HENRY ST. CLAIR, A TALE OF THE PERSECUTION IN SCOTLAND, AND THE MARTYR OF FREEDOM

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649529575

Henry St. Clair, a Tale of the Persecution in Scotland, and the Martyr of Freedom by John Montgomerie Bell

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN MONTGOMERIE BELL

HENRY ST. CLAIR, A TALE OF THE PERSECUTION IN SCOTLAND, AND THE MARTYR OF FREEDOM

Trieste

HENRY ST CLAIR,

A TALE OF THE PERSECUTION IN SCOTLAND;

AND

THE MARTYR OF FREEDOM.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;

AND T. CADELL, LONDON.

MDCCCXXXIII.

2.4

208.

PRINTED BY NEILL & CO. GLO FISHMARKET, SDINBURGH. 83

32 C

CONTENTS.

6 8

25

HENRY ST CLAIR,-

121

10

.

CANTO I.	THE	COVENAS	T	ER	я,	+	*	 \mathbf{z}	1	
П.	THE	CAVE,			i.				19	
		COMBAT,								
IV.	THE	CONCLUS	101	к,			÷		55	

THE MARTYR OF FREEDOM. 81

.

TO

THE DESCENDANTS OF THOSE CHRISTIAN HEROES WHO SUFFERED DEATH OR PERSECUTION ON-DER THE RESTORED HOUSE OF STUART, FOR THE CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY OF SCOT-LAND, THIS FORM IS RESPECTULLY

35

DEDICATED.

12

12

85

të

CANTO I.

10

THE COVENANTERS.

I.

THE rushing dawn ascends the sky, And, in the purpling canopy Star, after waning star, decays, Dissolved before the coming blaze. The earth is fresh; the air serene, From bluest ether to the green Of ocean, waits the genial flame Of Day, to fill its balmy frame. White wreaths of mist the dells exhale Which cap the cliffs, or slowly sail Aloft, till every floating fold Is woven with transparent gold,

r

•