

CHAPTER FORTY~THIRD

THE BALL

Ensign Maccombich having gone to the Highland camp upon duty, and Bailie Macwheeble having retired to digest his dinner and Evan Dhu's intimation of martial law in some blind change-house, Waverley, with the Baron and the Chieftain,

311

WAVERLEY

Proceeded to Holyrood House. The two last were in full tide of spirits, and the Baron rallied in his way our hero upon the handsome figure which his new dress displayed to advantage. 'If you have any design upon the heart of a bonny Scotch lassie, I would premonish you when you address her, to remember and quote the words of Virgilius:

Nunc insanus arnor dun me Martis in armis,
Tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostes;

whilk verses Robertson of Struan, Chief of the Clan Donnochy (unless the claims of Lude ought to be preferred *prima loco*), has thus elegantly rendered:

For cruel love has gartan'd low my leg,
And clad my hurdies in a philabeg.

Although, indeed, ye wear the trews, a garment whilk I approve maist of the twa, as mair ancient and seemly.'

'Or rather,' said Pergus, 'hear my song:

She wadna hae a Lowland laird, Nor be an English lady;
But she's away with Duncan Graeme And he's rowed her in his plaidy.'

By this time they reached the palace of Holyrood, and were announced respectively as they entered the apartments.

It is but too well known how many gentlemen of rank, education, and fortune, took a concern in the ill-fated and desperate undertaking of 1745. The ladies, also, of Scotland very generally espoused the cause of the gallant and handsome young Prince, who threw himself upon the mercy of his countrymen, rather like a hero of romance than a calculating politician. It is not, therefore, to be wondered that Edward, who had spent the greater part of his life in the solemn seclusion of Waverley-Honour, should have been dazzled at the liveliness and elegance of the scene now exhibited in the long-deserted halls of the Scottish palace. The accompaniments, indeed, fell short of splendour, being such as the confusion and hurry of the time

THB BALL

313

admitted; still, however, the general effect was striking, and the rank of the company considered, might well be called brilliant.

It was not long before the lover's eye discovered the object of his attachment. Flora Mac-Ivor was in the act of returning to her seat, near the top of the room, with Rose Bradwardine by her side. Among much elegance and beauty, they had attracted a great degree of the public attention, being certainly two of the handsomest women present. The Prince took much notice of both, particularly of Flora, with whom he danced; a preference which she probably owed to her foreign education and command of the French and Italian languages.

When the bustle attending the conclusion of the dance permitted, Edward, almost intuitively, followed Fergus to the place where Miss Mac-Ivor was seated. The sensation of hope with which he had nursed his affection in absence of the beloved object seemed to vanish in her presence, and, like one striving to recover the particulars of a forgotten dream, he would have given the world at that moment to have recollected the grounds on which he had founded expectations which now seemed so delusive. He accompanied Fergus with downcast eyes, tingling ears, and the feelings of the criminal, who, while the melancholy cart moves slowly through the crowds that have assembled to behold his execution, receives no clear sensation either from the noise which fills his ears, or the tumult on which he casts his wandering look.

Flora seemed a little - a very little - affected and discomposed at his approach. 'I bring you an adopted son of Ivor,' said Fergus.

'And I receive him as a second brother,' replied Flora. There was a slight emphasis on the word, which would have

escaped every ear but one that was feverish with apprehension.

It was, however, distinctly marked, and, combined with her whole tone and manner, plainly intimated, 'I will never think of Mr Waverley as a more intimate connection.' Edward stopped, bowed, and looked at Fergus, who bit his lip; a movement of anger, which proved that he also had put a sinister interpretation on the reception which his sister had given his friend. 'This then is an end of my day-dream!' Such was

Waverley's first thought, and it was so exquisitely painful as to banish from his cheek every drop of blood.

'Good God!' said Rose Bradwardine, 'he is not yet recovered!'

These words, which she uttered with great emotion, were overheard by the Chevalier himself, who stepped hastily forward, and taking Waverley by the hand, inquired kindly after his health, and added, that he wished to speak with him. By a strong and sudden effort, which the circumstances rendered indispensable, Waverley recovered himself so far as to follow the Chevalier in silence to a recess in the apartment.

Here the Prince detained him some time, asking various questions about the great Tory and Catholic families of England, their connections, their influence, and the state of their affections towards the house of Stuart. To these queries Edward could not at any time have given more than general answers, and it

may be supposed that, in the present state of his feelings, his responses were indistinct, even to confusion. The Chevalier smiled once or twice at the incongruity of his replies, but continued the sane style of conversation, although he found himself

obliged to occupy the principal share of it, until he perceived that Waverley had recovered his presence of mind. It is probable that this long audience was partly meant to further the idea which the Prince desired should be entertained among his followers, that Waverley was a character of political influence.

But it appeared from his concluding expressions, that he had a different and good-natured

motive, personal to our hero, for prolonging the conference. 'I cannot resist the temptation,' he said, 'of boasting of my own discretion as a lady's confidant. You set, Mr Waverley, that I know all, and I assure you I am deeply interested in the affair. But, my good young friend, you must put a more severe restraint upon your feelings. There are many here whose eyes can see as clearly as mine, but the prudence of whose tongues may riot he equally trusted.'

So saying, he turned easily away, and joined a circle of officers at a few paces' distance, leaving Waverley to meditate upon his parting expression, which, though not intelligible to him in its whole purport, was sufficiently so in the caution

which the last word recommended. Making, therefore, an effort to show himself worthy of the interest which his new master had expressed, by instant obedience to his recommendation, he walked up to the spot where Flora and Miss Bradwardine were still seated, and having made his compliments to the latter, he succeeded, even beyond his own expectation, in entering into conversation upon general topics.

If, my dear reader, thou hast ever happened to take post-horses at - or at - (one at least of which blanks, or more probably both, you will be able to fill up from an inn near your own residence), you must have observed, and doubtless with sympathetic pain, the reluctant agony with which the poor jades at first apply their galled necks to the collars of the harness.

But when the irresistible arguments of the post-boy have prevailed upon them to proceed a mile or two, they will become callous to the first sensation; and being warm in the harness, as the said post-boy may term it, proceed as if their withers were altogether unwrung. This simile so much corresponds with the state of Waverley's feelings in the course of this memorable evening, that I prefer it (especially as being, I trust, wholly original) to any more splendid illustration, with which Byshe's Art of Poetry might supply me.

Exertion, like virtue, is its own reward; and our hero had, moreover, other stimulating motives for persevering in a display of affected composure and indifference to Flora's obvious unkindness. Pride, which supplies its caustic as a useful, though severe, remedy for the wounds of affection, came rapidly to his aid. Distinguished by the favour of a prince; destined, he had room to hope, to play a conspicuous part in the revolution which awaited a mighty kingdom; excelling, probably, in mental acquirements, and equalling, at least, in personal accomplishments, most of the noble and distinguished persons with whom he was now ranked; young, wealthy, and high-born - could he, or ought he to droop beneath the frown of a capricious beauty?

With the feeling expressed in these beautiful lines (which, however, were not then written), Waverley determined upon convincing Flora that he was not to be depressed by a rejection, in which his vanity whispered that perhaps she did her own prospects as much injustice as his. And, to aid this change of feeling, there lurked the secret and unacknowledged hope, that she might learn to prize his affection more highly, when she did not conceive it to be altogether within her own choice to attract or repulse it. There was a mystic tone of encouragement, also, in the Chevalier's words, though he feared they only referred to the wishes of Fergus in favour of a union between him and his sister. But the whole circumstances of time, place, and incident, combined at once to awaken his

imagination, and to call upon him for a manly and a decisive tone of conduct, leaving to fate to dispose of the issue. Should he appear to be the only one sad and disheartened on the eve of battle, how greedily would the tale be commented upon by the slander which had been already but too busy with his fame? Never, never, he internally resolved, shall my unprovoked enemies possess such an advantage over my reputation.

Under the influence of these mixed sensations, and cheered at times by a smile of intelligence and approbation from the Prince as he passed the group, Waverley exerted his powers of fancy, animation, and eloquence, and attracted the general admiration of the company. The conversation gradually assumed the tone best qualified for the display of his talents and acquisitions. The gaiety of the evening was exalted in character, rather than checked, by the approaching dangers of the morrow. All nerves were strung for the future, and prepared to enjoy the present. This mood of mind is highly favourable for the exercise of the powers of imagination, for poetry, and for that eloquence which is allied to poetry. Waverley, as we have elsewhere observed, possessed at times a wonderful flow of rhetoric; and, on the present occasion, he touched more than once the higher notes of feeling, and then again ran off

THE BALL

317

in a wild voluntary of fanciful mirth. He was supported and excited by kindred spirits, who felt the same impulse of mood and time; and even those of more cold and calculating habits were hurried along by the torrent. Many ladies declined the dance, which still went forward, and, under various pretences, joined the party to which the 'handsome young Englishman' seemed to have attached himself. He was presented to several of the first rank, and his manners, which for the present were altogether free from the bashful restraint by which, in a moment of less excitation, they were usually clouded, gave universal delight.

Flora Mac-Ivor appeared to be the only female present who regarded him with a degree of coldness and reserve; yet even she could not suppress a sort of wonder at talents, which, in the course of their acquaintance, she had never seen displayed with equal brilliancy and impressive effect. I do not know whether she might not feel a momentary regret at having taken so decisive a resolution upon the addresses of a lover, who seemed fitted so well to fill a high place in the highest stations of society. Certainly she had hitherto accounted among the incurable deficiencies of Edward's disposition, the *mauvaise honte*, which, as she had been educated in the first foreign circles, and was little acquainted with the shyness of English manners, was, in her opinion, too nearly related to timidity and imbecility of disposition. But if a passing wish occurred that Waverley could have rendered himself uniformly thus amiable and attractive, its influence was momentary; for circumstances had arisen since they met, which rendered, in her eyes, the resolution she had formed respecting him, final and irrevocable.

With opposite feelings, Rose Bradwardine bent her whole soul to listen. She felt a secret triumph at the public tribute paid to one whose merit she had learned to prize too early and too fondly. Without a thought of jealousy, without a feeling of fear, pain, or doubt, and undisturbed by a single selfish consideration, she resigned herself to the pleasure of observing the general murmur of applause. When Waverley spoke, her ear was exclusively filled with his voice; when others answered, her eye took its turn of observation, and seemed to watch

his reply. Perhaps the delight which she experienced in the course of that evening, though transient, and followed by much sorrow, was in its nature the most pure and disinterested which the human mind is capable of enjoying.

'Baron,' said the Chevalier, 'I would not trust my mistress in the company of your young friend. He is really, though perhaps somewhat romantic, one of the most fascinating young men whom I have ever seen.'

'And by my honour, sir,' replied the Baron, 'the lad can sometimes be as dowff as a sexagenary like myself. If your Royal Highness had seen him dreaming and dozing about the banks of Tully-Veolan like an hypochondriac person, or, as Burton's Anatomia bath it, a phrenesiatic or lethargic patient, you would wonder where he bath sac suddenly acquired all this fine sprack festivity and jocularity.'

'Truly,' said Fergus Mac-Ivor, 'I think it can only be the inspiration of the tartans; for, though Waverley be always a young fellow of sense and honour, I have hitherto often found him a very absent and inattentive companion.'

'We are the more obliged to him,' said the Prince, 'for having reserved for this evening qualities which even such intimate friends had not discovered - come, gentlemen, the night advances, and the business of tomorrow must be early thought upon. Each take charge of his fair partner, and honour a small refreshment with your company.'

He led the way to another suite of apartments, and assumed the seat and canopy at the head of a long range of tables, with an air of dignity mingled with courtesy, which well became his high birth and lofty pretensions. An hour had hardly flown away when the musicians played the signal for parting, so well known in Scotland.

'Goodnight, then,' said the Chevalier, rising; 'Goodnight, and joy be with you! - Goodnight, fair ladies, who have so highly honoured a proscribed and banished Prince. - Good-night, my brave friends; - may the happiness we have this evening experienced be an omen of our return to these out

THE MARCH

319

paternal halts, speedily and in triumph, and of many and many future meetings of mirth and pleasure in the palace of Holyrood!

When the Baron of Bradwardine afterwards mentioned this adieu of the Chevalier, he never failed to repeat, in a melancholy tone

Audiit, et voti Phoebus succedere partem
Mente dedit; partern volucres dispersit in auras;

'which,' as he added, 'is wed rendered into English metre by my friend Bangour:

Ae half tile prayer, wi' Phoebus grace did find,
The t'other half he whistled down the wind.'

CHAPTER FORTY~FOURTH

THE MARCH

The conflicting passions and exhausted feelings of Waverley had resigned him to late but sound repose. He was dreaming of Glennaquoich, and had transferred to the halls of Ian nan Chaistel the festal train which so lately graced those of Holy-wood. The pibroch too was distinctly heard; and this at least was no delusion, for the 'proud step of the chief piper' of the 'chlain Mac-Ivor' was perambulating the court before the door of his Chieftain's quarters, and, as Mrs Flockhart, apparently no friend to his minstrelsy, was pleased to observe, garring the very stane-and-lime wa's dingle wi' his screeching~ Of course, it soon became too powerful for Waverley's dream, wi~th which it had at first rather harmonized.

The sound of Callum's brogues in his apartment (for MacIvor had again assigned Waverley to his care) was the next note of parting. 'Winna yer honour bang up? Vich Ian Vohr and ta Prince are awa to the lang green glen ahint the clachan,

320

WAVERLEY

tat they ca' the King's Park,* and mony ane's On his ain shanks the day, that will & carried on ither folk's ere night.'

Waverley sprung up, and, with Callum's assistance and instructions, adjusted his tartans in proper costume. Callum told him also, 'tat his leather dorlac wi' the lock on her was come frae Doune, and she was awa again in the wain wi' Vich Ian Vohr's walise.'

By this periphrasis Waverley readily apprehended his portmanteau was intended. He thought upon the mysterious packet of the maid of the cavern, which seemed always to escape him when within his very grasp. But this was no time for indulgence of curiosity; and having declined Mrs Flockhart's compliment of a morning, i.e., a matutinal dram, being probably the only man in the Chevalier's army by whom such a courtesy would have been rejected, he made his adieus, and departed with Callum.

Callum,' said he, as they proceeded down a dirty close to gain the southern skirts of the Canongate, 'what shall I do for a horse?'

'Ta deil ane ye maun think o',' said Callum. 'Vich Ian Vohr's marching on foot at the head o' his kin (not to say ta Prince, wha does the like), wi' his target on his shoulder; and ye maun e'en be neighbour-like.'

'And so I will, Callum - give me my target; - so, there we are fixed. How does it look?'

'Like the bra' Highlander tat's painted on the board afore the mickle change-house they Ca' Luckie Middlemass's,' answered Callum; meaning, I must observe, a high compliment, for, in his opinion, Luckie Middlemass's sign was an exquisite specimen of art. Waverley, however, not feeling the full force of this polite simile, asked him no further questions.

Upon extricating themselves from the mean and dirty suburbs of the metropolis, and emerging into the open air, Waverley felt a renewal both of health and spirits, and turned his recollection with firmness upon the events of the preceding evening, and

with hope and resolution towards those of the approaching day.

When he had surmounted a small craggy eminence, called St Leonard's Hill, the King's Park, or the hollow between the mountain of Arthur's Seat, and the rising grounds on which the southern part of Edinburgh is now built, lay beneath him, and displayed a singular and animating prospect. It was occupied by the army of the Highlanders, now in the act of preparing for their march. Waverley had already seen something of the kind at the hunting-match which he attended with Pergus MacIvor; but this was on a scale of much greater magnitude, and incomparably deeper interest. The rocks, which formed the background of the scene, and the very sky itself, rang with the clang of the bagpipers, summoning forth, each with his appropriate pibroch, his chieftain and clan. The mountaineers, rousing themselves from their couch under the canopy of heaven, with the hum and whistle of a confused and irregular multitude, like bees alarmed and arming in their hives, seemed to possess all the pliability of movement fitted to execute military manoeuvres. Their motions appeared spontaneous and confused, but the result was order and regularity; so that a general must have praised the conclusion, though a martinet might have ridiculed the method by which it was attained.

The sort of complicated medley created by the hasty arrangements of the various clans under their respective banners, for the purpose of getting into the order of march, was in itself a gay and lively spectacle. They had no tents to strike, having generally, and by choice, slept upon the open field, although the autumn was now waning, and the nights began to be frosty. For a little space, while they were getting into order, there was exhibited a changing, fluctuating, and confused appearance of waving tartans and floating plumes, and of banners displaying the proud gathering word of Clanronald, Ganion Coheriga (Gainsay who dares); Loch-Sloy, the watchword of the Mac Farlanes; Forth, fortune, and fill the fetters, the motto of the Marquis of Tullibardine; Bydand, that of Lord Lewis Gordon and the appropriate signal words and emblems of many other chieftains and clans.

At length the mixed and wavering multitude arranged themselves into a narrow and dusky column of great length, stretching through the whole extent of the valley. In the front of the column the standard of the Chevalier was displayed, bearing a red cross upon a white ground, with the motto Tandem Triumphans. The few cavalry being chiefly Lowland gentry, with their domestic servants and retainers, formed the advanced guard of the army; and their standards, of which they had rather too many in respect of their numbers, were seen waving upon the extreme verge of the horizon. Many horsemen of this body, among whom Waverley accidentally remarked Balmawhapple, and his lieutenant, Jinker (which last, however, had been reduced, with several others, by the advice of the Baron of Bradwardine, to the situation of what he called reformed officers, or reformadoes), added to the liveliness, though by no means to the regularity, of the scene, by galloping their horses as fast forward as the press would permit, to join their proper station in the van. The fascinations of the Circes of the High Street, and the potions of strength with which they had been drenched over night, had probably detained these heroes within the walls of Edinburgh somewhat later than was consistent with their morning duty of such loiterers, the prudent took the longer and circuitous, hut more open route, to attain their place in the march, by keeping at some

distance from the infantry, and making their way through the enclosures to the right, at the expense of leaping over or pulling down the dry-stone fences. The irregular appearance and vanishing of these small parties of horsemen, as well as the confusion occasioned by those who endeavoured, though generally without effect, to press to the front through the crowd of Highlanders, maugre their curses, oaths, and opposition, added to the picturesque wildness what it took from the military regularity of the scene.

While Waverley gazed upon this remarkable spectacle, rendered yet more impressive by the occasional discharge of cannon-shot from the Castle at the Highland guards as they were withdrawn from its vicinity to join their main body, Callum with his usual freedom of interference, reminded him that Vich Ian Vohr's folk were nearly at the head of the column

THE MARCH

323

of march, which was still distant, and that 'they would gang very fast after the cannon fired.' Thus admonished, Waverley walked briskly forward, yet often casting a glance upon the darksome clouds of warriors who were collected before and beneath him. A nearer view, indeed rather diminished the effect impressed on the mind by the more distant appearance of the army. The leading men of each clan were well armed with broadsword, target, and fusee, to which all added the dirk, and most the steel pistol. But these consisted of gentlemen, that is, relations of the chief, however distant, and who had an immediate title to his countenance and protection. Finer and hardier men could not have been selected out of any army in Christendom; while the free and independent habits which each possessed, and which each was yet so well taught to subject to the command of his chief, and the peculiar mode of discipline adopted in Highland warfare, rendered them equally formidable by their individual courage and high spirit, and from their rational conviction of the necessity of acting in unison, and of giving their national mode of attack the fullest opportunity of success.

But, in a lower rank to these, there were found individuals of an inferior description, the common peasantry of the Highland country, who, although they did not allow themselves to be so called, and claimed often, with apparent truth, to be of more ancient descent than the masters whom they served, bore, nevertheless, the livery of extreme penury, being indifferently accoutred, and worse armed, half-naked, stunted in growth, and miserable in aspect. Each important clan had some of those Helots attached to them; - thus, the Mac-Couls, though tracing their descent from Comhal, the Father of Finn or Fingal, were a sort of Gibeonites, or hereditary servants to the Stewarts of Appin; the Macbeths, descended from the unhappy monarch of that name, were subjects to the Morays, and clan Donnochy, or Robertsons of Athole; and many other examples might be given, were it not for the risk of hurting any pride of clanship which may yet be left, and thereby drawing a Highland tempest into the shop of my publisher. Now these same Helots, though forced into the field by the arbitrary authority of the chieftains

WAVERLEY

324

under whom they hewed wood and drew water, were, in general, very sparingly fed, 'ill dressed, and worse armed. The latter circumstance was indeed owing chiefly to the general disarming act, which had been carried into effect ostensibly through the whole Highlands, although most of the chieftains contrived to elude its influence, by retaining the weapons of their own immediate clansmen, and delivering up those of less value, which they collected from these inferior satellites. It followed, as a matter of course, that, as we have already

hinted, many of these poor fellows were brought to the field in a very wretched condition.

From this it happened, that, in bodies, the van of which were admirably well armed in their own fashion, the rear resembled actual banditti. Here was a pole-axe, there a sword without a scabbard; here a gun without a lock, there a scythe set straight upon a pole; and some had only their dirks, and bludgeons or stakes pulled out of hedges. The grim, uncombed, and wild appearance of these men, most of whom gazed with all the admiration of ignorance upon the most ordinary production of domestic art, created surprise in the Lowlands, but it also created terror. So little was the condition of the Highlands known at that late period, that the character and appearance of their population, while thus sallying forth as military adventurers, conveyed to the south-country Lowlanders as much surprise as if an invasion of African Negroes or Esquimaux Indians had issued forth from the northern mountains of their own native country. It cannot therefore be wondered if Waverley, who had hitherto judged of the Highlanders generally from the samples which the policy of Fergus had from time to time exhibited, should have felt damped and astonished at the daring attempt of a body not then exceeding four thousand men, and of whom not above half the number, at the utmost, were armed, to change the fate, and alter the dynasty, of the British kingdoms.

As he moved along the column, which still remained stationary, an iron gun, the only piece of artillery possessed by the army which meditated so important a revolution, was fired as the signal of march. The Chevalier had expressed a wish to

THE MARCH 325

leave this useless piece of ordnance behind him; but to his surprise, the Highland chiefs interposed to solicit that it might accompany their march, pleading the prejudices of their followers, who, little accustomed to artillery, attached a degree of absurd importance to this field-piece, and expected it would contribute essentially to a victory which they could only owe to their own muskets and broadswords. Two or three French artillerymen were therefore appointed to the management of this military engine, which was drawn along by a string of Highland ponies, and was, after all, only used for the purpose of firing signals.

No sooner was its voice heard upon the present occasion, than the whole line was in motion. A wild cry of joy from the advancing battalions rent the air, and was then lost in the shrill clangour of the bagpipes, as the sound of these, in their turn, was partially drowned by the heavy tread of so many men put at once into motion. The banners glittered and shook as they moved forward, and the horse hastened to occupy their station as the advanced guard, and to push on reconnoitring parties to ascertain and report the motions of the enemy. They vanished from Waverley's eye as they wheeled round the base of Arthur's Seat, under the remarkable ridge of basaltic rocks which fronts the little lake of Duddingston.

The infantry followed in the same direction, regulating their pace by another body which occupied a road more to the southward. It cost Edward some exertion of activity to attain the place which Fergus's followers occupied in the line of march.

326 WAVERLEY

CHAPTER FORTY-FIFTH

AN INCIDENT GIVES RISE TO UNAVAILING REFLECTIONS

WHEN Waverley reached that part of the column which was filled by the clan of Mac-Ivor, they halted, formed, and received him with a triumphant flourish upon the bagpipes, and a loud shout of the men, most of whom knew him personally, and were delighted to see him in the dress of their country and of their sept. 'You shout,' said a Highlander of a neighbouring clan to Evan Dhu, 'as if the Chieftain were just come to your head.'

'Mar e Bran is e a brathair, If it be not Bran, it is Bran's brother,' was the proverbial reply of Maccombich.

'O, then, it is the handsome Sassenach Duinhe-wassel, that is to be married to Lady Flora?'

'That may be, or it may not be; and it is neither your matter nor mine, Gregor.'

Fergus advanced to embrace the volunteer, and afford him a warm and hearty welcome; but he thought it necessary to apologize for the diminished numbers of his battalion (which did not exceed three hundred men), by observing, he had sent a good many out upon parties.

The real fact, however, was, that the defection of Donald Bean Lean had deprived him of at least thirty hardy fellows, whose services he had fully reckoned upon, and that many of his occasional adherents had been recalled by their several chiefs to the standards to which they most properly owed their allegiance. The rival chief of the great northern branch also of his own clan had mustered his people, although he had not yet declared either for the Government or for the Chevalier, and by his intrigues had in some degree diminished the force with which Fergus took the field. To make amends for these disappointments, it was universally admitted that the followers of Vich Ian Vohr, in point of appearance equipment, arms, and dexterity

in using them, equalled the most choice troops which followed the standard of Charles Edward. Old Ballenkeiroch acted as his major; and with the other officers who had known Waverley when at Glennaquoich, gave our hero a cordial reception, as the sharer of their future dangers and expected honours.

The route pursued by the Highland army, after leaving the village of Duddingston, was for some time the common post-road betwixt Edinburgh and Haddington, until they crossed the Esk at Musselburgh, when, instead of keeping the low grounds towards the sea, they turned more inland, and occupied the brow of the eminence called Carberry Hill, a place already distinguished in Scottish history as the spot where the lovely Mary' surrendered herself to her insurgent subjects. This direction was chosen because the Chevalier had received notice that the army of the Government, arriving by sea from Aberdeen, had landed at Dunbar, and quartered the night before to the west of Haddington, with the intention of falling down towards the seaside, and approaching Edinburgh by the lower coast-road. By keeping the height, which overhung that road in many places, it was hoped the Highlanders might find an opportunity of attacking them to advantage. The army therefore halted upon the ridge of Carberry Hill, both to refresh the soldiers, and as a central situation, from which their march could be directed to any point that the motions of the enemy might render most advisable. While they remained in this position, a messenger arrived in haste to desire Mac-Ivor to come to the Prince, adding, that their advanced post had had a skirmish with some of the enemy's cavalry, and that the Baron of Bradwardine had sent in a few prisoners.

Waverley walked forward out of the line to satisfy his curiosity, and soon observed five or six of the troopers, who, covered with dust, had galloped in to announce that the enemy were in full march westward along the coast. Passing still a little farther on, he was struck with a groan which issued from a hovel. He approached the spot, and heard a voice, in the provincial

English of his native county, which endeavoured, though frequently interrupted by pain, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. The voice of distress always found a ready answer in our hero's

bosom. He entered the hovel, which seemed to be intended for what is called, in the pastoral counties of Scotland, a smearing-house, and in its obscurity Edward could only at first discern a sort of red bundle; for those who had stripped the wounded man of his arms, and part of his clothes, had left him the dragoon-cloak in which he was enveloped.

'For the love of God,' said the wounded man, as he heard Waverley's step, 'give me a single drop of water'

'You shall have it,' answered Waverley, at the same time raising him in his arms, bearing him to the door of the hut, and giving him some drink from his flask.

'I should know that voice,, said the man; but looking on Waverley's dress with a bewildered look - 'no, this is not the young squire!'

This was the common phrase by which Edward was distinguished on the estate of Waverley-Honour, and the sound now thrilled to his heart with the thousand recollections which the well-known accents of his native country had already contributed to awaken, 'Houghton I' he said, gazing on the ghastly features which death was fast disfiguring, 'can this be you?'

'I never thought to hear an English voice again,' said the wounded man; 'they left me to live or die here as I could, when they found r would say nothing about the strength of the regiment. But, O squire how could you stay from us so long, and let us be tempted by that fiend of the pit, Ruffin? we should have followed you through flood and fire, to be sure.'

'Ruffin ! I assure you, Houghton, you have been vilely imposed upon.'

'I often thought so,' said Houghton, 'though they showed us your very seal; and so Tims was shot, and I was reduced to the ranks.

'Do not exhaust your strength in speaking,' said Edward; 'I will get you a surgeon presently.'

He saw Mac-Ivor approaching, who was now returning from head-quarters, where lie had attended a council of war, and hastened to meet him. 'Brave news!' shouted the Chief, 'we shall be at it in less than two hours. The Prince has put himself at the head of the advance, and as he drew his sword, called

AN INCIDENT GIVES RISE TO UNAVAILING REFLECTIONS 329

out, "My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard." Come, Waverley, we move instantly.

'A moment a moment; this poor prisoner is dying; -where shall I find a surgeon?'

'Why, where should you.~ We have none, you know, but two or three French fellows, who, I believe, are little better than garcons apothecaries.

'But the man will bleed to death.'

'Poor fellow!' said Fergus in a momentary fit of compassion; then instantly added, 'But it will be a thousand men's Fate before night; so come along.'

'I cannot; I tell you he is a son of a tenant of my uncle's.'

O, if he's a follower of yours, he must be looked to; I'll send Callum to you. But diaoul! - ceade millia molligheart!' continued the impatient Chieftain - 'what made an old soldier like Bradwardine send dying men here to cumber us

Callum came with his usual alertness; and, indeed, Waverley rather gained than lost in the

opinion of the Highlanders by his anxiety about the wounded man. They would not have understood the general philanthropy which rendered it almost impossible for Waverley to have passed any person in such distress; but, as apprehending that the sufferer was one of his following, they unanimously allowed that Waverley's conduct was that of a kind and considerate chieftain, who merited the attachment of his people. In about a quarter of an hour poor Humphrey breathed his last, praying his young master, when he returned to Waverley-Honour, to be kind to old Job Houghton and his dame, and conjuring him not to fight with these wild petticoat-men against old England.

When his last breath was drawn, Waverley, who had beheld with sincere sorrow, and no slight tinge of remorse, the final agonies of mortality, now witnessed for the first time, commanded Callum to remove the body into the hut. This the young Highlander performed, not without examining the pockets of the defunct, which, however, he remarked, had been pretty well spung'd. He took the cloak, however, and proceeding with the provident caution of a spaniel hiding a bone, concealed it among

330

WAVERLEY

some furze, and carefully marked the spot, observing, that if he chanced to return that way, it would be an excellent rokelay for his auld mother Elspat.

It was by a considerable exertion that they regained their place in the marching column, which was now moving rapidly forward to occupy the high grounds above the village of Tranent, between which and the sea lay the purposed march of the opposite army.

This melancholy interview with his late sergeant forced many unavailing and painful reflections upon Waverley's mind. It was clear, from the confession of the man, that Colonel Gardiner's proceedings had been strictly warranted, and even rendered indispensable, by the steps taken in Edward's name to induce the soldiers of his troop to mutiny. The circumstance of the seal he now, for the first time, recollected, and that he had lost it in the cavern of the robber, Bean Lean. That the artful villain had secured it, and used it as the means of carrying on an intrigue in the regiment, for his own purposes, was sufficiently evident; and Edward had now little doubt that in the packet placed in his portmanteau by his daughter he should find further light upon his proceedings. In the meanwhile, the repeated expostulation of Houghton - 'Ah, squire, why did you leave us?' rung like a knell in his ears.

'Yes,' he said, 'I have indeed acted towards you with thoughtless cruelty. I brought you from your paternal fields, and the protection of a generous and kind landlord, and when I had subjected you to all the rigour of military discipline I shunned to bear my own share of the burden, and wandered from the duties I had undertaken, leaving alike those whom it was my business to protect, and my own reputation, to suffer under the artifices of villany. O indolence and indecision of mind! if not in yourselves vices, to how much exquisite misery and mischief do you frequently prepare the way!'

THE EVE OF BATTLE

331

CHAPTER FORTY-SIXTH

THE EVE OF BATTLE

Although the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northward to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. One of the low coastroads to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the enclosures of Seaton-house, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an enclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that, by doing so, he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgement of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

When the Highlanders reached the heights above the plain described, they were immediately formed in array of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and enclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level plain between the high ground and the sea; the space which divided the armies being only about half-a-mile in breadth. Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons, issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons were also brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry marching in open column, their fixed bayonets showing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning, as, at a signal given, they

also at once wheeled up, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southward.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders showed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete order of battle, at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu, urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that the sidier roy was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.'

But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy, but intersected with walls of dry stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages, before the mountaineers could have used their swords, on which they were taught to rely. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy's advanced posts, and to reconnoitre the ground.

Here, then, was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained in its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers, and the general's staff of each army, could be distinguished in front of their lines, busied with spy-glasses to watch each other's motions, and

occupied in despatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to the scene by galloping along in different directions, as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contests of individual sharpshooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, as a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the views of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the hay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army, and compel him to a change of position.

To enable him to execute these orders, the Chief of Glenaquoich occupied the churchyard of Tranent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, 'for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christian burial.' To check or dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns, escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near, that Waverley could plainly recognise the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettle-drums sound the signal of advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant, that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural. 'Good God!' he muttered, 'am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a

foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England?'

Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. 'I can hit him now,' said Callum, cautiously raising his fusee over the wall under which he lay couched, at scarce sixty yards' distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say 'Hold!' an aged

Highlander, who lay beside Callum Beg, stopped his arm. 'Spare your shot,' said the seer, his hour 's not yet come. But let him beware of tomorrow. - I see his winding-sheet high upon his breast.'

Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the Taishatr, and recovered his piece. Colonel Gardiner, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new lint, with one flank inclined towards the sea, and the other resting upon the village of Preston; and as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manoeuvres on both sides the day-light was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

'There will be nothing done to-night,' said Fergus to his friend Waverley. Ere we wrap ourselves in our plaids, let us go see what the Baron is doing in the rear of the line.'

When they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, after having sent out his night patrols, and posted his sentinels, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the remainder of his troop. His voice was loud

THE EVE OF BATTLE

335

and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and he appearance of Saunders Saunderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous, yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses, saddled and picketed behind them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion.

'I have confessed to-day, ere you were awake,' whispered Fergus to Waverley; 'yet I am not so strict a Catholic as to refuse to join in this good man's prayers.'

Edward assented, and they remained till the Baron had concluded the service.

As he shut the book, 'Now lads,' said he, 'have at them in the morning, with heavy hands and light consciences. He then kindly greeted Mac-Ivor and Waverley, who requested to know his opinion of their situation. 'Why, you know, Tacitus saith 'in rebus bellicis maxime dominatur Fortuna,' which is equiponderate with our vernacular adage, 'Luck can maist in the mellee.' But credit me gentlemen, yon man is not a deacon o his craft. He damps the spirits of the poor lads he commands, by keeping them on the defensive, whilk of itself implies inferiority or fear. Now will they lie on their arms yonder, as anxious and as ill at ease as a toad under a harrow, while our men will be quite fresh and blithe for action in the morning. Well, good night. - One thing troubles me, but if to-morrow goes well off, I will consult you about it, Glennaquoich.' -

I could almost apply to Mr Bradwardine' the character which Henry gives of Fluellen,' said Waverley, as his friend and he walked towards their bivouac

'Though it appears a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this "Scotchman".

'He has seen much service,' answered Fergus, 'and one is sometimes astonished to find how much nonsense and reason are mingled in his composition. I wonder what can be troubling his mind - probably something about Rose. - Hark I the English are setting their watch.'

The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes

336

WAVERLEY

swelled up the hill - died away - resumed its thunder - and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sunk upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost-mist, rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo.

The Highlanders, 'thick as leaves in Vallambrosa,' lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose- How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before tomorrow night, Fergus!' said Waverley, with an involuntary sigh.

'You must not think of that,' answered Fergus, whose ideas were entirely military. 'You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other reflections are now too LATE.

With the opiate contained in this undeniable remark, Edward endeavoured to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The Chieftain and he, combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum, sitting down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the Chief), began a long mournful song in Gaelic, to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep.

THE CONFLICT

337

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVENTH

THE CONFLICT

WHEN Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened, and summoned to attend the Prince.

The distant village-clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of pease-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for a seat.

Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. 'Courage, my brave friends!' said the Chevalier, 'and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend* has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest.'

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with

as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of star-light. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunging as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness, - a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following

338

WAVERLEY

the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made 'who goes there?

'Hush!' cried Fergus, 'hush - Let none answer as he values his life. - Press forward!' and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carbine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. 'Hylax in limine latrat,' said the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the shot; 'that loon will give the alarm.'

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expanse was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or stubble field, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best-armed and best-born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

THE CONFLICT 339

'Down with your plaid, Waverley,' cried Fergus, throwing off his own; 'we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.'

The clansmen on every side stript their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer; then pulled their bonnets over their brows, and began to move forward at first

slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour, - it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

'Forward, sons of Ivor,' cried their Chief, 'or the Camerons will draw the first blood!' - They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received an irregular fire from their fuses as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired, and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror, that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece, which, after the flight

of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right, the battle for a few minutes raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park (for his house was close by the field of battle), continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man, became the instant object of his most anxious

exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from

THE CONFLICT 341

his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognise Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties, and scattered all over the country. So far as our tale is concerned, we have only to relate the fate of Balmawhapple, who, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stiff-necked as his rider, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and, cleaving his skull with their broad-swords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most of those who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of Ensign Maccombich, that there 'was mair tint (lost) at Sherif-Muir.' His friend Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. 'Re had tauld the laird a thousand times,' he said, 'that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the puir thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half-a-yard lang; and that he could na but bring himself (not to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise;

342

WAVERLEY

whereas, if he had had a wee bit rinnin ring on the snaffle, she wad ha' rein'd as cannily as a cadger's pownie.'

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawbapple.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHTH

AN UNEXPECTED EMBARRASSMENT

WHEN the battle was over, and all things coming into order, the Baron of Bradwardine, returning from the duty of the day, and having disposed those under his command in their proper

stations, sought the Chieftain of Glennaquoich and his friend Edward Waverley. He found the former busied in determining disputes among his clansmen about points of precedence and deeds of valour, besides sundry high and doubtful questions concerning plunder. The most important of the last respected the property of a gold watch, which had once belonged to some unfortunate English officer. The party against whom judgement was awarded consoled himself by observing, 'she (i.e. the watch, which he took for a living animal) died the very night Vich Ian Vohr gave her to Murdock;' the machine having, in fact, stopped for want of winding up.

It was just when this important question was decided, that the Baron of Bradwardine, with a careful and yet important expression of countenance, joined the two young men. He descended from his reeking charger, the care of which he recommended to one of his grooms. 'I seldom ban, sir,' said he to the man; 'but if you play any of your hound's-foot tricks, and leave puir Berwick before he's sorted, to rin after spuilzie, deil be Wi' me if I do not give your Craig a thraw.' He then stroked with great complacency the animal which had borne him through the fatigues of the day, and having taken a tender leave of him, - 'Wed, my good young friends, a glorious and decisive victory,' said he; 'but these loons of troopers fled ower soon. I should have liked to have shown you the true points of the

AN UNEXPECTED EMBARRASSMENT 343

praelium equestre, or equestrian combat, whilk their cowardice has postponed, and which r hold to be the pride and terror of warfare. Weel, I have fought once more in this old quarrel, though I admit I could not be so far hen as you lads, being that it was my point of duty to keep together our handful of horse. And no cavalier ought in any wise to begrudge honour that befalls his companions, even though they are ordered upon thrice his danger, whilk, another time, by the blessing of God, may be his own case. - But; Glennaquoich, and you, Mr Waverley, I pray ye to give me your best advice on a matter of mickle weight, and which deeply affects the honour of the house of Bradwardine. - I crave your pardon, Ensign Maccombich, and yours, Invetaughim, and yours, Edderalshendrach, and yours, sir.'

The last person he addressed was Ballenkeiroch, who, remembering the death of his son lowered on him with a look of savage defiance. The Baron, quick as lightning at taking umbrage, had already bent his brow, when Glennaquoich dragged his major from the spot, and remonstrated with him, in the authoritative tone of a chieftain, on the madness of reviving a quarrel in such a moment.

'The ground is cumbered with carcasses,' said the old mountaineer, turning sullenly away; 'one more would hardly have been kenn'd upon it; and if it wasna for yourself, Vich Ian Vohr, that one should be Bradwardine 'S or mine.

The chief soothed while he hurried him away; and then returned to the Baron. 'It is Ballenkeiroch,' he said, in an under and confidential voice, 'father of the young man who fell eight years since in the unlucky affair at the Mains.'

'Ah !' said the Baron, instantly relaxing the doubtful sternness of his features, 'I can take mickle fra a man to whom I have unhappily rendered sic a displeasure as that. Ye were right to apprize me, Glennaquoich; he may look as black as midnight at Martinmas ere Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine shan say he does him wrang. Ah! I have nac male lineage, and I should bear with one I have made childless, though you arc aware the blood~witi was made up to your am satisfaction by assythment, and that I have since expedited letters of slains.a - Wed, as I have said, I have no male issue, and yet it is needful that I

WAVERLEY

maintain the honour of my house; and it is on that score I prayed ye for your peculiar and private attention.'

The two young men awaited to hear him in anxious curiosity.

'I doubt na, lads,' he proceeded, 'but your education has been sae seen to, that ye understand the true nature of the feudal tenures?'

Fergus, afraid of an endless dissertation, answered, 'Intimately, Baron,' and touched Waverley, as a signal to express no ignorance.

'And ye are aware, I doubt not, that the holding of the Barony of Bradwardine is of a nature alike honourable and peculiar, being blanch (which Craig opines ought to be Latinated blancum, Or rather francum, a free holding) pro servitio detrahendi, sea exuendi, caligas regis post battalliatn. Here Fergus turned his falcon eye upon Edward, with an almost imperceptible rise of his eyebrow, to which his shoulders corresponded in the same degree of elevation. 'Now, twa points of dubitation occur to me upon this topic. First, whether this service, or feudal homage, bear any event due to the person of the Prince, the words being, per expressum,~ caligas nrc is, the boots of the king himself; and I pray your opinion anent that particular before we proceed farther.'

'Why, he is Prince Regent,' answered Mac-Ivor, with laudable composure of countenance; 'and in the court of France all the honours are rendered to the person of the Regent which are due to that of the King. Besides, were I to pull off either of their boots, I would render that service to the young Chevalier ten times more willingly than to his father.'

'Ay, but I talk not of personal predilections. However, your authority is of great weight as to the usages of the court of France: and doubtless the Prince, as alter ego, may have a right to claim the homagium of the great tenants of the crown, since all faithful subjects are commanded, in the commission of regency, to respect him as the king's own person. Far, therefore, be it from me to diminish the lustre of his authority, by withholding this act of homage, so peculiarly calculated to give it splendour; for I question if the Emperor of Germany hath his boots taken off by a free baron of the empire. But here lieth the

AN UNEXPECTED EMBARRASSMENT 345

second difficulty. - The Prince wears no boots, but simply brogues and trews.'

This last dilemma had almost disturbed Fergus's gravity. said he, 'you know, Baron, the proverb tells us, "It's taking the breeks off a Highlandman" - and the boots are here in the same predicament.'

'The word caligae, however,' continued the Baron, 'though I admit, that, by family tradition, and even in our ancient evidents, it is explained lie boots, means, in its primitive sense, rather sandals; and Caius Caesar, the nephew and successor of Caius Tiberius, received the agnomen of Caligula, a ralgulis, sive caligis levionbus, quibus adolescentror asus fucrat in exercitte German ci patris sni. And the caligae were also proper to the monastic bodies; for we read in an ancient Glossarium, upon the rule of St Benedict, in the Abbey of St Amand, that caligae were tied with latches.'

'That will apply to the brogues,' said Fergus.

'It will so, my dear Glennaquoich; and the words are express

Caligae dictac sunt quia ligantur; flat,, socci non ligantur, sed anturn intromittuntur; that is, caligae are denominated from the ligatures wherewith they are bound; whereas socci, which may be analogous to our mules, whilk the English denominate slippers, are only slipped upon

the feet. The words of the charter are also alternative, *exuer*", *sea detrahere*; that is, to undo, as in the case of sandals or brogues; and to pull off, as we say vernacularly, concerning boots. Yet I would we had more light; but I fear there is little chance of finding hereabout any erudite author *de re vestiaria*.'

'I should doubt it very much,' said the Chieftain, looking around on the straggling Highlanders, who were returning loaded with spoils of the slain, 'though the *res vestiaria* itself seems to be in some request at present.

This remark coming within the Baron's idea of jocularly, he honoured it with a smile, but immediately resumed what to him appeared very serious business,

'Bailie Macwheeble indeed holds an opinion, that this honorary service is due, from its very nature, *si petatur tantum* only if his Royal Highness shall require of the great tenant of

WAVERLEY

346

the crown to perform that personal duty; and indeed he pointed out the case in *Dirleton's Doubts and Querics*,¹¹ *Grippet versus Spicer*, anent the eviction of an estate *oh non solutum canonem*, that is, for non-payment of a feu-duty of three pepper-corns a-year, which were tax to be worth seven-eighths of a penny Scots, in which the defender was assouized.¹³ 'Hut I deem 't safest, Wi' your good favour, to place myself in the way of rendering the Prince this service, and to proffer performance thereof; and I shall cause the Bailie to attend with a schedule of a protest, which he has here prepared (taking out a paper), intimating, that if it shall be his Royal Highness's pleasure to accept of other assistance at pulling off his *caligae* (whether the *saine* shall he rendered boots or brogues) save that of the said Baron of Bradwardine, who is in presence ready and willing to perform the same, it shall in no wise impinge upon or prejudice the right of the said Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine to perform the said service in future; nor shall it give any esquire, valet of the chamber, squire, or page, whose assistance it may please his Royal Highness to employ, any right, title, or ground, for evicting from the said Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine the estate and barony of Bradwardine, and others held as aforesaid, by the due and faithful performance thereof.'

Fergus highly applauded this arrangement; and the Baron took a friendly leave of them, with a smile of contented importance upon his visage.

'Long live our dear friend the Baron,' exclaimed the Chief, as soon as he was out of hearing, 'for the most absurd original that exists north of the Tweed I wish to heaven I had recommended him to attend the circle this evening with a loot-ketch under his arm. I think he might have adopted the suggestion, if it had been made with suitable gravity.'

'And how can you take pleasure in making a man of his worth so ridiculous?'

'Begging pardon, my dear Waverley, you are as ridiculous as he. Why, do you not see that the man's whole mind is wrapped up in this ceremony? He has heard and thought of it since infancy, as the most august privilege and ceremony in the world; and I doubt not but the expected pleasure of performing it was

a principal motive with him for taking up arms. Depend upon it, had I endeavoured to divert him from exposing himself, he would have treated me as an ignorant conceited coxcomb, or perhaps might have taken a fancy to cut my throat; a pleasure which he once proposed to

himself upon some point of etiquette, not half so important, in his eyes, as this matter of boors or brogues, or whatever the caligae shall finally be pronounced by the learned. But I must go to headquarters to prepare the Prince for this extraordinary scene. My information will be well taken, for it will give him a hearty laugh at present, and put him on his guard against laughing, when it might be very mal-a-propos.

So, au' revoir, my dear Waverley.'