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JOURNAL OF THE  
LADY BEATRIX GRAHAM.







JOURNAL OF THE  
LADY BEATRIX GRAHAM,

SISTER OF THE MARQUIS OF

MONTROSE.

*a novel, by Jane Mary Smith-Dampier*



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## PREFACE.

**T**O give the true history of this little book will perhaps be the best way of introducing it to the public.

Strange as it may seem in these days, it was not written for publication, but was the delight of years of loving labour, laid aside and resumed as other avocations permitted, written and re-written as a labour of pure love, pruned down from excrescences and details that the writer believes in while omitting them, printed for family reading, and finally, on family verdict launched into the world.

Some characters have a sort of fascination that leads to their contemplation till there arises a longing on the part of the imagination to throw itself into the times, and assume, as it were, an individuality, whence to contemplate the image at leisure. And thus for the

convenience of hero worship towards the great Montrose, the personality of his sister Beatrix was taken up, and her character lived in for years, while her supposed diary was made to record all that (to borrow a favourite term of Fouqué) "seemed as if it must be so."

It will be understood from this that whatever history has recorded respecting the Great Marquess and his family has been adhered to, not so much out of scrupulosity, as because these were the stand points whence the web was constructed, the foundations of the fabric, somewhat as in the case of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's work, "*La Comtesse de Bonneval*," where, on the foundation of the veritable letters, a wonderfully touching character has been built up by the deductions of sympathetic genius and fancy.

Whether the outline of history has been satisfactorily filled up, the opinion of the public must decide. All that here needs to be said is that all, except a few merely accessory personages, are historical—or at least genealogical verities—as indeed is testified by the complicated relationships that no one would have taken the trouble to invent. Dr. Wishart's *Life of Montrose*, or the more full and modern memoir by Mr. Mark Napier, will shew the correctness with which the Mar-

quess's various journeys and adventures have been followed, while readers of French and English memoirs of the time will recognise the authority for more than one anecdote and trait of the society in which Lady Beatrix and her brother moved at Paris and in Holland.

It may be as well to state that the Introductory Remarks, purporting to be by the Editor, profess to be no more than the narratives of the discovery of MSS. in ancient cabinets, which used to be the fashionable introduction to old world romances. So much of the story is told in the character of the said Editor and finder, abridging and collating the diary (as was true of its rough copy) that it has been found expedient to leave this introduction, and surely ever since the time of Cervantes it has been lawful for a story-teller to have a Cid Hamet Benen Geli; or at least, a Jedediah Cleishbotham.

There have been many books of late written on this diary plan, but if writing out of the fulness of the heart be the means of giving true interest and pleasure then Lady Beatrix Graham's diary ought to succeed.

C. M. YONGE,

*August 22nd, 1870.*





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

BY THE EDITOR.



ANY years ago an old manuscript came into my possession, with which I was so much pleased that I feel tempted to make public some extracts from it, in the hope that this simple record of bygone joys and sorrows may not be without interest. To myself, the task of preparing and arranging it has been most pleasant, brightening many a winter day, and beguiling many a summer one. I have omitted sundry matters of merely domestic interest, such as recipes and prescriptions, with various little details of dress and housekeeping; and I have modified the antique orthography, Lady Beatrix, like her illustrious brother, and indeed many of the most refined persons of her day, having had very hazy ideas on that

subject. Also, I have altered the occasional Scotticisms, only retaining one here and there, for fear of losing the raciness of the style if they were entirely Anglicized.

For the political opinions I will not be responsible, neither do I agree with them; but it would have been strange indeed if the sister of Montrose had failed to share the burning enthusiasm that led him to destruction and to glory, however wasted we may deem it to have been. To borrow words more eloquent than any of mine can be—

*“ Blame we or laud the cause, all human life  
Is grander by one grand self-sacrifice;  
While earth disputes if righteous be the strife,  
The Martyr soars beyond it to the skies.”*

The original manuscript is written in a legible, pretty Italian hand, in a short, thick, old, leather-bound book; though many passages bear marks of haste, the words being abbreviated till they become somewhat perplexing to decipher, and in the most important parts some gaps occur, which I have been enabled to fill up from letters written by different members of the family. To explain their somewhat complicated relationship, I will add that Montrose had five sisters, of whom Beatrix was the youngest but one. The eldest,



Margaret, had been married early to Lord Napier, son of the inventor of logarithms, and as she was the eldest of the family, there was but little difference of age between her younger sister and her children, Archibald, Margaret and Lilius, of whom we shall read in the Journal. Montrose had himself been married at a very early age to Magdalen, daughter of the Earl of Southesk, whom he lost after a short union, at, or soon after the birth of their third son. It was after her death that he spent some time in France and Italy.

In the charter chest of the Napier family is still preserved a deed signed by Montrose when on the eve of one of his earliest expeditions, wherein, "for the singular and special love and favour quhilk we haiff and bear to Lady Beatrix Graeme, our lawful sister," he obliges himself and his heirs to secure to that lady the sum of twenty thousand marks for "tocher," provided she married with his consent.

At the time she began the record of her varied life, Beatrix was thoroughly restless and discontented; for in the words of Carlyle, "the great Montrose in Scotland was for many weeks blazing at his highest; but him too, David Lesley with dragoons emerging from the mist of the Autumn morning, on

Philiphaugh near Selkirk, had in one fell hour utterly trampled out."

These preliminary matters being stated, we will now leave our Journalist to speak for herself.





# JOURNAL OF LADY BEATRIX.

## CHAPTER I.

BEGUN *October* YE 2nd, MDCXLVI., AT  
HAYES HOUSE.

**I**T was kind of Aunt Liliās to bestow this little book on me, wherein to write my meditations; and having nothing to do, I may as well make use of it, albeit my meditations are not overcheerful now that my brother is gone beyond the sea, and I have ne'er seen him again, after all my hopes and prayers, since he dined here on his way to Dundee, when he was so kindly and courteous to my aunts, they were even constrained to be friendly with him. That seemeth long ago; and, woe is me! how long will it be ere I see him again? Surely it was cruel kindness to send me to this dolefull house, where all is dull and quiet, away from

the fighting. I might as well have been in prison, like my young kinswomen, Margaret and Liliass, who, at any rate, had done what lay in their power for the Cause; while, if I only had the power, how gladly would I have held Kincardine Castle against the rebels, or borne intelligence, or done and endured anything, for only a look of approval from Montrose; but now I am nobody, and my youth is fast passing away. Yet it is a blessed thing that he is safe, and those wretched weeks cannot come over again when we knew not what had befallen him, and I could not bear to lie down in my warm bed while he was wandering we knew not where, and all our tidings came through the pedlars and such-like people. Oh, how blithe would I have been to wander with him in the mountains through storm and peril! Even Aunt Dorothy prayed for his safety, and ceased to chide with me on all occasions, though she would often say how he would have escaped these judgments had he served under Argyle (paur body), and upheld the Covenant. Aunt Liliass was ever proud of him in her heart, and I was oftentimes grateful to her when she would bid me go cut the lavender, or feed the chickens, or otherwise contrive excuses to send me out of the room. I am right glad David Mathertie is safe like-

wise—no thanks to his prudence, most likely.

Continued at Hamburg, *Novr. 22nd.*

Now, indeed, have I much to write, and little time to do so. How differently time passes here in this merry town with the good Sterlings, away from Hayes House and all things dismal. And how pleasant 'tis to be clad in fair garments and of new fashion instead of russet kirtles. Much more hath befallen than I can write since the windy morning when Margaret and I walked on the Terrace, and she said, "Seeing ye are sae disconsolate, wherefore suld ye not take leave of your aunts, and come abroad with us?" And when I feared Montrose might be displeased at my doing so, she bid me consult with her husband, who removed my scruples. And now, indeed, we may expect him full soon to join us here. Oh, I hope we may not wait long! I wonder if he will be much changed by all he hath done and endured. Sir George Sterling telleth me he never cared to fare better than his common soldiers, but would march for hours through the snow, having broken his fast on nothing more than a little oatmeal and water, yet was he as vigorous as any Hielander.

*Decr. 1st.*—In what a flutter have I spent the morning, for he is coming—perhaps to-

morrow! I have looked over my new purchases of goodly garments, practised my songs, and at last set me down before the mirrour to see whether or not I be well-favoured still, but could not make up my mind, when Margaret entered, and cried, "Well, ye are commodiously established!" I was startled at first, and somewhat abashed, till we both burst out laughing. I am glad it was neither of my aunts that surprised me.

*2nd.*—We waited all this morning in the parlour that looketh on the street, and at every noise we heard Margaret and I kept running to the window till Sir George did wax cross. At length we heard the horses' hoofs, with ringing of swords and spurs, and I would have stayed at the window, but Margaret hurried me downstairs. I know not why, but I slipped behind her and her husband, and marked how my brother came in and lovingly greeted them in the voice that made my heart to leap. Then his eyes fell upon me, and he kissed me, saying he was right glad to see me again. We asked him of all his adventures, and he told us he had made his escape disguised as secretary to the Reverend Mr. James Woodd, who once did nearly lose all by not taking precedence; happily our enemies seem somewhat purblind. In one Hieland castle where they

were entertained, Montrose sate at the lower end of the board, which was strewn with salt ; then a piece of meat was served to each, and rolled in the salt, without forks or trenchers. More than once he met old followers, whose discretion he mistrusted rather than their loyalty. While he spake I sate by watching him, and giving thanks in my heart. This evening I was drest for supper before any-one, and found him alone in the Saloon. He spake to me of our last hurried meeting, and asked how I did like living in exile, and if I had made progress with mine Italian studies. Then Sir George and Margaret came in, and we had much talk of Napier and his wife Elizabeth, and of Lilius, wishing they could all join us, and so we could dwell together, as in the old time or ever the war broke out.

12th.—My brother hath been received here with much distinction, and last night we all, with David Mathertie and Sir Francis Hay, went to a Masque—a most pretty entertainment, only I did wish I could have taken part in it myself, whether as Ceres, who was clad in green vesture, powdered with golden corn, or as Diana, who wore white garments to her ankles, which were covered with silver buskins, and had an half-moon of flashing diamonds on her forehead. However, I was right glad

to wear my white satin gown, with falling cape of lace, and a few violets in my boddice. I would I could have sent them to Aunt Liliash, who hath ne'er seen violets at Yule. All the brave company did honour to Montrose, and truly he was the goodliest and stateliest there. The gentlemen would have had him talk politicks with them all the evening had the lady of the house permitted it.

23<sup>rd</sup>.—The townspeople are keeping Christmas as a feast, which it is; and last night, as I lay awake thinking over our conversation in the evening, I heard a marvellous sweet strain of musick far in the distance, but growing clearer and clearer, till it came under the windows, then passing slowly away down the long street. It made me think of the poor shepherds out in the starlight on the bare hill-side, and the sudden glory that so startled them; and how the wise Magians had followed the long golden beams of their still, solemn guide over terrible wildernesses and mighty rivers, till at last they found the Holy Child. So thinking, I fell asleep with that strange musick in mine ears.

26<sup>th</sup>.—How far otherwise have I spent this Christmas than the last! yet were we quiet enow. In the morning we listened to a learned discourse from Dr. Wishart; then



walked about the town; and after dinner we played battledore and shuttlecock with the Master of Mathertie, whom Margaret had bidden, being alone. He could not keep up more than thirty, till my brother took the battledore from him, saying his arm must have grown stiff in prison, then kept up 300 at a time, with his strong, steady strokes, till my hand was all blistered; nevertheless, as Margaret whispered me that the Master did look something chagrined, I did challenge him to a game of chess, wherein he was victor by reason of my brother looking over and giving him counsel, though both Sir Francis and Dr. Wishart did counsel me. While the wassail was handed round, we told stories of ghosts, elves, and other bugs,<sup>1</sup> roasting chestnuts in the embers, then sang till nigh upon midnight.

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<sup>1</sup> Bug-bears, goblins.—*Ed.*





## CHAPTER II.

*January 2nd, 1646-7.*



ANY of our old soldiers have come hither, being in much distress. My brother and George Sterling try to find service for them. It is a pity they should be dispersed, as we may yet need them to strike a blow for the king, and it was trouble enough to gather and keep them together, yet must it be done. Margaret hath resolved to make her old gowns last yet this winter, and I will wait ere I purchase Dante's poem. We have been right busy making puddings and medicines. Truly I am glad my aunts did give me some knowledge of such matters. By one Major Melvin, who hath escaped with his life, and little else, we have received right welcome letters. Lady Betty Napier is entertaining Lilius at Merchistoun; they do not say whether Lilius hath obtained her due provision from the Parlia-

ment,<sup>1</sup> for they are all too happy to be free again with the children to think of much else. Woefull are the accounts we hear of Scottish matters : brave men flying for their lives ; fair dwellings laid desolate, and all these noble gentlemen murdered ; whereat I know not if my brother be more grieved or wroth. Would I could comfort him, or in any way help our Cause ; but I have never had the power even of sending a message or token. Had I but been near Philiphaugh, I might have brought word of Leslie's approach better than those loons the scouts, who swore, with many execrable imprecations, there was no enemy within eight miles, whereas Leslie was close at hand in the fog. Well may I be thankful that we have escaped ; and though our estates have suffered, yet are we not ruined. They say Colonel Ogilvie should have been headed, but that his sister contrived to disguise him in her raiment. I wish I might have such opportunity, though, perhaps, my garments might scarcely be wide enough. Happening to say this to Dr. Wishart, he prayed me not to speak thus rashly, adding that ye old Romans

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<sup>1</sup> Lilius Napier had been compelled to petition the Scottish Parliament for her inheritance, which step appears to have been attended with success.—*Ed.*

would exclaim, "Dii avertite omen," if they heard anyone uttering ill-omened words.

13<sup>th</sup>.—Among those that have fled hither is one Corporal Gordon, that did four men's work at Aulderne; his wife and children are with him, in sore need. This morning, as Margaret was busy, I went forth alone to take them what I could, asking myself the way in German, in case I should lose it, but found the street without trouble. The poor children were all alone in the strange place, too frightened to play, for their parents had gone out to seek help, leaving the elder sister, who is but thirteen, in charge; and it went to my heart when the little things came around me, as if for protection, and to see their glee when my basket was unpacked, and a lordly cake made its appearance. We were all comfortable together, when ane heavy step was heard on ye stair, which made the eldest girl to wax pale, begging me to go, that I might not meet that rude man, though she did not look sorry when I said I would stay. An ill-favoured fellow came in and made a long speech in low German and broken English, whereof all I could make out was yt he wanted money. It is hard enough to understand a German at any time, but when he is in a rage ane hurricane would be more intelligible.

The little girl took courage to tell him her father was out, whereat the fellow swore some full-mouthed German oaths, and presently began to wax abusive. I would have satisfied him on the spot, but had not half the sum upon me, wherefore I bid him follow me home and there be paid; but he flew into a rage, saying, "A pretty story, indeed! and whiles I am away will these beggars have packed up bag and baggage and gone, no man knoweth where." He would have added more, being half-seas over, but I bid him go forth of the room till he could speak after a proper fashion; so having muttered a little he slunk out. Then we debated what was to be done. It would have been better to have ordered him to come to our house in the evening, but it did not occur to me; at last we resolved yt the children should bar themselves in, whiles the man could, if it pleased him, keep guard outside ye door, and I should hasten home for the money. As I was making my way along a noisy street I did all but run against George Sterling, who looked so amazed I could scarce help laughing, though he was very grave. However, he did at once return with me, and gave the man his rent, together with a sharp rebuke in German, then conducted me home. At dinner he related this adventure, and Mar-

garet was shocked, saying I must never go alone in such places any more. However, my brother did commend me, saying he would escort me himself the next time I went on such an expedition. Yet should I never have dreamt there was harm in a discreet person, as I hope I am, walking quietly through ye street on lawful business.

*February 2nd.*—This morning Margaret and I waded forth through mire six inches deep with some garments for Mrs. Gordon to make. I fear I did inwardly murmur not a little at starting, carrying a packet, whiles I had to pick my way; yet was it a pleasant day, with a chasing and hurrying of white clouds through the bright blue sky, and a strange spring-like feeling in the air; so having concluded our business and commended the children for their towardly behaviour, we walked right out into the country, where we saw the catkins already on ane hazel bush, and little knops of silver down on ye willows, besides which there was much twittering of little birds, the wet grass glittered in the sunshine, and our way was strewn with Crowfoot as with golden stars. When we returned I found on my toilette-table a large package, and eagerly opened it, behold! an edition of Dante's poem, bound in Maroquin. I was at no loss to tell who had

placed it there, but when I prayed my Brother to add unto his kindness by writing my name therein, he did at first say nay, alledging that his handwriting was so crabbed it would only deface the book; nevertheless, when I did much entreat him, he consented, saying he would write his best hand; then added:

“What and if we were now to read a Canto together?”

Oh, what a delight was that! Listening to the deep quiet strength of his voice, I could almost see the Mountain tops lighted with the beams of morning, as I have seen them near our old home; then the deep awfull way by twilight through the forest, and the glorified image of Beatrice. Montrose made me read her words to Virgilius, and said the sweet tones of my namesake did seem to come to me as if by nature. He oft-times pronounceth my name after the Italian manner; also he told me that whatever did greatly interest Dante, whether of joy or sorrow, he wrote it in his Divine Poem, so that in some sort it is true, which I like to think.

*7th.*—This morning Montrose read with me of that strange region where Dante saw the mighty spirits of old heathen days, who were not suffered to enter Heaven, yet knew not the

pains of Hell ; and I asked him if he thought they were among the spirits in Prison ?

*Montrose* : “ I hope so ; and this doth mind me how I was once detained by a storm in a monastery among the Appennines, where I beguiled the time with an old book of legends, wherein was one purporting to be narrated by those spirits of just men that appeared unto many at our Lord’s crucifixion. They describe the consternation of Hell and Hades, and tell how the brazen gates were flung crashing down into the Abyss as the light streamed dazzling in, and how the Conqueror bore away with him those rescued ones to Paradise, where they were met by the penitent thief bearing his cross. Dante alludeth to this ; his mystical journey likewise took place about the time of Easter.”

14<sup>th</sup>.—As we were parting last night, Margaret bade me remember that the morrow was St. Valentine’s Day ; so as I chanced to waken early, I rose to look forth and see the morning. All was very still, save where a few country folk were going towards the market ; but presently a stalwart figure passed, looking up earnestly at our windows, and as he slowly walked by a second time, I knew him for ye Master of Mathertie. He could not have seen me, for I kept myself safe behind the curtain ;



but he came bravely apparelled in the afternoon, with a sweet posy of early flowers, wherefore we made him right welcome, and Margaret kept him to practise some rounds, persuading her husband to take the tenor for lack of a better, which he did very resignedly till Sir Francis Hay came in, to whom he gladly surrendered, and we sang on right merrily, the Master rolling out all the most plaintive part of Damon's lamentations as though he did thoroughly enjoy it; in midst whereof my brother entered, and I sang second better than I have ever done before.

*March 3rd.*—Again we have received advices from home; Elizabeth writes word that poor Lilius is not in good cheer; wherefore she would fain have her to follow us abroad, thinking that the southern air will be salutary, as also being out of the way of continually hearing sad tidings. Archibald will be glad of her society till his wife can arrange their affairs, and till he hath an home for her and the children. I said it would be pleasant to see Lilius, but Elizabeth would be lonely without her, to which Margaret replied "she would doubt Lilius being over cheerful company." My brother's letter was very important, being from the Queen's Majestie, who addresseth him as "*Mon Cousin*," speaking

right graciously of his services—yet was it to me a bearer of evil tidings, for he saith it is now high time he should depart for Paris.

4th.—This morning, as soon as might be, I withdrew into mine own room, and there sate sewing with an heavie heart till Margaret knocked at the door and entered, as is her wont, without waiting for an answer. “Why Beatrix,” she cried, “what ails you? Ye have been moping over your books of lost souls; I wonder you should like to read such things.”

“Nay, where I read last it was like a strain of heavenly musick, telling how each morning he rose in the clear dawn, lighter by the burden of one more sin removed, and ready to toil higher towards Heaven.”

But she cut me short with “You do not looke much lighter at any rate.”

“Alas!” I said, “I cannot help being right sorry that my Brother is going now.”

And she, “I am sorry likewise; the more so, that I will lose you both at once.” Then seeing me look amazed, she added, taking up her work, and sewing diligently the while, “Your brother hath asked me whether I thought you would be happy living with him—well, do not interrupt me; you can imagine mine answer. Then he asked whether you

would be content to wander about ye world, following his fortunes, and I think I said right when I told him you would like nothing better."

I could scarce believe such joy, and cared not to shew my delight, lest it should savour of ingratitude towards my kinswoman and her worthy husband. She continued, "George and I will be right sorry to part with you; yet are we well pleased that Montrose will have your company, for there may be troubles in store for him, and you have quiet, cheerful ways about you; moreover his sons must remain in Scotland with their grandfather."

I began to thank her for all ye kindnesse shewn me by her and Sir George, but could not say much, nor indeed would she suffer me so to do. Presently she said, "You will not leave us till Wednesday, so there will be time to look to your arrangements. Your aunts have taught you many secrets of a gude housewife, and I know one Mrs. Grant, a trusty woman, who hath followed her son abroad, and now he will enlist under the Emperour; so I doubt not she will be glad to go with you into France." Then she did help me to look over my garments.

After dinner my brother did take me with him for a ride, and said, "Did ye hear, Beatrix, of my conference with Margaret this morn-

ing?" I said that I had, but did fear I should not be companion for him. He answered that he was the best judge. I truly hope I may be a companion for him, but I have been kept so long out of the world. Then he said, "I fear though we are going to Paris, you will lead but a solitary life, for albeit I hope to see company and to find friends there, yet will I often be obliged to leave you alone, and you will have no lady dwelling with you." I could have said I had lived with ladies a long time, but feared to seem over-bold, so did only tell him that I liked well to be sometimes alone, and could always amuse myself, and he replied, "I half fancied so;" then added that all was uncertain, but it may be that our exile will not last very long, and talked of the pleasure of returning to our old home, when the king shall enjoy his own again, and the traitors shall have received their due reward; also we made divers plans for the present time, and he hath promised to tell me of his travels.

. 10th.—So busy have I been the last few days there hath been little time for writing or thinking. I have bid farewell to the Gordons, and have seen Mistress Grant, who is somewhat stricken in years, of a staid but comely aspect; it seems she had lived with my sister Rollock formerly, and could tell me much about her.



## CHAPTER III.

*March 28th.* NEAR PARIS.

**N**OW that at length I have a few minutes to myself, I will gladly make further use of Aunt Liliás her little book, for methinks it will be a joy to me when I am old to read of ye happy dayes I have passed, that is, supposing I live to be old, which I do not greatly desire, unless, by God's grace, my faculties be preserved so that I be not in any way decrepit.

Our cousin Napier hath hired an excellent house for us; I did not think a man could have managed so well without counsel: it is small, and the wainscoat in all ye rooms is painted white,—the floors well polished, so that the place looketh clean and cool, but the window curtains being of scarlet, the appearance is not unbefitting this season—in mine own chamber, however, the hangings are white, and the early light cometh streaming in with

ye voices of rooks and ye cheerful singing of divers little birds; moreover there is a fair garden wherein already are primroses gleaming forth like lamps. We have a delicate prospect of Paris from the upper windows, with never a wreath of smoke to dim the scene, and at night the lights of ye citie looke almost weird. I stand amazed at mine own good housekeeping, saving that I am something afraid of my servants, tho' I shew it not. I wonder what mine aunts are now doing, and whether they miss me; perhaps Aunt Liliias will think kindly of me, though I deserve it not, for never till I had left them did I know how good and gentle she hath been, often pleading for me in my troubles, even though in her own heart she might blame me. I miss the great hills with the changing lights about them, though this place is far better than Holland in that respect, truly our journey hither was like travelling over a table, yet my brother told me that in the summer those plains are like a great sheet of mosaic, being variegated with fat pastures, flax, and all manner of produce. I liked the towns through which we did pass better than the open country, being marvellously clean, and the houses carved with ornamented gables, reflected in ye blue canals; also I liked to

see the storks returning to their nests, for the people say that they bring a blessing, and set up boxes or tubs on the housetops to the intent that they may make nests therein. Yet must they be uncanny birds if it be true yt they will only build in a Commonwealth. Antwerp did remind us a little of the Canongate and High Street of Edinburgh, though, indeed, far neater—how pleasant it was to listen to the Cathedral chimes, singing above all the noise of the street; still more at night, when the wild music seemed dropping from the stars like soft spring showers.

Yet was it well we ever came here with our baggage, for in many parts the country was flooded, and at one poor hamlet we were told the road was impassable for our coach; my brother would not return to Tournay, which we had left three hours before, and we endeavoured to proceed till we found the water standing some inches deep in the bottom of the carriage, and on reconnoitring, found it was like to be worse in front instead of better. I have heard my brother say a retreat is more arduous than a battle, and so we now found it, for the wheels stuck fast when we would turn, and ye coach had to be lightened; wherefore my brother caught me up in his arms, and carried me to a little

island of willows, whither Mistress Grant and the luggage were also conveyed by ye stout, good-natured country-folk, who gave our poor horses large lumps of bread dipped in beer, and worked with a will, my brother directing them up to his knees in water. Then we fell back upon the hamlet, where was a sort of pot-house, with food and fire, but no beds, so we made our night encampment in the kitchen; I lay on the floor, wrapped in clokes, and my brother sate on a bench with his shoulders against ye door, having given ye great chair to poor Mrs. Grant, which he did, as he told me, to still her bemoanings. She was soon asleep, and then I could fully enjoy the adventure, for I woke at intervals, and could watch the warm ruddy light glancing on the rows of shining delft ware, the tall clock, and the spinning wheel, while my brother sat with folded arms before the door like a tower of strength. He had his pistols ready, and had bidden me to keep my watch and rings out of sight, as, though the people of the house were civil and honest, he could not tell what company might happen there in ye night; however, all was still, save the wind and the rain outside; and the next morning, being fair, we were able to proceed in a barge, which was well, as there was but one Dutch cheese



left in the place, off which we did break our fast. All the good people came out to see us off, as our detention had been a rare god-send to them. We left Mrs. Grant to bring up the rear with our equipage when the dyke should be repaired, as she would on no account risk her life in ye barge, so bid me farewell, hoping she might ever see me again, whereat I laughed, and she said, "Such levity ill doth become your ladyship at this solemn moment." Then my brother comforted her, saying, "I can swim and your lady is no great weight, so you will not see me without her."

As we floated slowly onward he told me I would make a good soldier's wife; and on my saying I would like nought better than to go on a campaign, he made answer that this was good practice, yet he did not think I would much enjoy ane Hieland march in winter weather. Then I did perswade him to beguile the way with telling me of his adventures, and he related his march on Inverlochy; how he was roused at midnight by Ian Lom, ye bard of Keppoch, with news that the Campbells were wasting Lochaber; "Wherefore," said he, "we did try back by the Tarff to Corryarrick, up ye beds of torrents, over moor and mountain, through snowed-up pathless ways, where we could find no guides but cowherds,

and they scarce acquainted with a place but six miles from their own dwellings. Ian Lom was marched at the head of our columns, bound with cords, having staked his life on the truth of his intelligence, for I could at first scarce believe Argyle dared follow me through Lochaber. We came within sight of the enemy on ye second evening, and stood to our arms in the snow, as did they, all night, which was moonlight and very clear, having skirmishes all the night till break of day, when ye first signals were given, and the Rebels fought as men deserving to fight in a better cause. Our men soon came to push of pike and dint of sword, which the Rebels could no-ways stand, and were driven into utter ruin ; but some brave gentlemen took shelter in the castle, and surrendered honourably to me. Meanwhile Ian Lom stood on a hill to see the battel, and hath composed a song, which I hope we may hear one day from himself."

I said I wished I had been with him, whereat he laughed, saying, "I would soon have seen you running down among the pikes to save some rebel from his desert." And I : "Yet have I heard that you saved many, even in ye heat of battel."

"I did it," said he, "to teach the churls better manners than they have learnt."



## CHAPTER IV.

*March 29th.*

**M**Y brother hath taken me already to see the Church of Nostre Dame, and then we walked along the merry bustling Quais to visit our nephew, Archibald Napier, who gladly made us welcome, saying he is but lonely, and he feareth it will be long ere he can send for his wife and children ; yet doth he hope to be able to receive his sister Liliash, who is to cross ye seas when she can find ane escort. After dinner he went with us to see ye church whence the Tocsin sounded on yt deadly eve of St. Bartholomew, and we walked in the fair pleasure-gardens of the Thuilleries. My brother was even remarking that he would speedily apply for an audience of ye Queen, when a company of ladies came forth on ye terrace at a little distance, and herself at their

head. She did recognise my brother, and sent one of ye ladies to bring him to her, giving him her hand to kiss. After they had conversed awhile my Brother bade Archibald and me approach, and introduced us. She spake kindly, saying she should expect us at a grand ball the queen her sister would give shortly, and that she would undertake to find me partners. When I would have thanked her, she said: "*Avecque vostre bonne mine, mon enfant, je n'y trouveray aulcune difficulté.*" Then she introduced me to a kind middle-aged lady, Madame de Motteville, who was so courteous (as were ye others) that I forgot my imperfect French, and talked with them freely.

Our queen is of right stately bearing, though small in stature and plain in her apparel. My heart yearns towards her, she looks so careworn, and my brother saith far older than when he saw her last.

*April 2nd.*—My brother having gone this morning to wait on the Cardinal, I took Mistress Grant with me to see ye village church and churchyard, which latter seemed to me in a disgracefull condition, the ground bare and stony, and no such pretty inscriptions as over ye tombs in Germany, only something about "*regrets éternels,*" which did seem to me equi-

vocal. Mrs. Grant was shocked at the litter of wreaths and little images, which are left about till they drop to pieces, and at the nettles allowed to grow among the rose-trees; but on entering the church my spleen vanished, for some aged women were kneeling there on chairs, praying devoutly; so we stole out in silence, and met a dark, comely young woman carrying a chaplet, which she laid on a little grave, then quietly walked into the church. Methinks it is well thus to be able to enter the house of prayer even from the bright busy streets of the citie, for I saw the same thing at Nostre Dame; but when I made some remark of the sort to Mrs. Grant, she answered, "There is nothing to prevent the heart being lifted up from ye very market-place."

Yet may it sometimes be well to leave the shops and noise and ye meeting of acquaintance, and to go apart into a cool quiet place even for a moment.

This church was plain enough, but cheerful and sunny as life seems to be here. How different is this little homely building from ye stately places full of golden gloom, with lofty arches rising one beyond another, and mysterious vaulted ways, and the tombs having sculptured images of their occupants lying thereon, with calm sleeping faces and hands

folded in prayer, their good swords yet beside them.

When I am gay and cheerful I like well the little country church, where the sun streameth in, and we can watch the swallows as they wheel past the window ; yet when aught troubles me I feel a strange longing for those dim lofty cathedrals, whose grandeur doth at once rebuke and soothe us ; and there would I be buried, only near a window, that ye sun and moon might shine in on my grave ; or else under the open sky, with the long grass waving over me, gleaming with wild flowers, as the wind goes whispering through.

*4th.*—I would Montrose were not alwaies at ye court. He returned well pleased the first day, and bid me make ready a court dress, saying he would have me look my best among the great ladies, and I was not to trouble myself about ye cost, as he would see to that ; but now he ever cometh back grave and care-worn, sitting silent long after, or else gentlemen come in and talk politiques all the evening. To judge from what they say, our Cause is more unprosperous than ever. Many persons of quality hath visited us, whom I have entertained in my brother's absence. Still I would I could see more of him ; truly we were more together at Hamburgh.

5th.—I feel abashed when I look back on that I wrote last, and think of my murmuring temper. My brother was all day engaged with his secretary, reading and writing cyphered dispatches; but in the evening, just when he seemed inclined to talk with me, in came Sir Edward Nicholas and Mr. Culpeper, whereat I was not a little startled, having prepared enough supper for two, but doubting whether it would go further. There was no opportunity to procure more, wherefore I was fain to take scarce anything myself; and being tired with setting the house in order, I became sleepy afterwards in the Withdrawing-room. I had hoped this might not be observed, but after a moment of forgetfulness I was roused by feeling Montrose his keen eye upon me. After the gentlemen were gone he said,

“How was it, Beatrice, ye treated my guests with so little ceremony?”

I answered indeed I was sorry, and had I but known they were coming, I would have made all due preparations; to which he replied he had warned me that morning to expect them; and when I said indeed I had not known of it, he told me he would be loath to contradict any lady. Whereat I gathered courage to reply, “Alas, if you will not believe me, it avails not to say more.”

He stood silent, looking earnestly upon me for a moment, and then was far kinder than I can repeat, telling me it was likely enough he had omitted to forewarn me, for he was sore troubled at the turn things were taking, and bidding me be comforted, for that he of all men should be indulgent to one surprised at a disadvantage.<sup>1</sup> At length I was able to say how sorry I was to have added unto his vexations, and he,

“Doubtless our discussions were not entertaining.”

I prayed him not to think me indifferent to our Cause, and he did assure me he knew better; but “woe worth the day, all talking thereon is now sad enough; ye may imagine it is intolerable to see how the Queen is swayed by such fellows as Jermyn and Jack Ashburnham, and the other fools who would have her take Argyle to her friend.”

Thereat I thought mine ears must have deceived me; and he, “Well may you be astounded; and all that hath been done and suffered in vain!”

Then did I see on his face a look even of anguish. After awhile I said, “Surely it was

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<sup>1</sup> Probably an allusion—half sad, half playful—to the morning of Philiphaugh.—*Ed.*



not in vain you held the enemy at bay so long?"

"True; yet think of the noble lives sacrificed—young Gordon, Kilpont, Spottiswoode—aye, and my own poor boy, whom I was forced to carry with me into the mountains lest he should be made an hostage, as were his younger brothers the very week after I had lost him; but the toil and fatigue were too much, so that he died in midst of my victories. A noble lad he was—quick-witted, and of brave spirit. How would he entreat me to take him with me into battle. I never would; yet he died."

I asked if the poor child did suffer much, and was told,

"No, he went off in a fever; a short, sharp attack."

"Were you able to be with him?"

"Sir George and Napier so helped me that I was often by his side. The poor lad's head kept running upon his Latin exercises, and the old dog and his pony at home."

"I hope he knew you."

"Yes, thank God, he did. How would he look up at me, his eyes large and bright with fever. I took his head on mine arm, and bathed his forehead, wherefore he tried to thank me, even when his speech was failing."

He added that James and Robert are brave boys likewise ; insomuch that, when they thought to exchange the elder for some rebel prisoner, the lad refused to be liberated, in order that his father's cause might not lose the benefit of a captive.

“ But hark ! ” said he, “ the church clock is striking twelve, and I have kept you too long from your bed ; ” and he led me up the stairs to my chamber-door, where he drew me to him, and kissed me, saying, “ God bless you.”

6th.—This morning I was awakened early by the sun shining on mine eyelids ; the birds were singing, and there was strange happiness in my heart, till suddenlie the fear came upon me that my brother might repent having so opened his mind to me the night before ; wherefore I did anxiously expect his first greeting, and was glad, indeed, when he saluted me with a more chearfull countenance than of late ; also he gave me a few letters to write out fairly for him, saying his correspondents would think he had hired a better amanuensis. In the afternoon he had me to ride with him, and we devised titles by which friends and foes might be named without detection, should our letters fall into hostile hands ; this will save much trouble in cyphering. Montrose will be called “ *Venture faire*,”

and Hamilton have we named "*Captaine Lucklesse.*" We could scarce find a name ill enough for Leslie, but have fixt on "*The Executioner,*" and Argyle shall be "*Merchant of Middie burgh,*" or "*Ye Ruling Elder.*"

As we returned home after a good gallop on the turf, I could scarcely believe it was but last autumn I sat musing whiles Aunt Dorothy was chiding me, and Aunt Lillas, seeking to make things better, did but make them worse; till at last, unable to bear it any longer, I ran out and away beyond sight of the house, through the wood, and down to the river, wishing I were free to depart, like those clear waves, or the swallows flying far beyond the sea. How I longed to throw myself upon a horse, and ride as hard as he would go, or to fling my voice in some wild song, or in any way to work out the restless life that I felt in me, and to be glad and gay, ere the dew of my youth was all dried up; and, thinking of Mountrose, I wept bitterly, for I had always fancied he would come and bear me away. Then I had to go in, and the first thing that met mine eyes was my poor little goldfinch, who chirped when he saw me; but I remembered how he had fluttered and beat against the bars when he was first brought to me, and thought I must let him go free; yet he was

beginning to know me, and it seemed as though we were companions in prison. So I took him in my hand from the cage, and kissed his little head; then held him forth of the window, and let him fly away. Then came into my mind ye words of holy David, when he said, "O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be at rest;" but I would not have flown away to seek for rest, nay, but to mix in all the stir and tumult of the war. Poor little bird! he was wont still to hover about me in my walks; I wonder if he hath missed me yet.

But now how different! I have just had my court dress tried on me for the last time, as I hope. The milliner would fain have cut it in front as though I were only made to be seen, whereat I did exclaim in such French as I could command on the sudden, and have carried my point; and now I look forward to appearing in my white brocade, with the blue breast knot and pearls; yet do I half dread the ball, though I shall be right proud to walk in with Mountrose, and think my appearance will not be unbecoming his sister. Here is the Master of Mathertie, come over from Hamburg. I suppose he hath more hopes of obtaining employment here; but

Mountrose saith he shall come with us in ye coach, so I may be sure of a cavalier, if ye Queen forgets her promise.

8th.—And now is the great day come and gone! neither was it so awfull after all. We took up Archibald Napier and Mr. Madertie. I had feared my brother would let one of them give me his hand; but he did lead me in himself through a great croud both of French and English. I felt like a new recruit first going into battel. At length we saw our Queen seated, in a murray-coloured velvet robe, who received us all kindly; then presented us to her sister, the Regent, a most majestic lady, faire and comely. Our queen was as good as her word, for she made me dance with Monsieur de Turenne, of whom I have heard my brother speak so often. He is a noble gentleman, more composed in demeanour than most French cavaliers, which may be caused by a slight impediment he hath in his speech, so that he saith little but what is worth saying. He told me how he had often heard of Mountrose his exploits, and did pray me to introduce him after the dance. As we stood together, there came to us a little swarthy man, with eyes quick as lightning, albeit near-sighted; it was the

Coadjutor De Retz. He lamented that his profession hindered him from dancing, though they say it doth not hinder him from many other things. Seeing Monsieur de Turenne, he asked him whether he did remember the adventure befell them one night in a coach; and when I was fain to hear, he did tell us how they were returning late at night from a party, with divers ladies and another gentleman; suddenly the coach stopped, and the lackeys being questioned, crossed themselves, declaring that they saw a band of Demons in the road before them. Whereupon one lady began telling her rosary, and another confessing her sins to the Cardinal; but Monsieur de Turenne alighted, sword in hand, saying, as calmly as though he were ordering dinner, "Let us see the affair." Monsieur de Retz followed him, but could see nothing clearly; at last they made out some black figures, who, on their approach, humbly prayed not to be molested, being only a few poor monks walking two by two in the moonlight. All laughed at one another; but it was no laughing matter to that poor young gentleman with them, for he was paying court to the lady of the rosary, who was so shocked at his cowardice that she would scarce speak civilly to him again, which Mr. Mathertie said

did serve him right. Monsieur de Turenne said he had alwaies expected, if he should ever see a ghost, to be much alarmed, yet was he by no means uneasy. The little cardinal owned for his part he had never thought to be frightened by aught ghostly, yet on that occasion he felt terrified enough, though none found it out. Then the Coadjuteur made me observe a tall, fair young lady, telling me she might one day be his queen, or mine, unless the Princess of Condé should die speedily, in which case she will be like to marry ye Prince. "Then," I exclaimed, "may she never be queen over us!" but the Cardinal could not understand why I should be shocked at these plans being settled whiles the poor Princess was yet living; however he did not blame Mademoiselle, saying it was all court gossip, and that I could not imagine how much evill is spoken there continually, and what quarrells there are among the fine ladies; but I can scarce believe him, all seemeth so pleasant and stately.

After we had set down our two friends, being alone in ye coach, my Brother did ask me which I had liked the best of my partners; and on my naming Monsieur de Turenne, he remarked that my Lord Digby was still handsomer; to which I replied that I did not much

affect proper men, seeing they do not take so much pains to be agreeable as those that are plainer favoured. He laughed, and asked whether the Master of Madertie be too well-favoured to find grace in mine eyes? I said he was like his namesake, ruddy and of a fair countenance, and certainly doth not presume upon his good looks. I marvell that my Brother careth not for dancing; none could tread a measure in more princely fashion. He had said, if our queen forgot her promise, sooner than I should be left out, he would lead me forth once himself; and I marked, when I first did appear before him in my brave attire, he glanced me over from head to foot, and did look no waies displeased.

12th.—It is now time to return the visits have been paid us. Sometimes we go together, and strange it was at noon to be ushered into the very bed-chamber of Madame de Bourbon. She, however, appeared noways disconcerted, and my brother no more than she was; in fact, these French ladies will lie abed all day for no reason but a slight rheum or a little heat of the air. They are very courteous to me, yet do I more enjoy friendly intercourse with our fellow-exiles; and it is pleasant to know other ladies, to go a shopping with them, or to gossip together.



Meanwhile the garden is waxing trim and gay. I think it is one man's work to keep all the beau-pots filled with daffodils and the fireplaces with green branches.





## CHAPTER V.

*April 16th.*

**L**AST night my brother sate long time in consultation with Archibald Napier, Sir Edward Nicholas, and others who had supped here; I having quitted them, waited in ye summer parlour, with ye cat on my lap, learning by heart Mr. Drummond's sonnet—

*“ The sunne is faire, when he with crimson crown,  
And flaming rubies, leaves his eastern bed;  
Faire is Thaumantias in her chrystal gown,  
When clouds engemm'd shew azure, green and red:  
To western worlds, when wearied day goes down,  
And from heaven's windows each starre shews her head,  
Earth's silent daughter, Night, is faire, though brown;  
Faire is ye moon, though in Loue's livery clad:  
The spring is faire when it doth paint Aprile;  
Faire are ye meades, the woodes, the flouds are faire;  
Faire looked Ceres with her yellow haire,  
And apple's-queen when rose-cheeked she doth smile.  
That heauen, and earth, and seas, are faire, is true;  
Yet true that all please not so much as you—”*

that it, with other sweet voices, may keep me company when I walk or sit alone. At length my brother came to me, and marvelled I was not yet gone to bed, adding, "Our conference hath been both tedious and unprofitable." Then walking to the window, he looked out, and said, "If ye are not sleepy we will go forth awhile and see ye stars." In truth I needed no urging thereunto, so we went into the soft night air; so still was it we might almost hear the herbs growing. He told me how one of ye Pleiades had disappeared from heaven, and of the wild tales of the Greeks, that she had fled like a comet, with dishevelled hair, to the North Pole, there to mourn away from her sisters; and how in the land of Egypt have stood the mysterious Pyramids, thro' sun and starlight, more than three thousand years; and of the portal in ye side of one whence the Polar star was seen in days of old, but now it can be seen from thence no longer. I thought of that verse in Holy Writ, "*Canst thou bind ye sweet influences of Pleiades or loosen the bands of Orion?*" and he showed me how the Chaldean shepherds on their unbounded plains, in the old forgotten days after the Flood, had marked the constellations that seemed to bring in winter and summer. I said even yet Orion walketh forth, all glit-

tering in arms, like a Destroying Angel of winter; but now he setteth very mildly in the vernal sky. And he told me he had heard from Dr. Wishart, how that the Hebrew name for ye Pleiades signifieth all that is desirable and lovely; then he taught me to discern apart ye divers constellations, finding that I knew none save the Wain. I could not choose but exclaim how wrong it seemed to give such names, as of whales, snakes, and such-like, to ye glorious starres; and he agreed with me as regarded those instances, though he liked to think that the images of old mythology yet linger in the skies, where we may still see ye fair Andromeda with her proud mother, and Perseus, most knightly of all the heroes; whiles the star in the Lion's Heart is called after the noble martyr Regulus. "You will allow, too," said he, "that such names as Arcturus, Aldebaran, Antares, have a grand mystical sound."

I said I did also like the name of Lyra, for that it did mind me of Shakespeare's words, that the stars continually sing like angels. He rehearsed to me that passage, adding, "Yea, Shakespeare is right:

*"But while this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly hedge vs in, we cannot heare it."*

I said I had ever thought one great joy of

ye Future Life would be ye knowledge of those things are hidden from us now, and he told me he doth often look forward to conversing with those mighty soules whom here he knoweth only by books, being persuaded, as it is written, "Every man shall be judged according to his light;" that the virtuous among the heathen shall find a place in heaven. I asked him also what it was Dr. Wishart had been saying one day concerning the swiftness and mightie distance of the stars? whereupon he told me such things as surpass the power of ye mind to take them in, and I am half sorry they are soe far from us. Moreover, he spake of a learned Florentine, one Messer Galileo, who, together with one Kepler, a Dane, hath declared that ye earth moveth round the sunne! yea, likewise that the stars are larger than the earth! Also that when he was in Italy he had obtained an introduction to the said Messer Galileo, who had shown him an optical instrument of his invention, which did after a marvellous manner make the things that were far off seem to be near; my Brother had therefore looked at the moon, and was well-nigh startled to see how large she appeared, and how strangely marked. "Ye may presently," said he, "see something of those marks, for there is a pale

light behind yon trees that telleth us the moon will shortly rise."

I asked him what those spots might be? and he said it was not known, but many did think them to be lakes. How strangely still and clear those lakes in the moon must be! Then I said: "Seeing the planets are so far away, do you think they can have influence on the character and fortunes of us mortals?"

And he replied: "I ne'er heard it doubted before, and truly it is a grand idea, that in this little, troubled, muddy earth, all our chances that appear so shifting and inconstant, were written long before in yonder clear shining orbs."

Then he reminded me how the holy man Job declareth he had never worshipped the sun when it shined, nor ye moon walking in brightness; and told me how the worship of the heavenly host was the most ancient form of idolatry. I said, when men had once left ye true God, that error seemed least irrational of any; and he answered, "If I were to turn idolator I would be ane hero-worshipper." And so, maybe, would I. Looking round at that moment we saw the moon had risen, and shone solemnly with a yellow light between the dark tree-stems, sending their long shadows towards us with grey gleams on the dewy

grass between. Montrose's eyes glistened in the dim light as he muttered the name *Selenë*, and said, "I marvel not that the Greeks thought she was the Queen of the Dead."

"She looketh so solemn," I said, "as though she had e'en now left Hades; but later, when she shineth clear and white high in the heavens, then do I love to look on her, as she journeyeth all alone."

"Yea," said he, "often has her face been to me as the face of a friend during long nights' marches through the snow—would those brave times may soon come again!"

I made bold to pray him, when that shall be not to leave me behind; and he answered, "There will be time enough and to spare for considering that; it will be long ere they who now bear rule will trust me with another commission." Then I being willing to divert his mind from vexatious matters, and also fearing he might see I was more indignant than sorry at what he said, did inquire the name of a little bright circlet of stars I had oftentimes observed; and being told it was the Northern Crown, exclaimed, "That is a good omen of a crown of victory in ye North." To which he replied, "Aye, or it may serve for the crown of Martyrdom won there by many of our friends."

After a while I asked him whether the sky is indeed so much fairer in ye South than here, and he told me how in the clear air of the Alps, so many small stars do brightly appear that he scarce knew some of the constellations, and how they seem to stand like a diadem on the mountain top ; and he hath heard that in the East they burn steadily like unto precious gems of divers colours : he spake also of the waste howling Wilderness, where stand silent beautiful ruins, and how over all this the sun poureth down such floods of burning light as we can have no notion thereof ; so that however desolate the landscape may be it can never be dreary, as are our greenest meadows when all sodden with rain. And he promised me that if ever after these present troubles be composed he should gratify his old desire of visiting those wondrous lands, he will take me with him. Little did I hope for such joys when I sat pining and brooding over my weary fancies all alone.







## CHAPTER VI.

*April 25th.*



MY Brother hath made the acquaintance of ane English Serjeant-at-Law, who for his loyalty hath been deprived of house and home, and is here with his family, undergoing, like other honest men, some straits. Having had occasion to confer with this gentleman, and found him to be prudent and of good counsel, my brother bid me invite him here to sup with his wife and daughter, with Napier and Mr. Mardertie to meet them; and a right pleasant evening we had, for Mr. Serjeant Burrowe was on my right hand, telling me how the lawyers and their wives lived in peace and harmony amid faire gardens sloping to the Thames, away from the noisy streets; and how the gentlemen were ever making verses on one another in dog Latin, writing their

friends' epitaphs, one of which he did rehearse to Dr. Wishart, not knowing I understood Latin; it was on a worthy Doctor, whose chambers were up many pair of stairs, and the conclusion ran thus:—

“*Hic sub terra jacet vilis  
Qui fuit Doctor subtilis.*”

“My own epitaph was spoken,” said he, “by a young lady for love of whom I had died.” He spake also of the sack that was served up to the *Benchers*, and in one night some thirty of them drank seventy gallons; or it may have been the other way, for I never could recollect numbers.

I asked him of the Masques they used to entertain the king and queen withal, written by Ben Jonson, who had walked all the way to Scotland from admiration of Sir William Drummond, though the two poets did not much like one another when they met; he had heard how my brother found time to take care that none of his Hielanders or Wild Irish should be quartered in Sir William Drummond's house, when our armie lay near Hawthornden.

“But you would never guess,” said the serjeant, “who hath written ye bravest Masques of any—Mr. John Milton;” and on my owning I had never heard of him, told me how that

person, who had now devoted himself to the service of ye Powers that be, hath yet written verses in favour of stage playes, notwithstanding Mr. Prynne; "And though I care not," said the old gentleman, "for such verses as be written now-a-days by that rogue Waller and honest Mr. Cowley, yet hath this Round-head, Mr. Milton, written a carol on May-morning, which doth mind me of the days when all Fleet Street was drest like a bower with greens brought in early from the country, before the Maypole was pulled down by order of Parliament."

Here Mr. Madertie joined in the conversation to some purpose, asking Serjeant Burrowes whether the old poet Chaucer had not written a May-day story, wherein two captive knights watch a princess gathering flowers beneath their window; and being answered yes, he told the English gentleman of our King James ye First; his poem of the tower wherein he was imprisoned, and in like manner first saw walking early in ye castle garden the lady that was afterwards for a short while his queen. I could not help saying, "In truth, Mr. Madertie, I knew not ye were so studious;" who answered, "Madam, I humbly pray you not to judge of me by what you may deign to recollect of my early days; for during mine

imprisonment I found much solace in reading, and was sometimes able to forget there was naught else for me to do."

Hitherto my Brother and Lord Napier had kept the two English ladies in discourse, but now Mrs. Burrowe began listening to us, and suddenly asked Mr. Mathertie whether there was a lady also in his prison, whereat the poor youth blushed so red, I was fain to rescue him by chatting with her of any nonsense that came first into my head, and so nearly lost the pleasant talk that arose between my Brother and ye Barrister of the happy societie long since dispersed, of Mr. Hyde, Mr. Chillingworth, and other wittie and pleasant men, whereof my Lord Falkland was *facile princeps*; but now he is slain in battle, not caring to survive his country's misfortunes, his young wife hath not long outlived him, and all the others are dead or in exile and povertie.

Our guests having departed, Montrose said to me he thought it was ill done in good Mrs. Burrowe so to attack Mr. Mathertie, and commended me for covering his retreat; wherefore I asked him if he knew of this lady of the Prison. But he did only laugh. How well I like old gentlemen, especially old Lawyers.



## CHAPTER VII.

### *May Day.*



**T**HIS morning I sate me in the bay window, having a basket full of lace ruffles to mend, so I set the lattice open that the soft breeze laden with pleasant odours, might visit me, and whenever I raised my head there were the slanting lights on the lawn, and the sunbeams gleaming on the white trunks of the beech trees; while a great nosegay of cowslips by my side seemed to spread around it both fragrance and golden light. All was so bright and quiet, save for the happy singing of birds and low humming sounds of insects, with a distant stir of life in the air, that I had leisure to meditate on the marvellous things my Brother had told me, and to wonder whether the Many Mansions may be in those fair-beaming fixed starres, so that we may look up even now and see the

abodes of ye Seraphim in their orders; and whether Ezekiel thought of that, whenas he saw in a vision fiery wheels that flew every way; moreover, Scripture telleth us how the Morning Stars sang for joy. Then I wondered what might be beyond all the constellations; until trying to imagine that infinitude my brain whirled round, so I was not sorry when Lasounde<sup>1</sup> announced Mrs. Anastasia Burrowe, who came from her father with Mr. Milton's book, which, when I received joyfully, she marvelled that I should care so much for reading.

"Indeed," I said, "great part of the pleasure of my life hath come from books; ever since one early spring-tide, when I, being in my teens, first began to study Spenser; the snow-drops were just peeping forth, and as I went along the passages repeating the words to myself, every eastern chamber was full of moonlight."

She answered, "Would I could find something to divert me from the thoughts of my happy home that is lost, where we had our

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<sup>1</sup> A Frenchman, formerly servant to Lord Gordon, Montrose's intimate friend. After Lord Gordon's death at Alford, Montrose took Lasounde into his own service, and was careful to provide for his safety when the royal army was disbanded.

friends about us ; and at this time of yeare, when we were little children, William and I would begin counting the days till we should go visit our grandmother in the Country ; and as the evenings grew lighter we lay in our little beds watching the nurse as she packed up, so glad were we to run wild in the meadows."

"I hope it will not be very long ere we all go back to our homes, and you will enjoy yours the more for having seen foreign countries."

"We may find the houses and outward things as of old, but not those who made them pleasant."

She took up a collar and began helping me with my needlework, as she added, "Most people seem to keep their friends till they are perhaps forty or fifty, but mine have left me ere I am thirty."

I sought to comfort her by urging that she still had her parents and brother, and that good times and bad come to us all ; I myself had lived a woeful life since the warre broke out, but now times had changed for me, and I hoped they would for her. "Yea," quoth she, "you are very happy."

She seemed to like talking of her former life, and after a while grew chearful, and was

well pleased to come with me into ye garden, as I had promised Mrs. Grant to gather sweet herbes for her, and knew I would be called to account if I forgot it. When we came to the bed of thyme she said it did remind her of her grandmother's kitchen garden, where the bee hives were set under the red brick wall of the house, over which a great fig tree was trained, and beds of lavender around. The sweet smell in the air made her feel as she did in those days when all seemed so fresh and clean after London.

“Surely,” I said, “you will be glad to see that place again in God's good time.” And she—“Alas! who can tell what state it may now be in, for being nigh unto Basing House, first one side hath held it and then another as an Outpost. I suppose all the trees have been cut down; but let us not talk of this any longer.” And gathering a spray of southernwood she prayed me to keep it for her sake; wherefore I promised to lay it in my Bible at the words in Canticles, “*For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the time of ye singing of birdes is come, the voice of ye turtle is heard in our land.*” Then I gave her a violet that she might cherish in like manner; and so perhaps when we are both old women we may look at these leaves and think of



this May morning when we were young together.

“Nay,” she said, “but you will have forgotten me long ere that.”

“Why should I forget more than you?”

“Because you have so many pleasant things, and yet, perhaps, you may think of me as belonging to your brightest days.”

“And adding to their brightness. But come now with me, for I must gather beechen twigs to set in the fire-places;” and I showed her how prettily the young opening leaves were decked with silver fringes and clear scales of pink or brown that might make armour for the fairies when they ride on a foray against the poor humble bees.”

“How strange it is,” quoth she, “to think that in a few months they will be trodden into mire.”

“Dear Anastasia, the best joyes of all will not leave us in like manner.”

She looked wistfully upon me, but said nothing. I wish I could make her happy; and, indeed, she cheered up ere I would let her depart, and seemed pleased when my brother joined us, and escorted her back in the afternoon.

5<sup>th</sup>.—I am glad my Brother doth noways disapprove of my reading Mr. Milton’s book;

nay, when last night he took it up, to see what manner of verses the prick-eared Knave would write, after a long silence he read us aloud many passages, wherein a contemplative student describeth how he was wont to pass the night with friends who had for ages been numbered with the dead, whose faces he had never seen, and yet were they dearer to him than all living societie. There were some lines which reminded me how I used to lie awake when a child listening in ye stillnesse of the night, and others that describe the course of the moon, even as I love to watch it ; but my brother was most pleased with the Curfew bell :

*“ Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with sullen roar.”*

Other verses there were that exactly told of my bright mornings when I can see the sunrise flaming through the fair plants trained round my window. Presently Mountrose said he would take me to the theatre ere long, whereat Dr. Wishart inquired, “ Will yr lordship really take my lady to a play ? ”

He answered good-humouredly, “ I will carefully ascertain beforehand what play is to be represented ; and indeed, Doctor, I see no harm in a moderate enjoyment of such pleasures.”

9th.—We have been now to the theatre in

a large party, Napier and Mr. Mathertie ; also I did request my brother to take with us Mrs. Anastasia Burrowe and her brother William. We were all very merry at first, but after the play had become tragical I could not laugh and chat with the young people any longer, so that I feared my brother would think I did not enjoy it. However, Archibald Napier did also wax grave and silent ; but when Mrs. Anastasia rallied him, he lied and said the play was mighty nonsense, and the heat had given him an headache. As for Mr. Mathertie, I wonder what would keep him grave for ten minutes. Truly when I read over the words next day they seemed but as a rough outline to be filled in with glowing lights and tender shadows. As my brother said, the power of acting is a goodlie gift, for it is to embody a poem. How I used to fret after such pleasures when with mine aunt. Yet was it well that they were then beyond my reach, for I would have sat brooding over the tragedy and thinking how I would have rendered divers passages, and of the joyous life those performers must lead amid musick, and light, and gayetie ; till looking up I would see but the dull dim walls around me, and my aunts spinning or reading. As it was, I seldom went to bed without wishing the house might

take fire in ye night, or be attacked, or anything to make a little change. But now I doubt whether there be in the world any happier creature than I, with every one showing me kindnesse ; yea, and I can mark the difference both in look and voice when my Brother speaketh to me, or when to other people.





## CHAPTER VIII.

**A**LL through the happy summer does the Lady Beatrix continue her journal in this manner, revelling in the varied enjoyments which surrounded her, happily never dreaming how soon the clouds would return after the rain.

She records several festivities, both among her own countrymen and her foreign friends, and on many occasions when, as she mentions with no small complacency, she presided at her brother's table, whereat he was wont to receive certain gallant gentlemen, sorely out at elbows, yet with spirits as roysterous as ever. She liked them, and in her gentle way was able to keep them a little in order, being very popular among them.

At this time also Lady Beatrix enjoyed the great privilege and distinction of spending a few evenings at the Hotel de Rambouillet, where her gold-bronze hair and soft lucid grey

eyes gained her the title of La Princesse du Septentrion. Here she made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle de Scudery, and records how that lady declared Milord Montrose to be a greater hero than her own Grand Cyrus. Montrose and his sister easily adapted themselves to the fantastic euphuisms of that stately society, by which they were inwardly amused, while they appreciated its lofty and refined politeness.

After the first Beatrix seems very seldom to have appeared at Court, where the Marquis saw "unworthy and ill-meaning courtiers preferred before him continually," and his single-minded, straightforward counsels neglected for "trimming policies." In consequence Beatrix did not again appear before the Queen Regent, which she the less regretted that she had already discovered the truth of De Retz's remark, and was shocked at the incessant quarrels, petty intrigues, and "scandalous discourses" among the great ladies, and their wearisome discussions about precedence. On one occasion Beatrix met the celebrated Madame de Longueville, but was somewhat disappointed, for, says she, "that little Coadjuteur had been vehemently discoursing in French and Italian till he was all in a perspiration, about this lady's beauty, so

that nothing less than an angel could have satisfied me after such an eulogium ; but I cared not to tell him so, lest peradventure he should think me envious, seeing that men like him are ever ready to think evill of us. Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld was there talking with Madame de Longueville, a gentleman of a goodly presence, but of a cold and sneering countenance ; yet did Madame de Longueville look less discontented when he was attending to her than when he came afterwards to be introduced to my Brother.” Madame de Carignan was also courteous to the young stranger, whom she entertained with her wonderful travellers’ tales and with the excellent bonbons for which she was equally celebrated. Mademoiselle de Scudery’s romances and the atmosphere of the Hotel de Rambouillet seem to have made Lady Beatrix think much on the subject of love, and “how pleasant it must be to have some one looking up to me as to a princess, and admiring all I did. Often would such fancies run in my head when as I should have been listening to a three hours’ sermon, or when mine aunts were finding fault with me. Yet if any good man did truly love me, mine heart would be wae for him, seeing that no man can give an higher proof of his esteem.”

One summer afternoon was spent in the grounds of an old chateau near St. Germain, where our exiles met a large party assembled to enjoy a "jeu de maille" on the sunny lawn. In one game Beatrix and a certain Vicomte de Rosny were on opposite sides, and the poor gentleman gave great offence to his partners by never taking any advantage from his adversary, who on her side was by no means so considerate. As for the marquis, though he had never played the game before, yet by tacit consent he at once became captain of his side, and was continually appealed to; but the principal amusement both to him and his sister was to watch the different humours of the players, drawn out by the excitement of the game.

There were also many pleasant unformal meetings with the Burrowes and other exiled families, when the ladies would sit together with their work, and Beatrix gained many useful hints on housekeeping; or they would go shopping together, and young Mr. William Burrowe would talk of his school days and his interrupted studies at Cambridge, as he escorted the Lady Beatrix to her home. She describes him as being low of stature, kind, and quick-witted.

At Midsummer came the tidings that Mrs.



Lilias Napier had safely arrived in Holland, where she had joined her sister and brother-in-law, Sir George and Lady Sterling. An idea seems to have been entertained by them of placing Mrs. Lilias about the person of the queen, whether the Regent or Henrietta Maria does not appear; but Montrose wrote to Sir George "that there is neither Scots man nor woman welcome that way; neither would anie of honour and virtue, specially a woman, suffer themselves to live in so llewd and worthless a place. So you may satisfy that person, and divert her thoughts resolutely from it." Afterwards it was agreed that Lilias should reside with her brother Lord Napier, whose gallant services under Montrose had brought many hardships on his family, Lilias among the rest.<sup>1</sup>

*July 27.*—I am right glad (proceeds Lady Beatrix) that my niece Lilias is indeed coming hither, and will be our guest until Archibald shall have secured a fit lodging place for himself and her. I have prepared the green room for her, with bunches of carnations in water, and my mother's large Bible laid ready;

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<sup>1</sup> A letter is extant from Napier, of Bowhopple, to Lord Napier, representing this, and remonstrating with Lord Napier on his "preposterous attachment" to Montrose.—*Ed.*

and Mrs. Grant hath been exhorted to set out our best linen on ye bed, till she lost patience, and had to restrain herself not to bid me mind mine own affairs. But my brother will be calling me presently to ride out on the Dunkerque road with him and Archibald to meet Lilius, wherefore no more this evening.

28<sup>th</sup>.—Now she is here, and we must try to lead her ane happy life after the wearie time she hath had in Scotland.

*“Sotto l'ombra perpetua, che mai  
Raggiar non lascia sole ivi, nè luna.”*

These lines have rung in mine ears all day ; I wonder if it be they, or the sound of a kindly Scots voice, have set mine head running on ye Pass of the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, where the water was sae clear I could drop a pin in six feet depth and see it amang the pebbles ; yet under the shadow of a cloud, or where it slept neath a cliff, it seemed black as ink. One would think Mr. John Milton had been there, for he singeth of amber streames ; and Dr. Wishart, talking of Loch Lomond, did in his grand voice rehearse certain Greek words, which being interpreted did signify “the wine-coloured abysses of the flood,” as though old Homer likewise had heard of our haunts. I know some deep shining eyes are e'en like that. My brother did straitly enquire

at Lilius concerning the state of auld Montrois and his tenants there, of whom she was able to give us a better account than we could have expected. It was pleasant to hear the names of the old folk again, and right glad will I be when I can wander in the birken woods once more, yet would I not care to see them whiles that the Enemy hath the upper hand over all the Kingdom. Archibald is so well pleased to have Lilius to keep house for him, and at the good accounts she is able to give of Elizabeth and the children, that I never saw him in better cheer; for in general there is such a gravitie and quietnesse about him (save indeed when he is discussing warlike plans with my Brother) that one would scarce think he had escaped so venturously, unknown even to his Wife, to join our armie just in time for Aulderne, and that he had with a few friends held out Kincardine Castle for Mountrose till, by reason of ye well being dried, he was forced to ride for his life from the postern after the moon was down, with a young page for sole guide to him and his comrades.

31st.—Last night, as Lilius and I were brushing our hair together, we talked of all had passed since we last met, and how I had envied her and Elizabeth that they were thought worthy of imprisonment. She made

reply : "Ye would not have wished to change places with us, when the Plague was in the Grassmarket, and we in the Castle right above."

"Indeed," I said, "these French ladies have so infected me with their dread of contagion, I would not have liked that. But how fared it with Elizabeth? for married ladies seem alwaies timid in such matters."

Thereat she cried, "Oh, would that Elizabeth could leave her dismal house and bring the children, and we all live together here!" Then she told how, when they were in prison, Elizabeth had ever in readinesse some comfortable word from Holy Writ, or else some tale of olden times, or of persons she had known, aye, or some merrie jest to pass the time, and yet she had more to trouble her than any one, being divided from her poor little children. Well, it is some comfort to think she is with them now, and in her own dwelling at Merchistoun, though it must be dull without her husband.

Lilias made mention of one evening in particular when she sate sewing, with her mind far away, thinking how at that very moment Archibald might be slain, or else they would all be dead of the Plague, or ever they might

be rescued, and never see their friends any more, for six persons were dead about ye Castle, whereby great fear was added to their former comfortless estate. And so she sate, musing woefully till the tears came; and for all she tried to weep silently, yet Betty heard her, and comforted her, speaking words of cheer; then did they kneel down together and pray for the success of Montrose; after which Betty beguiled the long twilight with repeating her favourite passages from the Scriptures (whereof methinks she hath the greater portion stored up in her heart), beginning with the xcist Psalm, and leaving off with these words of ye Prophet Esay: "*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.*" Afterwards the two did apply themselves to the composing of a petition unto the Parliament, that they might be removed to a less dangerous neighbourhood; "which," says Lilius, arching her long throat, "being so just and reasonable a request, we did not think there was any abasement in urging of the same, and it was granted; moreover our old uncle Bowhopper did stand our friend, so we were carried to Linlithgow—(we did agree it was as well sometimes that all our kindred

are not on the right side)—and then came Archibald with the victorious cavaliers, and triumphantly freed us all.”<sup>1</sup>

It was well he was in time to see his father again.

Then did Lilius ask me how I had passed the time at Hayes House, and I told her there were indeed some pleasant things even there, for my window looked forth on the hills, that sometimes were all dark and solemn, and sometimes seemed transparent, bathed in light, that made me think of ye clear Gold like unto glass. Also there was the old spinnet, that seemed to speak with me when I was sad, and the poor folk with their children. Also I did confess how, when I was troubled exceedingly, I would find comfort in taking a book or such heavie matter, and flinging it across the room. Quoth Lilius, “That was one way of gaining profit from your aunt’s books!”

I assured her I had enough method in my madnesse to select a book that would not

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<sup>1</sup> The instructions issued by Montrose on this occasion are still preserved in the Napier family. He orders young Napier and his colleague, Col. Nathaniel Gordon, to “keep themselves free of all places suspected to be spoiled with the infection, as they will answer on the contrary at their highest peril.”—*Ed.*

suffer from such treatment, and indeed the only time I had done any damage was once when I did throw down mine ewer, thinking it to be empty, whereas the room was presently flooded, and the water ran through to the ceiling of the chamber below. Then Lilius owned she had sometimes felt inclined to kick such things as stood in her path. As for Margaret, when aught goeth amiss with her, she will cry, "Well, if I were a gentleman I would swear at the things!" which saying always maketh her husband right angry. Yet is it marvellous, when one is sad or troubled, what solace may be gained by such means.

*August 2nd.* — Albeit Lilius is oft times blithesome enough when we are alone together, yet can I see it is not her wonted humour, for a shadow of pensivéness seemeth still to hang over her; and no marvell after all she hath endured for our cause, and more than all, the anxietie for her kindred when they were in separate places of confinement, and the grief for her father. Moreover she is somewhat coy with Montrose, and even with Dr. Wishart, who was her fellow-captive, else would I entreat my brother to let me bid the Burrowes, Mr. Mathertie, and one or two more to a dance, but I think I know what she will more enjoy. Mrs. Grant hath great know-

ledge of herbs and simples, and of the virtues pertaining thereunto, and seeing my desire to learn, hath promised to show me her method of preparing divers medicaments from them, and Madame de Sablé told me that in the Forest of Fontainebleau one may find great store of healing plants, wherefore as my Brother hath more leisure now than he cares for, I will seek to prevail with him to join us, and invite the Burrowes, with Mr. Mathertie, to help ransack the forest, and carry off the spoilzie; Lilius will be glad to roam under the trees, and her shame-facednesse will soon depart when we are all at work together. We must go soon, ere ye moon be waning, when good plants lose their potency.

9th. — Methinks all went as heart could wish. We had much ado to persuade Dr. Wishart to come, he saying we would be merrier without him, but was answered, "We would be both merrier and wiser with him:" and indeed he will prosper all the better with his *Historie of Mountrose* his exploits in Latin, after enjoying this sunshine holiday.

We all started off together while the gossamer webs were yet flashing in the sunlight, as though the elves had been washing their beam-woven garments in the dew-drops, and had hung them up to dry on the blades of



grass. Poor Lilius was half asleep at first; I had no small trouble to rouse her, and in fact had been overnight somewhat afraid lest I also might be heavie-eyed, having stayed up late to make preparations; however, I was up with the sun, yet not in time to receive Mr. Mathertie, who must needs make his appearance or ever my toilette was completed; happily my brother and Archibald were on the alert, and took charge of the young gallant. As for the Burrowes, they were but just in time to secure ane hastie breakfast.

Serjeant Burrowe and Dr. Wishart came in ye coach with us ladies, and were very good company, while my Brother and the young gentlemen rode in advance, frequently tarrying and looking in to see how we fared. Lilius was soon awakened, listening to Mr. William Burrowe, who jested and caracoled by the coach doors, being well pleased to show his horsemanship, though by so doing he frightened his poor mother full sorely, so I was faine to talk with her incessantly that she might not see him. Nor was Mr. Mathertie to be outdone on the other side. Mrs. Anastasia was right blooming and cheerful; I hope Mr. Mathertie may have seen how well-favoured she is, for if her old friends are

gone, it is the more desirable she should find new ones.

We were all clad in our oldest apparel, so that we might pass fearlessly through bog and briar, having resolved to keep clear of the Palace. Also Mountrose had lent Dr. Wishart a pair of pistols, and had desired all ye gentlemen to come armed, as our acquaintance had warned us of robbers and strange beasts. We stopped at a pretty roadside inn to dine, and as the day advanced, my brother rode on with Archibald to find quarters for us all as near the Forest as might be; so the next morning we had but a little way to go in the coach, from which I for one was right glad to be released, and to be able to gaze up freely into the shady trees. We were soon dispersed after my Brother had given us a rendezvous, warning us not to stray too far apart, and we found a place where were growing wild juniper trees and hether, even as on our own old moors, with moss beds, thick and soft, like those by Loch Lomond. Presently we came to a valley all full of rocks, whereon it was a delight to set our feet, and indeed the two young Burrowes did climb marvellously well, considering they had scarce ever before in their lives seen a stone larger than a porridge-pot; nay, I marked that Mr. William Bur-

rowe would come up with an air and a grace unto Lilius, who could better have aided him, offering her his hand, and telling her where to step, she seeming noways displeas'd thereat. After a while I left them in order to unpack our provisions, and as I made my way alone beneath the tall trees and cool shadows, all was so still and solemn, I could not choose but pray and give thanks in mine heart, and could have fancied the trees and ferns, and innocent wild creatures were praying with me.

Having found Mrs. Grant, we chose a smooth mossy place to spread the dinner. Mr. Burrowe and Dr. Wishart were the first to appear, they had not gone far, having found a pleasant seat, where they might discuss the Odes of Horace, and come to high words anent the right pronounciation of Latin ; but my Brother and Archibald had been planning a stag hunt, if this were not royal propertie ; I could not help saying I was glad they could not hurt and hurry the pretty creatures, but my brother said it was not the game he cared for so much as the wild galloping over rough ground, and the merriment and uncertainty of success ; and then he courteously led Mrs. Burrowe to sit on a cloak spread at his right hand.

Meanwhile we ladies had gathered a goodly

store of Self-heal, St. John's wort, and Clary, but none had found any Silver-weed. William Burrowe asked me wherefore that particular herb was virtuous, and ere I could put him off with some general answer, that spoil-sport Archibald must needs cry out, "that he knew ye virtue thereof full well, for his wife was wont to gather it in former times and lay it nine days and nights in buttermilk to remove sunburns from her complexion." I was inwardly much displeased, but Serjeant Burrowe was good enough to say I had no need of such appliances, and told us how Sir Kenelm Digby fed his fair wife on capons that had been fattened with vipers, to preserve her beauty. No wonder, as Mrs. Burrowe observed, that the poor lady was found dead in her bed.

It was not till then that Mr. Mathertie appeared in a great heat, and explained that he had missed me, and knowing of old my love of wandering in lonely places, had sought me all around, fearing I might lose my way, or meet with robbers or wild boars. My brother and I both thanked him for his kindnesse, and made much of him.

Mrs. Burrowe asked if she might have the receipt for short-cake, which was gratifying, as Liliās and I had prepared it. After dinner

we all went on our knees to drink "Confusion to the rebels, and good luck to all honest men, specially those of ye Inner Temple." Afterwards we rambled about again, and it was well we all came home safe and sound, for whiles the sun was yet high, there were William Burrowe and Mr. Mathertie leaping about from rock to rock till they were in a pelting heat, when they must needs drink from a cold spring they found, though Mrs. Burrowe and Anastasia did remonstrate, begging them to be content with wood-sorrel leaves.

We returned not till the gloaming, for I prayed them to tarry awhile

*"Under ye shadie rooffe  
Of branching elm starre-proof,"*

hoping we might hear the nightingale; but Mrs. Anastasia said in England those birds sing not after Midsummer; and, in fact, we heard nought but ye owle. Mr. Burrowe told me I should hear his old acquaintance, Mr. Izaak Walton, talk of the nightingale's song; and how this worthy citizen, though but a draper in Chancery Lane, yet was well beknown to many pious and learned divines, and would spend the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays with the Bishop of Winchester, or at Eton College with Sir Henry Wotton, or with a cousin of his own dwelling in the Wight, where

nightingales do abound ; and where he would ply the angle for days together in the clear trout streames. But on Sundays he would walk forth from his dark and noisy home, to meditate in the pleasant meads nigh unto London.

“ Often,” said Mr. Burrowe, “ would I leave my good companions in ye tavern, or persuade myself I stood in need of new bands or hosen for the pleasure of this good man’s conversation.”

As at length we walked towards our inn, the bats and beetles went wheeling round us like ghosts, and the moon hung low in the sky like a great golden globe, whiles the tree tops still kept a yellow light from the sunset, and the air was balmy with juniper. My brother took much care of ye two English ladies, yet he walked awhile with me also, and told me this forest did remind him of ye faire woodlands of Vallombrosa, nigh unto Florence.





## CHAPTER IX.

*August 15th.*



RCHIBALD hath now found a fit lodging, and hath taken Liliast to be with him there. I miss her when in the morning I work in ye kitchen or in the dairy alone, for she would help me to skim the cream, and to drink it in that cool, dim, pleasant place, where the light cometh in so greenly through vine leaves trained without the lattice. But in the long sultrie afternoons my Brother will sit with me under the trees, and read or talk with me whiles I work, and I seem able to understand all he saith more clearly in the free open air, under the rustling leaves. I prayed him to let me see some of the verses he made formerly, which he did, saying they were written long ago; and now if he had inclination for such amusements, the subjects would be very different. I sate

up till midnight studying them ; there is one, which but to think of, makes my heart beat quickly :—

*“ But if thou wilt be constant then,  
And faithful of thy worde,  
I’ll make thee glorious by my pen,  
And famous by my sworde ;  
I’ll serve thee in such noble waies  
Was never known before ;  
I’ll crown and deck thee all with bays,  
And love thee evermore.”*

Yet are there other verses :—

*“ Let not their oaths, like vollies shot,  
Make anie breach at alle ;  
Nor smoothnes of their language plotte  
Which waie to scale the wall ;  
Nor balls of wild-fire love consume  
The shrine which I adore ;  
For if such smoake about thee fume,  
I’ll never love thee more.*

*I thinke thy vertues be too strong  
To suffer by surprize ;  
Which, victualled by my love so long,  
The siege at length must rise,  
And leave thee ruled in that health  
And state thou was before ;  
But if thou turne a common-wealth,  
I’ll never love thee more.*

*But if by fraude or by consent  
Thy heart to ruine come,  
I’ll sound no trumpett as I wont,  
Nor marche by tucke of drum ;*



*But hold my armes like ensignes uppe  
Thy falshood to deplore,  
And bitterly will sigh and weep,  
And never love thee more.*

*I'll do with thee as Nero did  
When Rome was sett on fire,  
Not onlie alle relief forbid,  
But to a hill retier,  
And scorn to shed a teare to see  
Thy spirit grown so poor ;  
But smiling sing untill I die,  
I'll never love thee more."*

For whom was all this written? and was she worthy? Alas! were his love to be withdrawn from me, there were little left to live for.

17th.—To-day my brother shewed me a new copie of verses, saying, "See, child, these are svch as I now must write."

Part of them, I mind me, ran thus :—

*"For when ye sunne doth shine, then shadowes do appear ;  
But when ye sunne doth hide his face, they with ye sunne  
retier.*

*Some frends as shadowes are, and Fortune as the sunne,  
They never proffer anie help till Fortune first begun.  
But if in anie case Fortune shall first decay,  
Then they, as shadowes of the sunne, with Fortune run  
away."*

I: "What woefull cause hath not our King to say so!"

*Mountrose:* "Yea, truly; had all men in

Scotland acted up to their professions, he had now been king there, at least."

*I*: "And you would have been his first subject."

*Mountrose*: "I would be content to lie in my coffin to-morrow, so I could know first he were restored."

I hope I be not unworthy of my race, yet can I not wish the right to triumph at such a cost.

Happily my Brother said no more of this, but told me how skilfully a certain nobleman had avoided breaking with either party, first making large offers to us, then when he found these would indeed be accepted, sending privately to beg Leslie to make him prisoner, that so he might be kept out of harm's way.

I said, "From all I have heard of Prince Rupert, I wish he could be here, so he were willing to serve under you."

*Mountrose*: "I met him after his defeat at Marston Moor, sorely chafed and covered with sweat and mire, but undaunted as ever: it was in a little alehouse. I had seen him once before at Whitehall, the goodliest young gallant there. He played cards for a bag of Queen Elizabeth's silver pennies, and lost with a good grace to one Mrs. Forster, a pretty maid of honour."

“I would he had ne'er lost anything more important.”

Something further was said of my Brother yet finding himself at the head of our brave friends; and when I wished that I could serve him, he answered—

“They that could serve oftentimes will not, and they that would cannot.”

And then—I could scarce believe mine ears for joy—he added—

“It were well if all Men had your heart and spirit.”

21st.—This morning I rode early into Paris, to see if I might in any ways be serviceable to Lilius. She prayed me to take her to certain shops, and as we went we did observe how cheerfully the women sat gossiping at their doors, and how pleasantly life passeth here. I was resolved that Lilius should make an appearance befitting her rank and beautie, and have contrived that she should be provided with an outfit of lace, gloves, kerchiefs, and other matters; for when I have money there is nought I love better than to spend it, and often could I wish I had six pair of feet to wear all the dainty shoon I see.

As Archibald was escorting me home, I, finding him in a talkative humour, did persuade him to tell me yet more of the cam-

paign in Scotland ; and just then we happened upon Monsieur de Turenne, who joined us, and prayed that he also might hear the wonderful historie ; so my Cousin related how at Kilsyth, Montrose had ordered his men to cast off all impediments before going into Battell, wherefore they charged in their shirts, and made full-armed men to flee before them ; how at Perth Montrose had mounted all the Gillies on such baggage horses as he could muster, and mingling them with his few cavalry, had made the enemie to believe he had an efficient body of horse, so as they durst not come forth of their entrenchments, and suffered him to march by them unmolested. Then, how General Baillie and he lay watching one another across the river Isla five days and nights, to ye great Terroure of all the Neighbourhood, till Montrose, being weary of this, sent a drummer to Baillie with his Compliments, and he would permit him to cross the water if he would give his word to meet battle when over ; or if Baillie preferred his own side, then Montrose would be happy to go over to him on the same conditions ; but Baillie sent back a message, “that he would fight at his own time and pleasure, and ask no leave from him.”

Wherefore they each went their ways, and

my Brother stormed Dundee with its own cannon, as they had refused to hearken to his summons, and thrown his trumpeter into prison; then just as the troops were taking possession, those fools ye Scouts ran up at the last moment with news that Baillie and Hurry were, with great forces, but a mile away. Thereat our friends implored my Brother to save himself at any rate, and leave the common men to their fate, as half of them were drunken already; but he brought them all together, and out of the Town, away for the Mountains, himself covering the rear; the enemy followed skirmishing in vain, so set a price upon his head of 20,000 crowns. Monsieur de Turenne vowed that he preferred this retreat of Montrose before his greatest victories, and I did ask him whether he would help in our cause? To which he replied, that nothing would give him more pleasure than to serve even as a common soldier under that hero; but he would be sorely perplexed by the manners of our Highlanders, especially their custom of departing without leave whenever they had a mind, and that my Brother's exploits were the more marvellous as being achieved with such means. But Archibald took the part of those brave men, saying how terrible a thing was an Highland Charge and

war-cry; also he told us of one Irishman whose leg was shot away, but he only said gaily that he knew my lord marquis would now make him a mounted Trooper; and of another foot soldier, who was seen, before going into Battel, fastening a spur on his heel, because he was resolved to have ane horse from the enemy ere the day was out.

Monsieur de Turenne said he and ye Coadjuteur were agreed that the days of Leonidas and the old worthies might seem to have returned, and, sighing, he murmured to himself, "*Oh si nos querrelles estoient aussi dignes que les leurs!*"

Indeed that noble gentleman must be sorely wearied by all the broils of the Court. I should not be surprised any day to hear they were all at daggers drawn in good earnest.

*September 3rd.*—Archibald and Liliast having resolved to give such Entertainment to our friend as their means would allow, I hope I was of some service, being able to supply both fruit and cream, and to lend Liliast my pearls, as I wore jessamine in my bosom, and the last white rose in my hair. Also I went early among the copse-woods which glowed in the sun, and the dew like heaps of amber and cornelian, to gather long garlands of wild berries that she might trim the hearth withal.

Monsieur de Rosny was among the guests, the Burrowes, and, as usual, David Mathertie, in a new scarlet embroidered coat and Doublet, which did well set off his dark Lovelocks, and I never saw anyone enjoy himself more than he. First, whiles Mr. Burrowe was singing excellently well with his son and daughter, this young gentleman was now joining in with the air, now thanking the singers, and in the next moment talking with me, who would fain have listened to the musick in peace. But it was pleasant to see him so happy, and, in Mrs. Grant's language, as spritely as ane pailfull of fleas. Then Monsieur de Rosny offered to send out for violins that we might dance; but instead it was agreed that the Burrowes should teach us an English Country Dance; and a merry one it was, for all footed it with a will, and as but few of us knew the figure, there was continuall losing of Partners, which I for one did not regret, as Monsieur de Rosny was mine, though he complained that he danced with everyone saving his own *Demoiselle*; but Mr. William Burrowe and David Mathertie answered to the musick like two young lions. At supper our good cousin Archibald must needs put his foot in it (so to speak) this second time, yet am I glad he did it. Anas-

tasia sate fronting me, and, being much taken with my signet-ring, did ask me across the table if I were a topaz? I told her nay, but a smoky Cairn Gorm, and offered to procure her one by the next despatch from Scotland. We agreed that the clear gems seem to have, as it were, a certain life in them, for they change according to the light wherein they be placed, and she said she loved to look right into them. Then cries Archibald from his place, "Truly mine Uncle is of the same mind, for I have never seen him without a diamond ring on his hand."

My Brother answered indifferently, "Yea, I do always wear it."

I know not why, but something made me change the discourse by asking Mr. Burrowe of ye occult virtues of precious stones, and not long after we parted. My Brother and I would walk home, as it was a fair evening, though Lilius would have had us to stay all night, fearing we might be attacked on ye street; but he shewed her how, beside his rapier, he carried pistols under his laced coat, and told her if any misadventure did arise, I knew better than to cling, hampering about his arm, but would quietly stand behind him. Monsieur de Rosny departed in his chair, with many blazing torches; and poor David was sorry his way



lay not with ours, so Mountrose would not suffer him to escort us.

As we went I asked Mountrose if he had observed how young Mr. Burrowe did contrive to sit next to Lilius at supper, instead of Monsieur de Feutrier, and how Mistress Lilius looked noways troubled at the exchange?

He answered that it was ever the way with women to spin such romances about their friends, and if Lilius did look pleased, it was because she could not understand Monsieur's mingled French and English discourse. He did not seem inclined to say more, wherefore I held my peace, walking beside him and watching the stars as they glinted through the trees, till, having left behind us all noisy and frequented places, he said: "You did me good service, Beatrice, in that you took up the Conversation when honest Archibald was observing my ring." And he told me how, in the gladsome days of his youth, when he was on his travells, he had loved an Italian lady, who did also love him, so all might have gone well but for an old Popish Priest, who so wrought upon her parents that they who had at first looked favourably upon my Brother's pretensions, now would not so much as hear of her marrying an Heretic, as they were pleased to call him. She, however, continued

stedfast, till at length, whether from Trouble of mind, or from whatever cause, this lady, Annetta, fell sick, and her conscience smote her with Disobedience to her parents, wherefore she wrote to him, praying him that he would renounce her; yet did she entreat him sometimes to think of her with kindnesse. Thereat my Brother was much displeas'd, and, not knowing of her sickness, sent reply that she had best forget him who had caus'd her so much trouble, yet would never have forsaken her. She wrote back imploring him to see her but once again, that so at least they might not part in anger, since part they must. He went accordingly, and at the sight of her all his wrath departed; and so they bade one another farewell, neither did they ever speak together again. Then he came back to Scotland, and sought to drown these Memories with plunging into publick affairs; but the little ring she gave him from her finger hath followed him through all. Afterwards he had heard that her parents had prevail'd with her to marry a Milanese gentleman—one whom he also had known in the first happy days, and lik'd him well. "And now," said he, "I hope she is happy and comforted with her husband and her children."

Poor lady! methinks her heart must often have throbb'd wildly when she heard of his

Exploits, to think she had been loved by such a Man.

As autumn comes on the entries grow fewer and briefer in the old brown book, yet we learn that the Lady Beatrix is much occupied with preparations for Christmas, brewing of home-made wines, and making of garments for her brother's poor brave followers; also preparing of gifts to be sent over the sea when opportunity may offer, for the friends left lonely in their saddened homes: Mdlle. de Scudery's romances for the Lady Elizabeth Napier, with French sweetmeats for her children, and choice perfumes for the old ladies at Hayes House, who were curious in distillery.

During all the season of Christmas hospitality seems to have been exercised both to rich and poor, while the exiled Cavaliers forgot their troubles, and for a while all led a merry life, especially the Hon. Mr. Mathertie.

Now we come to one of our favourite passages in the whole Diary. She has been to a large party, where were many children, so they played blindman's buff, snapdragon, and other games, in which she had not joined for many a year; returning, she found her brother sitting up alone, who was well pleased that

she had passed such a merry evening. They went upstairs together, and at the door of her room he kissed her (Beatrix always records these kisses); then as she undressed she thought how everything whereon her eyes did fasten was a token of God's mercy. "Two years ago at this time I was sore troubled because mine Aunts would keep Christmase as a Fast, and during the long Lecture I would fain have meditated on ye great blessing vouchsafed to the world on that day, but mine head was ever running on the pleasures from which I was debarred; and now God hath granted me these things and given me my heart's desire, so here will I lay me down in this fair chamber, with ye firelight dancing on ye wainscoat, and the books and bunches of holly set over the mirrour, with the sound of musick and merriment still in mine ears, whiles outside the lattice stand the frosty stars flashing through the tree-tops like torches blown in ye wind. I will essay to repeat the ciiij. Psalm when I am in bed, but fear I will be asleep ere I have time to finish it."

It was not long after that Montrose, thinking he could better serve his cause in Germany, resolved to leave Paris, although Cardinal Mazarin had offered him a distinguished military post, with considerable emoluments; so

February was much occupied in packing up and bidding farewell to English and foreign friends. Beatrix felt sorry to go, yet she had always a wish to travel, and in such good company.





## CHAPTER X.

### THE JOURNAL RESUMED.

*Ffebruary xxviij.*

**L**AST week, having gone to pay my respects to Madame de Sablé, who hath always shewn me kindness, I found her about to retreat, being Lent, to the Convent of Port Royal; she prayed me to come with her in her coach, which I did, hoping it was not wrong. She told me that some of the monks had been well known in the world as advocates or as scholars, and many of the nuns were of noble family, yet now they will sleep on straw; neither will they see their kindred, yea, even their own parents, save through a grating. These poor ladies received me with much kindness, and seeing some violets in mine hand, one of them told how an old nun in Port Royal des Champs had given up a little garden that was her last earthly possessiõ, and they seemed even to entertain

some scruples as to the lawfulness of enjoying a fair prospect from their windows. I said surely *le bon Dieu* would not have created such pleasant things if it were wrong to be happy with them; whereat the mother superior, turning to me with a beautiful smile on her grave countenance, addressed me as "*Ma très-chère fille,*" saying she could see I was very happy.

"So happy, *ma mère,* that I can never thank God enough."

And she: "You do well, *ma fille,* yet you will have sorrow: may He then be with you." And I could not choose but beg her to remember me. In like manner, as Anastasia hath told me, would my Lady Falkland warn young wives and mothers that she saw rejoicing, telling them how swiftly her own bliss had left her, and how only she could be comforted.

How surprised these devout ladies and my two Aunts would be were they told that in some things they are alike; my Aunt Lilius was ever studying the Scriptures, even whiles her woman was tiring her hair in the morning; yet would she weep sore, and was not made happy thereby. As for many of these French ladies, they talk openly of becoming *dévotés* when their youth is departed, and their beauty, instead of serving God with these His gifts

before the evil days come—and meanwhile what happiness do they lose!

On parting, Madame de Sablé presented me with her receipt for conserve of oranges, for which Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld hath oftentimes importuned her. I hope I may one day see that kind lady again. But when my Brother heard where I had been, he was displeased, saying Madame de Sablé should have known better than to take a stranger like me to such a place. I assured him they would never if they tried make me a nun, to live ye Life of a bird in a cage, being half starved to boot, and clad always in ye same dull raiment. He said, "I know it," but explained there is so much Tattle at Court it would sune be abroad yt Montrose his sister, then that himself, were made Proselytes, which might be of prejudice to ye Cause, and charged me never to go to their Churches. I am somewhat sorry for this—the one evening I was in Nostre Dame with ye Digbys, how the great waves of Musick did roll over my head till mine eyes were filled with tears of ioyfull pain. Yet would I give up more for him.

Whether from indolence, hurry, or confidence in her own clear memory, we find few entries made by Beatrix of her foreign travels,



in the course of which she saw the Tyrol and parts of Switzerland ; yet she thoroughly enjoyed all she met in her brother's company, especially one grand adventure that befell them on starting.

“ We were,” she writes, “ scarce gone three leagues from Paris, having left our suite to follow next day, when suddenly ye Coach was stopped, and certain ill-favoured fellows looked in, but on Montrose showing his pistols, Lasonde and ye others doing the same, they departed, and we went on. My Brother was just comending me in that I neither swooned nor shrieked, nor shewed other womanish weakness, as indeed what cause was there when he was by ? when a second time we were brought to a stand in good earnest. Montrose his attentñ was taken up by one or more at ye right-hand window, when in from ye left an arm was thrust before my face and a pistol held close to his head. I struck the wrist upwards with all my might, and ye ball went out thro' the roof. Then I remember my Brother thrusting me right back on ye seat, while pistols flashed and cracked close before mine eyes, and presently we were driving on at a furious pace, and his voice saying, “ Brave girl, you have saved my life,” and because I trembled exceedingly, and could scarcely speak,

he with his owne hands did wrap me in my cloke and give me wine from our provisñ.”

Later she makes mention, in few words, much abbreviated, of “ deep moss beds where the Dew lay all day long while ye pine trees gave out swete odours in the hot sunshine, and o’er ye grene Forest rose great white Pyramids.” One entry, somewhat longer, records how the two were traversing one of the passes on foot with a guide; how they watched the clouds gathering magnificently over the cliffs, and in spite of their guide’s uneasiness could not choose but linger to gaze on sights that reminded them of home, when all at once the storm burst upon them. “ I enjoyed it right well,” says Beatrice, “ till ye great hailstones dashing on my head did blind and almost stunne me, for my hat was blown away; moreover the wind whirling round would have carried me off my feet, but Montrose threw his cloke over me and held me fast. So we fared further till we came to a little dairy-farm in a green pasture full of flowers, where ye good people did most hospitably entertain us.”

This is nearly all she records, at the time, of her travels; only between the yellow pages a few dried Alpine flowers have lain safe during two hundred years.



## CHAPTER XI.



IN February, 1648-9, Beatrix was on a visit to Sir George and Lady Stirling at Ghent, Montrose being at Brussels.

And<sup>1</sup> now arrived those evil tidings which for a long time we could scarce credit, namely, that our good King had been thus despiteously slaughtered—truly this is a woefull Valentine's tide ; even the Flemings are astounded, and all our countryfolk are clothed in black raiment. Sir George and Margaret have given one another many sharp words, and for me I am sore troubled to think what grief this must be to my Brother. Had he not been thwarted continually, it would never have happened. I must go to him as quickly as possible.

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<sup>1</sup> The Editor repeats that he will not be responsible for any political opinions expressed by those who took part so ardently in the questions of their day.

12th.—My Cousins did warmly dissuade me from travelling, for the roads are yet deep in snow, but I reminded them how when but children, I and David Mathertie were caught in a storm out in the Trosachs, and the poor boy would fain have covered me with his own little cloke. We crouched under a rock, chafing one another's hands, and saying our Prayers, till at last we heard shouting and the baying of hounds, and my Brother came leaping over the drifts and found us, for he would not be dissuaded, though but a lad himself, from joining in the search. It were well enough for English or Flemish ladies to talk of ye weather, but no Scotswoman should be held from her Duty by such considerations.

*The Hague, March 3rd.*—How kind were the Sterlings when they saw I had set my heart upon going! Margaret lent me her fur cloak and packed up for me great store of provisions, yet I could hardly have started but for David Mathertie, who, finding me sitting disconsolate, for that the barges could not yet go, and the roads were too much choaked for wheels, bid me cheer up, saying he would fain go himself to wait on the Prince of Wales at the Hague, and, if I could be in light marching order, he would escort me on horseback;

so we set off, poor Mrs. Grant on a pillion behind Lasonde. Gladly would I have spared her but for Decorum. I wish Margaret had not said what she did the last evening, but I will not trouble myself, for what can be more natural than that David and I should always be good comrades, having known one another all our lives: moreover he is younger than I by three years, and even as passionately devoted to Montrose as to me, ever watching him with greatest reverence. It would have been a dismall journey but for his agreeable conversation, and he even made Mrs. Grant put a bright face upon things.

As we went he told me the latest news from Paris; how they are all fighting it out at last, and *Monseigneur le Cardinal* ran up the tower of *St. Jacques* himself to ring the alarm, *Mademoiselle* and Madame de Longueville enjoying it all thoroughly; but he knew nought of Madame de Sablé, who doubtless doth not enjoy it at all, though he had heard how the good nuns of Port Royal have given shelter to the poor and wounded, even stalling their cattle in the Cloisters, so that themselves have scarce room to move. I should like to be able to do as Madame de Longueville, in our Cause that is so much worthier than theirs, for she stood in the Balcony of the *Hostel de Ville*,

and by her beautie and bravery persuaded the people to join with her Brother.

Then for awhile he had to feel the way most carefully; so dismounted, leading my horse and his own in silence, till we came to a part of ye road so choked with half-melted snow, we were brought to a pause; but he lifted up his voice and shouted for help so lustily that the Peasants came from far and near, with all good will, to clear the way, himself seizing a shovel and working as hard as any of them. So we fared forward, but by reason of ye heavie roads we did not reach Brussels till gloaming. At the door of my Brother's lodgings we met Dr. Wishart going in, who was not a little amazed at seeing us; he brought us to his warm study, and there told us how, when this dismal tidings arrived, Montrose his heart failed him and he became as a dead man, and did shut himself in his own room for two days; that now indeed he comporteth himself as usual, yet is in no small heaviness of heart, which the Doctor hoped he might speak out to me, and he was right glad I had come thus unlooked for. Hearing this, I left the two gentlemen, went to my Brother's door, and knocking thereat was bidden to come in; yet, having entered, I stood still in ye doorway, seeing how dejectedly he

sat gazing on the embers ; neither did he look up till I spake, then he turned quickly, gazed for a moment, and, springing up, cordially embraced me, exclaiming, “ Why, Beatrice, ye are half frozen ! ” and led me to his own chair whiles he threw a great log on the fire. I put back my wet hood, and he asked how I came and who had been mine escort. After a while he withdrew to bid young Mathertie stay to supper and sleep whiles I attired myself and sent Mrs. Grant to bed ; but poor David had already departed to his kinsman’s house hard by.

At supper I could see, had it not already been known to me, that my Brother hath had a sore trouble, yet was I able to make him smile at our adventures, being greatly tempted to romance about them ; he said anyone would think I enjoyed sitting on horseback with my lap full of sleet, and it was well Condé was in Winter Quarters, so that perforce the country was quiet, though he knew we would not have liked our journey the less had it been otherwise.

After supper ye Doctor withdrew to write more of his Latin book, and then Montrose did ask what had caused me leave my friends and come through the snow thus suddenly. I said because I would fain be with him, whereat he gave me one of those grave, kind

looks that seem to search through my brain, saying,—

“It was very good of you, my child.”

So we fell a talking of this his heavie sorrow, till at length he wept bitterly. A sad and fearfull thing it was to see such grief; yet would I not essay to stop him, only when his hand fell on his knee I took it up and caressed it till his fingers closed tight over mine. After a while, his passion having somewhat spent itself, he said this was a poor welcome for me, and I could not tell him what joy it would be if I could onlie comfort him. But I perswaded him to lye back in the great chair and try to sleep, for he owned that he had scarcely taken rest since the ill tidings came. So for a while there was silence, yet once or twice I found his eyes resting upon me with a look of comfort, as if he thought it pleasant to see me sitting near him again.

The next morning I awoke feeling far happier than I ought as a loyall subject, saving that I felt somewhat anxious lest, after all, my Brother's health should suffer by the trouble of his Mind. He came down later than his wont, by reason of ye sleeping potion I had prevailed with him to take; but when he appeared he did at once reassure me by saluting us chearfully, and vowing that he



had shown more fortitude in swallowing Mrs. Grant's decoction of cowslips than did Socrates with ye hemlock. Afterwards he came in when I was sitting alone, and shewed me a copy of verses he hath composed, saying they might very likely be the last he would write.

*“ Great, Good, and Just, could I but rate  
My Grief, and thy too rigid Fate,  
I'd weep ye world to such a straine,  
As it should deluge once again :  
But since thy loud-tongued bloud demands supplies,  
More from Briareus' Handes than Argus' Eyes,  
I'le sing thine Obsequies with Trumpet-soundes,  
And write thine Epitaph in Bloud and woundes.”*

He bid me prepare, though he was sorry to bring me on another journey so soon, for a speedy start to the Hague, where he would offer his services to our young king, and so we are come hither.

5th.—His Majestie hath already sent for my Brother, whom he hath received with all graciousness, and given him credentials as his own Lieutenant-Governor with full power to levy forces against his rebellious subjects, with the entire command in all Scotland, and authoritie to confer knighthood on whom he may think worthy. Peradventure the king will himself go with the Expedition into Scotland. My Brother hath received new life

from these fair prospects, for he hath sworn before God, angels, and men, to avenge the death of the Martyr, and set his son upon his hereditary throne.

22<sup>nd</sup>.—All promised well till now that Larnarick and Lauderdale are come hither to trouble us, as is their wont; professing a passionate Loyaltie, for which they would make the King believe they have been banished, whereas all men know better; and here are Commissioners of ye Estates coming from Scotland to help them. Specially will they urge upon ye King to banish from his presence that excommunicated and forfaulted Traitour, as they impudently and infandously do call my Brother, applying such wordes to him as might rather be keepit for themselves. He onlie laughs at their malicious carriage toward him; but I never saw him more chafed than when he heard of their coming, for the hindrance they are like to be unto ye Cause, insomuch that he did even utter an imprecation, which he never did before, though it be the fashion.

However, there are many honest Gentlemen who will do their best to prevent ye King's Youth and Innocencie being imposed upon, the Chancellour for one; although whenever he cometh I know that I will have a dull

evening, save indeed that it is right pleasant to hear him talk of his acquaintance. Speaking of Mr. Jermyn last night, he said: "Those who wish best to him, wish him out of the way;" then of Mr. Ashburnham, "No man hath so good an opinion of that Gentleman as himself hath;" to which I can bear witness from what I saw of him in Holland, when he came on a Fool's errand, seeking to persuade my Brother to leave the Queen to such advisers as himself and the rest of them. So all supper-time I enjoy presiding at my Brother's table; but afterwards they stay very late, and then I am not sorry to have my Lord Mathertie (as he is now become) taking his seat beside me, let Margaret Sterling say what she will.

I am sure he doth never indulge too freely in my Brother's wine, as do some of our friends, who before supper are very mirrors of Courtesy, yet afterwards they will comfort themselves by heartily cursing old Noll and the Parliament, then will humbly beg my forgiveness: I long to bid them ask pardon of Heaven; yet my heart bleeds for these brave gentlemen, who have lost their all, and some of those who laugh the loudest hide the heaviest hearts for the fair young sons or brothers gone down untimely into bloody

graves. Certainly I will not without cause draw back from my chearful carriage toward young Mathertie; we are soe comfortable together as old friends, and if he wished to be more, would he be so ever ready for a jest? Lilius, too, must needs trouble herself in the matter. (I should like to know what hath passed between her and Mr. Burrowe.) She was sadder than ever after he left Paris so suddenly.

*May 12th.*—This evening, my Brother having gone to pay his respects to ye Queen of Bohemia, I waited his return in the oak chamber, reading Mr. Milton's book till the letters danced before mine eyes in the grey twilight, for I am fain to keep it out of sight when the gentlemen are by. Then I betook me to the spinnet, playing dreamily one old tune after another, whiles the

*“Glowing Embers thro' ye Room,  
Taught Light to counterfeit a Gloom.”*

Some airs there are I love to play when I am sojourning in a town, for they make me think of mossy places in the woods, and of solemn moonbeams looking down through the leaves on the little herbs below; this minded me of Fontainebleau, and made me wonder if I should see the Burrowes again, wishing I could

help them and Lilius, and recalling the historie William Burrowe told me of the Chief Justice's Lady, who held Corfe Castle against Sir Walter Erle himself, Hampden's friend—till the thought of Montrose his approaching Venture excluded all beside, and I sate planning how goodly a thing it would be supposing I were to fall into the hands of the foe, who should threaten me with instant death unless I would reveal my Brother's designs. Already I fancied myself kneeling blindfolded, expecting the balls to come plunging into my bosom, when there would be a rushing of horses, and he spurring in headlong to the rescue; perhaps I would allow Lord Mathertie to help; but e'en then came the welcome knock at the door, so I ran out to open it, and be beforehand with our landlady, who might have imposed on my Brother's goodnature, requesting him to remove his wet cloak and boots out on the street, which it is likely as not he would have done, so courteous is he to all women. He looked chearfull, and bid me sit with him awhile by the fire; so I prayed him to tell me what Her Majestie of Bohemia was like, and how she was apparelled; he was able to answer the first question readily enough, saying she was even such a lady as it would be joy to fight

for, she looked like a mother of Heroes. Presently he added, "I met one Person who was sorry ye were not there."

"Only one?" I said, and he—

"Many did inquire for you, but I spake of one especially—David Mathertie."

I said, "He is a good youth," and my Brother—

"Nothing more?"

Then I suddenlie bethought me I would take courage to tell of my perplexity, and he answered, "Your friends are right, Beatrix." I said I was sorry for it, and he, "Wherefore? methinks you have rather cause of gladness."

I said, "Nay, for I only lose a good friend, and gain nothing." And at last I fairly said, I was so happy with him I would not care to change.

Then he, "But ye know, Beatrix, in a short time I will be going to the war, and it may be God's will that I return not again."

Then as I begged him not to speak after that fashion, he took my hand, saying, "I would not trouble you, child, yet were it not well ye should consider this? Neither is there any Gentleman with whom I would more gladly entrust you."

"But," I said, "surely he is going with you, for if he remains behind, I will never speak to him again."

Montrose answered that he knew the young man meant to win me honourably, and to deserve my regard, adding that he would not have said anything to me of what he hath observed this long while, had not I begun. "But," said he, "now we are talking of the matter I will tell you there is nothing could more win mine approval; and indeed I speak for your good, for he loveth your very shadow."

"Oh Brother, you will not send me from you?"

"No, I will not force your inclination, and indeed, good sister, I have no wish to lose you; you have greatly cheered mine Exile, and I am glad you have not disliked this wandering life."

I assured him 'twas the brightest time I have ever known; so then we talked of all we will do if this Expedition be successful and we return home; how we would lay out an Italian garden under the yew hedges, where the first snowdrops come; and one thicket of yew that was formerly a hen and chickens, shall be cut into a crown, a Phoenix, or some such Emblem; and how Montrose will redress the wrongs of his old followers, and we may hope to entertain some of the friends we have made abroad, and how pleasant it is that the Sterlings and Napiers have houses not too far from ours.

I for one shall be glad if I can take any Dutch serving wench home with me, for their neatness and cleanliness would be held marvellous in Scotland.

I truly think Montrose would be sorry in his heart if I were to leave him, but I might have left him ere now, had I been so sillie as to wish it.

So we sate together chatting by ye firelight, till the sweet sound of church bells came dropping through the wind and the rain, and the great clock struck twelve. I am vext I forgot to ask one thing when I had so good opportunity, namely, how it were best to carry myself toward this poor youth, as he would know better how a man would feel than I should, but he is occupied with more important matters.







## CHAPTER XII.

*May 27th.*



ADVICES just received that they have beheaded the old Marquis of Huntly ; what pity he would never be friends with us ! Dr. Wishart hath told me how earnestly my Brother was desirous of unity, and once rode over all alone to talk with the old man, who was much softened for the time by such frankness and courtesy ; yet these good impressions did not last : and now woe is me for his grey hairs all dabbled in blood !

My Lady Aubigny and I were talking of this tragedy but yesterday, and she was of opinion that if he had joined Montrose he might now have been alive and well. We are glad to have made her acquaintance, knowing how she sought to contrive the escape of his late Maiestie from the hands of those his bloudie and pitillesse enemies ; yea, and long

before she had carried papers of importance hidden in her beautifull hair. Wherefore hearing she was arrived in this doleful place, my Brother bid me wait upon her to see if in any ways we might be serviceable unto her; for her Lord hath been compelled to take service under the Emperour, and to leave her here as in a place of safetie, her health not suffering her to follow him.

We have met frequently, and yesterday she made me sit with her to enjoy some confecti- ons, and presently began to talk of the unhappy divisions in our little Court. I said the quarrels were none of our seeking; and she remarked that it would be well for the Cause if two such powerful Chiefs as Montrose and Duke Hamilton were reconciled. To which I replied that I knew my Brother was willing to forget the past, and to be on friendly terms with the Duke. So we concerted together if it might be brought to pass, and she urged that I might open an intercourse more easily than my Brother, declaring that but for the present mourning she would give a ball and make his Grace lead me out. Then I asked whether I could not meet him as if by chance in her apartments? Just then an English gentleman, an old friend of hers, came in to pay his respects, whom she gladly wel-

comed, and introducing him to me, prayed that I would not be unwilling to take him into council, being a gentleman of proved discretion and honesty. He opined that the better way would be if some neutral person did first meet the Duke, and seek to bring him to a better mind. My Lady Aubigny pressed him to undertake the office, to which he modestly consented.

Meanwhile I have often seen Lord Mather-tie, and have tried to keep state with him, but not very successfully, for the graver I am the more friendly is he; and indeed, if ever I have succeeded in being on punctilio with him, I am tempted to make it up to him next time. I wish he would marry Liliás.

To-day I was better pleased with him than ever; he came in looking flushed and discomposed, and on my asking what ailed him he broke out into some exclamation about "That fellow's cursed cool insolence!" I drew myself up, and he did excuse himself, asking if ever I had seen Lord Lauderdale? I said, No, and I had no wish. Then he: "If your ladyship had had that ill-fortune, methinks you would pardon my hastiness;" then told me how he had been taking wine in an alcove at Monsieur de Dampierre's, in company with certain Flemish gentlemen and others of our

own Country, and the talk falling upon our matters, my Lord of Lauderdale took the opportunity of inveighing against Montrose, vowing that no true Scotsman could ever serve under him after such ravages as he had committed, adding, with fearful asseverations, such falsehoods that David expected the ceiling to fall on their heads; and but for respect to their Host, he would have made his Lordship eat his words at the point of the sword. As he would have interposed, however, an English gentleman cross-questioned him, asking whether Montrose had indeed slain women and children, or caused the deaths of any in cold blood after the Battle?—to which Lauderdale could give but a lame answer, yet averred that my Brother had raged so barbarously in the Field that his Countrymen could never forgive him, and in particular at Inverlochy, where some 1,500 of the Campbells had fallen. Then David spoke up valiantly, reminding the foreign gentlemen of the lawless nature of our mountain troops, and how he had himself seen my Brother in the very thick of the fight, with his own hand, strike up the sword of an Irish soldier, who was about to slay an hoary-headed old reprobate. Then when Lauderdale began once more to bemoan his 1,500 Campbells, David took up his Pa-

rable, and related to the company how, when the scaffold was erected for so many of Montrose his dearest friends, he had himself, with Napier and Sterling, entreated my brother to make reprisals on the Covenanting prisoners in his power. But my Brother flatly refused to follow so ill example, and treated his prisoners with all civilitie. "And I said," continued David, "that I have always thought my General was too magnanimous, and if he had done like Prince Rupert, who soon put a stop to such doings in England, perhaps things would not have gone as they did after Philiphaugh, when not *Men* only were the victims." So Lauderdale was fairly silenced, Monsieur de Dampierre declaring that for his part he could not look on my Brother's face and believe him guilty of any false or ungenerous deed. How strange it is that they should so malign him! yet their Insolence waxeth greater than ever, for they even say we were art and part in the murder of Dr. Dorislaus, as if we should meddle with such people; and when Montrose last went to wait on the King, as he entered the Ante-chamber at one door, Lauderdale and his men walked out at the other,—this they said was because they would not associate with an excommunicated Person, but I think their guilty Consciences made

them to shrink from his presence. I mind me well how, when he took me with him to be presented to ye Princess of Orange, one of these gentry was bragging of his Loyaltie, and how Montrose spake but one or two curt words, flashing at the same time such a look through the poor fellow that he slank away all crestfallen. Oh, if ever he should so look on me! I would I might once see him in fight: surely he would seem as an avenging Angel to the rebel foe, but an Angel of mercy to the vanquished.

O to be away from these flat roads and miry Canals among my own heathery hills once more! and after all this parleying and debating, that is wearing my Brother's heart out, to hear the pibroch and see the gallant war-plumes glinting through the birch-trees!

*May 30th.*—As we were breaking our Fast this morning, entered Sir Francis Hay, and prayed my Brother to speak with him apart, whom presently I heard exclaim in a tone betwixt Amusement and Vexation, “Confound the young Fool! I will have him put under Arrest.” Afterward he invited Sir Francis to stay and partake of the Pasty and Ale with us, and it appeared that Lord Mathertie had requested him to be the bearer of a challenge to Lauderdale, but Sir Francis knew better than

to suffer one of the King's true servants should risk his life in a Duello, though after all Matherthie hath the more stalwart arm, and is an excellent swordsman, beside having the better cause.

*June 4th.* — Poor Lady Aubigné liketh these damp fogs no better than I do; she is both weak and ill at ease, yet hath our Cause as much at heart as ever. Her friend hath made acquaintance with Duke Hamilton, and sought to reconcile him with my Brother, neither did he find his Grace ill-disposed thereunto, if but he could be free of Lauderdale, who is inseparable from him, insomuch that he was fain to ask this gentleman to visit him early in the morning, when they might converse without interruption, the Duke bidding his servant tell any one else that might come that he was in bed. However, Lauderdale hath his lodging in the same house, and presently made his appearance in his shirt—a strange object he must have looked!—and so spoiled sport; our friend ingeniously turning the conversation at once to indifferent matters, but not another word could he have with the Duke alone. Even as my Lady Aubigné was telling me this, Duke Hamilton himself entered, whether by accident or no I cannot say. She joined us in conversation, and after some

little volitations to and fro, I was earnestly pleading my Brother's cause, and he assured me he did no longer believe the slaunderous reports he hath heard ; yet he seemeth bound to the slaundersers by ties he cannot break. I am sorry when I think of his sad, handsome face and gentle bearing, and how he is in thralldom to persons so greatly his Inferiours. The more I pleaded the more wistfull he looked, yet I feel it was all in vain. In the evening I owned to my Brother what had passed, and he was no ways displeas'd with me, saying at any rate the quarrel would not lie at our door. Then he told me he hath already arranged that his Officers are to form rendezvous at Hamburgh and other Towns, where they may collect and keep together such Troops as the Emperour and the States may furnish him withal. Sir George Sterling is even now at Hamburgh ; Napier and Mathertie are to raise what forces they may, whilst Montrose proceedeth to Denmark and Norway, whose Monarchs are likely to shew him favour. As the King is ere long about to visit ye queen-mother at Paris, we may soon hope to wind up our Affairs, and leave these dead marshes for the brave North lands. What joy to go bounding over the green waves in the glad sea breeze.



*“ To Norroway, to Norroway, to Norroway o'er ye  
faem !”*

But my Brother offered to send me to Margaret Sterling, with her to abide whiles he is in those distant lands ; yet when I entreated not to be left behind, he consented that I should accompany him. I have not yet spoken anent my following him into Scotland ; it will be time enough when I shall have been in Norway.





## CHAPTER XIII.

*June 5th.*

**D**AVID MATHERTIE hath now grown shy when I see him; in company he will keep with the gentlemen all the evening, or if we meet out of doors, will pass me with a profound salutation instead of stopping to chat, as he was wont agreeably to hinder my marketing. Perhaps his friends have been foolishly talking with him as mine have with me, for I know gentlemen do discuss such matters; yet surely I need not fear he would make me a subject of conversation with young men. Perhaps it will be better if he does speak, and I can tell him we are friends, but not more.

*12th.*—So now it hath happened at last, and I have done ill by this poor Youth, who hath never shewn aught but kindness to me

and mine. All this day hath been dark and rainy. Montrose is occupied with his Officers, and this dull, lingering twilight is sadder than the ruddy winter evenings. Yesterday my Brother and I walked in the fair, bright sunset to Madame de Dampierre's, where we met a brave company, being entertained with musick and with the sight of a gallery of Flemish pictures all glowing with colour. Supper was laid in a Saloon on the other side of the Quadrangle, and David was to conduct me in. We chatted merrily together once more, as in old times; but he afterwards led me to a window to see ye moon rise. Contrary to his custom he stood by me in silence for some minutes, then placed a letter in mine hands. I scarcely spoke, and he led me back into the light; we joined the Company, both demeaning ourselves as usual for the rest of the evening; yet I felt a sort of awe and shyness. My brother talked with me as we went home of the pictures, deploring that such talents should be lavished in limning of drunken boors and Tobacco-pipes, saying that he was poisoned enough with them all day without meeting them in painting.<sup>1</sup> Then I

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<sup>1</sup> It is said, and this passage confirms it, that Montrose had a particular aversion to tobacco; and that it was

asked him of the marvellous works he hath seen in Venice, and in such discourse almost forgot poor David till we had parted for the night, and I had time to read his note, which did indeed affect me not a little. I have tried to word mine answer as kindly as I might. I wonder when our next meeting will be. Perhaps we will be constrained at first, and then, I hope, resume our old intercourse.

*July 2nd.*—Well-nigh three weeks have passed, and I begin to fear he will depart for his Command without my bidding him Good Speed. It is sad our good fellowship should end thus. How kind he was to me during that dreary time at my Aunt's house! bringing me Plays and Romances without their knowledge, though at that time he cared but little for reading himself. Then he would tell jests and merrie stories, yet without offending even Aunt Dorothy, to whom he would listen deferentially, so that she had hopes of winning him to the Covenant; yet if I spoke in ever so low a tone he heard me, and now I

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amongst the hardships of his last hours, that his guards were continually smoking at his chamber door. Some old accounts still preserved prove his father to have been an inveterate smoker.—*Ed.*

know he bore all that tediousness for my sake. It was a sad day for me when he joined my Brother's army; the house seemed duller than ever, and Aunt Dorothy and the Chaplain denounced him, saying that if he were slain his soul would be lost everlastingly, as they did seem to wish, which, though I believed it not, was poor comfort for me. Even Aunt Lilius bemoaned him as one that had entered the way of Destruction.

Yea, and long ago, whenas we were but children, we would play together among the wild roses in the summer gloaming, walking barefoot on ye fresh mossy turf, or wandering far and wide to find glowworms. How I vexed him once, when he had climbed the old thorn, and brought away the blackcap's eggs for me, and I would not take them, but wept for the poor birdies and chid him, though he had torn his ruffles and scarred his face and hands for me.

I would give much to know we are still friends, and that he forgives me my thoughtlessness, and is not angry with me; indeed I never deemed he would take it so to heart, being, as he is, young and of a good Courage; neither hath he cause for self-reproach, as I fear I have.

Lilius hath, without my telling, discovered

this business ; wherefore, seeing that she hath already had some experience in spite of her tender years, I did ask her whether she thought I had been to blame, and she could not in sincerity acquit me. Alas ! my thoughts were all taken up with my Brother's affairs, and when mine eyes were opened it seemed too late. She hath never seen that poor young Burrowe since their memorable evening, yet methinks there are kind words in her heart she would fain speak to him. Were it not for my half-promise of secresy, I would tell my Brother ; he would know if a few friendly words at parting would indeed make a man's trouble heavier to be borne. He himself parted kindly from that Italian lady, and surely it is better for him that it was so.

*3rd.*—My Lady Aubigny also knows it somehow, and began to speak slightingly of poor David, as if that could be any comfort or praise to me. I hope I did not forget my manners ; however she unsaid her words, and we made it up.

*5th.*—No more hath passed till last night, when divers Officers came to sup, and I missed poor David sorely, for after all it was pleasant to know there was one would watch for me, and see all I wore, and be vexed and sorry if he could not talk with me.

Presently Archibald Napier asketh me from the far end of the table, in the hearing of all, "Wherefore my Lord Mathertie is not here? He was of so good spirit he could ill be spared." Whereat Lilius did blush and look on her plate, as she had been the guilty one; but I composedly made answer that I had not seen him of late. I felt that Dr. Wishart was smiling inwardly—as if there were ought amusing in our troubles!—and Sir Francis Hay remarked, to mend the matter, that he had met him the day before, looking sick and sad, which was certainly something new. Then my Brother said quietly, "Doubtless he is tired of lingering here. I have had a billet from him, praying me to let him have his Commission, and depart as soon as may be."

*Sir Francis.* "I think, madam, we will miss his fine *basso* in our madrigals."

*I.* "You will soon all be leaving me to sing *sola*."

*Montrose.* "Let us drink to our all joining in Chorus at Auld Montrois, when the King shall enjoy his own again."

So the toast was received with acclamations, but when they were gone, Montrose desired me to stay awhile and chat with him: I gladly obeyed, and he asked me, "What had passed between me and young Mathertie?" I mar-

velled how he could know, for surely I had kept my countenance steadily. Thereat he laughed, saying, he thought few could have maintained a more serene composure, and I could not choose but laugh also at our good nephew's ill-timed remarks. Then I told my troubles, and he questioned me narrowly whether indeed my regret were only at losing an old friend; and being satisfied on this point, he did comfort me, saying, that although for this present our intercourse was suspended, yet he had little doubt we would one day be better friends than ever, and though doubtless it was a vexation to the young man, yet he never knew any one the worse for such troubles, indeed, he thought they oftentimes were beneficial. I asked whether it were convenient we should meet for a few minutes ere he departed? To which Mountrose replied, "A brisk Campaign with me through the Highlands will do him more good than aught else," and promised to visit him and tell him so. "I think," he added, "men are different from women, in that when their hope is dead, they do not, as it were, hang lingering over its grave, but seek to go where naught may remind them of the past."

Then I glanced half unknowing at the ring on his hand that was the Italian lady's parting



gift, and he said, answering my thought, "It is true, Beatrix, I cannot be too thankful I saw that lady again; but it was not of her will we were parted."

Then I told him how these many days I had hoped I might perchance fall in with my poor Friend, and resolved what I would say, and how I would carry myself toward him, but if Montrose would indeed go to see him, would he bear a few words from me, and tell him how sad I was for the return I had made him for his kindness? and he replied, "There can be no harm in that."

I told him how he had lightened mine heart, and he: "Truly none can think but it is a kind heart, yet tell me, Child, have such things ne'er befallen you till now?"

"Yea, there was one in Paris, but I cared not for him, and thus I saw when it was well to hold aloof; neither was it any Trouble to me: but as for poor David, I had always hoped a Lady and Gentleman could be friendly and pleasant together without all these vexations arising."

*Montrose.* "This cloud will pass away, and you will ever feel a cordial Regard for one another. And now, Child, it were well you should go to your bed, and fret no more over these matters."

*I.* “Indeed I shall sleep softly to-night—and my lord, are you so very sorry I am not going to leave you?”

*Montrose.* “Boast not, fair Lady, the time may yet come.”

*I.* “Aye, on the 30th of february.”

So we chearfully parted : more than all was I comforted by my brother’s promise that he would himself visit mine old friend, and the words that have burned in my heart will be spoken at last.

*July Viiij.*—This evening my dear Brother had me with him for a walk by the Canal, and when we had found a pleasant seat under the lime trees he told me that he had just seen David Mathertie, and left him comforted with my message, speaking of me with the utmost Cordialitie and respect. I said I was glad he forgave me the pain I had caused him.

My Brother made answer, “I do not think it hath so much as entered his mind that he hath aught to forgive.”

I said, “Dear Brother, did you tell him how sorry I am?”

“Yea, and he bid me bear you word that he will be a better man all his life for having known you. And now, Beatrix, tell me more of this French gentleman ; was it any one I knew?”

He recollected le Vicompte de Rosny when I named him, and I made him laugh, telling how Monsieur came to pay his respects with gloves so tight he could by no means remove them to touch my hand, and had sent me a sonnet professing to be his own, whereas it was by Monsieur Voiture, whose poems Madame de Sablé had lent me before ; wherefore I thanked him politely, and asked if he could procure me the sight of other of Monsieur Voiture's writings.

“ I remember now,” said Montrose, “ he persuaded Monsieur de Montausier to bring him to visit us. Mademoiselle de Scudery was there likewise.”

“ Yea, and I talked with her all the time.”

“ Ha ! I recall it now, and I was not over-pleased at your walking off with that good lady, and leaving me to entertain the two gentlemen ; but you are a discreet person.”

This was almost the fairest evening we have spent in the Low Countries. There was a pretty rosey light where the sun was going down, and in the sweet lime boughs above us the bees were humming, while the last sunbeams kindled the fresh leaves till they glowed like unto flakes of Chrysoprasus. As we wended our way slowly homewards, my favourite star, Arcturus, that is mentioned in

ye Book of Job, was shining in his old summer mansion; while the Evening star danced like a firefly in still waters at our feet. Before us the lights of the town were gleaming through dark trees, and the sound of bells came to us with the dew. We talked together of our too hasty travells, of the marvellous sunsets we watched from deep vallies, where we sate in twilight, while the peaks above glowed golden, till the moon rose; and of the voice of the torrent, that was like a glad greeting in the morning, and sang me to sleep at night, when the cattle-bells were silent. My Brother said he liked to see the great mountains rising as a solemn vision above the mists and noises of the valley. Yet how few persons care for those wild regions; even poor Lady Aubigné, though drowning in the fog down here, laughed at my love of moorlands and mountains, and did much prefer the great plains of France, where the Poplars stood in rows like unto combs set upright, to ye hideous rocks, as she called them, of Fontainebleau. I believe she thought Scotland a barbarous Nation and the end of the world.



## CHAPTER XIV.

*July 15th.*



OUR walk a few nights since was more pleasant than prudent, for the next morning I woke with such an headache, almost for the first time in my life, I could scarce open mine eyes. Mountrose observed my indisposition in spite of me, and did ask if it were on poor David's account I did scarce break my fast ; but I said the thought of the hill-sides made this air seem all the heavier. When we rose from table, a sudden Dizziness came over me, that I would have fallen had not he leaped across and supported me. He was much alarmed, and would fain have sent for a Physitian ; but I dreaded lest one of these Dutchmen might be for giving me Salt of Skulls or a toad pounded with a cock and a mole, or opening a vein now that ye moon is decreasing,

and so I might be a week in bed, wherefore I did for once rebel, and prayed him first to consult Mistress Grant, who was noways surprised at my being ill after tarrying so late by the Canal. My Brother remarked we had often done the same thing elsewhere, and she answered him that she did only marvell he was not ill too. He said, "Well it would have served me right," which seemed to please her; then fairly taking me in his arms, though I am nearly as tall as he is, he carried me to my chamber, where I was imprisoned for three days; but as he oftentimes came to sit by me, I did not mind, and as soon as Mrs. Grant would allow it, I made good progress in long seams of shirts and bed-gowns, so as not to waste time. Sometimes, also, I had pleasant dreams of the sunset lights on mountains far away, or of the Elder trees and the brooklet near my own old home, of the old folk there, and the great dog that used to bark so joyously when he went abroad with us, and my good, faithful, rough pony.

One evening my Brother and I were planning together what we would do at home, and how much the Estate would need his eye after so long absence, beside the righting of such among his retainers that may have suffered at the hands of the Rebels; also he thought

it might be his duty to tarry near the young King in readiness to be of service, whereat I could not help saying, "Nay, ye are too good for that." I was frightened when the words were out; but he only bid me bridle ye Unruly Member, and then we talked of his two boys. He is eager to have them with him now they are growing up, and it is a sad thing and a grievous that they have been for long years thus severed, though their letters and the accounts he receiveth of them from their Grandfather and their tutor do give him much satisfaction, both as to their health and Intellectuals. I said I hoped when we all live together I may find them dutifull and towardlie nephews. "Aye," said he, "to their venerable Aunt."

Then entered Mrs. Grant, bearing a dose of simples, and said, with a stern countenance, "You have talked long enough, my Lady." Wherefore my Brother arose, bent over the pillow and kissed me, bidding me to sleep well.

That night I was visited by strange dreams. I fancied myself back in our old orchard at home, and could even see the fallen apple-blossoms lying in the deep fresh grass and the cool shadows. Then I seemed to wander away till I came to our place of burial: my Mother

was standing among the graves, and I knew her at once, though waking I can but dimly recall her aspect. She stood gazing far away with a glad exulting face, but when I said Mother, she answered not, only looked upon me very tenderly and pityingly, whereat I was wakened by the beating of my heart, and my pillow was wet with tears.

The next morning Lilius came to ask how I fared. She said Archibald was in great delight at the prospect of being out with Mountrose once more, but, said she, "I would be glad enough if it were lang and lang ere they depart."

"Now fie upon thee, Lilius! What if our Brethren were by to hear you?"

*Lilius.* "I dare not speak sae before them, but we have been all sae happy together;—and there was a gentlewoman with me yesterday, telling me what I knew already of the perils our friends will incur, specially should they be made Captive."

*I.* "E'en as when ye Prophet Elisha was to lose his beloved Master, and all his friends must remind him of his grief, till he answered them sharply, saying, Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

*Lilius.* "She advised me to seek to persuade Archibald to stay behind, but I told her



I might as well seek to stop the waterfall at Inversnaid; and if I could, I would not be the one to let him from his duty."

"Ye love him too well for that, and if ye will be ruled by me, Lilius, you will not talk with that wearisome body again."

*Lilius.* "She meant well" (so much the worse, thought I), "and said I ought not to shut mine eyes to the truth."

"If the Truth be ill-favoured and we cannot mend it, let us shut our eyes to it as long as we may, and God will give us strength to face it when the Day comes."

Then we talked of our latest advices from my Lady Betty Napier, who longeth for Montrose his coming with her husband, to put an end to her present desolate condition, and saith her Lord will scarce know ye children, they are so improved since he hath seen them. But when Lilius had gone in better cheer than she came, the forebodings that have scarce troubled me till now did much molest me, and I seemed to have no power to wrestle with them as before, for I have been chearful, more than many women would be, resolving to enjoy the day, and let the morrow take thought for the things of itself, and have been the better enabled to act up to this resolution by abstaining from much converse

with certain of my friends about the Future ; for the Duke of La Rochefoucauld was right after all, and they that be most tender-hearted do yet often strangelie enjoy the troubles of their Friends.

I determined, as soon as I might go abroad, to consult a certain astrologer, of whose wisdom divers persons had spoken, so went yesterday with Lasonde. The walk was so chearful after being shut up, the sight of shops and the Goodwives with market-baskets or jugs of beer, and the little children smiling up in my face as they always do, that being arrived at ye Sage's door I was disposed to return, but thought it a pity after coming so far. Being ushered silently into a darkened chamber, I became aware of a venerable man with a Skull before him, sitting amid great books and globes. He asked what I would with him, and almost before I had answered, that I would fain know the fate of the expedition against ye Scots rebels, he replied to me in mine own language, " Madam, your Brother shall win more glory than in all his former conflicts."

I craved to know yet more, and he desired to be informed concerning the year, month, day and hour he was born ; having satisfied him as best I might, and after much searching,

he said the stars were perplexing, and spake of propitious and unprosperous planets in Conjunction in the House of Life : yet this much was clear, that the Captain-General should, in his eight-and-thirtieth year, go through great peril, but neither was sword forged nor bullet molten that should slay him. Thereat I went my ways, well pleased till the remembrance arose of Spottiswoode and Colonel Nathanael Gordon,<sup>1</sup> so resolved I would myself try the *Sortes Virgilianæ* ; for as his late sacred Majesty and my Lord Falkland had sought thus to know their fate at Oxford, it could not be unlawfull, though indeed their example was not encouraging. Being returned, I prayed Dr. Wishart to lend me his Virgil, and opened it with my finger on these words :

*“ Hei mihi ! qualis erat ! quantum mutatus ab illo  
Hectore, qui redit exuvias indutus Achillis,  
Vel Danavm Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignes !  
Squalentem barbam, et concretos sanguine crines,  
Vulneraque illa gerens, quæ circum plurima muros  
Accepit patrios.”*

What might this mean ? In great terrour I took up my Bible all trembling, to try what oracle might be found therein, and these were

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<sup>1</sup> Two of Montrose's friends who had been made prisoners and executed.—*Ed.*

the words I lighted on : “ *The Lord is with thee, thou mighty Man of Valour.*” This comforted me, and after a while Dr. Wishart came in, to whom I owned what use I had made of his book. “ But wherefore, Madam,” quoth he, “ did ye open sae near to the beginning ?”

“ Because, sir, I dreaded lest I should light on the parting of Turnus and his sister.”

Then he laughed aloud, and prayed me next time I would explore Futuritie to let him help me ; “ For,” said he, “ with this edition of Virgil I would engage to open blindfold on a favourable passage, such as old Anchises his prophecy that Æneas should conquer the Land ;” and he did even so as he spake ; then told me how mine honoured Mother had consulted with seers soon after Montrose his birth, but would never reveal to any what they had foretold. E’en then my Brother entered, and without telling him what had led our discourse that way, he drew him into conversation on dreams and second sight. He said : “ There was one Prediction made concerning me, whenas I had broken the heads of Patrick Grahame and John Grahame of Fintry, and my Father exclaimed, ‘ This boy will trouble all Scotland.’ ”

*Dr. Wishart.* “ Those twain have stood in fight beside your Lordship since then.”

*Montrose.* "Yea, we were good friends ever."

I asked if our unhappy uncles of Gowrie had indeed owned the power of raising the Dead? and he said they had enough to answer for without such sacrilege, for though the Dead may oftentimes appear, yet it is by Divine permission; neither doth he believe it is in the power of Necromancers to disturb their sleep.

I asked if he thought dreams were now vouchsafed us of solemn import? and he said, Surely; had I been visited by any? Then when I replied I had dreamed much lately of our home, he asked on what night? and being told, he said no doubt my head was still feverish, and distempered fancies had troubled my sleep; reminding me how Mistress Grant had beat up his quarters by my bed-side, and caused him to retreat.

Then Dr. Wishart spoke up roundly, that he would take more account of a man's dreaming than of a Woman's, seeing that women's phansies are easily wrought upon. I said I was better than some Men, for instance young Master Burrowe, who never would go near the buttery of his Father's house after dark, lest he should meet the Ghost of their old serving-man, sitting at the door with a pipe and a pot of beer. My Brother asked, Did that likely

young fellow own as much before our Cousin Lilius? I said it was likely enough, young men know so little when to keep silence.

Then we spake of Dante, and my Brother said we must resume our reading of Italian when we have times of greater leisure. Dr. Wishart asked if Dante had not given a place in Hell to Michael Scott and the soothsayers, and being answered Yes, "Then," quoth he, "that is as wise a thing as Dante ever did in his life, for as Æschylus hath it, they never foretell good, but only evill."

"Nay," said I, "if so, surely their punishment is in this world." And my Brother told us of one good Prophecie at any rate among the Hielanders, that he alone shall restore the lawful King, smiling thereat, yet his eyes gleamed as he spake.

The *Mercurius Caledonius* hath made mention of strange portents witnessed by many, of Armies in the air that seemed to charge and flee; yet Dr. Wishart thinketh them to be but the Northern Lights, that wont to be called the Merrie Dancers ere men's minds were full of sad and solemn matters.

Then my Brother repeated in a deep low tone those awful words of Holy Writ:

*"And David lifted up his eyes and saw the Angel of the Lord stand between the Earth and*

*the Heaven, having a drawn sword in his hand stretched out over Hierusalem."*

When we arose to depart, Dr. Wishart observed, one would think this were Allhalloween rather than Midsummer, and we should be sitting by the fire roasting nuts and telling Ghost-stories, instead of sitting with the window open feasting on gooseberries.

My Brother said, "Perhaps when Allhalloween shall come round next year but one, we may be burning nuts by our own ingle;" then slyly asked me aside if I knew what Auguries are wont to be drawn frae the nuts? So we wished one another good-night. I read ye xx. chapter of ye IInd Book of Chronicles in my room and prayed heartily, giving thanks for the pleasant evening, then laid me down in peace and took my rest.

This morning, to help me yet more, that good, fat, motherly Madame de Dampierre came to see me, being clad, to use Mistress Grant's expression, as fine as a Carrot. She asked after my health, and said no doubt I would be better still when this Expedition shall be over. I told her of my visit to the Astrologer, and she thought his answers were such as ought to cheer me, reminding me how Montrose hath in all his Battels never received so much as a scratch, so that he is thought to

bear a charmed life. I said it was not that I feared so much as his being made Prisoner; and she cried, if he were, our enemies would not dare hurt an hair of his head. "You will sell your jewels to ransom him, and I will steal my Husband's Tulip-roots whiles he is asleep after dinner, so my risk will be greatest."

Her pleasant words cheered me not a little, though, alas! she knoweth nought of the bitterness of Enmitie in Scotland. Then she had me away with her to see again her Pictures, which I liked much better this time, specially some by a young painter, one Rembrandt, strangely solemn, but mine Hostess said they were too dark and awful, and shewed me others by Mynheer Cuyp, that I would fain bear away with me, so as to have golden sunshine always to look upon.

The place reminded me of my last meeting with mine old friend, and Madame, not without malice, did inquire much after "*ce beau jeune homme*;" adding that his work seemed to have made him grave and sedate when he visited her to take his leave. I did answer her with all gravitie, not being over-well pleased that our secret, which has caused us so much trouble, should be a matter of entertainment to our friends.

When I was returned, my Brother handed



me a Dispatch just received from David, with the words, "I may as well tell you at once what the poor Gentleman saith." All the first part of his letter was on our Business: he hath raised some score of sturdy Zealanders; moreover, his kindred write from Scotland that all men are heartily wearie of Argyle. The conclusion ran somewhat after this sort: "Wherefore it seemeth me yt alle things look prosperous, and if I be allowed to help your Excellencie in giving these troublesome Rascalls their due, 'twill be ye greatest Happinesse I can promise myself; and suld I meet ye Fate of many a better Man I will not complain, if onlie that noble Lady will own me not all unworthie of her Regard." Then he craved pardon for speaking of his private matters at such a time, saying he was encouraged thereunto by his Lordship's Condescension in visiting him whiles he was yet in so great perturbacion of mind, than which no kindnesse was ever more acceptable.

I do hope he will be carefull of himself and not over-bold. It is indeed great comfort to think how many brave men are devoted passionately, life and limb, to my Brother—Napier, Sterling, Sir Francis Hay, would all fight for him to the last drop of their blood; so would Mathertie, and not only for my sake.



## CHAPTER XV.

*July 16th.*



Y Brother is minded to have my portraict taken ere we leave the Low Countries, as there are no limners like the Flemings. Accordingly this very morning I have been sitting to Mynheer—but it is hopeless to spell his name. Montrose went with me, and told the Painter he hoped I would not prove so difficult a sitter as he was to Mr. Walker, who after long toiling at length flung his palette at ye head of the poor Colour-grinder, “meaning it,” said he, “I doubt for mine;” after which he succeeded in drawing a very fine Portraict. When he was gone, Mynheer observed he did not wonder at his brother Artist’s despair, for he had never seen a face so full of contradictions, explaining that he had often studied it, and could see how under its Gravitie was hid-

den Fire ; yet the more it was looked into, the more Gentleness would appear.

20th.—My visits to the Painter's Studio are right pleasant ; the old gentleman keepeth me great part of the time in agreeable discourse, telling me of the wild pranks played by Sir Anthony Vandyke when a Student, and of the splendid state kept by Sir Peter Paul Rubens ; or making me relate to him my Brother's deeds of arms ; and when he is silent I gaze on the Statues, suits of Armour, and other beautiful things half seen, half hidden. He prayed me for the time to lay aside my mourning apparel, in which he likened me to Aurora rising from a thunder-cloud ; and truly I enjoy wearing my emerald-coloured velvet again, although that colour is deemed unlucky in our Clan. I am weary of black and will be glad when my brother shall give me leave to change, luckily he hath not let his beard grow in sign of mourning, like General Dalziel. The picture maketh good progress ; already I can see my figure emerging from the dark shadowes of an oak staircase, which I am descending, the light falling on my hands filled with white roses, and glancing on my pearls and lace ; indeed I am glad to be so comely, and this good gentleman telleth me he can trace some far-off resemblance in my face to my Brother's, so it

was no marvell that poor Mathertie loved it well.

31st.—The Portrait is finished, and my Brother well-pleased therewith; but he hath prayed Mynheer to let it abide in his Studio till such time as he can send for it. He asked me to-day near which of our Ancestors I would like it to be hung, and I prayed him to let it go beneath the portrait of our great grandfather that was slain at Flodden. It is curious, as Mistress Anastasia was once observing, that among our Scottish families so few die in their beds. Montrose declared, “The better for them,” and said his one fault with the English Liturgy, which he for his part liked well enough, though not the forcing of it upon the people, was the Petition against Sudden Death.

I said, “I can well imagine, so one were but ready, it would be great happiness to escape a long sickness, with all the nursing and melancholy circumstances attendant thereon.”

“Ay,” he replied, “it is the best wish I could form for any friend of mine, to escape all that lingering dreariness; one moment to feel the full glow and vigour of Life, the next to be face to face, who can tell with what Glory?”

“Yea,” I added, “and to escape seeing all the woefull countenances;” and yet if I were

suddenly struck with Death, I think I should wish for time allowed to see him bending over me, and whether he looked very sorry ere I closed mine eyes on this world.

I said if I could choose, and it were not presumption, I had oft-times thought how goodly a death it were to die by some fall or other accident on the Mountains—the moss-grown rocks for my death-bed, and for my chamber the sunny hill-side and open sky—but best of all, to die saving another. And Montrose said, for his part he would fall on the Battle-field in the moment of Victory, or with his friends for the lost Cause, not surviving its overthrow. I said that of all ways of leaving the world, the Martyrs' seemed noblest, thinking of those glorious paintings we have seen of St. Catherine and St. Sebastian; but he reminded me there have indeed been many Martyrs even lately.

How pure should we keep our hearts, if we would aspire to such Happiness! Surely they are favoured of Heaven that are thus speedily removed, with but one sharp pang, then the welcoming among the blessed; and therefore it is so many must undergoe the long discipline of sickness, yea, and the sad, heavie years when youth is departed and friends are gone.

Ere going to rest I read the story of

Jephthae and his daughter; what lordly Euthanasie was her's! and yet how terrible in the prime of youth to depart from the glad sunlight and the loved voices, and all beautifull things, leaving her Father in his Desolation! But when they met again after not many years, doubtless they owned it was well.

*2nd.*—And now the King is gone to Paris, where I hope he will take care of ye Queen his Mother, for we hear it went ill with her in the late Commotions, when our good little friend De Retz found her without fire, and her young daughter lying a-bed for the cold, so he did all in his power to help them.

Montrose hath bidden me make ready for a start, meaning first to go to Denmark, where the King is well disposed to aid us. After all I am sorry to leave the kind people here, and this place where I have been so happy; and I could wish the way to Norway lay by the South, where the sky minded me of the terrible Chrystal in his clearness, and the wayside Crosses met our eyes continually. Well do I recollect at Strasburg our happening upon a Cloister-way with the floor all uneven, where we walked for the shadow and the coolness, till we came to an old Church, on the outer wall whereof was a painted Presentment of our Lord on the Cross, with the Virgin Mary and

St. John standing by ; and how in the Tyrol we were once in a lonely Village on one of their Festival Days, the little Chapel was crowded full, and many lay on their knees without. We could scarce refrain from kneeling down beside them, so passionate was the Fervour of their Devotion ; the tears were streaming down the cheeks of many bearded men, neither was there a face among all that number but I could have trusted to the Death. My Brother said afterwards he would give a yeare of his Life if he could raise a Company of such men for our Cause.

Yet much as I would like to go Southward again, and to see the Marvells of Italy, yet am I well content that my Brother hath declared it will be expedient we should remain some time at home when once we are there. It will be a comfort to have done with packing and unpacking ; and I will ask him for the Turret chamber that was my Mother's closet, to be mine own, where I may keep my books, and set out her work-table with the achate Bonbonnière, that was Madame de Sablé's parting gift, and the purple enamelled *étui* case given me by poor Lady Aubigné.

How fain would I see the old places again —my little chamber that had the sunshine in Winter ; but when in the mild April days I

opened my lattice, it was full of pleasant odours from the sweetbriar that grew beneath, and in Summer all the wainscoating and ceiling were green with light reflected from the elm-trees ; then the Tapestry in the great room, with grim figures of the Muses, among which I cared not to be left alone on Winter afternoons. Perhaps another Spring I may be rising early, as of yore, to see the kine milked ; rejoicing to take my way while the grass is muffled, as it were, with silver gauze, or ever the daisies be awakened by the low sunbeams. Then being arrived at the Farm, how the Gudeman and Henwife would look pleased at my coming, and set a cracket<sup>1</sup> for me in the old Barn whilst they drew the sweet fresh milk, and the sunbeams fell through the chinks in white and orange streaks on the sides of the cows. I wonder if the good patient creatures be yet alive. It was no small pleasure to hear that our retainers have remained unmolested. Strange it is how often one word in Mr. Milton's poems will bring those past times back to me ; those lines of his in "Lycidas" make me even see the heavie, disconsolate drooping of the wild flowers I had gathered in long rambles as they faded in my hands. There

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<sup>1</sup> Anglicè, three-legged stool.—*Ed.*



was a volume of Chaucer somewhere in the Book-room ; perhaps, when we have leisure, my Brother will read it with me. Then we will ride together over the Moorlands, where the sunsets are so golden, and our horses' hoofs crush pleasant smells from the wild Thyme : sometimes I would walk there early to mark the varied and glorious hues of the dewdrops on the brown fern, or I would gaze up at the great Beech trees that stand in the sunlight in Autumn like a glorious vision with the deep sky behind their glowing leaves. Surely I will be in no haste to wander away again from the old kindly folk among whom I have gone in and out from my childhood, though I have so oft forgotten them among strangers ; and I am glad Montrose hath, in his devotion to our Cause, refused all the grand offers the Emperour had made him, if he would but be his Field-Marshal.

Here follows a long list of presents she has collected in the course of her travels for numbers of old servants and others ; specially she names a "wrought indented Casket" for her surviving aunt, Lady Lilius Ruthven, regretting that she had been unable to send in time the souvenir intended for her Aunt Dorothy, especially as they had not always been friendly together. But Lord Napier's

frequent correspondence with the "Lady Betty," his wife, had enabled Beatrice to send her some ells of goodly Flemish lace, which it seems probable were put to a use little thought of, for we read that Montrose was enabled to appear at his execution in garments befitting his rank through the kindness of his friends, nearly all of whom, excepting this lady, were in exile or involved in the same ruin with himself. Particular mention is made by eyewitnesses of the rich Flemish lace with which the shirt was trimmed that he wore on the fatal morning.

But while the black storm-cloud is gathering, the last sunbeams still fall brightly on the head of Lady Beatrix, who pleases herself with hopes and plans for the future, her *Journal* being full of little household details; of the arras and damask she has been able to buy; of the foreign recipes and fashions that are to edify the neighbours; but more than all, the enjoyment of her brother's society when the shadow of war shall darken their path no longer, and when his two sons shall be re-united to him after so many years of separation.

We have not the heart to trace all these pleasant dreams, knowing as we do how swiftly they were dispersed in the darkness, but will resume her narrative at Copenhagen.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE JOURNAL RESUMED.

*September 7th.*



WE came hither after a right pleasant Journey. It was a goodly sight to see the green tossing waves, with foam-bubbles rising from their clear depths, while at times we could scarce keep our footing, and it minded me of my happy voyage with the Sterlings, when I had left alle sadnesse behind me. May the next be better still! But at night how glorious it was to see the waters brightening beneath the Moon, till she had traced a broad quivering pathway across the dark sea, on which I could fancy the Angels moving.

My Brother interceded for me with the Captain, that I might be allowed to sit on Deck all night, instead of being sent below to the foul Cabin; so I wrapped me in my cloak

and sate listening to the wash of the waves against the good ship's side, and sometimes falling asleep, till the moon was gone, and the morning star in her stead cast a glimmering splendour on the sea, when just as I was considering if I should wake my Brother to look upon it, he came across the deck to wake me, and sate by me till sunrise.

We were received on the Wharf by Sir George Sterling, and, to my great delight, his wife also, he having brought her thither as a safe and chearfull place where she may tarry till he shall send for her home to the Keir. They had come down every day for the last week to meet us, and we had much to say, so it was well we could take up our quarters in the same Inn.

Sir George hath not met the success he deserves in raising Levies, not for lack of good will, but of Money. His wife observed to me she could see how he was cheered already by my Brother's conversation, yet he hath not quite so much Confidence as Sir Francis and the rest, who think the mere Terrour of Montrose his name will scatter our Enemies, as the sun chaseth away the mist from Loch Lomond. Then, while the gentlemen were arranging their business, she said to me :

“I have seen Lord Mathertie on our way hither.”

“How fared he?”

“Well; but he is changed, for he did but answer brieflie to our Enquiries after you and the Napiers, neither could he tell me of the fashions, nor any news save what concerned this Warre, of which I hear enough from mine Husband.”

“These are stirring times, Margaret, and may make all men thoughtfull.”

“Our young Gallants are never so joyous as when they may hope to have their heads broken: nay, Beatrice, it is something else hath so altered his humour, unless—which Heaven forbend—he be fey.”

“I wish I had hearkened to your warning, Kinswoman.”

“Ah, Beatrice, ye know not what ye have thrown aside; but Montrose doth cast a Glamour over us all. I might have done the same in your place.”

The King of Denmark hath received Montrose with all consideration as Embassadour Extraordinary, and hath promised both ships and men, so he is right chearful, and I would be likewise, were it not that I fear it is his intention to leave me behind with Margaret and Lillas, whiles he and the rest are adventuring in Scotland, thinking I will be better off in this friendlie Town than campaigning

beyond the seas with him. Little do they know how we mope when we are left alone, whiles they are out in the world gaining their Victories; or if things go against them, at least they know what hath befallen, whilst we are all troubled and anxious together. But I will watch till I may find him in a mood propitious to my endeavour, and then try if I cannot perswade him to let me be his companion, for I will be in no waies burthensome unto him: I will take only such Clothes as will go in saddle-bags. I can tend the wounded, and will learn to load guns, aye and fire them if needfull. And if we have to march in winter, or to live on Oatmeal, I will endure like the Men, being myself mountain-bred, and in the very strength and pride of my days. Anything rather than feel myself wearing to threads like an old stocking.

*“ He either fears his Fate too much,  
Or his deserts are smalle,  
Who daurs not put it to ye touch  
To win or lose it alle.”*

20th.—I have made the attempt, whilk is some comfort, specially as he heard me out very kindly instead of putting me off with a “Tush! it cannot be.” Sir James Douglas, Major Melvin, and others, had been here with Advices lately received from Scotland, that

Montrose his mere presence will do the Business, and praying him not to tarry for his men, who can follow; nay, that Sir David Leslie's own soldiers may come over to us.

In the Evening we were talking together of this good news as we sate at leisure ere the lamp was lighted, enjoying our first fire; and my Brother said how blithe he would be to chastize Leslie's Barbaritie. I was meditating how I might open my Trenches, when he did so himself by observing that he was glad he could leave me in such good quarters. Then I exclaimed, "Oh, that I were your Brother, and could go with you into Battle!" He answered, "He would not have me other than that I am." Then I fairly begged him to take me with him to Scotland, whereat he smiled, saying, "Why, what would I do with you there?"

I said, "Let me have but a horse and a pair of pistols, and I will take none of your men from his duty to guard me."

*Montrose*: "Bravely spoken, but in my former Campaign I had not horses enough for a score of Men."

*I*: "Any Zetland poney would serve for me, that would not carry a tall Hielander; and I would sae fain see you in Battel."

*Montrose*: "What, do ye think I would have you charge beside me?"

*I*: "Nay, I would do naught unwomanly or unbecoming; indeed, I would be ruled by you in all things."

*Montrose*: "Truly it is a glorious thing to ride forth into Battle, yet there are ugly sights afterwards that would haunt you to your Grave."

*I*: "Yet I might do somewhat to help the poor wounded men, having studied Leechcraft."

*Montrose*: "I doubt neither your skill nor your Courage, but ye could not do it;" and he went on to speak of stormy mountain marches by day and night; but I said I would sooner go with him through Flood and Fire than live delicately and lie on Down, not knowing how he fared. Said he, "Nevertheless, such is a woman's lot to which God hath called her."

*I*: "A man's lot seemeth far brighter."

*Montrose*: "So it is; yet am I glad ye are not a man."

*I*: "Ah, Brother, if you had to sit idle and weary as I did in Hayes House all those years, you would wish yourself in the thick of battel."

*Montrose*: "Why, so I do often enough as it is, and feel heartily weary of the idle Life I have been compelled to lead, but which you



have made pass far more pleasantly than if ye had been another impatient man, instead of a gentle lady."

*I*: "Well, then, I will take comfort, if indeed ye will not have my company when ye have better things to occupy you."

Thereat he smiled, but soon added gravely:

"Remember my poor boy, Beatrice, how fair and vigourous youth he was, yet he could not stand my forced Marches, neither would I again undergoe such a Grief."

We sate still, I thinking over his last words, if it would indeed be such Grief to him if he lost me, while the noises of the Town came softly to us, till something tickled my wrist, and looking down I saw a dark shadowe like an Earwig, or other such evill Creature, from the marigolds Major Melvin had brought me, which I was fain to pray him to take away for me. This he did with his bare hand: I would as sune have touched hot iron; but he laughed at my valour, till I, being somewhat nettled, did exclaim: "Indeed I would sooner face Argyle, Leslie, and the whole company of them, than one of those creeping things that look like evill spirits."

"Or *Bees*, for Instance?"<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> A name given in Montrose's Cypher-key, preserved in

Then he took up my hand, and holding it in the Moonlight he said : “ How should this little dainty thing wield Sword or Pistol ? ”

“ Well, then, I will wait with what Patience I may, till you send for me to behold the King’s Coronation.”

“ Yea,” he replied ; “ I would sooner see you leading the dance at Holyrood, than sitting on ane Hieland Poney, with your fair garments alle spoilt with mire.”

E’en then the church clocks struck the hour in their full deep tones, so we went in to supper, during which meal we made merry over the gallant deeds I would have done had I been allowed my own way. He said he was sorry for me, for he knew I was enough his sister to have made many Romances about this Adventure.

“ Yea,” I replied, “ you may as well know the loss to our Cause. On one occasion whilst you were with your Highlanders busied in one part of the Field, our foreign Mercenaries

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the family Charter-chest, to Johnston of Warristoune, probably from the idea that he had “ a Bee in his bonnet.” The *noms de guerre* for Montrose himself, Argyle, Leslie, and others, are the same in this curious relic as those mentioned by the Lady Beatrix in a former part of her journal. See pages 32, 33.

gave way in another, which I perceiving from the hillside, rode down to meet them, snatched a sword from the nearest man, spoke to them a few keen words in their own tongue, and led them back to the fight."

"And," continued he, "the next thing I saw was a company of the enemy leading you away Captive to hold as hostage for my peaceable behaviour."

"But you would not suffer that to hinder you in your career?"

"Certainly not."

"Then what would they do with me if you refused to lay down your arms? Do you think they would burn me for a Witch?"

Thereat a dark look came over his face, and he said, "Better die any Death than fall alive into Leslie's hands."

"Well," I said, "at any rate you would avenge me, and perhaps the dread of your vengeance might cause them to spare me."

"Well for them if it did."

Then to divert his mind from dark thoughts I told him how one Sabbath in the Kirk at Hayes, I was justly so indignant at the Minister's treasonable language against the Royall army and their Leader, that I rose from my place between my two Aunts, and

walked deliberately forth of the building, none hindering me.

Montrose made reply that I ought to be satisfied seeing I had thus done and dared for the Cause, but I answered that it needed as much courage in me to march slowly out past Aunt Dorothy, as in him to march past the Enemy's entrenchments at Perth. This, to do him justice, he allowed; and I felt gratified whenas he said he wished he could have been present, for he made no doubt I did sail away in a very majestickal manner—and so I did indeed as long as I was in sight, but having gained the Forest walk I set off at a run, and laughed and cried, feeling myself free till the end of the sermon. He remarked it was well that the great Ladies of the Congregation were his near Kindred, else I would have had the pleasure of hearing prayers offered that he might meet the Fate of all bloody-minded and deceitfull men.

“That,” I cried, “I would not have borne; I would have uplifted my testimony before the hail Congregation.”

Presently he spake again half-musingly: “I would fain see Aunt Liliass after sae long; she was kind to me when I was a boy, though she aye thought me too volage, and I am come now to the time of Life when it is plea-

sant to be with my seniors and those who can remember old days—perhaps that was the cause that King David so wished to take old Barzillai home with him.”

(But King David was going back bowed down with sorrow and remorse to a life of care—how different from my dear Brother.)

I said I knew Aunt Liliash would fain see him again; she never could help being heartily proud each time the news arrived of another victorie, although she tried to deplore his lamentable falling off; and how after Kilsyth she thus greeted ye Minister, “Weel, Master Henderson, I hear my Nephew hath beaten ye again”—then recollecting herself, added, “Heaven forgive him—the puir misguided young man;” and how pleasant it would be when all is settled, to renew some old friendships, but Montrose interrupted me saying, “Alas, after all that hath passed, there are some feuds will be only quenched in the Grave.”

21st. Something hath been gained by my venture last night. My Brother hath given me leave to go with him into Sweden.



## CHAPTER XVII.

**T**HE next entry was made at Stockholm, where the Marquess had been very well received by Queen Christina, who furnished him with troops and a vessel, but the Lady Beatrix could never bring herself to like this unwomanly Queen, and could scarcely believe her to be the daughter of the brave and devout Gustavus Adolphus, between whom and her Brother she had heard many German officers declare that there was some resemblance. Neither was she at all pleased at the Queen's asking her age, "As if it were any business of hers," says the Lady; "however when I owned it truly, she swore she would not have given me so much by 10 yeares. My Brother also was surprised, and told me afterwards he had quite forgotten mine age, & must treat me with more Deference in future. I prayed him to forget it again, and he was

pleased to say, Certainly, there was nought in mine aspect to remind him thereof. Truly were this Expeditiõ well over, I should feel younger now than I did yeares ago."

Late in the Autumn a messenger arrived from King Charles, bearing the George and Garter to Montrose, together with a letter in the King's own hand, strongly urging the Marquis and his brave friends on to their death, concealing from them that he was even then in treaty with Argyle, dealing falsely alike with both.

Beatrice was gratified at this recognition of her brother's services, though, as she remarks, it was no more than his due; then records how—

"This morning, as I was going into the Kitchen, I did hear the voice of Mrs. Grant raised in angry converse, in sooth no new occurrence, however she had ye manners to stop short as I entered. Yet had I heard her Interlocutor (an old Hielander who oft times hath a meal here) saying, 'I tell ye woman, for as brave as he bears himself, I saw him ride by with a shroud up to his throat.' I asked of whom were they speaking, and own I felt relieved when Mrs. Grant replied it was poor young Donald Græme, of whom she hath always said he will not make old bones, and

it required no vision to tell her so ; but the Hielander walked away in silence, looking sternly upon her. I rebuked her for her roughnesse toward the old man, telling her how when the Campbells were bragging at the Fords of Ballachulish of the mighty deeds they would sune have to relate to a wise woman that dwelt there, she merelie replied, ' Perhaps ye will not return this way,' and truly few of them were left to return, 'ere a week was past. But Mrs. Grant presumptuouslie answered, ' It is downright Heathenism, and I don't believe it.' "

The whole of the stern Declaration which the Marquis published about this time in various languages has been fairly copied out in his sister's journal, and we again transcribe the following sentences, glowing with all the passion of that day.

... . . . " They, contrary to all faith and paction, trust of friends, duty of subiects, laws of Hospitality, nature, nations, divine and human, for which there hath never been precedent, nor can ever be a follower, most infamouslie and beyond all imaginable expression of invincible Baseness, to the blush of Christians and abomination of mankind, sold their Sovereign over to their merciless fellow traitours to be destroyed."



Then, after fiercer and yet fiercer words, each smiting like a blow from a steel gauntlet, comes the conclusion:

“Wherefore all who have any Duty left them to God, their King, Country, friends, homes, wives, children, or would change now at last the tyrannie, violence, and oppression of those Rebels with the mild and innocent Government of their just Prince, or revenge the horrid and execrable murder of their sacred King, redeem their nation from infamy, themselves from slavery, restore the present, and oblige the ages to come; let them as Christians, subjects, patriots, friends, husbands and fathers, join themselves forthwith with us in this present service that is so full of conscience, duty, honour, and all just interests, and not apprehend any evils which they may fear can fall half so much as those they presentlie lie under; for tho’ there may appear many difficulties, yet let them not doubt God’s justice, nor ye happy Providence that may attend his Maiestie, nor their own resolutions, nor ye fortunes of those who are joined withal; resolving with Joab to play the men for their people and ye cities of their God, and let the Lord do whatever seemeth him good; wherein, whatsoever shall behappen, they may at least be assured of Crastinus’s recompense,

that dead or alive ye world shall giue them thankes.—MONTROSE.”

This fiery attack called forth many replies as vehement but not as well expressed, and we may imagine her ladyship's indignation at “Her Brother” being styled “that viperous brood of Sathan, James Graham,” with other titles equally unpolite, all parties being thoroughly embittered against one another.

The brother and sister spent their last Christmas together in a grey old castle looking over the northern sea, and Beatrix could not but be thankful that the stormy winds had procured her so long a respite, though the Marquis and his cavaliers were sorely chafed thereat. At length he resolved to start for Zetland without more delay, not even waiting till Lord Napier and Sir George Sterling should have joined him with their levies; perhaps it had come to his knowledge that the King was in treaty with Argyle, and he dreaded lest his commission should be revoked. Beatrix was to hold herself in readiness to depart with a safe escort for Copenhagen, where she was to wait with Lady Sterling. To continue in her own words:

“As I was packing my garments this afternoon, thinking how far more blithely the gentlemen were preparing their Buff coats and

sword-belts, there was a clanging of sword and spurs along the passage, and my Brother knocked at the door, which I gladly opening, saw him standing there with a grave, kind face.

“ ‘ Good Sister,’ he said, ‘ our friend David hath arrived, and will go on his warfare with a lighter heart if ye will wish him Good speed.’

“ I said indeed I would gladly see him, and Mountrose told me I would find him on the dismantled bastion that overlooketh the sea, but I prayed him to come down with me. He said :

“ ‘ Is it so still, Beatrice ?—then I will come.’

“ We went down together, and found David standing there clad in armour ; he came to meet us, and I held out my hand, which he kept for a minute, and I said I was glad to see him ’ere he departed—I had wished it, ever since—. He replied :

“ ‘ You will, then, think sometimes of me also ? And I—

“ ‘ Surely, you are my best and oldest Friend.’

“ ‘ Where shall you wait while we are away ?’

“ ‘ With Margaret Sterling, but you will be better off, fighting our Enemies. It doth comfort me that my Brother hath such a Friend as you beside him.’

“ ‘ You may rely upon me that I will do my

Best.' And his eyes gleamed as he spoke with the old Fire.

“ Then something I said of our all meeting again at home when next the leaves are green; he kissed my hand, bending low over it, and in broken words praying God to bless me and keep me happy. Then I went away and left him with my Brother, and watched them afterwards from the turret window walking to and fro, the wind tossing their hair—how sadly it wailed around us as we stood there, scattering a few raindrops on our foreheads like tears, while the dark waves moaned at our feet. I would I could recall more distinctly how he is changed, and yet it is the old kindly face still. Oh how I hope we may yet all be happy together at home, as in old times.”

We are glad that she spent the last evening comfortably with her brother after the officers had gone to their quarters, talking together of old times and her earliest memories of him; he for his part frankly owning that he recollected very little of her before her adventure with David in the snow-storm; but after the early death of his wife and his return from the Continent he had seen much more of his only unmarried sister, and had already begun to love and esteem her when the breaking out of

the troubles had parted them for a long while. "Perhaps," thought Beatrix, "the sorrow that befell him in Italy did the more incline his heart toward me; and as in answer to my thought he spake again concerning that lady, wondering how it fares with her, and charging me if ever we suld meet to say he hath aye remembered her. Then ere I could reply he was talking with me of other things till far on into the night. When we parted I could not help saying I wished this winter were over, and he replyed, 'Poor child, there is a weary time before you, yet will it pass like all the rest.'

"Long while lay I awake praying for him till I cried myself to sleep, yet was up betimes this morning to break my fast with him at leisure; he was kinder than ever, waiting upon me and urging me to eat, which I tried to do, and to be cheerfull; yet when the horses were suddenly ready and he was his own self wrapping my cloak about me, before I was aware the hot tears fell on his hands; then he held me close to him for a minute, kissed me, and prayed God to bless me. He shook hands with Mistress Grant, and told her he hoped her next voyage would be to accompany me across the seas to our home. She wept, saying that would be a pleasanter

journey. Then he set me on the Pillion, and gave our Escort great charge concerning me. I looked back as long as I could and saw him standing before the dark yawning archway of the Castle gate, his arms glittering in the frosty sunlight as he waved his hand to me; I am glad I was able to smile back again cheerfully, but this is a sad, wintry journey, it is lonely stopping in these strange inns without him. I shall be glad now to find myself at Copenhagen with Margaret.”

At Copenhagen Beatrix found not only Margaret and Liliás but Sir George Sterling, who, like Lord Napier, had not been able to raise his levies in time to sail with Montrose, and was compelled to wait for advices in no very good humour. Here Lady Beatrix spent the time as cheerfully as she could, resuming her studies, doing such good works as lay in her power, and going frequently to church, having learned enough of the Danish tongue to follow the service.

When the spring was come, Margaret arranged an expedition into the country to divert her husband's mind harassed by waiting for the summons that never came, and indeed hope deferred was wearing them all, though they would not own it even to themselves. Some other Cavaliers were of the party, and

says Lady Beatrix, "The soft fresh air, with our progress forth of the Citie among the green fields did strangelie cheer us all; but what made my heart full light was that being in a faire Beech wood that minded me of Fontainebleau, as I knelt gathering violets, I did hear the Cuckoo for the first time this year, my face being turned to ye North West; and Mrs. Anastasia told me long ago I would make a voyage in that direction. Sir George and his Officers did somewhat envy me, saying it were more to the purpose had the Omen been for them. In the evening we all feasted on new Cream, and the gentlemen tried to help us while we arranged posies for the Parlour (Major Melvin presenting me with a bunch of the Cuckoo flowers), and took off the Cowslip blossoms to make wine withal, plunging our hands into the soft, cool, delicious heap, the fragrance whereof hath made me so sleepy I will haste to bed and dream of the Cuckoo."

This is the last entry she made in her journal for many a long day. What follows is collected partly from her own record, when at length she had recovered calmness to recall the terrible past, partly from letters written by Lady Lilius Ruthven, the Lady Elizabeth Napier and others.

It was but a few hours after those hopeful words were written, when as Beatrix was returning from morning church she met an old Danish gentleman, a friend of theirs, who passed her bowing with a grave, pitying look, instead of stopping for a chat as usual; and nearer home Major Melvin staggered past her, his face ghastly, as of one who had received a death stroke. She could not stop him, but entering the house was noways surprised to find Lilius sitting like a stone, and Margaret sobbing bitterly, her face buried in her hands on the table, while her husband was walking up and down the room, his hand clenched on his sword. She walked straight up to him and asked, "Is my Brother dead?" And was told, "Not yet—worse—taken captive." Then she said, "I must go to him." Thereat Margaret lifted up her voice and wept, saying, "Why should we be bereft of you both in one day?" Sir George also remonstrated, urging the risk she would incur, with the uncertainty whether she could arrive in time, asking in his bitterness of spirit if she would raise the country or send round the Fiery Cross for the rescue? She listened patiently, and only answered, "See him again I must, or go distraught," till Margaret herself said, "She is right, George, better she should run any risk



than stay here and break her heart." Then they persuaded him to go out into the port where he was so fortunate as to find a small merchant vessel bound for Dundee, and by money and persuasions to induce the skipper to start that very day. Hastening back with this intelligence he found his kinswoman nearly prepared by the help of Margaret and Mrs. Grant, who with Lasonde was to accompany her mistress. There was a hurried though affectionate leave-taking, Margaret insisted on her friend swallowing a hasty meal, and she dried her tears in order to go down to the wharf and see her on board; all the three ladies were at the last more composed outwardly than was Sir George; in fact, Beatrice had never shed a tear, but as she left her chamber her eye fell on Major Melvin's nose-gay, and she said, "Ah, George, the cuckoo and I were right after all."

The passage was a rough one, still the wind was favourable, and Beatrice remained long on the deck watching with a strange fierce joy the great gulfs that opened around her and the stormy wind that swept past her to the north, whistling in her hair and in the shrouds of the vessel, whilst the spray dashed over her in sheets.

She was so fortunate as to be landed only

some twenty miles from her aunt's house, whither she resolved to proceed, having first learnt in the town that Sir David Leslie was marching southward with his prisoner, and had not yet passed so far. Even then her gentle consideration for her dependents did not forsake her, and Mistress Grant used to relate how her lady had advised her to rest in the inn and to follow at leisure, but the good dame declined doing so, for she was frightened at her lady's dead calmness; so the forlorn cavalcade proceeded at once through a country that grew more and more familiar. Many cottages stood empty, but from the door of one came a woman who had waited on Lady Beatrix in former days, and now stood gazing on the travellers with children clinging to her skirts, yet the lady cared not to stop and speak with her. They passed the river she had loved so well, and up through the birch woods till they came late and weary to the well-known mansion.

The old porter failed at first to recognize the pale, sad woman who was so blooming when he had last seen her, but marvelled what foreign woman was inquiring for his lady, till the old house-dog bounded to meet her with joyous welcome. Then, "Alas, my leddy," he exclaimed, "what hath brought ye to the land

of trouble and anguish?" Beatrice spoke kindly to him, and learning that her aunt was well, proceeded to the house door, whither presently Lady Lillias Ruthven hastened out to meet her, and kissed her, weeping, and saying, "Oh, my pair bairn, in what evil hour are ye come back to me!" Then she ordered the best room to be made ready that had been occupied by "Aunt Dorothy," and after supper made her niece go to bed, administering a febrifuge of her own composition, and reading to her a few verses from St. John's Gospel before leaving her for the night. For awhile Beatrice lay awake in the lingering northern twilight, then fell into a heavy sleep, from which she did not awake till late in the next forenoon. When she first opened her eyes she wondered to find herself lying in the chamber that had once been so awful to her. There was a sound of home-like voices without, and she felt a sense of rest and comfort, till suddenly the thought darted into her brain that perhaps she would have done better had she remained in the port where she landed, as the tidings from the North might reach her more quickly in a town. Immediately she started from her bed and began to dress with eager, trembling haste, when her aunt entered and calmed this

anxiety by immediately dispatching a man and horse to collect what tidings he might.

During the next few hours she tried to divert her niece's mind by asking for full information about their exiled kindred, afterwards taking her out into the court and garden to see such old favourites as were yet alive, till the messenger returned in breathless haste, bringing word that he had fallen in with an express dispatched in advance by Sir David Leslie that very morning in order to crave Lady Ruthven's hospitality for himself, his prisoner, and the guard, and they might be expected late that same afternoon.

Whilst the good lady of the house was busied in the requisite preparations, Beatrix wandered restlessly in the garden, which commanded a view towards the north, sometimes fancying she heard a sound of horses' hoofs, and listening till the violent beating of her heart drowned every other noise, or straining her eyes into the distance till clouds came over them and she saw nothing. The fresh spring flowers were blooming around her, the wallflower and lilac that she had loved so well of old, and the birds were singing in the young hawthorn leaves as if there were no sorrow in the world, whilst the May sunshine streamed over the quiet walks wherein she used to

wander in her younger days, full of wild hopes and dreams, full also of rebellious discontent at the seclusion in which she was kept. At this remembrance she laughed in her heart with a wild joy, as she thought that her one wish had been granted to her, and not in wrath ; even at that moment she could thank her Heavenly Father for the love and glory to which He had called her, let what would succeed.

After a time Mrs. Grant came out, and would have persuaded her to go within and rest ; she listened as if in a dream, and looking once more along the northern track she suddenly stood like one changed into marble, whilst the feverish glow that had burned on her cheeks all day, left them and returned in flashes ; then without a word she darted out through the garden gate, down the rugged slope, and disappeared among the trees.

Beatrix never could very clearly recall what then passed, only she found afterwards that her feet were bruised and bleeding from the rough stones that had cut through her dainty slippers, and she had a confused remembrance of pressing forward through the wood, and at last passing through a band of armed men right up to where her brother rode in the midst, who caught her by both hands,

exclaiming, "Truly God hath not forsaken me."

Apparently the soldiers must have attempted to separate them, for the next thing she could recollect was that the Marquis looked round in his wonted stately way, saying, "This lady is my sister; I pray you, sirs, do not molest her." Then she found herself walking beside him as he rode towards the house, whilst he enquired how she came there, and told her he had never expected to see her again, but was casting about in his mind for some means of sending her his farewell.

Lady Liliast came out to the gateway, and received her nephew with mournful cordiality, little had she thought thus, after so many years, to see him again; then whilst she turned to welcome Sir David and his staff with such grace as she might, the Marquis saw poor Mrs. Grant and the faithful foreign servant standing woefully in the background; he went up to them with a few kind words which they kept treasured for the rest of their lives.





## CHAPTER XVIII.



WHILST Montrose was being conducted to the chamber assigned for him, and the sentinels were being posted, Beatrix shut herself into her own room, where she would have tried to rest or pray; but in passing the mirror she was startled at the worn and hollow look that a short time had brought over her face, and resolved that her brother should not see her for the last time thus haggard, so she bathed her burning cheeks and parched eyelids with cold water, and unfolded one of her pretty foreign dresses that she knew to be a favourite of his. Whilst thus engaged, she suddenly remembered how one of her brother's officers had been saved from prison, perhaps from death, by the contrivance of his sister, and why might not she do the like, and her dreams be fulfilled? She flew to the window, and leaned out; as far as she could see, no sentinel had

been posted on that side of the house ; moreover, an old pear-tree, now in full blossom, had been trained over the wall beneath, whose branches growing regularly one below another made a sort of natural ladder. If once the Marquis could be brought into her room, he might pass out and gain the seaport town. Her gown was ample and flowing ; it would not meet round his shoulders, but a scarf would cover that deficiency, and he must hide his face in a handkerchief, whilst she would throw on his coat, and kneel on the further side of the bed, burying her face in the coverlid. She had a fair sum of money about her, and her jewels.—

Just then Lady Liliás entered with the welcome tidings that the brother and sister would be permitted to sup and spend the evening quietly together, while she entertained Sir David Leslie and his officers, one of whom would shortly appear to escort the lady past the sentinels who were posted at intervals along all the passages. Beatrix thanked her aunt warmly, even expressing regret that she could not be of use in the bustle necessarily caused by so many unexpected guests.

A knock was heard at the door ; Beatrix started up ; but was forced to catch hold of the back of her chair. A man in a black



cassock entered, who announced himself as Sir David Leslie's chaplain, sent with a message to the sister of that unhappy man, James Graham—namely, that she should urge him to repentance for his bloodshedding and manifold perjuries.

Beatrix looked at the intruder for a moment in silent surprise, then turned proudly and wearily away, but her aunt said :

“ We may gain more, sir, from my nephew's words, than he from ours.”

Then, as the chaplain stood amazed at this rebuke from an unexpected quarter, she added :

“ Who hath been so unadvised as to send you to this right honourable lady, my niece?”

He was beginning some fanatical reply about the burden laid upon him, when Beatrix turned towards him with a look as piercing as her brother's, and, without a word, raising her long, thin hand, pointed to the door ; he slunk out stammering. Presently a grey-haired gentleman presented himself to offer his escort to the Lady Beatrix ; she at once arose, clasped her aunt's hand for a moment, and followed her conductor through the long, guarded corridors, till they came to a room at the end of the house, which he signed her to enter alone. She found herself in an ante-room, dark but

for a ray of lamp-light which fell through the partially open door of the inner chamber ; towards this she made her way with failing knees, pushed it open, when all things seemed to swim before her eyes, but through the dizzy whirl she could see her brother advancing open armed to meet her ; she fell on his breast, and he held her fast for a while. What follows shall be told in her own words.

He would have led me back to sit beside him, but I lay on my knees at his feet, and looking up in his face, saw the change had been wrought thereon, for he was wan and haggard, and his beard grown long and untrimmed. He said : " This is a sad time for you, poor child ;" and I could not speak. Then he said : " I did not think ever to see you again, and how I have longed for you !"

But the thought of his being all alone, worn and weary, among his deadly enemies, went to my heart, so that the tears which had been frozen all this while now burst forth in a torrent that I could not restrain, and my efforts to do so only choked me with sobbing. He did not essay to stop me, but he passed his hand over my hair, as my face rested hidden on his knees, saying a few pitying words ; till, when my passion had somewhat spent itself, and I was

able to speak, I said, "Alas! I should rather seek to comfort you than thus give way to mine own trouble." He answered: "Indeed the mere sight of you doth comfort me." Then I marked that his wrist was wrapped in a linen bandage, and on my asking if he were wounded there, he replied, "Yea; it was time I should cease fighting when my sword-arm was disabled." I prayed that he would at least suffer me to tend the wound, and he gladly consented, saying the very touch of my soft, cool fingers would ease its throbbing and burning; yet with all my care I fear I must have hurt him, for many hours had passed since it had been dressed, and the coarse linen was all soaked and stiff with blood. I exclaimed at the rude way in which it had been bound up, but he said a kind, motherly old dame had tended him, though not neat-handed.

"Do you remember, Beatrice," he added, "you told me you could help the wounded?"

"Oh, would I had been with you throughout!"

He said, "That would have been far worse; and, indeed, I have not been left to my foes all this time, for many have shewn me kindness, and specially the good townsmen of Dundee, from whom I could least have ex-

pected it, seeing I had twice stormed their city."

Then flashed into my mind the wild plan I had formed, and I implored him to throw on my garments, and so pass out when they came to fetch me. He smiled sadly as I explained how it might be done; but when I said I would take care that no suspicion should light on Aunt Liliás, he cried, "God forbid! I have shed enough blood in my time, without having yours on my head." Thereat I cried What would that matter? and clung about his knees, imploring him, if indeed he loved me, as the only token of his affection I would ever ask, not to refuse me; but he lifted me up from the ground and placed me by his side, saying he knew well I would gladly lay down my life to help him, but many noble lives were lost already, and he was resolved no more should be risked for him. Then when I was again somewhat quieted, he told me how but two nights before he had made the attempt to escape in the very way I proposed, for that he knew his so doing would bring no danger to that noble old Lady of Grange, who had contrived the plot with every likelihood of success, having made all the Sentinels dead drunken, yet was he taken just as he began to feel himself free; he added that he would not have

made the attempt but for the Lady having such strong friends among the ruling party—he felt sure no harm would come to her, even were it known to be her doing.

“And, indeed, Beatrice,” said he, “I am glad enough to rest quietly in our kinswoman’s house this one night, ere I go to my doom.”

I said I could even wish his wound were more severe, that he might not be borne away from us so very soon : and he,

“Ye might wish it were mortal at once, so as I could die here in peace, with you to tend, me.”

“Oh, woe is me that such should ever be the best wish we could make for you !”

“Nay, not the best—rather wish that my Father’s will be fulfilled in me ; and indeed I struggled sore against it at first, but now He hath holpen me.”

Also he said the bitterness of Death was past when after wandering in ye wild Forest three days and nights alone and famisht, he found himself given into the hands of David Lesley ; nought worse than that could yet be in store for him.

I remember next his giving me divers messages for the Napiers, Sterlings, and others ; but his voice faltered when he spake of the brave gentlemen that shared his doom ; “but God be praised,” said he, “I believe David

Mathertie is safe—and they say that dying men speak truly.”

“ I know he fought well.”

“ Yea, truly,” and his face kindled as of old. “ We fought hard to the last; my friends gathered round me when the poor Mercenaries fled. Young Menzies went down by my side, still grasping the banner. David stood at my bridle, warding off sword strokes and pistol shots, risking his life again and again for mine, though he was forced continually to dash away the blood that streamed blinding into his eyes from a gash above his eyebrow. At length my horse was shot under me, and a great rush of men parted us, but the last I saw of him he was slowly retreating, with his face to the Foe.”

Then as I sat close by him, my hands held in his, he told me how he had been permitted to see his two sons once more as he passed their grandfather’s house, and the tears stood in his eyes as he charged me to be good to them, if ever I have the opportunity, for they were well nigh heart-broken, lamenting they have been away from their Father nearly all their lives.

“ How will it fare with you, poor soul,” he added, “ when I shall have left you all alone ?”

I tried to answer cheerfully, but stopped

short, hearing armed footsteps and the unlocking of the outer door, wherefore my Brother drew me somewhat closer to him, but it was onlie Aunt Liliasthat entered, bearing some little dainty dishes that poor Mrs. Grant had prepared. She sate with us awhile, and they spake together of those things whereon they be fully agreed; the while I listened, and it seemed me as if after all this Life were but a little space given that we may make ready for our Crown; yea, I could almost feel a strong, comforting Presence among us, for my Brother told how after the first sore anguish was abated, he had gradually felt more and more of heavenly consolations, and he had good hope this would continue unto the End. And this his hope was fulfilled.

She stayed not long, but 'ere she departed Montrose did crave her blessing, that so if his Excommunication were not removed, he might not die all unassoiled. She gave it freely, saying, "I bless him, yea, and he shall be blessed." He conducted her to the door, then came back to sit by me saying, "Truly peace dwelleth in this House."

For awhile we both were silent; I think there were glad and lofty thoughts in his heart, so calm a look had come over his face, but after a while he spake again :

“Had ye remained in foreign parts, Beatrix, I would have counselled you to abide near the Sterlings, but now you are here it may be ye will be able to keep house at our old home, and my poor boys could dwell with you; for they will not molest you when I am gone.”

I said, “That would be something to live for.” And he :

“Your triall is sorer than mine, for it will last longer.”

“Oh, would I were not so well and so strong!”

He said he had known the same blank drearyhed, but that it passed away, and he knew I was too brave to pine and fret myself into my Grave.

“Oh, come back to me, but once, from the other world, that the time may not seem so long and so lonely!”

“If I am permitted I will come; but I leave you with better comfort than that, for I think ye have tried to serve God in your happiness, and now He will not forsake you.”

I said it would be shamefull indeed if I were to rebel, so much blessedness had fallen to my lot, neither would I now change with any one.

He answered: “I am glad to hear you speak thus, for I have thought I had dealt



more kindly with you had I never taken you from this quiet dwelling to bring sorrow upon you."

"And then indeed I might have fretted till my heart was broken, but now have you given me memories that will be a joy and a glory to me all my life long."

He answered with a look that I can see even now, "My child, you know not how you have comforted me all these years."

After a while he spake of that Italian lady, saying he would find means to send me her ring ere the end, that I might guard it as a precious treasure alwayes. I mind me also that he spake of the Cause for which he and his friends have dared and suffered all things, yet not in vaine, though now it might seem so. And even then came the sound of arms approaching. He said: "They are only relieving guard," but the Ante-room door was opened, and one knocked softly at the inner chamber, asking if we were ready. My Brother answered, "In a minute," but I clung to him, and we sate scarcely speaking, till he said: "Courage, sweet Beatrice, for it must be, the time is come;" and gently raising me with his left arm, supported me to the door, where we were met by that same old officer who had escorted me thither. Montrose said: "Sir,

you will take care of her," and he bowed silently before us. Then the door closed between.

As we went back along the passages I prayed him to shew my brother what kindness he might, which he solemnly promised me that he would do.





## CHAPTER XIX.

**T**HE next accounts that have come down to us of these melancholy days are contained in a letter from the Lady Lilius Ruthven to Dame Elizabeth, Lord Napier's wife, of whom we have heard already, and who had waited all this time at Merchistoun Castle with her children, hoping her husband would come back to her in triumph with Montrose, as he had done once before.

Lady Lilius informs her 'very good niece' of Beatrice's sudden arrival and meeting with her brother, and records how she herself also had spoken with him, and found, after all the difference and estrangement of years, that in the main points they were fully at one. Then she tells how, early the following morning, as she was entertaining the officers at breakfast ere they started, the Lady Beatrix had entered, and walking right up the room, never

heeding the surprised looks of all those men, had quietly asked to speak with Sir David Leslie. He sullenly arose, and she signed him to follow her into the bay window, where they spoke earnestly together. Presently he desired Lady Liliastown to join them, who was terrified at finding that her niece entreated to be allowed to ride with her brother during the remainder of his woeful journey. To this, perhaps from some remains of gentlemanly feeling, or from fear that the compassion of the people might be dangerously roused, Sir David would not consent. However, Beatrix was so fearless for herself, and so sadly in earnest, that the kind aunt had not the heart long to oppose her, and even asked Sir David if it might not be arranged that she should have this last satisfaction ; still he was harshly obdurate, and Beatrix tried one more appeal, urging him for the sake of his own wife and mother not to refuse her so sad a boon ; then, when he rudely denied it, she left him with a look so heartbroken it might well haunt him to his grave, and passed from the room, some of the soldiers rising involuntarily before her, whilst the elder lady turned away, saying, "Sir David when your own hour of need shall come, pray that ye may meet more kindness than ye now have shewn."

Afterwards, while the horses were being saddled, the Lady Lilius obtained a few moments' conversation with her nephew, whom she informed of what had passed. He replied, Leslie was right for once, and that Beatrix must never know it, but in many places he had been received with insults by those who once had dreaded him; moreover he knew not what might await him at Edinburgh, only that he would be led in in a sort of triumph, and the populace let loose upon him.

Just then his sister entered; she walked quietly up to him, and laid her face against his shoulder; so their aunt left them together.

The letter then relates how, since that sorrowful morning, Beatrix had ever been gentle and patient, thankful for any little kindness, so that her aunt felt anxious, and could have wished for some sparks of the wilful and impetuous temper she remembered in former days.

She concludes by earnestly praying the Lady Napier to forget all such differences as in these troubled times had arisen between them, and to come to them, bringing her children, for Beatrix was pining to know some particulars of her brother's martyrdom—as yet they only knew for certain that he was dead;—though there were rumours afloat

which Lady Liliias was resolved to keep from her niece if possible—indeed, she did not believe herself that they would dare treat a nobleman like a common felon.

Lady Napier did not hesitate to accept this invitation, and repaired forthwith to Hayes House with her children, where she was affectionately received by the kinswomen from whom she had been parted so long that her children were quite strangers to them. In a letter to her husband Lady Napier mentions the change she found in Beatrix, who, when they last parted, was still youthful and unformed, but had now grown stately with something of her brother's winning dignity, and with a foreign gracefulness of dress and manner. She was pleased to see her guests, and took much notice of the children; yet Dame Elizabeth felt very anxious as she saw how her eyes gleamed from amid dark shadows, as though neither sleep nor tears had refreshed them for many a night, and felt the burning clasp of her little, wasted hands.

In the evening, when the children had been put to bed, Beatrix calmly delivered Montrose's farewell message to his nephew's wife, for whom he had entertained a particular esteem, then begged her to give what information she might of his last moments.

This Lady Napier was well able to do, for she had waited many woeful hours in the window of a friend's house, overlooking the long street all crowded with his mortal foes. But when at last the prisoner was borne in bare-headed and defenceless before them, she had seen their triumph changed to remorse and pity; stern fanatical men uncovered as he passed, and women, whose sons had fallen fighting against him, now wept and prayed for him aloud. She told also, how Argyle, his son, and his son's young bride, sat with their friends in a balcony to exult over their fallen foe, but when he looked their way they could not meet his eye, but shrank back within the windows, whereat an English voice was heard from the throng, crying, "You may well shrink from him now, seeing you have not dared look him in the face these seven years."

Beatrix heard all this dry-eyed, then broke in with clenching hands and burning cheeks: "O Heaven! was there no *Man* left, that they stood by and let this deed be done?"

Lady Napier said she would herself have raised a cry to the Rescue, but Montrose was even yet so dreaded that no precaution was omitted, and the few Cavaliers present were so broken and scattered that any attempt would

have been but madness. "At least I hope," said Beatrix, "that he saw your face again." And Lady Napier told how she leaned from the window as he came near, and waved her handkerchief, whereat he looked up and smiled right cheerfully, "as though it had been all otherwise." Suddenly Beatrix enquired where he had been buried? for she ought 'ere now to have gone to tend his grave: at this her companions exchanged perplexed glances, neither of them daring to tell her of her brother's savage doom. She perceived their hesitation, and said quietly, "Ye may tell me all, Betty, I have borne so much already;" so Lady Napier told her as best she might. A grey stony look passed over her face, and her breath came in deep gasps. Lady Napier, much distressed, drew down her head to rest on her bosom and soothed her till the paroxysm was over, and Beatrix said softly, "Go on now and tell me all, Betty, how he met his death?" and Elizabeth had an easier task as she related how he had triumphed to the end.

"I could not sleep," proceeds Lady Napier's letter, "for weeping over the misfortunes of these our kindred, and whenever I closed mine een I did see before me that despairfull face of hers, wherefore about two of the clock I arose and went softly to her door, neither was



I surprised to hear her talking wildly within, and entering, found her with her long hair all streaming, barefooted and undressed, though the bed had not been lain in. She caught me by the hands, and began entreating me that I would move my husband to help her fall on Leslie's guard, and rescue Montrose, but presently knew me again, and laughed at her error. I persuaded her to lie down, and sought to send her off to sleep, but when she again began wandering in her Discourse, I fetched our aunt Ruthven, who said, "Puir Bairn, no doubt she hath been brooding over these fancies ever since she stood to watch him ride forth to his Death."

She put on an Aire of Authoritie and commanded her to take a composing draught, and to shut her eyen and lie still, and at last she did sink into a sort of doze, oftentimes starting and muttering; we sate and watched beside her, not feeling easy enough to go to bed again.

When the Dawn strengthened, Aunt Ruthven went to darken the window, and as I was helping her, said, "I can see the poor soul hath tormented herself all these days, wildly thinking she might have found some brave gentlemen, and led them on to attempt a rescue."

And indeed she hath since owned as much, being sufficiently recovered to talk with us, saying she could never cease bitterly to reproach herself that she had not ridden on in advance to try what might be done, instead of asking that Fellow's leave; and when we sought to comfort her by representing how mad and hopeless such attempt would have been, she lamented that she had not been with her Brother in prison, yea, and on the scaffold. I told her how I had vainly sought admittance, but she thought the old ladies in whose house she had been at school in ye Grassmarket, would have let her stand in one of their windows to see the last of him.

But it was not for many days that she could talk thus coherently, for when she waked about Noon, she seemed indeed chearfull, yet frightened us not a little, for she ran on before Aunt Ruthven about promiscuous dancing, masquing, and such other things she had once enjoyed, whereat Aunt Ruthven did onlie pity her yet more. Also she spake of the gleees and madrigals wherein she and Lilius were wont to join with my Lord Mathertie and Sir Francis Hay. "Sir Francis had a fine voice," she said; "I wonder if he is singing in Heaven by this time."

I knew not whether to laugh or cry when she went on:—

“How poor Sir George Sterling and his wife will snub one another when they hear of this!” but dear Heart, although I report this to you who know and love them all so well, I had need not entreat you to keep this private, but ye may tell our sister Liliass that our kinswoman spake much of her, saying “Archibald and Liliass will be but sad when they have not us to cheer them up.” Something, too, she spake, or I fancied it, of certain love passages between Liliass and ane English gentleman of good parts and Loyaltie. Now if this indeed be so, my good Lord, I would with all submission, pray of you not to let over caution stand in the way of our sister’s happiness, something of ye kind I have guessed long since from her letters to me; if I be mistaken, I know ye will take my folly in good part—and now to return to these heavie matters.

When ye Physitian came at last from St. Andrews, he told us that Beatrice was in ane hie fever, and bade us cut short her haire as it lay sae thick and heavie about her head. For many hours she ceased to know any of us, but in her very Deliration she talked of such pretty, tender things, any one must see, as Aunt Liliass said, that she was in a state of Grace.

Often she would fancy herself tending flow-

ers, or working for ye poor, or she would talk of a quiet mossy grave beside her Mother's, where she fancied Montrose had been laid, and where she would fain hide her burning head in the fresh dewy grass; but at other times it was piteous to hear her calling on her Brother to save her from a serpent or other dreadfull thing that she fancied was on her bed. Once she thought she was doomed to die with him, and said she was glad she had seen Aunt Liliias again, as in former days she had behaved frowardly towards her, whereat Aunt Liliias could not refrain from weeping.

P.S.—I have been sore perplexed to find a bearer of this sad letter, but as the foreign Souldiers ta'en with Montrose are to be sent forth of Scotland unhurt, I think I may find one of them who shall convey my tidings.

Dear Husband, be it known to you that God hath restored our kinswoman to life and reason; for even when she was at her worst, that learned Physitian, Mr. James Callendar, came hither from Edinburgh, bearing with him that golden urn given by the Doge of Venice to your Grandfather, wherein rested the heart of Montrose, which I had caused to be rescued on the very night of his Murther, and Mr. Callendar had embalmed it.

He visited our Patient and approved of all

had been done, giving us hope that by reason of her native vigour she would fully recover, and proceeded to open a vein. It was strange that soon after I had set ye Urn on a table by her pillow, she fell as one worn out into a heavie sleep, and lay for many hours. At last she opened her eyen for a minute, then closed them, turning from the light, and I think she knew that a bitter grief lay in wait for her so soon as she should be fully awakened. She hath told me since that for a moment she fancied herself back in one of those happie foreign places, for the chamber was darkened from the glare and heat of the afternoon, onlie that one long sunbeam fell across it. When first she spake it was to thank us affectionately for our care of her, and to pray us to rest.

Now she can sit in a great Chaire by ye window, though as yet she looks as pale and wan as the pillows she is supported withal. At first she seemed to care for nothing, save that she would ask her Aunt or me to read her chapters from ye Book of Job or ye Gospels; but one day she heard the running of little feet on the Terrace below, and asked if I would bring the children to see her, as her Fever was noways infectious, and she had forgotten they were there.

Wherefore I did bring in our little Janet,

with her wee fat hands full of red gilliflowers, and the kitten hugged close in her arms; and though at first the child clung to me somewhat awe-struck, yet now are they great friends, and the bairns will oftentimes steal into their Auntie's room, where they will sit at her feet making her daisy chains, while she tells them strange sweet stories in a low voice, often stopping to rest, of fair creatures with golden harps and long bright hair that sit singing by the waters in Denmark; or she talketh of the mighty men of Greece, whose stories she had heard from her Brother or from Dr. Wishart in other days.

The evening ere we returned Home, she would make her waiting-woman unpack the store of pretty things she had brought from abroad, and made our Children happy with gifts of bright ribands and other toys; and when I asked would she keep nought for herself, replied that she had bought them when she thought soon to be keeping high Festival in their old Home, but now they would not be needed.

Yet sometimes she would weep silently for half an hour together, or wringing her hands, would moan piteouslie, "My Beautiful, my Brave!"



## CHAPTER XX.



AS soon as she was sufficiently recovered to think of anything, Lady Beatrix sent to inquire for her nephews, who came in person to tell her that they were about to leave their country, on which they deemed that a curse had fallen ; so the forlorn plan that Montrose had started for her came to the ground, and Beatrix would have been perplexed where to turn had not Lady Liliás offered her a home, saying she was old and lonely ; and Beatrix thankfully accepted the quiet shelter that had once been so irksome. Here for many days her life flowed on in silence, rarely visited by glimpses of that eager outward life of which she had once lived in the very focus.

She had gone to her room one autumn evening, oppressed by a blank apathy worse than the tempest of her grief, with scarcely heart enough to pray, wearily wondering if

her brother ever would appear to her from the other world, or whether he slept too profoundly to know of her anguish. At dawn she rose and opened the window to breathe the dewy air; one solemn star was still shining, and a soothing awe came over her; no voice was heard, nor did any ghostly figure stand beside her in the morning dimness, yet on that day she received a token from beyond the grave.

Colonel Law, the officer who had conducted her to her brother's chamber, came to the house in order to give into the lady's own hands the ring to which so much value had been attached, and which Montrose had committed to his charge on the morning of his execution. From this gentleman Beatrix heard further particulars of her brother's noble and saintly demeanour, whereby she felt much revived, though she wept sore as she listened. He told her how, when one of the fanatic ministers had troubled his last hours with threatenings, Montrose had only answered, "I have heard you speak, sir, to better purpose formerly;" and how, when they beset him continually, his sharpest words were, "I pray you, gentlemen, let me die in peace."

On receiving sentence he looked upward for a moment sadly, but undaunted; then having



obtained leave to speak, he calmly vindicated himself from the charge of treason, and said many of those then present could bear witness that he had done all in his power to soften the horrors of civil war ; in conclusion he spoke as follows :

“ And therefore I desire you to lay aside prejudice, and consider me as a Christian in relation to the justice of the quarrel ; as a subject, in relation to my royal Master’s command ; and as your neighbour, in relation to the many of your lives I have preserved in battle. And be not too rash, but let me be judged by the laws of God, the laws of nature and nations, and the laws of this land. If otherwise, then I do here appeal from you to the righteous Judge of the world, who one day must be your Judge and mine, and who always gives out righteous judgment.”

Being led back to his prison, he wrote some verses on the window with the diamond in the ring, alluding to the sentence that his severed limbs should be sent to the four principal towns of Scotland ; they ended thus :

“ Lord, since Thou know’st where alle these atoms  
are,  
I’m hopefull Thou’lt recover once my dust,  
And confident Thou’lt raise me with the just.”

On the last morning Montrose was visited

by Johnstoun of Warristoun, who found him combing out his hair, and remonstrated with him for attending at such a time to trifles. Montrose cheerfully replied: "While my head is my own I will dress and adorn it; to-morrow it will be yours to do with it as you please."

Colonel Law was one of the escort that guarded Montrose to the scaffold, and he heard some of those standing by exclaim, "There goes the finest Gallant in the kingdom." When at the last moment poor Dr. Wishart's history of the Marquis's exploits was hung about his neck, he said he was prouder of this mark of distinction than he was when the King sent him the Garter.

He would have been glad if the sentence that was upon him of excommunication had been relaxed, but would make no unworthy concessions to obtain this favour, so made his last prayer uncomforted by the ministers, from whom indeed he had received little of Christian charity. Yet the night before he slept as calmly as he had ever done, except when occupied at his devotions.

Part of his last words on the scaffold were, "I appeal to God, who must now be my Judge and Saviour. . . . I thank Him I go to Heaven's throne with joy. If He enable

me against the fear of death, and furnish me with courage and confidence to embrace it even in its most ugly shape, let God be glorified in my end."

Till now Colonel Law had not been able to obtain leave of absence to fulfil his trust, for Cromwell was in the land; and it was well that he came now, for a few days later the Battle of Dunbar was fought, and Beatrix never knew whether he survived, or whether from that field he rejoined his captive.

Some weeks afterwards a middle-aged English gentleman rode to the house, asking for refreshments and a guide. Beatrix quietly withdrew from the presence of the stranger, who expressed his concern at her faded looks, adding that he had left daughters of his own in the South. Lady Lilius replied, "My poor niece was own sister to the Lord Montrose." The stranger mused awhile, and said, "Sorely have they been wronged, and behold! hath not the Lord raised up an avenger unto them even whence they could least have looked for one?"

Lady Lilius inquired his meaning, for news came rarely to her lonely home, and he told her how Leslie had been crushed and utterly defeated by Cromwell at Dunbar. She exclaimed, "Marvellous are the ways of the

Almighty, who hath raised up the wicked to scourge the wicked, as in the days of Jehu."

"Nay, madam," replied the stranger, with a good-humoured smile, "I was that unworthy instrument: I am Oliver Cromwell."

From that time both ladies had ever a good word for the Protector, Beatrix declaring that for her part she would feel grateful to the devil himself had he humbled David Leslie; and when her aunt reminded her that Montrose had freely forgiven his enemies, she replied, "I could have forgiven them had they dealt with *me* as they did with him; but now I could strangle them with mine own hands."

A letter has been preserved between the leaves of the Diary, in the large, irregular, but feminine handwriting of Lady Sterling. The first part is all one mournful condolence, recalling their happiness only a year ago. Of Archibald and Liliastoun she had scarcely heard; they have not the heart to write. Dr. Wishart is with them, sick with grief; and for her husband, "ye may imagine how it is with him." Of all the brave friends who had gone with Montrose so gallantly, but two or three had returned; among these the Lord Matherie, "sae changed and worn, ye would not now say he was too young." He had wandered long in the forests, and would have

starved there but for some old peasants, who hid him in their shieling till the pursuit was over and his wounds were healed. Then he proceeded to Copenhagen, thinking to find the Lady Beatrix still there, and was terribly shocked when Margaret told him where she was.

Except to record the last words of her brother, Beatrix made but few and scattered entries in the book that had been the confidant of her happiness; sometimes a text is inscribed in a hand that seems to have trailed languidly over the page. From some passionate allusions to Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, and to the Grecian Antigone, whose story she may have heard in other days under the summer trees, it should seem that she had instigated an attempt to remove the right arm of Montrose from the gateway of Dundee, whereon it had been set, but all had failed, and she was left in her desolation without even a grave to weep over.

Traditions yet linger in the country side of the stately lady who was sometimes seen wandering in trailing black garments through the lonely woodland paths, regarded with a certain awe; yet those who addressed her were answered gently and courteously, and she would look on the children with a smile of

strange melancholy sweetness. There she would wander alone, treading the withered leaves under whose summer greenness she had thought to be so happy with her friends, often brooding on dark thoughts in her heart, for the most gentle spirits may nourish the deepest resentment against such as have wronged those dear to them. More often her mind was occupied with wild speculations on the dwelling-place of the dead and the Intermediate State. Many nights she lay down almost expecting to be visited from the other world, straining her eyes through the darkness with awe and longing, but ever in vain. It seems strange that her exalted imagination should not have painted the form so well remembered, but morning after morning she arose disappointed, again to yearn fruitlessly for the supernatural consolation she had so piteously implored, and sadly to wonder whether her mortal flesh were indeed too weak to face the disembodied spirit, yet she would never be afraid of him, he would not hurt her, and it would comfort her to dwell in the thought that love was stronger than death.

Gradually, however, we fancy we can trace "the low beginnings of content" that came to her in the discharge of duty, in works of kindness and in devotion. Common things began

to interest her once more; there was nothing morbid in that sweet, vigorous temperament. Then the pearls and the delicate laces, each with its pleasant history, were worn again when Lady Napier came to stay with her kinswomen, or persuaded them to visit her at Merchistoun. How different all had been when Beatrix delighted in the pretty things not very long ago!

Meanwhile the young king had accepted his dishonoured crown from the hands of Argyll. To do him justice, he was near breaking off the alliance when he heard the fate of Montrose. After undergoing many humiliations, of which it was not the least that he was compelled to pass under a gateway whereon the stalwart arm of that warrior was exposed to sun and wind, and after a wild attempt to escape to the remaining Cavaliers, he had marched to Worcester, there with Leslie, to disappear before the charge of Cromwell. There also was slain the Duke of Hamilton, whom Beatrix had met once at the Hague.

Some two years later a longer record is made:—

*Decr. xij. 1653.*—This morning my Aunt sate by the fire spinning, the great wise cat

purring solemnly at her feet, the while I dight the Beau-pots with moss and such winter greens as might be found ; Aunt Liliash saith I must have learnt in France the art of adorning them all through ye winter. We were talking of sundry confused reports of a rising among ye Cavaliers, it seemed strange onlie to know of such plans by hearsay, and wishing we could know if any of our kindred had joined, when there came a clattering of hoofs and jingling and clanking of spurs and swords, such as we had not heard for many a day. Then, the Marquess of Montrose was announced—it was my Brother's son that we thought was in Holland ; as goodlie a youth as I have ever seen.

He is full of high hopes ; yet have I known the end of such when my Brother was at their head—now have they Middleton to their leader. “ Middleton,” I cried, “ why your Father routed him utterly twice over.”

“ Yea,” he replied, “ and now to show himself a true Cavalier, he ruffleth and drinketh like any Trooper.”

Quoth Aunt Liliash, “ That is a sorry example for young gentlemen ;” whereat my Nephew coloured a little and said,

“ I must own the Head-quarters do resemble a Bear-garden, or a Pot-house ; the



officers exchange challenges and give one another the lie at the General's table."

We learned from him how Napier taketh comfort, that happen what may, he will at any rate be no more parted from Elizabeth and the children; but Sir George Sterling is oft-times on the point of throwing up his Commission in disgust. They sent kind greetings and would fain have come to see me, but could not obtain leave of absence; my Nephew thought it was because they be almost the onlie officers having anie Authoritie. Lord Mathertie hath started these two years gone for Italy and the East, nor hath been heard of since;—but I think if he had died he would have come to bid me Good b'ye, unless he had forgotten the old folly.

I repeated what Dr. Wishart hath said, that my Brother's tent might be taken for an Academie of all Gentleness; and if peradventure a prophane or wanton jest were heard by him, his grave looks, without words, were enough to shew it was unwelcome. Alas! of all that goodlie company how few are left with us! Aunt Lilius murmured softly, "*How are ye Mighty fallen and the Weapons of Warre perished!*"

But not *all* in the midst of the Battle.



## CHAPTER XXI.

*Hamburg, August ye xxi. 1657.*

**H**ERE, where long ago I began to make use of ye little book, Aunt Liliás' gift, I write therein again what hath befallen me, while David is out with Sir George Sterling studying ye Fortifications.

This morning 'ere I rose I read the pages written when first I was here—how many happy dayes have been given me! Surely Goodness and Mercie have followed me all my life.

One Sabbath evening this year, my Aunt bade me read her ye XC. Psalm, after which she slept awhile in her chair, and I sate poring over the pictures of the Garden of Eden and King Solomon's Temple in my Mother's great Bible, wherein she would allow me to look when I had been a good child. Suddenlie

my Aunt spake, saying, "I think David Matherthie will soon be coming back. I always loved him and your brother full well, even when I deemed them in errour, nor could I ever bear to think, like your poor Aunt Dorothy, that they would be lost; and 'tis pleasant as I grow older to find the differences growing less and less that once were as stone walls between us."

I said that even in Heaven it may be we will not all see alike; that I thought we would keep something of our old characters, yea that even in ye Spiritual body there may be left some trace of the old aspect whereby we were known apart. And she said,

"St. Paul seemeth to imply as much when he speaketh of the seed sown in darknesse becoming a goodly plant each after his kind. Perhaps I may see your Brother as a Warrior in shining Armour, like to that print in your chamber of Michael and the Dragon; for I will ne'er believe that the Angels are but little urchins or young gentlewomen, as in your other Popish pictures, that being contrary to the Book of Daniel as well as to reason."

"Yet," I said, "the ministering spirits and those that watch over young children would not be so terrible in their Majestie."

I mind me also her saying she had learnt

from me that a woman may enjoy even dancing and company, yet live a godly life the while, adding :

“ You did well to enjoy God’s favours while they remained to you, but ye were never sple-netick and melancholy as I was in my youth.”

So we sate later than our wont, and when we parted, she did bless me, saying, “ Child, you have been a blessing to mine age,” which words have gladdened me ever since.

We found her the next morning, lying with folded hands, the Bible under her pillow and the coverlid unruffled over her ; for her spirit had gone forth in the Night to join those many that have left us.

Alas, how desolate was the house without her ; now I had none but myself to care for ; it seemed as if in all Scotland there were none belonging to me save good Mistress Grant and mine Aunt’s old servants.

I walked out many days after, with her old dog, into the woods where long grass and flowers were waving above last year’s dead leaves ; the sky was hung with soft grey clouds that let the light through between them, so that the laverocks sang joyously, and the full-leaved over-shadowing branches drooped heavily about me, stroking my cheeks as they used when I was a girl, and fancied they were

welcoming me among them, yet my heart was so heavie, I thought I would not care much for any of those things any more. At length I came to the old Elder trees by the ruined abbey, and saw they were in blossom, and thought how in my young days I liked to have a flower thereof in mine ewer all the Summer through. I sat me on a mossy stone beneath, and the air came gently upon my face, laden with ye smell of mown hay, whiles the murmur of the river sent me into a sort of dream, though I was awake. For it seemed as though those quiet sounds did form themselves into the chiming of Cathedral bells that I had loved to listen to long ago beyond the sea; yea and the old voices seemed to ask me, would I never come back and be cheerful with them any more? Almost could I hear echoes of songs we had sung together in those good times. Then great bright drops of warm rain fell on my hair, and mine eyes overflowed softly, and poor Hector looked wistfully in my face, as tho' he would fain comfort me, neither would I hasten back to the sad home where none were waiting for me, but I remembered how I used to look forward about that time of day, to meeting my Brother after we had been apart all the morning; and how I used to fret at mine Aunts' over punctualitie, but

now there was none to chide me, and I was sole mistress of the great ghostly house, having mine own way in all.

So deep was I in these thoughts that I felt no surprise when on my way homeward, the figure of a Cavalier was seen coming towards me along the shady path. It grew more familiar as we approached—the dog ran on to welcome him, and lo! it was David.

I held out both hands to him, and could but just refrain from weeping; he also faltered at first, yet presently we were walking homeward together in our old friendly fashion, he holding his plumed hat in his hand, and I could see the great scar across his forehead, half hidden under his hair. He said he had come back to look after his estate, having been absent so long, and on his way from Italy had met the Napiers and Sterlings, who had charged him with letters and loving greetings for me.

I prayed him to tell me all about them, and he said Margaret did scarce look a day older, nor was her husband altered, save for some grey hairs. Good Dr. Wishart was at Dunkirk with the Napiers, and they all would fain see me again. I said surely they might now come home, and we might live together as of yore, for to give him his due, Cromwell kept

things quiet, and was too strong to be cruel; but David exclaimed that Scotland was now no place for a gentleman to live in. I inquired how it fared with Napier, and he made reply, "He is much comforted by the presence of my Lady Betty and the children, but he hath never been the same man since—seven years ago." Then when after a moment's pause, I again asked of Lilius, he smiled, saying, "She is well and blooming; methinks the letters whereof I am bearer will give important tidings of her."

"Aye," I cried, "with whom?"

"Doth your Ladyship remember the old Lawyer and his son and daughter that sang so bravely together?"

"The Burrowes? Oh, have you seen them? I was thinking of them but now."

"Well, young Burrowe hath, after long waiting, become very happy."

I said I had always wished well to that little gentleman, and asking concerning Mrs. Anastasia, was answered,

"She hath noways lost her good looks, and she and Mistress Lilius are like sisters already; worthy Mrs. Burrowe likewise is good-natured as ever, and hath grown very fat."

"I have many times wondered what hath become of them, and whether we would ever

hear of one another again, having once been so much together."

"Mrs. Anastasia spake of your kindnesse, and bade me ask if ye remembered giving her one May morning a spray of some sweet herb to lay in her Bible."

By this time we were come to the house, and Mistress Grant stood on the doorway ready to chide me for leaving my hood at home, but when she saw who was with me, she could scarce contain her joy, and well-nigh kissed him. I made him come in and dine with me, and we conversed very cheerfully of his travels, but afterwards he looked sadly towards Aunt Lilius her empty chair, saying how sorry he had been when he learnt he would not see her again, and how kind she was to him in his young days, though he did not always follow her good advice. I said no words could tell her kindness in my need; and presently we found ourselves talking together of that last meeting, David seeming to thirst for every particular I could give him of his General's patience and undaunted courage. He rose abruptly and stood at the window as he heard, but in a broken voice begged me to proceed; so to comfort him, I told how Aunt Lilius had come in; of the sweet counsel she and my Brother did take



together, and how he had been upheld all that dreadful time.

“Had I not known something of that,” said David, “I would have shot myself.”

“Dear Friend, he told me how ye would have saved his life at the desperate hazard of your own.”

“And yet he was taken, and I am left.”

But we consoled ourselves with the thought that Montrose and Hay and the others are better off than those who now triumph over them.

After he was gone I tarried in the great dim parlour that seemed less sad now his strong pleasant voice had sounded in it, reading o'er and o'er the letters he had brought me. Margaret Sterling said in hers, it was something like old times to see him again, and she wondered if she would ever see me more, for she did miss me sair, e'en now; and Lilius wrote of her new happiness, but that it was incomplete while I was away, who had (said she) been so kind to her, with many other loving expressions, especially that she was glad to think that most noble martyr her Uncle had known the Gentleman.

After this, David came often to see me; sometimes that he might shew me the drawings he had made in Italy or the Holy Places,

for indeed he hath cunning both of eye and hand ; sometimes too he would perswade me to sing and play our old tunes on the lute or spinnet, and it seemed as though my Brother's Prediction were being fulfilled that he spake to comfort me, namely, that we would meet again better friends than ever, and I thought now, after so many years we could be comfortable and quiet together ; though sometimes I did see Mistress Grant looking very wise, yea, and there were tones in his voice that reminded me of old times. One day looking for some musick, we found the Romance of Cassandra, with my marker therein, lying in the very drawer where my poor Aunt Dorothy had locked it away from me years ago : " Ah," quoth he, " you have the keys now." How long it seemed since he finding me moping and melancholick, had brought the book to cheer me, and how grievously enraged was I when it was taken away ere I was half through it ; not the less so at its being likened to the conjuring books burnt at Ephesus.

Now too I had leisure to mark how his face had become bronzed and resolute, and his lips closed together when he was silent ; and I thought how mine own Aspect must be changed, for I did see him sometimes looking earnestly upon me.

At length, some three weeks being now passed, he came one morning with a grave and troubled countenance, and asked me if my letters were yet ready for him to convey unto our friends. "What, my Lord," I cried, "are ye going already?"

He replied, "It may be that I will go to-morrow, and not come back any more."

"Indeed, I shall be sorry"—but he interrupted me, passionately urging his former suit. Then when I hesitated, thinking he did but feel a generous pity for my lonely estate, and told him how my youth was fled this many a year, he declared that he loved me all the better for it, saying also how he would cherish me all his life, and had loved me ever since he could remember, with other words that thrill my heart to recall them. At last when being scarce able to speak, I laid my hand in his, it was strange to see his deep joy and to feel so happy: yet after he was gone, my heart mis-gave me lest I should have dealt but selfishly with him, for if he had quite given up all thoughts of me he might have found some younger woman who would have made him happier than I. Wherefore I sought to compose my mind with prayer, and then recollected how my dear Brother had desired this, wondering if he knew, and thinking David

loved me for his sake as well as mine own : now too I am assured that many waters cannot quench love.

Mistress Grant and the old Porter were loath to lose me, but I feel sure we shall yet return and dwell in our own homes.

On one of the last evenings I went to the chamber where Montrose had lain, and which I had dared to enter but once since then, so chill and empty was it, but now as I sate alone in the twilight I could recall the voice and the aspect that had been as musick and light unto me.

Of all our kindred there were able to be present at our marriage only a few of my Lord's relations and my Lord of Southesk,<sup>1</sup> who gave me away, also the old Laird of Grange and his noble lady, who did, as a mother, bestow her blessing upon me.

I know not whether there were more of joy or sorrowe in the first meeting with our kindred here, but Margaret exulted over me, declaring that nought had so gladdened her for yeares as our marriage, not even that of her own

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<sup>1</sup> The father of Montrose's young wife. It was at his house that Montrose was allowed to stop and see his two sons on his way to execution.—*Ed.*

sister, and that she alwaies knew it would come to pass; but this I doubt.

My good kind Husband hath promised, when we shall have a little longer enjoyed the society of our friends, that he will take me to Italy, and when I scrupled he said he would enjoy the pictures, gardens, and other gallant sights far more now than when he went alone, wondering what I would say, and thinking 'twas of no use to wish for me.

*Milan, April 29th, 1658.*—Too long would it take me were I to recount all the marvells we have seen already in Florence and Ravenna, but what hath passed this week must be written in mine own old book. We had taken refuge in the great solemn Cathedral from the heat and glare without, and having sate awhile quietly in that *dim religious light*, hearkening ye soft musick that floated in the vault above our head, my husband suddenlie remembered that one Cardinal *Charles Borromæus* lieth buried there who counted not his life dear unto himself in the time of ye Pestilence. “Wherefore,” quoth David, “as he was indeed a Saint, let us visit his grave.” Which, when we had sought awhile in vaine, he said, “Let us see whether between us we can muster enough Italian to ask the gentleman and lady yonder.” While he was addressing himself in right good

Italian unto the gentleman, I could not choose but look upon the lady with him, so sweet and lovely was her countenance, though she was far from young. She stood listening to David, then turning toward me started, looked away, and then again gazed earnestly upon me. E'en then the gentleman courteously offered to lead us into the Crypt, handing me down the stair-way, the lady came with us, scarcely speaking, but listening to all we said. Her husband told us all we would hear, and finally offered to guide us to the top of the Steeple that we might see the sun rise next morning, which kindness we gladly accepted. Accordingly we were in the church early on the morrow, while the shadows still were dim in the arches, and bats flitting round the columns; here we were presently joined both by the gentleman and the lady. There was a brief consultation between Signor Torriani (for that was his name) and my husband, during which the Signora with some hesitation asked me of what Country we were, and being told, "I knew it!" she exclaimed, and then, very timidly, asked if we were exiles on account of the late Troubles in Scotland—then, if we had ever known any of the chief leaders?

"Yea, indeed," I replied, "the Captain-General on the King's side was my only Brother."

She changed colour, but even then the gentlemen came to offer their aid in mounting the stairs, wherefore being arrived at the first marble platform of the roof, I feigned to be too tired to go further, but I would not detain the others. Signora Torriani looked gratefully upon me, and her husband said, "Annetta would gladly tarry with me." Then when we were alone together, she caught my hand, saying, we could talk freely here among the Angels.

"I know who you are, Signora; my Brother hath told me what passed in his youth."

"Then he did not forget me?"

"So far from it that almost the last time I was with him, he charged me, if ever we should meet, to say he had aye remembered you."

And, taking the ring from my finger whereon it had lain so many years, I restored it to her as its rightfull owner, telling her how it had been cherished: and truly I miss it sore at night, when I used to fold my other hand over it 'ere I went to sleep. She looked upon it, and then begged me if it would not be too grievous, to tell her of his last days. Wherefore I informed her of such things as it might comfort her to know, and especially was she pleased that I had seen him 'ere he died

among his foes, so that the end was not all as desolate as she had fancied. Then I repeated how he had said himself that his Father was with him, and she cried, "Surely his soul must be 'ere now among the saints in Paradise—I have so prayed for him."

"Ah, lady, wherefore for the Dead, when the living need it so sorely?"

She laid her hand caressingly on mine, looking upon me with her soft dark eyes. "Poverina! your heart was then well-nigh broken."

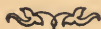
But the fierce anguish that had almost been lulled to sleep rose again in my heart as I thought of him in his prime, and took away my breath, so that I could not answer, and she began reproaching herself for recalling it, till I assured her that the remembrance never left me, and we kissed one another, and sate silent, hand in hand, till the statues of martyrs around us were rosey with the early beams, and we became aware of our companions returning. 'Ere they approached within ear-shot I could not help saying hurriedly, "When first my Brother told me, his words were, 'I had known her husband and liked him. I hope she is happy and comforted with him.'"

She answered with a look that assured me more than her words, "Oh, yes, he is



very good to me, and I have three darling children."

By this time they joined us, David expressing his regret that I had not seen the view, and his fears that I must be indisposed, for it was not my wont to be so faint-hearted. Just then, luckily, Signor Torriani stepped up, warmly seconding his wife's invitation that we should go to their house and see their sons and daughter : which when we did on the day following, his bearing was still more gentle, and even deferential, than it had been from the first. To-morrow we see them again 'ere we depart, and then perhaps no more in this world.




Not long after the king was restored, and the old wish was fulfilled, that the long-scattered kindred should again dwell peacefully in their own homes. Yet not all, for the loyal single-hearted Napier had died a little while before, tended by his wife and sisters. Lilius also departed with her good husband, William Burrowe, to his southern home.



## CHAPTER XXII.

*May MDCLXI.*

 HIS day have I watched with my kinswomen in a window looking on the very street along which Elizabeth saw my Brother led in a Captive. And now again was he borne in triumphantlie, and all the long street was thronged and every window, only that over against us one house stood dark and deserted, in the balcony whereof eleven years ago Argyle had waited with many friends, thinking to exult over his ancient Enemy. They say that many Elders feared to be present, lest the dry bones should bleed ; but all the Grahames were assembled to bear those relicks from the Chapel of Holyrood to their place beside our grandfather's grave. My husband and young Napier walked among the mourners. After them came the Hays, bearing the bones of good Sir

Francis, and we remembered how he had exulted, in that he was doomed to share his General's unhallowed grave beneath the gallows. Truly they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they are not divided.

Yet it maketh my heart to bleed that they have disturbed the bones of Cromwell, seeing too that he hath daughters living whom he loved. As for the report that his Mother's body and Mrs. Claypole's have been molested, I will not believe it.

*May xxvj, 1662.*—The head of Argyle is to be set to-morrow on the Gavel of the Tolbooth, where he caused my Brother's to stand these eleven years. And it is right; yet may God pardon him! he is an old man now, and they say he wept at the account of his Foe's last moments; though when I reminded my husband thereof, he answered more impatiently than he had ever spoken to me before, that they were but Crocodile's Teares.

My Nephew hath endeavoured to bring Macleod of Assynt to justice, by whom his Father was in his utter need given into Leslie's hands; but owing to all manner of corrupt Influence the hound hath escaped, and Leslie is in high favour—may God judge and avenge our cause at last!

*Christmasse*, 1665.—My cousin Grahame of Fentrie hath sent his youngest son hither on his way to St. Andrew's : a handsome lad, but so grave and silent my Husband vowed at first he knew not what to make of him ; it seemed as though not shyness alone, but a sort of awefull reverence did chain his tongue in our presence. One morning, however, I entering unperceived, did find him gazing on my Brother's portrait with a look as though he were about to follow him to the Charge. I said, " Good Cousin, that portrait of Sir Antonio's doth shew him as he would have looked on ye Battel-field, but there is another that sheweth his face as I can remember it, which ye shall see if ye will accompany me to my Closet."

He thanked me eagerly, and I led him before the copy I made in Chalks of Mr. Dobson's portrait. Long did he gaze and steadfastly on the kind face from which surely all evill would shrink away, then muttered, " Well for Lord Mathertie and my Father that have seen and spoken with him."

" Yea, better still for those that are with him, away from the shame of these days."

" And the most crying shame, that he hath not worthily been avenged."

" Nay, cousin, there hath been enough of bloodshed and misery."

Then at his request I related many things of those happy years when I dwelt with my brother, and shewed the old books that had come to us, and did at last bestow on him Montrose his old college copy of Lucan, on the fly-leaf whereof he had in his youthhead written some verses, though not so good as he made since.

My poor young cousin will be very lonely when his father and all this generation are gone, yet any loneliness will be better than that he should be as those who care neither for Religion, Loyaltie, nor Country; yea better he should be the most fanaticall Enthusiast, than that he should care for nought but himself.

Sometimes I think Argyle and the others did my brother good service in that they sent him away from the evil to come; but David saith, had he lived things would not have come to such a pass. Yet even had he endured to go to Court, we have heard how the old Chancellour's faithfull service hath been requited—and of how much more would Montrose be thought worthy?

I used to doubt if the Dead can know what passeth here, when many times I sate all night in the window-seat, too weary-hearted to undress and go to bed, yet never a sign or

token came to me that he remembered me amid the glorious company to which he was gone ; but now I think they may indeed bear to know of our sorrows, and leave us in God's hand, but how can they look upon our sins ?

Meanwhile it is pleasant to hear from Lilius that she is in peace and prosperitie, dwelling in the sunny red-brick house that Mrs. Anastasia loved to talk of in her exile. The Plague indeed hath been in their market-town, but it hath done good in rousing men's Consciencs, and now they are devising goodly charities for the Orphans it hath made. She speaketh of the delight they take in the society of a Mr. Thomas Kenn, a brother-in-law of Mr. Izaak Walton, that good old Sergeant Burrowe told me about in the fair green Forest years ago.





## CHAPTER XXIII.

*September 28th, 1679.*



GAIN are there fightings and fears all around! Ah, when will the land have rest after so many years? My Husband would not be held from riding out with young John Grahame and all our Neighbours to disperse the unlawfull Assemblies of disaffected folk. If aught evil should befall him likewise, surely it may be written on my Tombstone, *Last of all, the Woman died also.*

Even as I sate mournfully musing over all the sorrow these Rebels have wrought upon me and mine, my tirewoman came in, saying that an old Dame was asking to speak with me alone. I desired that she should be brought to me in my closet; and presently she entered, with garments travell-soiled, and sore trouble in her face, so that I made her

be seated, and would have sent for food and wine, but that she declared she could let nothing pass her lips till she had spoken her errand, and that she had walked more than twenty miles to ask a boon, not for herself, but for her last-remaining son, who was now hiding for his life in the forest near our Castle. She had, indeed, been able to bring food to him from her distant cottage, but now there was reason to fear, his hiding-place must soon be discovered; moreover, she dreaded lest sickness should o'ertake him, if he were much longer without shelter. "Wherefore, Lady," she said, "I have come to you in my trouble, thinking that you may have pity, and save me from such sorrow as ye have known yourself."

"But," I said, "if your son hath broken the Laws, how can I help him, unless, indeed, he will surrender himself to my Husband, and walk peaceably in future?"

She answered, "That if Lord Mathertie were willing to shew Mercy, yet there were others with him from whom she could hope nothing, and that the only way to save her son was, if peradventure I would take him in and shelter him for a few days, till the pursuit should be over in this neighbourhood." I hesitated, not being willing to encourage



Schism and Seditious ; but she urged that her son was ever a quiet, peaceable man, and though he had oftentimes preached to the people on the hill-side, yet it was always on matters pertaining to their souls ; moreover, that he had sharply rebuked their violence and disloyalty. It seemed a pity this worthy man should suffer, when so many furious Phantoms are raving loose about the Country, wherefore I resolved to do what I could for him ; but first I craved to know his name. She hesitated, looked down, and said, “ I will tell the Truth—Adam Leslie.”

Thereat I sprang up in fierce wrath, exclaiming, “ And you dare to come before me on such an errand ?”

She stood bending down, her hands wrung together, then said, “ Alas, Lady, I know too well how your life was darkened by the deed of my Kinsman ; and yet, had I been there, I would have done my best to help your Brother in his utmost need.”

As she spoke, she looked up to his portrait ; mine eyes also fastened thereon, and it seemed as though he were gazing upon me with grave, calm face, far above all our troubles. Wherefore, after a while, I turned to my Guest, and bid her be of good cheer, for truly it would no ways profit if her Life were made desolate

also, and I would do what in me lay to prevent it. Thereupon the poor soul burst into a passion of weeping, and I made her rest, and brought her food and cordials; then when she was somewhat restored, we conferred together how best her son might be holpen, and it was resolved that he should meet me at the garden-door after Nightfall, whence I would bring him to a Chamber under the western gable, which, with the staircase leading thereunto, is avoided by the servants on account of strange noises heard there. Only old Lasonde need be told of his presence.

She left me in order to fetch her son; and I, when the twilight was come, took my way through the shadows, feeling strangely guilty at avoiding mine own servants, yet my heart told me I was right, and Montrose his pictured face did seem in the gloom to look approvingly upon me.

*Octr. 4th.*—My husband returned safe and sound last night, bringing with him Sir George Sterling and two or three more Officers to tarry and sleep. They had gone through some skirmishes, which David seemed to have enjoyed, in that they minded him of old Times; but Sir George complained that the pestilent Preacher, Adam Leslie, had escaped

to spread his abominable Doctrines, though he knew ye Scoundrell could not be far off. And when John Grahame said, in his wearie way, That he was an harmless fellow enough, not worth the powder it would take to shoot him, George Sterling declared, His name alone was enough to hang him.

I was glad to set them all down to cards, and this morning, when they had taken their stirrup-cups, and were departed for Edinborough, I made up a small pacquet of provisions, and sought my strange Guest to tell him that now the way was clear to the Sea, and he might go in Peace. He said he would make his way to the Low Countries, and when I could not refrain from asking what was to become of his old Mother? he replied, That his Countrey would be her Countrey, for she had none left besides him.

Then I knew that I had done well. I saw him safely through the garden, and at parting he spake few words, but from the heart: specially he said, *Blessed are the Mercifull*—a saying we have all forgotten in these days.

7th.—My Husband returned last night with Sir George only. He was graver than his wont, and setting his pistols over the fireplace he said he cared not if they remained there the rest of his life. Sir George then bade me

guess who of all the Privy Council was most bitter to fight against the Whigs, not with sword and pistol, but with Boot and Thumb-screw?

I soon guessed Lauderdale, from my old remembrance of him, and David said, "We cared not to give him much of our company, so Sterling and I took up our Quarters with good old Bishop Wishart, who desired me to convey unto you his Blessing."

George Sterling added that he is hale and hearty, but weary of the times; and withdrawing as much as may be from publick affairs he quietly awaiteth his summons to follow his Friends of old days.

We spent the Evening pleasantly together, but afterwards, when David and I were alone in our Chamber, it seemed right I should own unto him what had passed in the matter of that Fugitive. I had not expected he would be so sore displeased, for he bitterly reproached me that I had made his house an harbour for Traitors, declaring there were few enough now left to honour the memory of Montrose, yet he should have thought I was to be trusted. These words cut me to the heart, but I said very little, and soon he was praying me to forgive his vehemencie.

"I might have remembered," quoth he,

“that you never could endure to see a stag at Bay, or to look even on those Dutch pictures at Monsieur de Dampierre’s, of a wild boar torn by hounds; how much more then would ye have pity on a Man? though he came of a race more accursed than boars or wolves?”

He kissed me and was soon asleep, but I still felt sad, yet even then, came such comfort as I have never known since that Anguish fell upon us; for it seemed as though in the watches of the night my Brother stood beside me, with a look as of one resting triumphantly after sore Conflict: he spake not, yet I knew he was pleased with me.

In the morning twilight I woke, and found my Husband leaning over me, asking if I had had pleasant dreams, for I had talked in my sleep and lifted my hands. I told him all I could, and he eagerly enquired if the Apparition had looked at all towards him?

“Yea,” I said, “very kindly.”

He fell into a muse; the birds began to stir in the dewy ivy leaves without the lattice, all else was still in the grey light. At last my Husband said,

“I remember long ago when I walked alone round Hierusalem, it seemed sometimes as though all anger and bitterness had died out

of my heart,—and the Peace that lasted a little while with me, is with him for ever.”

“ Long ago he was debating with me what manner of death were best, and he deemed those were favoured by Heaven who depart without knowing age nor sickness ; and was it not even so with him ? yet had he time also to look Death in the face.”

“ Well, it may be—and you and I would have given our very lives to keep him here in sorrow and bitterness.”

We found George Sterling already in the hall waiting for us, and when we urged him to stay this one day, he said he must go back to Margaret, who would be anxious. However it soon appeared that he had taken a heavie Rheum on his long ride, wherefore we sent to bid Margaret join him here, which she did 'ere the Gloaming, and we have spent the evening talking peaceably by the fire of old times and old friends, till Margaret declared It was well Lilies hath such a fine family, though we may scarce see them, and that the young Napiers come on sae fast, else we were all growing old together, and would soon be leaving one another behind. I wonder which of us will be the next to go. I hope not David—nor yet Margaret—nor Elizabeth : it is well I cannot choose.

18th.—Ever since those last words my mind hath been running on old times. Now the Sterlings have departed home to the Keir, and David goes a hunting most days, I have much time for musing and for wandering alone on the wild brown Moorlands, or in the deep quiet woods where faded leaves drop upon me as I go to the ruined hermitage, yet do I scarcely feel alone; sometimes I find myself laughing at recollections of old jests, things poor Archibald had said that provoked me at the time, mistakes I had made when first I did keep house, yea, the shrill tones of our French servants will ring in mine ears, and many voices that I have scarce thought of since, and when I first wake I seem to hear my Brother speaking in another part of the house, as when in bright Autumn mornings he would order his horse, and I would hasten down to ride with him away through the dewy woodlands.

That grave stately Monsieur de Turenne! I can almost see him again in his bravery; he died as he would have wished, and knoweth now the Truth that he had wandered after; and Monsieur de Rosny, I wonder what hath become of him; we would not know one another if we were now to meet. I found in ye cabinet of sweet wood my Brother gave

me, a Billet from Madame de Rambouillet, bidding us to hear Monsieur de Corneille read one of his Tragedies; and many other relicks I had locked therein when Margaret sent my packages after me to Hayes House,—that Autumn; the broken fan I had bought with Lilius on the Quai, which went with me to many a merry meeting, the posy of grass-plumes Anastasia gathered and set in my hat at Fontainebleau, and a little piece of the blush-coloured gown wherein my Brother liked to see me attired. I wore it that night when he had me out to look upon the stars, and that other night when Mrs. Burrowe so put my dear David to the blush that I might even then have known his secret.

In the evening, while David is asleep in the great chair, or when I wake early ere it be time to rise, I love to read Mr. Milton's Poems, or Dante's yet again: but often mine eyes will o'erflow with tears for no reason, seeing my heart is light, and I marvel that God hath given me so much happiness.

David liketh me to play the old tunes to him before bedtime, and when the Sterlings were here, we would often take our old parts as of yore: I think I shall know Sir Francis Hay's voice when I hear it again.

*Ffebruarie ij.*—A letter hath been brought



hither express from my Lady Elizabeth, at Merchistoun Castle, bidding us in the name of her Son and Daughter-in-law to the christening of her seventh grandchild—the youngest born of that worthy gentleman, who, when he was a round-eyed innocent little boy, did, I verily believe, hold me in Life, when it seemed all too empty—he and his little sisters with their soft clinging hands and sweet prattle.

We will seek to bring Elizabeth back hither with us to tarry as long as her daughters will spare her. David saith he is sure I need a change, yet I am well, only sometimes I fancy not all so strong as in my younger years. But in these short days it is hard to tell, and it may be that in the Spring I will be rising long ere he is awake, as was my wont when I was glad to greet another morrow—and later, when I left my bed for very restlessness, to refresh mine eyelids with dew instead of sleep, though more often I would put off as long as might be beginning another day.

Already the days are lengthening, and I may begin to watch for the tips of the snow-drops and the purple cloud in the summits of the Elms, and to think of light April mornings when the fields are yet grey, and the daisies sleeping drenched with dew under long shadows of hawthorn trees, in whose fresh leaves

the Mavis is singing for Thankfulness, and all the air is full of joyous chirm. For I long after the springtide as never before, as if those who have left us were coming back with the pleasant times.

These are the last words written in the old well-worn book; the familiar handwriting is firm and graceful as ever, there is nothing to make us think the parting is so near, but the remaining pages are a blank, and had it not been for the visit of Elizabeth Napier, we should have known nothing of the close of that life in whose shifting joys and sorrows we had learned to take an interest as keen as if the Lady Beatrix had indeed been our familiar friend.

Happily, however, as on a former occasion, Lady Elizabeth tells us of many things that we should be sorry not to know, her letter being addressed this time to her sister-in-law, Lilius Burrowe.

DEAR SISTER (she begins) I write unto you with heavie tidings, for I must answer your last letter unto sweet Beatrix. Dear Lilius, she will never more gladden us with her pleasant ways—God took her a week ago.

Now will I tell you as best I may the man-

ner of her last days. She had joined us at Merchistoun, seemingly in her usual cheer, yet I fancied some change had passed upon her, though she was cordial and kindly as ever. One day when she had my Grandchildren about her, telling them stories and rhymes, my son joined himself to them, and prayed to be allowed to listen, for he said among the earliest things he could remember was the great bay window where she repeated the very same ballads to him and his sisters. She made reply, "You did not know that you children were helping me through a way as dark and perillous as ever any of my Knights had to traverse."

Having spent a week all together very happily, my Lord and Lady Mathertie did bring me hither. Beatrix was active as ever in looking after her household, loving and chearfull, specially with her husband, but she would talk with me of old times more than she had ever done, telling me many things of that Saint and Hero her Brother, that I had never known till now, nor did any memory seem now to give her pain, so that I ventured to ask her much concerning her happy life with him that before I would not. Also she said, she was now able calmly to recall the agony she had gone through the night I had

told her of her Brother's fate, and how as she felt her brain beginning to whirl, she was glad the thoughts were being stunned within her.

I did indeed at first ask her if she were wise in suffering her mind to run so upon those things, and was answered that she could not help it; these thoughts, yea, the very feeling of old days came over her, so that when she woke in the morning she could sometimes scarce believe she was not in France. And as she spoke, often her face would look young again, for a soft flush would rise in her cheek and light in her eyes; yet a dread came upon me that she was ceasing to belong to us.

Your letter pleased her not a little, and she held great debate with my Lord Mathertie whether you and yours should all be bidden hither, that you might see your Kindred and shew them your children; or whether she and her Husband should go down into the South; for they had greatly enjoyed their sojourn with you some ten yeares since, and she liked your fair green hayfields by waters that go softly past the old stately Cathedral, saying they minded her of her favourite Poems called '*L'Allegro*' and '*Il Penseroso*,' in a book your Father-in-law gave her long ago. Her Husband said he would fain see again

that honest Mr. Izaak Walton, though he would be shot if he'd let himself be inveigled into standing hours together in a quagmire for the chance of taking a Trout, the good man declaring the while that all loyall Subjects must love angling.

Beatrice asked if he did remember one moonlight ramble to a copsewood where they might hear the Nightingale?

"Yea," quoth my Lord; "and what were those lines ye repeated that Lilies was so pleased withal?"

"They were Sir William Drummond's:

*"What soule so sicke which but to heare thy songs  
(Attired in sweteness) swetely is not driven,  
Quite to forget Earth's turmoils, spites and wrongs,  
And lift a reverent eye and thought to Heauen!"*

My Lord then observed that Sir William could never have heard the Nightingale; but was corrected that the Poet, after the Death of the young Lady he should have married, went abroad to divert his grief, and might then have heard that "*Sweet artlesse songster;*" and that the "*Flouers of Sion*" were among his later works. I requested to be allowed to see the book, and she would not be withholden from going to her Closet to fetch it. For a long while her Husband talked so pleasantly with me we did not think how time was going;

at last, however, it struck us both that she was long away, and he was e'en saying, "She must be tarrying to read all the books up-stairs," when the door opened, and she entered slowly, with a soft rustling of her garments, that seemed to spread a stillness round the room. There was something in her calm face as if a waft of death had gone forth against her, yet she came quietly back to her chair, and said, "Here, Betty, is the book; it hath long been my Companion, and now you shall have it."

Then turning over a few pages, she read in her low sweet voice, as followes :

*"As doth ye Pilgrim therefore whom ye night  
By darknesse would imprison on his waye,  
Think on thy Home (my Soul) and think aright,  
Of what yet rests thee of Life's wasting day :  
Thy Sun posts westward, passed is thy morn,  
And twice it is not giuen thee to be born."*

We resumed our pleasant talk till bedtime, when she embraced me with even more than her wonted affection. All that night the great dog was baying, tho' I hoped it was only at the moon, which went in and out among the black clouds like a hunted creature.

The next morning Beatrix went slowly round the yard and garden, and along her favourite mossy path in the wood, gazing on

the familiar things till I knew she was bidding them farewell ; and I marked how she walked not erect as of yore, but went bowed and wearily. Afterwards she had me into her Chamber and told me with the utmost composure that she wished to speak with me because she knew she must soon depart from us ; and when I admonisht her (though my heart smote me the while) that she should not entertain such Ideas, she replied, That she had received her summons.

“ Do ye mind,” she continued, “ I was a long time in bringing you that book last night ? I had looked up at my Brother’s portraict, as was ever my wont, and the eyes seemed to rest full upon mine ; then I could not choose but tarry awhile at the casement watching the moonlight flitting like pale flame over the hills, when my Brother’s voice spake beside me, saying, ‘ *The time is come.* ’ ”

And when I urged that it might be an illusion, her mind ever dwelling so much on him, and specially of late, she answered :

“ That voice I have thirsted for all these many years, how should I be mistaken in it ? and indeed tho’ I could see nothing, I felt I was not alone.”

Then without any the slightest perturbation of mind she gave me divers directions, spe-

cially that I was to write unto you this letter, and bade you tell Mrs. Anastasia that she hath never forgotten her, nor the May morning they spent together. She said the only thing that troubled her was the leaving of her Husband all alone, for he had been kind and loving unto her from his very childhood, and had borne much for her sake; but she bade me invite Margaret Sterling, with Sir George, to the funeral, for that Margaret would be able to comfort him.

After this her sicknesse encreased fast upon her, yet throughout the five days that it lasted spake she never an impatient word, but alwayes took thought for others; and all the while poor David, controuling his heavie grief, sate by her tending her as skillfully as a woman.

One afternoon, we being both present, she asked if we had any message she could convey to our friends? Wherefore I prayed her to tell my Husband that I was waiting till I should be sent for to rejoin him, and then never be parted from him again; and David bade her tell Montrose he had never been forgotten. After a few more words she said, "I must lie still now or Mrs. Grant will correct us—but I forgot, she is one of those waiting for me." Afterwards her mind sometimes wandered, but always upon pleasant things;



once she fancied she was walking with her Brother and meeting her old friends in the shining streets of the new Hierusalem, in the visible Presence of Christ who had walked with them unseen all their lives; and she said, "I hope David will soon come here for I have left him very lonely, but God is with him." More than once she looked steadfastly before her with a joyfull solemnness, and I am sure she then saw Angels or glorified spirits.

On the fifth evening she lay as if in a trance while her Life slowly left her, tranquil as a child, saving that her breath came in sobs, and the change was stealing over her face. At last she looked up, first at David, who was holding her hand all this time, then at me, and signed to us both to kiss her, then bade me open the window. Already there was a faint glimmering of Dawn over the low far-off hills, and the morning star was shining. The cool fresh air breathed into the chamber of Death, and a strange light was kindled in her eyes, but soon waxed dim, and for a moment a troubled look came over her face; she whispered that it was dark, then David spake something to her in a low tone, whereat she smiled upon him; presently there was a deep sigh and she was gone.

Late in the gloaming next day her cousin

of Claverhouse rode to the door, not knowing of her death, and was sore troubled when he heard thereof, and craved earnestly that he might see her. He looked mournfully upon her as she lay, like one in a deep sleep, with a smile half flickering, as it were, about her lips; her favourite snowdrops and sprays of rosemary placed beneath her pretty hands and on the pillow beside her smooth grey hair: it seemed as though her youth had returned to her. He is a proud silent man, yet the large tears gathered in his een, and at last he said,

“She will be goodly greeted in Paradise, but I, even if I win there, will enter as a stranger—unless indeed she may remember me.”

Great was the mourning at her Funerall among her Husband's kindred whom she had ever reckoned as her own; and among all the poor folk, specially certain half-witted innocent bodies she had protected, nought causing her greater displeasure than to hear of their being anyways mocked or evil entreated.

I tarry here till over the next Sabbath, David having lovingly invited me to do so; moreover the Sterlings are here, and when they depart they will seek to perswade him to go with them.

We can see now how wise was sweet Beatrix in her desire that Margaret Sterling should come hither, for nought seemeth to give greater comfort to my lord Mathertie than to hold converse with her of the days when you were all young together in foreign places : of the Valentine's tide when he had watched her window vainly in the morning, but when he came later, Margaret bade him stay ; and of the blithe suppers in Paris, when you would always make him lead out the Lady Beatrix ; of their dancing together, though some French gentleman sought to be beforehand with him : and of the journey they two made when she would go to comfort Montrose, and they rode all day through the snow, yet was there Summer in his heart. And of the time that followed, that began sae pleasantly, yet turned to gloom and bitterness, when he could care for nothing save the hope of fighting, till Montrose himself came to him as he sate all alone, bringing fresh life with him—so what marvell if he fought seven to one that he might try to save his General in the evil day ?

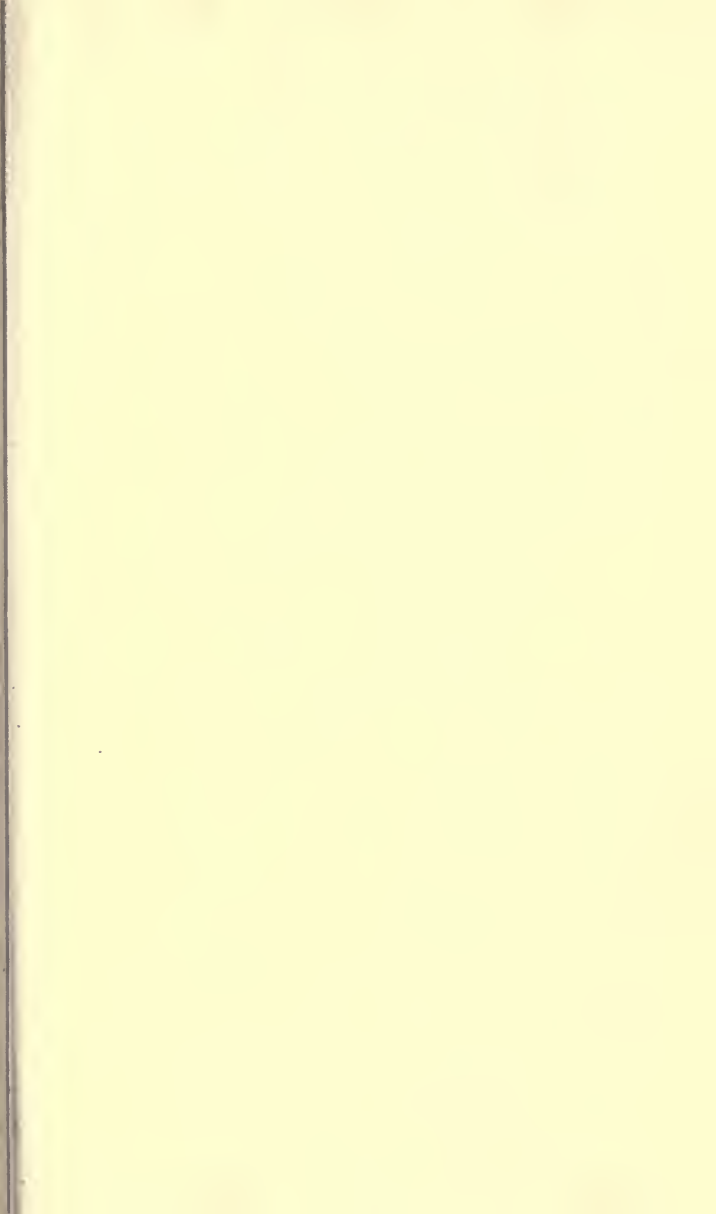
Meanwhile he doth most manfully and Christianly endure this his great grief, saying that no man hath more cause of Thankfulness than he, whose one wish hath been fulfilled after years of hope deferred ; and who hath

won the love of that dear lady, and dwelt with her so long ; and now he is spared awhile that he may seek with God's help, to be more and more worthy of that honour and that happiness bestowed upon him.

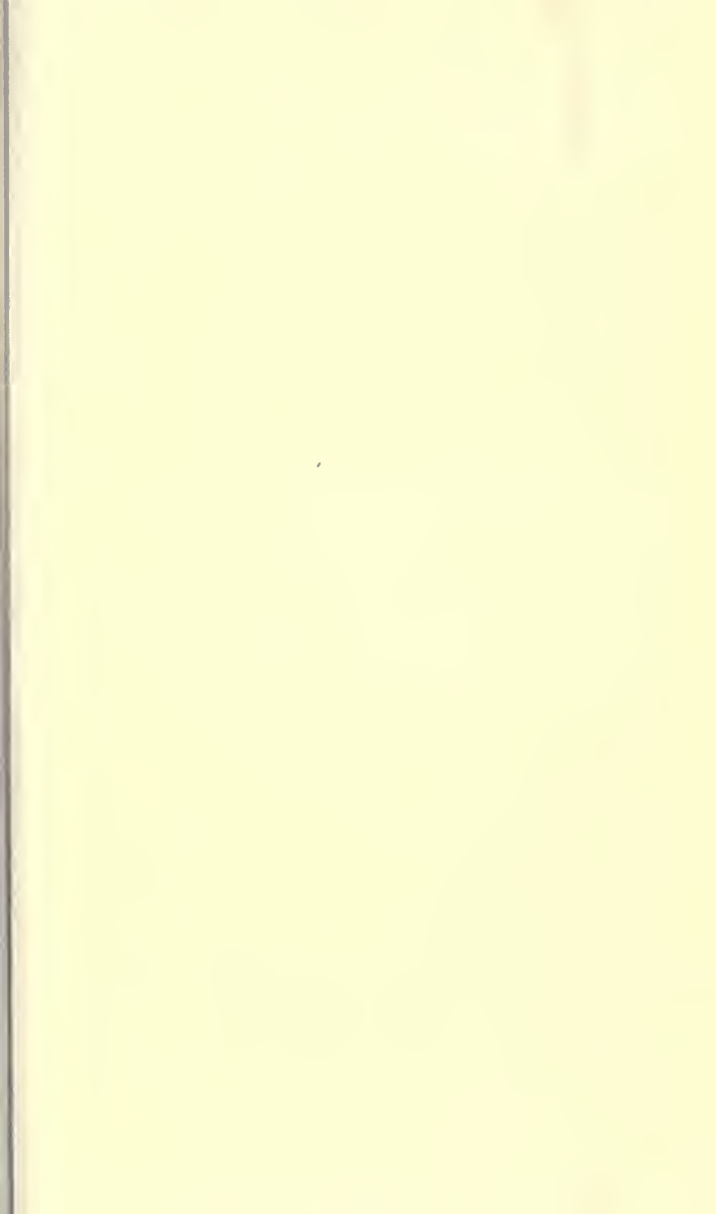
May it be well with all of us who have counted such among our friends, yea—and they still are our friends, for they do not forget us.

FINIS.













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[Smith, Jane Mary Fowler]  
Journal of Lady Beatrix  
Graham

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