

CLAN COCHRANE

Winter 1997

FROM THE PIPES OF THE HIGH COMMISSIONER:



Dear Clan Members:

I want to wish every one a Happy Yule Time Season. This year has been good to Clan Cochrane. Membership is up and of course we need more representation at the various games. If you are interested in representing us at one of the games in your region please call me. Clan Cochrane may be able to help you set up. All you need to do is show up.

I represented us at the Fredericton New Brunswick Games this summer. I only met one Cochrane. Most Cochranes believe they are Irish and that would be true. But Ireland is a resting place between Scotland and America. I want to make a real effort to get representation in the Maritime's, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. All things take time. Later in the year I will write about my experience going to Louisburg to see the Monument to the 7th Earl of Dundonald, who died there.

Cap Badges are in and contact Laurie Clarkston if interested in one.

We are now represented at the Odom Library in Moultrie, Georgia. For those of you receiving The Highlander Magazine, yours truly is pictured there with Larry Gibson, the representative for the Baltimore Bi-Centennial Festival. We are standing in front of the Wallace Monument in Baltimore. This Monument is 102 years old and is a copy of one in Scotland.

If you have any questions or just want to talk, please don't hesitate to call me.

Yours Aye

Michael

A NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

I had hoped to publish four newsletters this year. I came down with Mono instead. I am now on the road to recovery and hope to make up for lost time! This issue should help towards making up that loss. It is full of interesting articles, such as the exciting conclusion of "A Daughter of Dundonald." I know you have waited a long time for the ending of this story! As always, I am looking for articles for the newsletter. Have you taken a trip to Scotland (and several of you have!) we want to read about your adventures. Membership is up! Since the last newsletter we have had several new members. Welcome to all.

I have included a partial list of upcoming Games and Festivals in this newsletter. Clan MacLachlan Assoc. forwarded me a copy. If you would like a complete listing for the calendar year, you can get a copy by Email: <http://www.shirenet.com/MacLachlan/games.html>.

Have a great year, and drop me a line. I enjoy the notes you send with your biographies and always look forward to hearing from you.

Time – Europe Sept. 22, '97, Vol. 150 No. 12

"Date with Destiny"

Scotland Votes to Get Its Parliament Back After 290 Years. Will Home Rule Mean the End of the Union?

While the rest of Britain contemplated a future without a beloved princess, Scotland last week found itself confronting an altogether different challenge, whether to say yes to a Scottish Parliament and yes to endowing it with power to raise or lower taxes. It was a historic opportunity for a measure of home rule and Scotland ordered up a double, casting two resounding yes votes in the referendum.

"Scotland has spoken, spoken decisively and now we can press on," said a satisfied Donald Dewar, Britain's Secretary of State for Scotland, after voters agreed by a 3-1 margin last Thursday that they wanted their own Parliament, and by nearly a 2-1 margin to let it alter tax levies. "A Nation Again," "A New Dawn," proclaimed Edinburgh's newspapers. But the joy was not universal. "It has been a sad night for the future of Scotland and the United Kingdom," mourned William Hague, the Conservative leader, who said his party would "strain every sinew to preserve and protect the union."

The reactions reflect the deep chasm at the center of British politics today. On one side are those pressing for devolution of power from Westminster, for decision-making in such areas as education, health, justice, transport and taxation to be carried out at the lowest practical level of government. On the other are those who fear that varying tax rates will discourage investment and cost jobs that a Scottish Parliament and a Welsh Assembly (if the people of Wales approve the creation of such a body in their referendum this Thursday) will lead to a breakup of the United Kingdom. As Conservative M. P. Michael Ancram put it, "If the binding is loosened, the whole thing will fall apart."

Many questions have not yet been answered satisfactory or in much detail – among them complex matters having to do with formulas for the funds a Scottish Parliament would receive from Westminster, or whether Scottish M.P.'s should have a vote on purely English matters at Westminster when England M.P.'s would have no say in Scottish issues. Still, Scotland's Labour Liberal Democrat and Scottish National Party (S.N.P.) leaders say the Conservatives and Unionists are scaremongers.

Scotland's voters certainly thought so – as they did last May 1 when they drove out every Conservative M.P. who held a Scottish seat at Westminster. Whatever serious case the opponents of the "Yes, Yes" campaign could have made was lost through two public relations blunders: former Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's attack on devolution in the Scotsman newspaper, published as she addressed a convention of American travel agents in Glasgow, and Ancram's high profile on the "No,

No” side. Now the Conservative’ spokesman for constitutional affairs, he was, in an earlier incarnation, Thatcher’s point man for the now abolished poll tax. In a long-running dispute that stirred outrage in Scotland, her government instituted the tax there a year before doing so in the rest of Britain. Scots have not forgotten, or forgiven, that experience of being powerless guinea pigs of Westminster. For Alex Salmond, leader of the S.N.P., Thatcher’s appearance in Scotland last week was manna. She was, he said, “a living memorial to why we need a Scottish Parliament.” Her intervention overshadowed Hague’s campaign visit, leaving him to proclaim defensively that “all leading British politicians have something to contribute” to the debate.

Dawn last broke over a Scottish Parliament almost 300 years ago, before a “parcel of rogues,” in the words of the national poet Robert Burns, sold Scottish independence “for English gold” and the two kingdoms were united by the Act of Union. After the election of Blair’s government on what was, coincidentally the 290th anniversary of the Act, the ball finally got rolling. With their lease in July of the government’s proposals for Scottish devolution – based closely on the conclusions of a multi-faceted Constitutional Convention – Labour was joined in support for the “Yes, Yes” effort by both Liberal Democrats and the S.N.P., although the parties’ long-term goals differ. Labour supports devolution; the Liberal Democrats favor a federal U.K.; the Nationalists seek outright independence. In this mix, the “No, No” side sees ravenous nationalists set to pounce; the others just see democracy at work.

Like the general election, Scotland’s devolution vote came on a date rich in significance: the 700th anniversary of William (“Braveheart”) Wallace’s victory over English forces at Stirling Bridge. The battle in which Wallace’s outnumbered men sabotage the bridge, dumping countless English soldiers into the River Forth to drown in their heavy armour before setting upon the rest-is one of the most renowned in Scottish history.

But after the symbolism and the champagne comes with the wrangling and the reality. A home and staffing for the single-chamber, 129-member parliament must be found and financed. (Estimates of the cost have ranged up to \$500 million). High on the government’s agenda is the introduction of legislation to bring the body into being. Elections to four-year terms are due in early 1999, and the parliament-reconvened, some say, from its adjournment in 1707- would gather in 2000. In the flowering of Scotland, new growth for a new millennium. Wallace might call it Freedom!

CLAN COCHRANE IN NORTH AMERICA “COMES HOME”

Michael Cochrane Hartley, Lt. to the Chief, 424 Hopkins Rd, Baltimore, Maryland 21212, announces that Clan Cochrane in North America has made the decision to join the other Scottish Clans and groups who utilize the facilities at The Odom Library in Moultrie, Georgia.

Clan Cochrane represents all Cochranes in both Canada and the United States.

(The above article appeared in the August/September 1997 issue of The Odom Library “Family Tree”. The Family tree is published by-monthly by the Ellen Payne Odom Genealogy Library in Moultrie, GA. They are a storehouse for 100 Scottish Clans, family organizations and groups. The Odom Genealogy Library hopes to serve as a central source of information and study for those concerned with their Scottish heritage – as well as for other ethnicities. If you would like to subscribe, write: The Family Tree, PO Box 2828, Moultrie, GA or Email (hugh.waters@lost.com) to be put on their mailing list. There is no subscription price in the U.S. although they hope that everyone will make a postage contribution. Every time someone sends in a contribution they are listed under “Postage Heros”.

Speaking of Postage Heros, a very big Thank You goes out to James Cochrane of Vancouver, WA. James sent a personal check on behalf of Clan Cochrane to cover a small part of the Family Tree production/mailing.



From Robert Bain's "Clans and Tartans of Scotland".

THE DRESS OF THE HIGHLANDER CREST BADGE

The wearing of crest badges' as a symbol of kinship with some Highland Clan or Scottish family is a survival from the old and interesting custom recognized in heraldic law.

In former times many chiefs gave to their followers' metal plate of their crest to wear as a badge. This crest badge was affixed to the Clansman's clothing or accoutrements by a strap and buckle and when not in use the strap and buckle were coiled round the crest badge. This custom is still observed by some chiefs, and is legally competent.

The modern conventional representation of the old metal plate crest badge takes the form of a metal representation of the Chief's crest encircled by a metal strap and buckle.

A coat-of-arms and the crest which forms part of it, is the personal property of the individual in whose name it has been recorded in the Public Registers of All Arms and Bearings in Scotland. It must not be used, in part or whole, by any other person and misuse of another's coat-of-arms is an offence liable to action and penalties in Lyon Court.

The Chief's Coat-of-Arms and banner derived from it indicate the authority, identity and/or presence of the Chief just as Royal Arms do for a sovereign.

As symbols of Clan or Family kinship crest badges are an ever present reminder of an old custom and a means of showing our pride of heritage. If we value these things we must not misuse them, as their use in conformity with the Scots heraldic laws given unity and efficiency to the clan.

Crest Badges

We just sold out of crest badges, BUT a new order is on the way. If you would like to order one, sent \$18.00 (U.S. Currency) to:

Laurie Clarkston
503 Ronnie Court
Spotsylvania, VA 22553

Cost includes postage. These badges are cast in pewter, and look wonderful.

THE GENEALOGISTS CORNER

By Cynthia Cochran Scheuer

Encyclopedia of American Biography by Thomas William Herringshaw:

Page 230:

Cochran, Alexander G., lawyer, congressman, was born March 20, 1845 in Alleghany County, PA. In 1874 he was elected a representative from PA to the 44th Congress.

Cochran, Charles F., lawyer, journalist, congressman, was born Sept. 27, 1848 in Kirksville, MO. During 1860-65 he lived in Atchison, KS, where he was engaged as a practical printer, newspaperman, and lawyer; and was four years prosecuting attorney of his county. He is now one of the foremost lawyers of his state at St. Joseph; has been a member of the Missouri senate for four years; and was elected to the fifty-fifth Congress as a Democrat.

Cochran, David Henry, educator, scientist, college president, was born July 5, 1828 in Springville, NY. He attended the Springville Academy, and in 1850 graduated from Hamilton College. He has been professor of Natural Science in the Clinton Liberal Institute; principal of the Fredonia Academy; and professor of Natural Science in the State Normal School of Albany, NY, of Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, which has flourished under his able management. He is a brilliant lecturer; and the author of numerous educational and scientific reports.

Cochran, James, soldier, congressman. He was a major of militia and represented the State of NY in congress from 1797 to 1799. He was at one time postmaster of Oswego, NY. He died Nov. 7, 1848 in Oswego, NY.

Cochran, James, inventor was born in 1793 in Batavia, NY. He was a brass-founder in Philadelphia and Franklin frequently visited his shop. He invented the art of making cut nails, and also claimed to have made the first copper cents in this country. He died Dec. 31, 1846.

Cochran, Jerome, physician, was born Dec. 4, 1831 in Moscow, TN. From 1868-73 he was professor of chemistry in the Medical College of AL; was a noted physician of Mobile, AL; and has written many articles on yellow fever.

Cochran, John, surgeon, was born Sept. 1, 1730 in Sudsbury, PA. In 1781 he became director-general of the hospitals of the United States. He died April 6, 1807 in Palatine, NY.

Cochran, John P., statesman. He was Governor of Delaware from 1875 to 1879.

Cochran, John Webster, inventor, was born May 18, 1814 in Enfield, NH. In 1834 he invented revolving, breech-loading rifled cannon, in which the cylinder was automatically rotated by the cocking of the hammer – the sound principle that afterward secured the success of the revolving pistol.

Cochran, Aaron V. S. , lawyer, jurist, congressman, was born May 14, 1858 in Cocksackie, NY. In 1887 and 1888 he was police justice of Hudson; and was elected district attorney of Columbia County in 1889 and served three years. He was elected to the fifty-fifth Congress as a Republican.

Hazleton, Gefte Cochran, lawyer, author, was born in Boscobel, WI. In 1898-1900 he practiced corporation law in Philadelphia, PA and now practices in NY City. He is the author of *The National Capitol*; and several dramas.

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Lambdin, Alfred Cochran, physician, journalist, and author was born Jan. 29, 1846 in Philadelphia, PA. Since 1875 he has been managing editor of the Philadelphia Times. He is the author of the *Battle of Germantown*.

Lambdin, George Cochran, artist, was born in 1830 in Pittsburg, PA. He has been especially successful as a painter of still life, particularly flowers. His works include *Dead Wife*; *Ask Me No More*; *Portrait of Mrs. Joseph Harrison*; and *Pink and Yellow Roses*.

QUERIES:

Seeking information on parents and siblings of Alexander Brodie Cochran. He was born in 1813, married Esther Hughes.

Seeking descendants of John Cochran who died 1743 Crevenish Castle new Kesh. Married Charlotte Humphries. Children: William, born 1736 died 1810, married Mary Ann Foster (descendants went to Australia); Mary married 1760 in Dublin to William Johnstone; Capt. Thomas born 1743 married (1) Hon. Frances Hay, (2) Susan Brownbill (desc. Maj. J.C.T. Cochrane settled Montreal).

Seeking information on parents and siblings of Francis and Addie () Cochran who were residents of Phoenix (Petroleum) Indiana. Possibly related to Beatrice () Stauffer of Celina, OH.

Seeking information on Thomas Cochrane who married Sarah Gale. Son Dennis Brown Cochrane, born 1871, Co., Mayo, Ireland; to New Zealand in 1831; Died 29 Aug. 1877 New Zealand. Is the above Thomas a brother of Archibald Cochrane (9th Earl)?

If you have any information on the above names please forward a copy to Cynthia Cochran Scheuer, genealogist. If you are still working on your genealogy and need help, let Cynthia know. She can be reached at: 722 E. Center St. Warsaw, IN 46580-3322.

(Please note: As of 2001 the old address listed is no longer valid instead send to Cynthia Cochran Jones 6260 Keith Bridge Rd., Gainesville, GA 30506-3906).

BUSINESS INTERESTS

The first bank of Georgetown, and the only one prior to First National was opened by Penn & Phillips in January 1856. John W. King soon secured an interest in the business. A general banking business was carried on until November 13, 1878 when under the name of F. J. Phillips & Co., the bank suspended.

The First National Bank of Georgetown was chartered May 23, 1882 with a capital of \$50,000. The first stockholders were John Markley, James H. Dunn, H. C. Loudon, John A. Tweed, Joseph COCHRAN, W.S. Whiteman, James C. Dunn, J.P. Beihn, E. B. Fee, R. L. Fife, C. P. O'Hara, P.L. Wilson, John M. Markley, John M. Thompson, John Jennings, J. P. Helbling, Adam Stephen, W. J. Thompson, Robert Conn, L. G. Fee, H. B. Higgins, and W. J. Jacobs. Joseph COCHRAN was elected President; W. S. Whitman, Cashier; and James C. Dunn, Teller. The bank owns a neat business room on North Main Street, and is

rapidly gaining a successful and extensive banking business. A large number of deposits have already been made, and the amount is constantly increasing.

The woolen factory on East Main-Cross Street-Outlot 15 – was erected in 1863 by Warner & Ramey. Very soon after J. B. Thomas owned an interest, and during its existence of nearly twenty years, it has frequently changed hands. Thomas and William A. Pepper, W. N. Ramey and Dr. James Sidwell, each for a time owned a share of the factory; W. T. Gilbreath, assignee of W. N. Ramey & Co., sold it to Alfred Jacobs and J. N. Henning. Since then the different members of the firm have been William Jacobs, Robert Young, E. W. West, T. J. Brown, George Inskeep, W. A. Dudley. Since 1875 the firm name has been R. Young & Co., composed at present of Robert Young, W. A. Dudley and W. A. Young. The building is a manufacture of yarns, blankets, jeans, and flannels. It is, perhaps, the leading industry of Georgetown at present, and gives employment to eighteen hands.

The grist-mill, standing nearby opposite the woolen factory, on Outlot 14, the site of Jesse R. Grant's tannery, was built in 1873 by F. F. Steinman and Christian Single. Two years later, Mr. Single purchased the interest of his partner, and has operated the mill since.

The Georgetown Building and Loan Association was incorporated February 22, 1879, the Articles of Incorporation being recorded on the 24th of March following. The association was organized under Legislative Acts of May 1, 1852, and May 9, 1868; capital stock, \$100,000. They incorporated February 22, 1879; the Articles of Incorporation being recorded on the 24th of March following. The association was organized under legislative acts of May 1, 1852 and May 9, 1868; \$100,000. The incorporators were L. B. Leeds, Sr.; John Lafabre, Henry Brunner, G. Pickard, L. B. Miles, B. F. Woods, E. B. Fee, A. Armstrong, S. P. King, A. D. Crouch, and Michael Brunner. The institution is yet in existence.

CONTEMPORARY COCHRANES by Laurie Clarkston

One thing I have noticed about our “retired from the workforce Cochranes” is that they are always on the go! If this is a true gene trait for Cochranes, then I am looking to retirement and I plan on stocking up on vitamins! Don't forget, some of you still haven't sent me your Bio's yet. Robert (Bob) and Gladys Cochrane from North Andover, MA sent this off before traveling to their other home in North Port, FL.

Robert David Cochrane

My wife Gladys (Whittemore) married for 45 years this coming January and myself are both in our middle 70's. We are the parents of four children, three girls, Nancy, Karen, and Cheryl and a son Robert. We have managed to get them all grown up and through College and out on their own. Glad and I as you can guess by our ages are both retired and enjoying the good life. Our official residence is in North Port, FL, although we do spend 5 months in our home up here in North Andover, MA. I spent 12 and a couple of wars sailing the seas for the Navy and then back to civilian life and marriage. I was a Managing Director of a large drug distribution company and retired in 1988 while Glad had the tough time of it bringing up the children, an arrangement that worked our real well. Finding it difficult to just up and retire after so many years of going off to the office each day, I taught as a volunteer in a school that had computers, and no one able to put them to use and gradually trained myself to cycle down and retire for real. Then came the trips to Hawaii, the west coast and several cruises and then real retirement. I am real good at it now.

As for our line of Cochranes, my father Robert came from South Branch, New Brunswick, Canada. My grandfather, James born in 1846 from the same area and my great grandfather, William was from Alva, Scotland. He was born around 1809 and came to Canada; married a girl from Scotland in 1838 and it went on from there. Alva is a place that I have visited a couple of times, it is across the forth from

Edinburgh and a gorgeous place. It has a park called Cochrane Park, Cochrane Nursing Home, Cochrane Elderly Housing, and the Cochrane Preservation Society that has a real nice building but I never was able to catch anyone in it. I would like to hear about the Cochranes of Alva or the ones in Canada. I do have Roots, a genealogy program out on my computer and do sit down at times and try to add to the file.

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL:

It is time to renew your membership for 1998. Attach to your newsletter is an information sheet that you need to return along with \$15.00 (U.S. currency). If you have already sent in your 1998 new/renewal membership, please fill out just the form so we have update information on you.

Don't delay; I want to print a membership list in the Spring issue! (That means you have until the first of March to respond.

FOLKLORE – Hogmanay – by Laurie Clarkston

In 1647, the Puritan Parliament officially abolished Christmas, as well as other holidays, in England. Church services were broken up by armed soldiers, followed by rebellion and persecution. The day was still celebrated, but quietly behind closed doors. When the royalist came back into power in England in 1660, the Puritans were then harassed and England went back to enjoying Christmas.

In Scotland, the suppression of Christmas was more complete. So the Scots merry making was shifted to New Year's Day. Not only would children receive oatcake pieces, sometimes they received pieces of cheese. (It is believed that this is where trick or treating may have started).

Everyone would stay up late to see the New Year in, toasts and good wishes were exchanged. The next day was spent visiting friends and neighbors. Visitors were served little cakes and pastries.

As time passed, a new tradition was added: The First Footer! This would be the first visitor of the New Year. The "First Footer" had to be a dark-haired "stranger", and be a man or boy. Women were considered bad luck (remember this was Medieval days!). A fair haired person was considered unlucky. This is thought to be a throwback to Viking days when blond strangers arriving on your doorstep usually meant trouble, and he wasn't bringing gifts! A "First Footer" would bring gifts, such as a lump of coal, signifying warmth or heat, a piece of cake signifying food; or Scotch signifying liquid.

Another custom was the Fire Festivals held in many communities before the Church of Scotland stamped them out in the 16th and 17th centuries.

In Corm, torches were as large as ten feet in length, swathed about two feet on top. The poles were usually small birch trees cut in the Fall. The swathing was made up of canvas bound to the shaft with wire, and soaked in a large barrel of paraffin for several weeks. These torches would then be paraded through town, followed by a pipe band, and then thrown into the river Earn.

Findhorn and Lossiemouth in the 17th century stopped the torch ceremonies because of the danger to the ships in the harbor. They would parade on these ships passing torches around the decks, and if one should drop.....Not a good way to start the New Year!

A definition of Hogmanay from a Professor Robinson of Edinburgh suggest that Hogmanay was derived from *Au qui menez* ("To the Mistletoe go") which mummers formerly cried in France at Christmas. Another suggested explanation is, *Au queux menez* ("Bring to the Beggars").

It was customary for children in the poorer classes to get in front to form a large pocket. They would go along streets in small bands calling at the doors of the wealthier classes for an expected dole of oaten bread. Each child would get one quadrant section of oat-cake.

For days before Hogmanay, homemakers would bake in expectations of large demands. Finally when the day arrived, children would cry out "Hogmanay" that would be a sufficient announcement of their demands. Some might cry out:

*Hogmanay, Trollolay.
Give us your white bread
And none of your gray!*

It was also customary for persons to rush unceremoniously into houses, playing tricks and bullying the homeowners for money or cry:

*Get up, good wife,
And shake your feathers,
And dinna think that
We are beggars;
For we are bairns
Come out to play,
Get up and gie's
Our Hogmanay*

*My feet's cold,
My shoon's thin;
Gie's my cakes,
And let me rin!*

I hope your Holidays are filled with wonderful family traditions old and new. Happy Hogmanay!

Popular Rhymes of Scotland by Robert Chambers, W. & R. Chambers Limited, Edinburgh and London, 1870.

Reprinted from "PORT OF MOBILE" July 1991, Vol. 64, No. 7

OF MEN & SHIPS: THE RISE AND FALL OF LORD COCHRANE

Born the first son of the Ninth Earl of Dundonald in 1775 and growing up in a fine Scottish manor designed by the famous Elizabethan architect Inigo Jones, Thomas Cochrane might have expected to enjoy a life of leisure-dallying in the societal diversions of the landed gentry, attending hunts and balls and eventually taking his seat in the House of Lords.

Lord Cochrane's father, however, had managed to accumulate an enormous debt through a series of ill-fated inventions and scientific experiments, providing little more than a name for his sons. The old earl sent Thomas and a younger brother, Basil, to Chauvet's Military School in London and managed to acquire a commission in the 104th Foot Regiment for the older boy through Cochrane's uncle, Lt. Colonel Andrew Cochrane-Johnstone.

Cochrane rebelled, however, and announced his intentions of serving in the Royal Navy. Fortunately, another uncle, Captain (later Admiral) Sir Alexander Cochrane, earlier had entered the boy's name on the books of no fewer than four British warships as midshipman to establish his seniority.

Lord Cochrane reported to his uncle's frigate, HMS HIND, on June 27, 1793. At 18, he was already at least six years behind his peers in at-sea experience. Cochrane took up an intense study of seamanship-something that many officers knew surprisingly little about, soon attracting the attention of Admiral Sir George Murray who appointed Cochrane as acting-lieutenant aboard HMS THETIS in January 1795.

Passing his lieutenant's examination in 1796, Cochrane was transferred to the RESOLUTION, which ship soon dropped anchor in Chesapeake Bay for the winter. Irritated by the inactivity and the possibility of earning desperately-needed prize money elsewhere, the red-headed lieutenant received permission to return to England aboard the THETIS, with orders to report to Admiral Lord Keith's flagship, HMS BARFLEUR.

The only action the BARFLEUR saw took place in the wardroom, where Lt. Lord Cochrane exchanged words with Lt. Phillip Beaver after the latter had falsely reported Cochrane and a Marine-officer as not being on board when the warship sailed from the port, of Tetuan. Lt. Beaver appealed to Admiral Lord Keith for a court-martial.

At the court-martial his Lordship upbraided Lt. Beaver for wasting the court's time with such a trivial matter, Lt. Lord Cochrane wisely called no witnesses, only saying that he felt that Lt. Beaver had provoked him by his foolish behavior.

The court returned the verdict of "Not Proven," but Lord Keith took occasion to reprimand Lord Cochrane for his actions, the rebuke officially being forwarded to the Admiralty.

Shortly thereafter, Cochrane had the good fortune to meet Rear Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson who suggested that Lord Keith appoint the lieutenant as prize master of a 74 gun vessel that Nelson had captured. The vessel was to be taken from Palermo, Sicily to Port Mahon, Minorca.

Aboard the GENEREUX, the 24 year old Lord Cochrane must have wondered how much of an honor he had been given. The captured warship still bore the damage inflicted upon her by Nelson's fleet, the rigging was snarled, and Lord Keith had given Lt. Cochrane a crew of sick and wounded sailors to transfer the vessel.

Halfway through the passage, a violet storm beset the *GENEREUX*. The fouled rigging and sails threatened to dismast the ship, and the vessel heeled crazily through the heavy seas.

As commanding officer of the *GENEREUX* Cochrane showed his leadership by climbing into the rigging to save the ship during a violet storm.

Given the condition of his crew, Lord Cochrane himself and a younger brother, Archibald, now serving as midshipman, climbed into the shrouds, doing their best to ignore the howling winds that tried to pry their fingers from the slippery spars. Inspired by their captain, a few of the stronger men ventured into the rigging, and, working together, the officers and men were able to close reef the mainsail, making the prize vessel manageable once more.

Cochrane had shown considerable cool in the crisis. His leadership and seamanship had saved the vessel and the men under his command. Lord Cochrane was promoted to the rank of Commander within a year. His first command was to be the captured French corvette *BONNIE CITOYENE*, but Lord Keith successfully blocked the appointment. Cochrane received instead the tiny sloop, *HMS SPEEDY*.

On May 10, 1800, Cochrane captured the French privateer *INTREPIDE*, his first prize. Soon others followed, and Commander Lord Cochrane and the *SPEEDY* began building a reputation, not only among the British fleet, but among the Spanish and French, as well.

Almost a year later, May 6, 1801, Cochrane engaged the Spanish frigate *GAMO*, 32 guns and more than 300 sailors and Marines on board. It was an extraordinary move. Nearly half of Cochrane's crew had been dispatched as prize crews, leaving him with only 54 men aboard. The *SPEEDY* shipped 14 guns, but they were small four-pounders. By all odds, the little sloop should have been blown out of the water in a matter of minutes by the Spanish man of war.

Cochrane managed to swoop in beneath the towering frigate, raking her with double shot and killing the Spanish captain instantly.

The Spaniards were not able to depress their larger guns enough to fire at her. Every time the Spanish Marines prepared to board the British ship, Cochrane had his sloop slip out of harm's way and his own Marines blast the poised Spaniards with musket fire.

Cochrane ordered the frigate boarded. Men with blackened faces sneaked up the bows of the *GAMO* while Lord Cochrane led the rest of his men in a frontal assault. The British suffered three men killed and only a handful wounded, including Cochrane's second in Command, Lieutenant Edward Parker. Nearly 300 prisoners were placed in the hold, and the *SPEEDY* accompanied the *GAMO* back to Minorca.

Received as a hero by the public, Lord Cochrane was officially snubbed by Admiralty. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord St. Vincent, was reluctant to reward a man whom he considered as insubordinate, and he refused the advice of others to elevate Cochrane to the rank of Captain, thus setting the stage for a long running feud between St. Vincent and Cochrane.

The *SPEEDY* was relegated to convoy duty between Minorca and Gibraltar, but even here, Cochrane was able to find action. He had just completed a successful attack on some Spanish merchant vessels when three French men of war appeared on the horizon.

Apparently trapped in a shallow bay, Cochrane boldly chose to sail between two of the French warships. He crowded on sail, jettisoned all ship's stores and tried in vain to escape. The French ship *DESSAIZ* poured volley after volley into the tiny *SPEEDY*, until the latter's sails, masts and rigging hung in shreds. Finally, Cochrane had the British colors struck. After 13

months of action, during which he had taken more than 50 vessels and 534 prisoners, the daring young officer surrendered.

Lord Cochrane was held briefly as a prisoner before being exchanged. He was court-martialed for the loss of the SPEEDY and was quickly exonerated. On August 8, 1801, Lord Cochrane was promoted to post-captain but given no command for several months.

Missing page here!

....semaphore codes, allowing the Royal Navy to know of troop and ship movements.

During the cruise, Lord Cochrane took no few than 20 prizes, including the notorious Maltese pirate ship KING GEORGE. He personally saw to the defense of Fort Trinidad, in which a handful of British sailors and Marines held off 1,200 French infantrymen.

Early in 1809, an urgent message from Whitehall summoned Cochrane to London. The French fleet under Rear Admiral Jean-Baptiste Willaumez had slipped past Admiral Lord Gambier's blockading force at Brest and sailed for the Basque Roads to rendezvous with other French warships. It was feared that the French fleet would sail for the West Indies to attack British merchant shipping, and the Admiralty begrudgingly admitted that there was only one man to stop them – Captain Lord Cochrane.

Cochrane readily devised a plan to attack the ships, including fire ships and “explosion ships” designed by Cochrane himself, but refused to accept command of so many senior officers. Sir Henry Phipps, Earl of Mulgrave and now First Lord of Admiralty, insisted; no one else was willing to lead the attack.

Cochrane found himself in an unenviable situation. He was charged with leading the attack of Basque Roads, but was bound by the decisions of a hesitant Lord Gambler who had allowed the French fleet to escape in the first place.

Aboard the lead explosion ship-literally a floating bomb-Cochrane managed to destroy the boom protecting the French anchorage. Twenty-one fireships were loosed upon the French fleet, causing many of the vessels to cut their anchor cables and drift into one another.

The next morning, several of the French ships were grounded by the receding tide. Cochrane signaled the news to Lord Gambler who was watching from a prudent distance. Gambler signaled “Very good,” but did not give Cochrane permission to attack. As the hours passed, the entire French fleet soon found itself defenseless, grounded upon the mud flats.

Cochrane impatiently relayed news of the fleet's helplessness, and still Gambler refused to act. Finally, as the tide began rising and the French ships started to refloat themselves, Captain Lord Cochrane allowed his ship to drift to turn back, Cochrane signaled for assistance and began the attack.

Eventually, seven more ships joined the fight, resulting in the destruction of four French warships. Lord Gambler ordered the attack to be broken off and for Cochrane to return to England carrying official dispatches of the action.

Cochrane was received once more as the conquering hero, and King George III conferred the Order of the Bath upon him. The press and public were soon questioning why Lord Gambler had hesitated in pressing the attack when the entire French fleet apparently could have been destroyed.

Lord Gambler now took the precaution of rewriting his official report of the action, omitting Lord Cochrane entirely.

Gambler also requested a court-martial and was exonerated by the Admiralty. For his trouble, Lord Cochrane was denied further command and now entered the twilight of his career.

To the Prince Regent he proposed saturation bombing and gas attacks against the French, arguing that many British lives could be saved, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. He married the striking Kitty Barnes and continued his attacks on corruption, but fate was moving slowly to crush the bald man of Parliament.

Cochranes uncle, Andrew Cochrane-Johnstone, and certain confederates devised an ingenious and elaborate plan to defraud the Stock Exchange. Posing as Lt. Colonel DuBourg, aide-de-camp of Lord Cathcart, the British ambassador to Russia, a man named Random de Berenger reported to military officials that Napoleon had been killed by Cossacks and that peace was imminent. The rumor quickly spread, sending stock prices soaring within a matter of hours. Cochrane-Johnstone, his partner Richard Gathorne Butt and others in the scheme sold their stocks at tidy profits.

De Berenger fled to Captain Sir Thomas Cochrane's home, saying that he was on parole from debtor's prison and seeking passage to America on HMS TONNANT, the Command of which Cochrane had recently received.

The fraud was uncovered, and Lord Cochrane, unfortunately, was tried jointly with his uncle and Butt. Vital evidence that could have saved Cochrane was mysteriously entered incorrectly into the court records, and Cochrane was found guilty.

The man who had stood so valiantly against fraud and corruption now appeared to be great hypocrite, and his enemies in the Admiralty and government rejoiced at his having been unmasked.

Cochrane was duly sentenced to a year in prison and fined L1000. His Lordship was dismissed from the Royal Navy and stripped of his knighthood. His constituents, however, showed their faith in Cochrane by reelecting him to Parliament.

After several months as a prisoner at the King's Bench State House, Cochrane effected a daring escape and a few days later, on March 21, 1815, appeared at the House of Commons to take his seat. He was promptly arrested and returned to prison.

Cochrane served his prison term and returned to Parliament on the day of his release, immediately taking up the plight of the poor. Despite public, official humiliation, Cochrane still clung to his beliefs.

Nearly three years after his release from prison, Cochrane rose to address the House of Commons for the last time. Within two months, Lord Cochrane, Kitty, and their two infant sons would sail quietly from the port of Rye on Cochrane's greatest adventure yet.

NEXT NEWSLETTER: "The Vindication of Lord Cochrane"

Grizel Cochrane's Ride

by

Elia Wilkinson Peattie

(Founded on an incident of the Monmouth Rebellion)

In the midsummer of 1685, the hearts of the people of old Edinburgh were filled with trouble and excitement. King Charles the Second, of England, was dead, and his brother, the Duke of York, reigned in his stead to the dissatisfaction of a great number of the people.

The hopes of this class lay with the young Duke of Monmouth, the ambitious and disinherited son of Charles the Second, who, on account of the King's displeasure, had been living for some time at foreign courts. On hearing of the accession of his uncle, the Duke of York, to the throne, Monmouth yielded to the plans of the English and Scottish lords who favored his own pretensions, and prepared to invade England with a small but enthusiastic force of men.

The Duke of Argyle, the noblest lord of Scotland, who also was an exile, undertook to conduct the invasion at the north, while Monmouth should enter England at the west, gather the yeomanry about him and form a triumphant conjunction with Argyle in London, and force the "usurper," as they called King James the Second, from his throne.

Both landings were duly made. The power of Monmouth's name and rank rallied to his banner at first a large number of adherents; but their defeat at Sedgemoor put an end to his invasion. And the Duke of Argyle, a few days after his landing in Scotland, was met by a superior force of the King's troops. Retreating into a morass, his soldiers were scattered and dispersed. Many of his officers deserted him in a panic of fear. The brave old nobleman himself was taken prisoner, and be-headed at Edinburgh, while all the people secretly mourned. He died without betraying his friends, though the relentless King of England threatened to compel him to do so, by the torture of the thumb-screw and the rack.

Many of his officers and followers underwent the same fate; and among those imprisoned to await execution was a certain nobleman, Sir John Cochrane, who had been made famous by other political intrigues. His friends used all the influence that their high position accorded them to procure his pardon, but without success; and the unfortunate baronet, a moody and impulsive man by nature, felt that there was no escape from the terrible destiny, and prepared to meet it in a manner worthy of a follower of the brave old duke. But he had one friend on whose help he had not counted.

In an upper chamber of an irregular, many-storied mansion far down the Canon gate, Grizel Cochrane, the imprisoned man's daughter, sat through the dread hours waiting to learn her father's sentence. There was too little doubt as to what it would be. The King and his generals meant to make merciless examples of the leaders of the rebellion. Even the royal blood that flowed in the veins of Monmouth had not saved his head from the block. This proud prince, fleeing from the defeat of Sedgemoor, had been found hiding in a ditch, covered over with the ferns that flourished at the bottom. Grizel wept as she thought of the young duke's horrible fate. She remembered when she had last seen him about the court at Holland, where she had shared her father's exile. Gay, generous, and handsome, he

seemed a creature born to live and rule. What a contrast was the abject, weeping coward covered with mud and slime, who had been carried in triumph to the grim Tower of London to meet his doom! The girl had been taught to believe in Monmouth's rights, and she walked the floor trembling with shame and impatience as she thought of his bitter defeat. She walked to the little dormer window and leaned out to look at the gray castle, far up the street, with its dull and lichen-covered walls. She knew that her father looked down from the barred windows of one of the upper apartments accorded to prisoners of state. She wondered if a thought of his little daughter crept in his mind amid his ruined hopes. The grim castle frowning at her from its rocky height filled her with dread; and shuddering, she turned from it toward the street below to let her eyes follow absently the passers-by. They whispered together as they passed the house, and when now and then some person caught a glimpse of her face in the ivy-sheltered window, she only met a look of commiseration. No one offered her a happy greeting.

"They all think him doomed," she cried to herself. "No one hath the grace to feign hope." Bitter tears filled her eyes, until suddenly through the mist she was conscious that some one below was lifting a plumed hat to her. It was a stately gentleman with a girdled vest and gorgeous coat and jeweled sword-hilt.

"Mistress Cochrane," said he, in that hushed voice we use when we wish to direct a remark to one person, which no one else shall overhear, "I have that to tell thee which is most important."

"Is it secret?" asked Grizel, in the same guarded tone that he had used.

"Yes," he replied, without looking up, and continuing slowly in his walk, as if he had merely exchanged a morning salutation.

"Then," she returned, hastily, "I will tell Mother; and we will meet thee in the twilight, at the side door under the balcony." She continued to look from the window, and the man sauntered on as if he had no care in the world but to keep the scarlet heels of his shoes from the dust. After a time Grizel arose, changed her loose robe for a more ceremonious dress, bound her brown braids into a prim gilded net, and descended into the drawing-room.

Her mother sat in mournful state at the end of the lofty apartment. About her were two ladies and several gentlemen, all conversing in low tones such as they might use, Grizel thought to herself, if her father were dead in the house. They all stopped talking as she entered, and looked at her in surprise. In those days it was thought very improper and forward for a young girl to enter a drawing-room uninvited, if guests were present. Grizel's eyes fell before the embarrassing scrutiny, and she dropped a timid courtesy, lifting her green silken skirts daintily, like a high-born little maiden, as she was. Lady Cochrane made a dignified apology to her guests and then turned to Grizel.

"Well, my daughter?" she said, questioningly.

"I pray thy pardon, Mother," said Grizel, in a trembling voice, speaking low, that only her mother might hear; "but within a few moments Sir Thomas Hanford will be secretly below the balcony, with news for us."

The lady half rose from her seat, trembling. "Is he commissioned by the governor?" she asked.

"I can not tell," said the little girl; but here her voice broke, and regardless of the strangers, she flung herself into her mother's lap, weeping: "I am sure it is bad news of Father!" Lady Cochrane wound her arm

about her daughter's waist, and, with a gesture of apology, led her from the room. Half an hour later she re-entered it hurriedly, followed by Grizel, who sank unnoticed in the deep embrasure of a window, and shivered there behind the heavy folds of the velvet hangings.

"I have just received terrible intelligence, my friends," announced Lady Cochrane, standing, tall and pale, in the midst of her guests. "The governor has been informally notified that the next post from London will bring Sir John's sentence. He is to be hanged at the Cross." There was a perfect silence in the dim room; then one of the ladies broke into loud sobbing, and a gentleman led Lady Cochrane to a chair, while the others talked apart in earnest whispers.

"Who brought the information?" asked one of the gentlemen, at length. "Is there not hope that it is a false report?"

"I am not at liberty," said Lady Cochrane, "to tell who brought me this terrible news; but it was a friend of the governor, from whom I would not have expected a service. Oh, is it too late," she cried, rising from her chair and pacing the room, "to make another attempt at intercession? Surely something can be done!"

The gentleman who had stood by her chair a gray-headed, sober-visaged man returned answer: "Do not count on any remedy now, dear Lady Cochrane. I know this new King. He will be relentless toward any one who has questioned his right to reign. Besides, the post has already left London several days, and will doubtless be here by to-morrow noon."

"I am sure," said a gentleman who had not yet spoken, "that if we had a few days more he might be saved. They say King James will do anything for money, and the wars have emptied his treasury. Might we not delay the post?" he suggested, in a low voice.

"No," said the gray-headed gentleman; "that is utterly impossible." Grizel, shivering behind the curtain, listened with eager ears. Then she saw her mother throw herself into the arms of one of the ladies and break into ungoverned sobs. The poor girl could stand no more, but glided from the room unnoticed and crept up to her dark chamber, where she sat, repeating aimlessly to herself the words that by chance had fixed themselves strongest in her memory: "Delay the post! Delay the post!"

The moon arose and shone in through the panes, making a wavering mosaic on the floor as it glimmered through the wind-blown ivy at the window. Like a flash, a definite resolution sprang into Grizel's mind. If, by delaying the post, time for intercession with the King could be gained, and her father's life so saved, then the post must be delayed! ut how? She had heard the gentleman say that it would be impossible. She knew that the postboy went heavily armed, to guard against the highwaymen who frequented the roads in search of plunder. This made her think of the wild stories of masked men who sprung from some secluded spot upon the postboys, and carried off the letters and money with which they were intrusted.

Suddenly she bounded from her seat, stood still a moment with her hands pressed to her head, ran from her room, and up the stairs which led to the servants' sleeping apartments. She listened at a door, and then, satisfied that the room was empty, entered, and went straight to the oaken wardrobe. By the light of the moon she selected a jacket and a pair of trousers. She looked about her for a hat and found one hanging on a peg near the window; then she searched for some time before she found a pair of boots. They were worn and coated with mud.

"They are all the better," she said to herself, and hurried on tiptoe down the corridor. She went next to the anteroom of her father's chamber. It was full of fond associations, and the hot tears sprung into her eyes as she looked about it. She took up a brace of pistols, examined them awkwardly, her hands trembling under their weight as she found at once to her delight and her terror that they were loaded. Then she hurried with them to her room.

Half an hour later, the butler saw a figure which he took to be that of Allen, the stable-boy, creeping down the back stairs, boots in hand. "Whaur noo, me laddie?" he asked, "It's gey late for ye to gang oot the nicht."

"I hae forgot to bar the stable door," replied Grizel in a low and trembling voice, imitating as well as she could the broad dialect of the boy. "Hech!" said the butler. "I ne'er hear ye mak sae little hammer in a' yer days."

She fled on. The great kitchen was deserted. She gathered up all the keys from their pegs by the door, let herself quietly out, and sped across the yard to the stable. With trembling hands she fitted first one key and then another to the door until she found the right one. Once inside the stable, she stood irresolute. She patted Bay Bess, her own little pony.

"Thou wouldst never do, Bess," she said. "Thou art such a lazy little creature." The round, fat carriage-horses stood there. "You are just holiday horses, too," said Grizel to them, "and would be winded after an hour of the work I want you for to-night." But in the shadow of the high stall stood Black Ronald, Sir John Cochrane's great, dark battle-horse, that riderless, covered with dust and foam, had dashed down the Canongate after the terrible rout of Argyle in the bogs of Leven-side, while all the people stood and stared at the familiar steed, carrying, as he did, the first silent message of disaster. Him Grizel unfastened and led out.

"Thou art a true hero," she said, rubbing his nose with the experienced touch of a horsewoman; "and I'll give thee a chance to-night to show that thou art as loyal as ever." Her hands were cold with excitement, but she managed to buckle the saddle and bridle upon him, while the huge animal stood in restless expectancy, anxious to be gone. She drew on the boots without any trouble, and slipped the pistols into the holsters.

"I believe thou knowest what I would have of thee," said Grizel as she led the horse out into the yard and on toward the gateway. Frightened, as he half circled about her in his impatience, she undid the fastening of the great gates, but her strength was not sufficient to swing them open.

"Ronald," she said in despair, "I can not open the gates!" Ronald turned his head about and looked at her with his beautiful eyes. He seemed to be trying to say, "I can."

"All right," said Grizel, as if he had spoken. She mounted the black steed, laughed nervously as she climbed into the saddle. "Now," she said, "go on!" The horse made a dash at the gates, burst them open, and leaped out into the road. He curveted about for a moment, his hoofs striking fire from the cobble-stones. Then Grizel turned his head down the Canongate, away from the castle. She knew the point at which she intended to leave the city, and toward that point she headed Black Ronald. The horse seemed to know he was doing his old master a service, as he took his monstrous strides forward. Only once did Grizel look backward, and then a little shudder, half terror, half remorse, struck her, for she saw her home ablaze with light, and heard cries of excitement borne faintly to her on

the rushing night wind. They had discovered her flight. Once she thought she heard hoof-beats behind her, but she knew she could not be overtaken.

Through the streets, now narrow, now broad, now straight, now crooked, dashed Black Ronald and his mistress. Once he nearly ran down a drowsy watchman who stood nodding at a sharp corner, but horse and rider were three hundred yards away before the frightened guardian regained his composure and sprang his discordant rattle.

Now the houses grew scarcer, and presently the battlements of the town wall loomed up ahead, and Grizel's heart sank, for there were lights in the road. She heard shouts, and knew she was to be challenged. She firmly set her teeth, said a little prayer, and leaned far forward upon Black Ronald's neck. The horse gave a snort of defiance, shied violently away from a soldier who stood by the way, and then went through the gateway like a shot. Grizel clung tightly to her saddle-bow, and urged her steed on. On, on they went down the firm roadway lined on either side by rows of noble oaks on, on, out into the country-side, where the sweet odor of the heather arose gracious and fragrant to the trembling girl. There was little chance of her taking a wrong path. The road over which the postboy came was the King's highway, always kept in a state of repair.

She gave herself no time to notice the green upland farms, or the stately residences which stood out on either hand in the moonlight. She concentrated her strength and mind on urging her horse forward. She was too excited to form a definite plan, and her only clear idea was to meet the postboy before daylight, for she knew it would not be safe to trust too much to her disguise. Now and then a feeling of terror flashed over her, and she turned sick with dread; but her firm purpose upheld her.

It was almost four in the morning, and the wind was blowing chill from the sea, when she entered the rolling woodlands about the Tweed. Grizel was shivering with the cold, and was so tired that she with difficulty kept her place in the saddle.

"We can not hold out much longer, Ronald," she said; "and if we fail, we can never hold up our heads again." Ronald, the sure-footed, stumbled and nearly fell. "It is no use," sighed Grizel; "we must rest." She dismounted, but it was some moments before her tired limbs could obey her will. Beside the roadway was a ditch filled with running water, and Grizel managed to lead Ronald down the incline to its brink, and let him drink. She scooped up a little in her hand and moistened her tongue; then, realizing that Ronald must not be allowed to stand still, she, with great difficulty, mounted upon his back again, and, heartsick, fearful, yet not daring to turn back, coaxed him gently forward.

The moon had set long before this, and in the misty east the sky began to blanch with the first gleam of morning. Suddenly, around the curve of the road where it leaves the banks of the Tweed came a dark object. Grizel's heart leaped wildly. Thirty seconds later she saw that it was indeed a horseman. He broke into a song:

*"The Lord o' Argyle cam' wi' plumes and wi' spears,
And Monmouth he landed wi' gay cavaliers!
The pibroch has caa'd every tartan the gither,
B' thoosans their footsteps a' pressing the heather;
Th' North and the Sooth sent their bravest ones out,
But a joust wi' Kirke's Lambs put them all to the rout."*

By this time, the horseman was so close that Grizel could distinguish objects hanging upon the horse in front of the rider. They were the mail-bags! For the first time she realized her weakness and saw how unlikely it was that she would be able to cope with an armed man. The blood rushed to her head, and a courage that was the inspiration of the moment took possession of her. She struck Black Ronald a lash with her whip. "Go!" she said to him shrilly, while her heart-beats hammered in her ears, "Go!"

The astonished and excited horse leaped down the road. As she met the postboy, she drew Black Ronald, with a sudden strength that was born of the danger, back upon his haunches. His huge body blocked the way "Dismount!" she cried to the other rider. Her voice was hoarse from fright, and sounded strangely in her own ears. But a wild courage nerved her, and the hand that drew and held the pistol was as firm as a man's. Black Ronald was rearing wildly, and in grasping the reins tighter, her other hand mechanically altered its position about the pistol.

She had not meant to fire, she had only thought to aim and threaten, but suddenly there was a flash of light in the gray atmosphere, a dull reverberation, and to the girl's horrified amazement she saw the horse in front of her stagger and fall heavily to the ground. The rider, thrown from his saddle, was pinned to the earth by his horse and stunned by the fall. Dizzy with pain and confused by the rapidity of the assault, he made no effort to draw his weapon.

The mail-bags had swung by their own momentum quite clear of the horse in its fall, and now lay loosely over its back, joined by the heavy strap.

It was a painful task for the exhausted girl to dismount, but she did so, and, lifting the cumbersome leathern bags, she threw them over Black Ronald's neck. It was yet more painful to her tender heart to leave the poor fellow she had injured lying in so pitiable a condition, but her father's life was in danger, and that, to her, was of more moment than the postboy's hurts.

"Heaven forgive me," she said, bending over him. "I pray this may not be his death!" She clambered over the fallen horse and mounted Ronald, who was calm again. Then she turned his head toward Edinboro' Town and hurriedly urged him forward. But as she sped away from the scene of the encounter, she kept looking back, with an awe-struck face, to the fallen postboy. In the excitement of the meeting and in her one great resolve to obtain her father's death-warrant, she had lost all thought of the risks she ran or of the injuries she might inflict; and it was with unspeakable relief, therefore, that she at last saw the post-boy struggle to his feet, and stand gazing after her. "Thank Heaven, he is not killed!" she exclaimed again and again, as she now joyfully pressed Ronald into a gallop. Throughout the homeward journey, Grizel made it a point to urge him to greater speed when nearing a farmhouse, so that there would be less risk of discovery. Once or twice she was accosted by laborers in the field, and once by the driver of a cart, but their remarks were lost upon the wind as the faithful Ronald thundered on. She did not feel the need of sleep, for she had forgotten it in all her excitement, but she was greatly exhausted and suffering from the effects of her rough ride.

Soon the smoke in the distance showed Grizel that her native town lay an hour's journey ahead. She set her teeth and said an encouraging word to the horse. He seemed to understand, for he redoubled his energies. Now the roofs became visible, and now, grim and sullen, the turrets of the castle

loomed up. Grizel felt a great lump in her throat as she thought of her father in his lonely despair.

She turned Ronald from the road again and cut through a clump of elms. She came out in a few minutes and rode more slowly toward a smaller gate than the one by which she had left the city. A stout soldier looked at her carelessly and then turned to his tankard of ale, after he had noticed the mail-bags. Grizel turned into a crooked, narrow street lined on each side with toppling, frowning buildings. She drew rein before a humble house, and slipped wearily from her saddle and knocked at the door. An old woman opened the heavy oaken door and Grizel fell into her arms.

"The bags the mail," she gasped, and fainted. When she recovered consciousness, she found herself on a low, rough bed. The old woman was bending over her.

"Losh keep me!" said the dame. "I did na ken ye! Ma puir bairnie! Hoo cam' ye by these?" and she pointed to the clothes of Allen. "The bags?" said Grizel, sitting bolt upright

"Are under the hearth," said the old woman.

"And Ronald?" continued Grizel.

"Is in the byre wi' the coos," said the other with a knowing leer. "Not a soul kens it. Ne'er a body saw ye come."

Breathlessly Grizel explained all to her old nurse, and then sprung off the bed. At her request the old dame locked the door and brought her the bags. By the aid of a sharp knife the pair slashed open the leathern covering, and the inclosed packets fell upon the floor. With trembling hands Grizel fumbled them all over, tossing one after another impatiently aside as she read the addresses. At last she came upon a large one addressed to the governor. With beating heart she hesitated a moment, and then tore the packet open with shaking fingers. She easily read the bold handwriting. Suddenly everything swam before her, and again she nearly fell into her companion's arms.

It was too true. What she read was a formal warrant of the King, signed by his majesty, and stamped and sealed with red wax. It ordered the governor to hang Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree at the Cross in Edinburgh at ten o'clock in the morning, on the third day of the following week. She clutched the paper and hid it in her dress.

The disposition of the rest of the mail was soon decided upon. The old lady's son Jock a wild fellow was to put the sacks on the back of a donkey and turn it loose outside the gates, at his earliest opportunity. And then Grizel, clad in some rough garments the old lady procured, slipped out of the house, and painfully made her way toward the Canongate.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when she reached her home. The porter at the gate could scarcely be made to understand that the uncouth figure before him was his young mistress. But a moment later her mother was embracing her, with tears of joy,

All the male friends of Sir John were hastily summoned, and Grizel related her adventure, and displayed the death-warrant of her father. The hated document was consigned to the flames, a consultation was held, and that night three of the gentlemen left for London.

The next day, the donkey and the mail-sacks were found by a sentry, and some little excitement was occasioned; but when the postboy came in later, and related how he had been attacked by six stalwart robbers, and how he had slain two of them and was then overpowered and forced to surrender the bags, all wonderment was set at rest.

The Cochrane family passed a week of great anxiety, but when it was ended, the three friends returned from London with joyful news. The King had listened to their petition, and had ordered the removal of Sir John to the Tower of London, until his case could be reconsidered. So to London Sir John went; and after a time the payment of five thousand pounds to some of the King's advisers secured an absolute pardon. His lands, which had been confiscated, were restored to him; and on his arrival at his Scottish home, he was warmly welcomed by a great concourse of his friends. He thanked them in a speech, taking care, however, not to tell who was so greatly instrumental in making his liberation possible. But we may be sure that he was secretly proud of the pluck and devotion of his daughter Grizel.

GET YOUR MATERIALS NOW FOR TARTAN DAY (April 6, 1998)
from the Caledonian Foundation.

Materials for the promotion of Tartan Day – to be observed April 6, 1998 – are now available from numerous organizations promoting this important event in the Scottish community.

The list of approximately 25 items covers such items as copies of the Declaration of Arbroath, copies of Senate Resolution No. 155 designating April 6th as National Tartan Day, ideas for the promotion of Scottish products, books by Scottish authors, Tartan Day lapel pins, religious observances, ideas for community events, as well as information on electronic access.

The list of resources is available at no cost by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Caledonian Foundation USA, Inc., Northeast Region, P. O. Box 1242, Edgartown, MA 02539-1242. For information: Duncan MacDonald, Telephone: (508) 693-3135 FAX: (508) 696-0537.

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