



THE MEN OF THE MOSS-HAT

CHAPTER VIII. THE GRAVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

On the morning I, who desired to see the ways of the Compellers, learned a lesson that ended my scholarship days with them. James Johnstone seemed somewhat moved by the matter of the hairs, but with the morning light he had again hardened his heart, like Pharaoh, more bitterly than before.

What more can you do but smell him? Is he not where you and I would gladly see all his clan? Let the Whig be, I say. "No," he said, "it is now my prisoner. Rise ye up to Westerha, and there, Johnstone, I give ye a present of him to make a kick or a mill of. 'Till he be you that will have to pay the harborage cess for this day's work at any rate."

So to Westerhall Johnstone rode, very grimly and ill at ease—for the black dog was still heavy on him of the thought of the fine for harboring of rebels being found on his land. Again and again he broke out on the poor youth Andrew Herries, threatening what he would do with him when he got him to Westerhall. But the youth never so much as answered back, only cast down his head and looked on the moss before him. Yet he walked carefully without stumbling, as one that takes heed to his going.

Now at a bonny spot where there is much green grass it so happened that we halted. "No," he said, "it is now my prisoner. Rise ye up to Westerha, and there, Johnstone, I give ye a present of him to make a kick or a mill of. 'Till he be you that will have to pay the harborage cess for this day's work at any rate."

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"'Till I learn you to row dead rebels in your pinnac and harbor bill preachers on my land. Could I get at your brother, I'd leave a bullet in his back, and he'd be dead as a doornail. Westerha, have him down men," he cried, "and shoot him here."

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WHEN SHE SAW US.

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