or out of the window; and at those times the look of his face, and the sigh that would break from him awoke in me strong feelings of curiosity and commiseration. One day, I remember, we were late upon some busi ness in the steward's room. This room is in the top of the house and has a view upon the the top of the house and has a view upon the bay, and over a little wooded cape, on the long sands; and there, right over against the sun which was then dipping, we saw the free traders with a great force of men and horse scouring on the beach. Mr. Henry had been staring straight west, so that I marveled was not blinded by the sun; suddenly he frowns, rubs his hand upon his brow, and

turns to me with a smile. "You would not guess what I was think ing," says he, "I was thinking I would be a happier man if I could ride and run the langer of my life with these lawles

I told him I had observed he did not enjoy good spirits; and that it was a common fancy to envy others and think we should be the better of some change; quoting Horace to the point, like a young man fresh from college. "Why, just so," said he. "And with that

we may get back to our accounts." It was not long before I began to get wind of the causes that so much depressed him. Indeed a blind man must have soon discovered that there was a shadow on that house, the shadow of the Master of Ballantrae. Dead or alive (and he was then supposed to be dead that man was his brother's rival; his riva abroad, where there was never a good word for Mr. Henry and nothing but regret and praise for the master; and his rival at home not only with his father and his wife, but with the very servants.

They were two old serving men that wer the leaders. John Paul, a little, bald, solemu stomachy man, a great professor of piety and (take him for all in all) a pretty faithful servant, was the chief of the master's faction vant, was the chief of the master's faction. None durst go so far as John. He took s pleasure in disregarding Mr. Henry publicly, often with a slighting comparison. My lord and Mrs. Henry took him up, to be sure, but never so resolutely as they should; and he had only to pull his weeping face and begin his lamentations for the master-"his laddi as he called him-to have the whole co doned. As for Henry, he let these thing pass in silence, sometimes with a sad an sometimes with a black look. There was n rivaling the dead, he knew that; and how to censure an old serving man for a fault of loyalty was more than he could see. His was not the tongue to do it.

Macconochie was chief upon the other side an old, ill-spoken, swearing, ranting, drunken dog; and I have often thought it an odd cirstance in human nature that these two serving men should each have been the champion of his contrary, and blackened their own faults and made light of their own virtues when they beheld them in a master Macconochie had soon smelled out my secret inclination, took me much into his confidence and would rant against the master by the My old lord was uniformly kind to Mr Henry; he had even pretty ways of grati-tude, and would sometimes clap him on the shoulder and say, as if to the world at large This is a very good son to me." And grate ful he was no doubt, being a man of sense and justice. But I think that was all, and I am sure Mr. Henry thought so. The love was all for the dead son. Not that this was often given breath to; indeed with me but once. My lord had asked me one day how I got on with Mr. Henry, and I had told him the truth. "Ay," said he, looking sideways on the burning fire, "Henry is a good lad, a very good lad," said he. "You have heard, Mr. Mackellar, that I had another son! I am afraid he was not so virtuous a lad as Mr. Henry; but dear me, he's dead, Mr. Mackellar! and while he lived we were all very proud of him, all very proud. If he was not all he should have been in some ways, well, perhaps we loved him better!" This last he said looking musingly in the fire; and then to me, with a great deal of briskness, "But I am rejoiced you do so well with Mr. Henry. You will find him a good master." And with that he opened his book, which was the customary signal of on. But it would be little read and less that he understood: Culloden field and the master, these would be the burden of his thought; and the burden of mine was an unnatural jealousy of the dead man for Mr. Henry's sake, that had even then begun I am keeping Mrs. Henry for the last, so that this expression of my sentiment may seem unwarrantably strong: the reader shall judge for himself when I am done. But I must first tell of another matter, whiel was the means of bringing me more intimate. I had not yet been six months at Durrisdeer when it chanced that John Paul fell sick and must keep his bed; drink was the root of his malady, in my poor thought: but he was tended and indeed carried himself like an afflicted saint; and the very minister who came to visit him professed hi self edi fied when he went away. The third morn-ing of his sickness Mr. Henry comes to me with something of a hang-dog look. "Mackellar," says he, "I wish I could trouble you upon a little service. There is a pension we pay; it is John's part to carry it, and now that he is sick I know not to whe I should look unless it was yourself. The matter is very delicate: I could not carry it with my own hand for a sufficient reason; I dare not send Macconochie, who is a talker and I am-I have-I am desirous this should not come to Mrs. Henry's cars," says he, and flushed to his neck as he said it, To say truth, when I found I was to carry money to one Jessie Broun, who was no better than she should be, I supposed it was some trip of his own that Mr. Henry was dissembling. I was the more impressed when the truth came out. It was up a wynd off a side street in St. Bride's that Jessie had her lodging. The place was very ill inhabited, mostly ree trading sort. There was a man with a broken head at the entry; half way up, in a tavern, fellows were roaring and singing, though it was not yet 9 in the day. Alto gether I had never seen a worse neighborhood even in the great city of Edinburgh and I was in two minds to go back. Jessie's room was of a piece with her surroundings and herself no better. She would not give me the receipt (which Mr. Henry had told me to demand, for he was very methodical) until she had sent out for spirits and I had pledged her in a glass; and all the time she carried on in a light headed, reckles: way, now aping the manners of a lady, now breaking into unseemly mirth, now making coqualtish advances that oppressed me to the ground. Of the money she spoke more tragi

bounds lad!" She had a rapt manner of crying on the bonnie lad, clasping her hands and casting up her eyes, that I think she must have learned of strolling players; and I thought her sor-row very much of an affectation, and that she dwelled upon the business because her shane was now all she had to be proud of. I will not say I did not pity her, but it was a loathing pity at the best, and her last change of manner wiped it out. This was when she had had soough of me for an audience, and had set her name at last to the receipt. "There?" mys she, and taking the most un womanly oaths upon her tongue, bade me begone and carry it to the Judas who had sent me. It was the first time I had heard the name applied to Mr. Henry; I was stag-gered besides at her sudden vehesmence of word and manner, and got forth from the poon, under this shower of curse, like a besten dog. But even then I was not quit; for the vizen threw up her window and, beaning forth, continued to revie me as I went up the wynd; the free traders, coming went up the wynd; the free traders, comin to the tavern door, joined in the mockery and one had even the inhumanity to set upo me a very savage, small dog, which bit min the ankle. This was a strong lesson, had required one, to avoid ill company, and I rode home in much pain from the bits and consid-erable indignation of mind.

Mr. Henry was in the steward's room, af-

Mr. Henry was in the staward's room, af-fecting employment, but I could see he was only impatient to bear of my errand. "Well," says he, as scon as I came in, and when I had told him something of what passed, and that Jossie scened an undeserv-ing woman and far from grateful: "She is no friend to me," he said; "but indeed, Mac-kellar, I have few friends to boast of; and loads a come some to boast of; and Jessie has some cause to be unjust. I need not dissemble what all the country knows she was not very well used by one of our family." This was the first time I had heard him refer to the master, even distantly; and I think he found his tongue rebellious, even for that much; but presently he resuned: "This is why I would have nothing said. It would give pain to Mrs. Henry—and to my father." he added with another flush. "Why, there it is, you see!" said Mr. Hen-ry. "And you are to remember that I knew her one a very decent law. Basidae which

her once a very decent insa. Besides which, although I speak little of my family, I think much of its repute." And with that he broke up the talk, which

was the first we had together in such confi-dence. But the same afternoon I had the proof that his father was perfectly acquainted with the business, and that it was only from his wife that Mr. Henry kept it secret "I fear you had a painful errand today,"

says my lord to me, "for which, as it enter says my lord to me, "for which, as it enters in no way among your duties, I wish to thank you, and to remind you at the same time fin case Mr. Henry should have neglected; how very desirable it is that no word of it should reach my daughter. Reflections on the doa Mr. Mackellar, are doubly painful."

Anger glowed in my heart; and I could have told my load to his face how little he had to do, bolstering up the image of the dead in Mrs. Henry's heart, and how much

small things, not one great enough in itself to be narrated, and to translate the story of looks, and the message of voices when they are saying no great matter, and to put in half a page the essence of near eighteen months, this is what I despair to accomplish. The fault, to be very blunt, lay all in Mrs. Henry. She felt it a merit to have consented to the marriage, and she took it like a mar-tyrdom, in which my old lord, whether he heave it or not formatted her. She made a knew it or not, fomented her. She made merit, besides, of her constancy to the dead though its name, to a nicer conscience, should have seemed rather disloyalty to the living and here also my lord gave her his counter nance. I suppose he was glad to talk of his lors, and ashamed to dwell on it with Mr. Henry. Certainly, at least, he made a little coterie apart in that family of three, and it was the husband who was shut out.

It seems it was an old custom when the family were alone in Durrisdeer that my lord should take his wine to the chimney side, and Miss Allison, instead of withdrawing, should bring a stool to his knee and chatter to him privately; and after she had become my pa-tron's wife the same manner of doing was continued. It should have been pleasant to behold this ancient gentleman so loving with his daughter, but I was too much a partisan of Mr. Henry's to be anything but wroth at his exclusion. Many's the time 1 have seen

"Well," said 1, maining & filter, "I will see

what he wants." I found in the entrance hall a big man, very plainly habited and wrapped in a see cloak, like one new landed, as indeed he was. Not far off Macconochie was standing, with his tongue out of his mouth and his hand upon his chin, like a dull fellow thinking hard; and the stranger, who had brought his cloak about his face, appeared uneasy. He had no sconer seen me couling than he went to meet me with an effusive manner. "My dear man," and he, "a thousand apot-

to meet me with an affusive manner. "Hy dear man," said he, "a thousand apol-ogies for disturbing you, but I'm in the most awkward position. And there's a son of a ramrod there that I should know the looks of, and more betoken I belisve that be knows mine. Being in this family, sir, and in a place of some responsibility (which was the cause I took the liberty to send for you), you are doubtless of the honest party?" "You may be sure, at least," says I, "that all of that party are quite safe in Durris-deer."

"My dear man, it is my very the

"My dear man, it is my very thought," mays he. "You see, I have just been set on shore here by a very honest man, whose name I cannot remember, and who is to stand off and on for me till morning, at some danger to binnelf; and, to be clear with you, I am a little concerned lest it should be at some to me. I have saved my life so often, Mr.-I forget your name, which is a very good one --that, faith, I would be very loath to lose it after all. And the son of a ramrod, whom I beliars I are before Carlial"----

"Oh, sir," said I, "you can trust Maccon-ochie until to-morrow." "Well, and it's a delight to hear you say so," says the stranger. "The truth is that my name is not a very suitable one in this country of Scotland. With a gentleman like you, my dear man, I would have no conceal-ments of course; and, by your leave, Fil just breathe it in your ear. They call me Fran-cis Burke-Col. Francis Burke; and I am here, at a most damnable risk to myself, to me your masters-if youll excure me, my here, at a most damnable risk to taysell, to see your masters—if you'll excure me, my good man, for giving them the name, for I'm sure it's a circumstance I would never have guessed from your appearance. And if you would just be so very obliging as to take my name to them, you might say that I come bearing letters which I am sure they will be very reloced to have the reading of."

very rejoiced to have the reading of." Col. Francis Burke was one of the prince's Irishmen, that did his cause such an infinity of hurt, and were so much distasted of the Scots at the time of the reballion; and it cons at the time of the rebellion; and it came at once into my mind how the Master of Ballantras had astoniabed all men by going with that party. In the same moment a strong foreboding of the truth possessed my

"If you will step in here," said I, opening chamber door, "I will let my lord know." "And I am sure it's very good of you, Mr.

What-is-your-name," says the colonel. Up to the hall I went, slow footed. There they were, all three, my old lord in his place Mrs. Henry at work by the window, Mr Henry (as was much his custom) pacing the low end. In the midst was the table laid for supper. I told them briefly what I had to say. My old lord lay back in his seat. Mrs. Henry sprung up standing with a mechanical motion, and she and her husband stared at each other's eyes across the room; it stranged, and as they look these two ex-changed, and as they looked the color faded in their faces. Then Mr. Henry turned to me, not to speak, only to sign with his finger; but that was enough, and I went down again for the solucid

for the colonel. When we returned, these three were in much the same position I had left them in. J believe no word had passed.

believe no word had passed. "My Lord Durrisdeer, no doubt?" says the colonel, bowing, and my lord bowed in answer. "And this," continues the colonel, "should be the Master of Ballantrae?"

"I have never taken that name," said Mr. Henry; "but I am Henry Durie, at your ser-

Then the colonel turns to Mrs. Henry, bow ing with his hat upon his heart and the most killing airs of gallantry. "There can be no mistake about so fine a figure of a lady," says he. "I address the seductive Miss Alison, o whom I have so often heard!" Once more husband and wife exchanged

"I am Mrs. Henry Durie," said she; "but before my marriage my name was Alison Graeme,

Then my lord spoke up. "I am an old man, Col. Burke," said he, "and a frail one. It will be mercy on your part to be expedi-tious. Do you bring me news of"-he hest-tated, and then the words broke from him with a singular change of voice-"my son? "My dear lord, I will be round with you

like a soldier," said the colonel. "I do." My lord held out a wavering hand;

extract here, so that it I put in my first extract here, so that i stand in the place of what the cheval-us over our wine in the hall of Durr but you are to suppose it was not the fact, but a very varnished version th offered to my lord.

CHAPTER IV. THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS, FROM THE ME MOIRS OF THE CHEVALLER DE SURFE.

> LEFT Buthver rdly neces (it's with much gree had come to it; but whether I missed my way in the des-erts,or whether my erts,or whether my companions failed me, I soon found myself alone. This was a predicament very disagreeable; stood this horrid

country or savage people, and the last stroke of the prince's withdrawal had made us of the Irish more unpopular than ever. I was reflecting on my poor chances when I saw another horsenan on the hill, whom I sup-posed at first to have been a phantom, the news of his death in the very front at Cullodan being current in the army generally. This was the Master of Ballantrae, my Lord Durrisdeer's son, a young nobleman of the rarest gallantry and parts, and equally de-signed by nature to adorn a court and to reap laurels in the field. Our meeting was the more welcome to both, as he was one of the few Scots who had used the Irish with consideration and as he might now be of very high utility in aiding my escape. Yet what founded our particular friendship was a cir-cumstance by itself, as romantic as any fable

of King Arthur. This was on the second day of our flight, after we had slept oue night in the rain upon the inclination of a mountain. There was an Appin man, Alan Black Stewart, who chanced to be passing the same way, and had a jeal-ousy of my companion. Very uncivil ex-pressions were exchanged, and Stewart calls

"Why, Mr. Stewart," says the master, "I think at the present time I would prefer to run a race with you." And with the word claps spurs to his horse. Biewart ran after us-a childish thing to

do-for more than a mile; and I could not help laughing as I looked back at last and saw him on a hill, holding his hands to his

saw him on a hill, holding his hands to his side and nearly burst wish running. "But all the same," I could not help saying to my compainion, "I would let no man run after me for any such proper purpose and not give him his desire. It was a good jest, but

give him his desire. It was a good jest, out it smells a triffe cowardly." Ho bent his brows at me, "I do pretty well," says he, "when I saddle myself with the most unpopular man in Scotland, and let that suffice for courage." "Oh, bedad," says I, "I could show you a

more unpopular with the naked eye. And if you like not my company you can 'saddle'

yourself on some one else." "Col. Burke," says he, "do not let us quar-rel; and to that effect let me assure you I am the least patient man in the world."

the least patient man in the world." "I am as little patient as yourself," said I. "I care not who knows that." "At this rate," said he, reining in, "we shall not go very far. And I propose we do one of two things upon the instant: either quarrel and be done, or make a sure bargain to bear everything at each other's hands."

"Like a pair of brothers?" said L

"I said no such foolishness," he replied. "I have a brother of my own, and I think no more of him than of a colewort. But if are to have our noses rubbed together in this course of flight, let us each dare to be ourscives like savages, and each swear that he will neither resent nor deprecate the other. I am a pretty bad fellow at bottom, and I

I am a pretty bad fellow at bottom, and I find the pretense of virtues very irksome." "Oh, I am as bad as yourself," said I. "There is no skim milk in Francis Burke. But which is it to be? Fight or make friends? "Why," says he, "I think it will be the

best manner to spin a coin for it." This proposition was too highly chivalrous not to take my fancy; and, strange as it may seem of two well born gentlemen of today, we spun a half crown (like a pair of ancient paladins) whether we were to cut each other's throats or be sworn friends. A more roman-tic circumstance can rarely have occurred; and it is one of those points in my memoirs by which we may see the old tales of Homer

nd the poets are equally of the noble and genteel. The coin fell for peace, and we shook hands upon our bargain. And then it was that my companion explained to me his thought in running away from Mr. Stewart, which was certainly worthy of his political intellect. The report of his death, he said, was a great guard to him; Mr. Stewart having recognized him, had become a danger, and he had taken the briefest road to that gentleman's silence. "For," says he, "Alan Black is too vain a man to narrate any such story of himself." Toward afternoon we came down to the shores of that loch for which we were heading; and there was the ship but newly come to anchor. She was the Sainte-Marie-des-Anges, of the port of Havre de Grace. The master, after we had signaled for a boat, asked me if I knew the captain. 1 told him he was a countryman of mine, of the most unblemished integrity, but, I was afraid, a rather timorous man. "No matter," says he. "For all that, be should certainly hear the truth." I asked him if he meant about the battle; for, if the captain once knew the standard was down, he would certainly put to sea again at "And even then!" said he; "the arms are now of no sort of utility." "My dear man," said I, "who thinks of the arms! But to be sure we must remember our friends. They will be close upon our heels, perhaps the prince himself, and if the ship be cone, a great number of valuable lives may be imperiled." "The captain and the crow have lives also, if you come to that," says Ballantrae. This I doclared was but a quibble, and that I would not hear of the captain being told and then it was that Ballantrae made me a witty answer, for the sake of which (and also because I have been blamed myself in this business of the Sainte-Marie-des-Anges) have related the whole conversation as it passed. "Frank," says he, "remember our bargain I must not object to your holding your tongue, which I hereby even encourage you to do; but by the same terms you are not to resent my telling." I could not help laughing at this: though I still forewarned him what would come of it. "The devil may come of it for what 1 care," says the reckless fellow. "I have always done exactly as I felt inclined." As is well known, my prediction came true. The captain had no sooner heard the news than he cut his cable and to sea again; and before morning broke we were in the Great Minch. The ship was very old; and the skipper, although the most honest of men (and irish too), was one of the least capable. The wind blew very boisterous, and the sea raged ex-tremely. All that day we had little heart whether to eat or drink; went early to rest in some concern of mind; and (as if to give as a lesson) in the night the wind chopped suddenly into the northeast and blew a ricane. We were awaked by the dreadful thunder of the tempest and the stamping of the metres on deck; so that I supposed out last hour was certainly come; and the terror of my mind was increased out of all measure by Ballantrae, who mocked at my devotions. It is in hours like these that a man of any plety appears in his true light, and we find (what we are taught as babes) the small trust that can be set in worldly friends; I would be unworthy of my religion if I let this pass without particular remark. For three days we lay in the dark in the cakin, and had but a biscuit to nibble. On the fourth the wind fell, leaving the ship dismasted and heaving on vast billows. The captain had not a guess of whither we were blown; he was stark ig-norant of his trade, and could do naught but bless the Holy Virgin; a very good thing too, but scarce the whole of soamanship. It It seemed our one hope was to be picked up by another vessel; and if that should prove to be an English ship, it might be no great blessing to the master and myself. The fifth and sixth days we tossed there helpless. The seventh some sail was got on her, but she was an unwieldy vessel at the best, and we made little but leeway. All the indeed, we had been drifting to the south and west, and during the tempest must

better he were employed to shatter that false idol. For by this time I saw very well how the land lay between my patron and his wife. My pen is clear enough to tell a plain tale; but to render the effect of an infinity of

"The puir, bonnie master and the puir, kind lads that rade w bim, were hardly ower the scaur, or he was aff-the Judis! Ay, wei-he has his way o't; he's to be my lord, nae

"We are saving the house of Durrisdeer, "mary," his father said. "And see, James," said Mr. Henry, "if 1 p, and the prince has Go upper hand, it will be only to make your peace with King James. "But if you go, and the expedition fails, we divide the right and the title. And what shall I be then!" "You will be Lord Durrisdeer," said the market. "I not all I have upon the table."

"You will be Lord Durrisdeer," said the matter. "I put all I have upon the table." "I play at no such game," cries Mr. Henry. "I shall be left in such a situation as no man of same and honor could endure. I shall be miller fish nor fish," he cried. And a little will be had another expression, plainer per-ter the had another expression, plainer per-ter with any father," said he. "You have with any father," said he. "You have will enough you are the favorite." "Ay," said the master. "And there spoke Mary! Would you trip up my heels-Jacob?" and he, and dwelled upon the name mail-

own use went and walked at the low end good as anys rentr: for he had an ex-

News came to Durrisdeer common report, as it goes traveling through said so," cries Miss Alison, a country, a thing always wonderful to me "We will go all three," said my lord; and By that means the family learned more of sure enough he got into his boots (the first in four years-a sore business John Paul the master's favor with the prince, and the ground it was said to stand on; for, by a strange condescension in a man so proudhad to get them on), and Miss Alison into her riding coat, and all three rode together to St. only that he was a man still more ambitious bride's. he was said to have crept into ability by The streets were full of the riff-raff of all truckling to the Irish. Sir Thomas Sullivan Col. Burke, and the rest were his daily com rades, by which course he withdrew himself from his own country folk. All the small intrigues he had a hand in fomenting;

the country side, who had no sconer clapped eyes on Mr. Henry than the hissing began the hooting, and the cries of "Judas! and "Where was the master?" and "Where were the poor lads that rode with him?" thwfirted my Lord George upon a thousand Even a stone was cast; but the more part cried shame at that, for my old lord's sake points; was always for the advice that seemed palatable to the prince, no matter if it and Miss Allison's . It took not ten minutes good or had; and seems upon the whole dike the gambler he was all through life) to have to persuade my lord that Mr. Henry had been right. He said never a word, but turnhad less regard to the chances of the cam ed his horse about, and home again, with his paign than to the greatness of favor he might chin upon his bosom. Never a word said Miss Allson, no doubt she thought the more; spire to, if dy any look) it should succee For the rest, he did very well in the field; no no doubt her pride was stung, for she was a bone bred Durie, and no doubt her heart was one questioned that; for he was no coward. The next was the news of Culloden, which touched to see her cousin so unjustly uses as brought to Durrisdeer by one of the ten That night she was never in bed; I have often blamed my lady-when I call to mind that night, I readily forgive her all; and the ants' sons, the only survivor, he declared, of all those that had gone singing up the hill. By an unfortunate chance, John Paul and ing in the morning she canfe to the Macconochie had that very morning found the granea piece (which was the root of all old lord in his usual seat. Henry still wants me," said she, the evil) sticking in a holly bush; they had been "up the gait," as the servants say at

can have me now." To himself she had a dif ferent speech: "I bring you no love, Henry; but, God knows, all the nity in the world. June the first, 1748, was the day of their marriage. It was December of the same that first saw me alighting at theidoors of the great house; and from there I take up the history of events as they befell under my own observation, like a witness in a court.

CHAPTER IL STATE OF AFFAIRS AT DURRISDEER DURING THE MASTER'S WANDERINGS.



石門 ing drunken betimes in his bro ther's cup. I was still not so old myself. Pride had not yet the upper hand of curiosity; and indeed it would have taken any man t cold morning to hear all the old clashes of the country and be shown all the places by the way where strange things had fallen out. I had tales of Claverhouse as we came

through the bogs, and tales of the devil as we

"The world knows that, glory be to God!" cries she; and then to Mr. Henry: "There is came over the top of the scaur. As we came in by the abbey I heard some nons but me to know one thing-that you were a traitor to him in your heart." what of the old monks, and more of the free "God knows," groans he, "it was lost love traders, who use its mins for a magazine landing for that cause within a cannon shot of Durrisdeer; and along all the road, the Duries and poor Mr. Henry were in the first rank of slander. My mind was thus highly Time went by in the house after that with out much change; only they were now three instead of four, which was a perpetual re-minder of their loss. Miss Alison's money, projudiced against the family I was about to you are to bear in mind, was highly needful

serve, so that I was half surprised when . beheld Durrisdoer itself, lying in a pretty sheltered bay, under the Abbey hill-th house most commediously built in the French fashion or perhaps Italianate, for I have no skill in these arts, and the place the mos boautified with gardens, lawns, shrubberies and trees I had ever seen. The money sunk here unproductively would have quite restored the family; but, as it was, it cost revenue to keep it up. Mr. Henry came himself to the door to welcome me; a tall, dark young gentleman (the Duries are all black men) of a plain and not cheerful face, very strong in body but not so strong in health; taking me by the

hand without any pride, and putting me at home with plain, kind speeches. He led me into the hall, booted as I was, to present me No doubt this quiet persecution wore away to my lord. It was still daylight, and the much of her resolve; no doubt, besides, he had a great influence on the girl, having first thing I observed was a lozenge of clear class in the midst of the shield in the paintee

"It's blood money," said she, "I take it for that; blood money for the betrayed. See what I'm brought down to! Ah. if the

him make an obvious resolve, quit the table and go and join himself to his wife and my Lord Durrisdeer; and on their part they were never backward to make him welcome, turned to him smilingly as to an intruding child, and took him into their talk with an effort so il concealed that he was soon back again beside me at the table, whence (so great is the hall of Durrisdeer) we could but hear the murmur of voices at the chimney. There he would sit and watch, and I along with him; and sometimes by my lord's head sorrowfully shaken, or his hand laid on Mrs. Henry head, or hers upon his knee, as if in cons tion, or sometimes by an exchange of tearful looks, we would draw our conclusion that the talk had gone to the old subject and the shad ow of the dead was in the hall.

I have hours when I blame Mr. Henry fo taking all too patiently; yet we are to remember he was married in pity, and accept ed his wife upon that term. And indeed he had small encouragement to make a stand Once, I remember, he announced he had found a man to replace the pane of the stained window; which, as it was he that managed all the business, was a thing clearly within his attributions. But to the master's fancies that pane was like a relic and o the first word of any change the blood flew to Mrs. Henry's face.

'I wonder at you!" she cried.

"I wonder at myself," says Mr. Henry, with more of bitterness than I had over heard him to express.

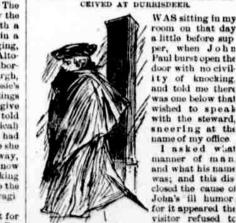
Thereupon my old lord stepped in with his smooth talk, so that before the meal was at an end all seemed forgotten; only that, after dinner, when the pair had withdrawn as usual to the chimney side, we could see weeping with her head upon his knee. Mr. Henry kept up the talk with me upon some topic of the estates-he could speak of little else but business, and was never the best of company; but he kept it up that day with more continuity, his eye straying ever and again to the chimney and his voice changing to another key, but without check of deliv ery. The pane, however, was not replaced and I believe he counted it a great defeat.

Whether he was stout enough or no, God knows he was kind enough. Mrs. Henry had a manner of condescension with him, such as (in a wife) would have pricked my vanity into an ulcer; he took it like a favor. She held him at the staff's end; forgot and then remembered and unbent to him, as we do to children; burdened him with cold kindness reproved him with a change of color and a bitten lip, like one shamed by his disgrace. ordered him with a look of the eye, when sh was off her guard; when she was on the watch, pleaded with him for the most natur attentions as though they were unheard of favors. And to all this, he replied with the most unwearied service; loving, as folk say, the very ground she trad on, and carrying that love in his eyes as bright as a lamp.

Such was the state of this family d the 7th of April, 1749, when there befell the first of that series of events which were to break so many hearts and lose so many lives

UNEXPECTED NEWS OF THE MASTER RE-

CHAPTER III.



name himself except to me, a sore affront to the major-domo's consequence.

seemed to wave a signal, but whether it was to give him time or to speak on, was more than we could guess. At length he got out the one word—"Good?" 'Why, the very best in the creation," cries

the colonel. "For my good friend and admired comrade is at this hour in the fine city of Paris, and as like as not, if I know any thing of his habits, he will be drawing in his chair to a piece of dinner. Bedad, I believe the lady's fainting."

Mrs. Henry was indeed the color of death. and drooped against the window frame. But when Mr. Henry made a movement as if to run to her, she straightened with a sort of shiver. "I am well," she said, with her white

lips. Mr. Henry stopped, and his face had strong twitch of anger. The next moment he had turned to the colonel. "You must not blame yourself," says he, "for this effect on Mrs. Durie. It is only natural; we were all brought up like brother and sister." Mrs. Henry looked at her husband with

Mrs. Henry looked at her husband with something like relief or even gratitude. In my way of thinking, that speech was the first step he made in her good grows. "You must try to forgive me, drs. Durle, for indeed and I am just an Irish savage," said the colonel; "and I deserve to be shot

for not breaking the matter more artisticall to a lady. But here are the master sown letters one for each of the three of you; and to be sure (if I know anything of my friend's genius), he will tell his own story

with a better grace. He brought the three letters forth as he spoke, arranged them by their superscriptions, presented the first to my lord, who took it greedily, and advanced toward Mrs. Henry olding out the second.

The lady waved it back. "To my hus band," says she, with a choked voice. The colonel was a quick man, but at this he

was somewhat nonplused. "To be sure," says he, "how very dull of mel To be sure." But he still held the letter. At last Mr. Henry reached forth his hand

and there was nothing to be done but give it up. Mr. Henry took the letters (both here and his own) and looked upon their outside with his brows knit hard as if he were think ing. He had surprised me all through by his excellent behavior; but he was to excel him-

"Let me give you a hand to your room," said he to his wife. "This has come some-thing of the suddenest; and at any rate, you will wish to read your letter by yourself. Again she looked upon him with the same thought of wonder, but he gave her no time. coming straight to where she stood. "It will be better so, believe me," said he, "and Col. Burke is too considerate not to excuse you. And with that he took her hand by the

fingers and led her from the hall. Mrs. Henry returned no more that night and when Mr. Henry went to visit her next

morning, as I heard long afterward, she gave him the letter again, still unopened. "Oh, read it and be done!" he had cried.

"Spare me that," said she. And by these two speeches, to my way of thinking, each undid a great part of what they had previously done well. But the letter, sure enough, came into my hands, and by me was burned, unopened.

To be very exact as to the adventures of the master after Culloden, I wrote not long ago to Col. Burke, now a chevalier of the Or der of St. Louis, begging him for some notes in writing, since I could scarce depend upon my memory at so great an interval. To confess the truth, I have been somewhat emcarrassed by his resp. aw, for he sent me the

complete memoirs of his life, touching only in places on the master; sunning to a greater length than my whole story, and not everywhere (as it seems to mo) designed for edification. He begged in his letter, dated from Ettenheim, that I would find a publisher for the whole, after I had made use of it I required; and I think I shall best answer my own purpose and fulfill his wishes by printing certain parts of it in full. In this way my readers will have a detailed and I believe, a very genuine account of some en ential matters; and, if any publisher should take a fancy to the chevalier's manner of narration, he knows where to apply for the